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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

VOL. XXXIX.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
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1856.

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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

WHAT WE ARE ALL ABOUT.

WHILE the great question of "Peace or War?" is trembling in the scales, and the Thirty-ninth volume of *Bentley's Miscellany* is issuing from Beaufort House, a few words as to "what we are all about," at the beginning of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six, may not be altogether out of place.

Political affairs, if not absolutely at a stand-still, are, at all events, in a somewhat torpid state, hybernating until the season arrives to wake up for fresh mischief. There will be plenty of work for our "Notables"—such as they are—when the time comes for them to open their "most oracular jaws:" damaged reputations to restore, obsolete opinions to recant, all kinds of political tinkering on hand, a great deal of "sound and fury," and the most part of it like the idiot's tale—"signifying nothing."

The wisest amongst the broken-down lot are discreetly silent at present on the subject of their own demerits. Lord John, who must always be doing something, merely lectures, with fatal facility, upon every art and science known, to the inexpressible edification of "Christian young men." Mr. Gladstone, to a certain extent, follows his noble friend's example, discoursing also on "The Unattainable," that is to say, "The Colonies," and choosing for his audience the colonially-disposed Welsh Mormons, hardy lovers of truth like himself. Sir James, with northern prudence, abstains from "patter" of any sort, knowing well that all his ingenious eloquence—that pure, unsophisticated moral gin—will be required in the approaching conflict with honest, outspoken, brave Sir Charles, and husbanding his strength accordingly. Equally cautious not to commit himself—to anything—"Benjamin the ruler" voiceless sits apart, resisting all temptation; his own constituents, even, can extract from him nothing but what is bucolical.

The blatant Gemini, however,—there is a yelping couple in every pack, despite the huntsman's lash—in the incontinence of speech still howl on. Mr. Cobden having no listeners, tries to find readers, and rushes into print, proclaiming himself, as usual, the only true prophet; but his wordy, windy letters are unheeded,—"the hungry sheep look up and are not fed." But his fellow-journeyman, Mr. Bright, the holder of the Czar's brief—at how large a fee is best known to himself—appeals to the platform as well as to the press. Under the guise of a lecturer to the Me-

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chanics' Institution of Marsden,—for Bright, too, must lecture, it is "the last infirmity,"—he finds food for praise in the pilferings of the penny newspapers, in the shut-up literature of Russia and the civilisation of her serfs, and in the filibustering forbearance of the United States! Under the plea of a friendly correspondence with Mr. Crawshay, of Gateshead, he goes out of his way to insult the Prime Minister, whom he—*he, Mr. Bright*—stigmatises as "an impostor," to expose whom "does nothing;" and being taken to task for this language, turns round and querulously asks if his correspondent's note is intended to insult *him?* Mr. Bright's sensitiveness is the only singular part of this affair. What is to be thought of the meekness and modesty of this "teacher of nations" who writes as follows: "To expose the Minister is nothing, so long as the people are a prey to the delusions which he practises upon them. He is the proper ruler of a nation arrogant and intoxicated, and, so long as the present temper of the public is maintained, they have the Government they most deserve." ? "Arrogant and intoxicated!" Has Mr. Bright ever heard of the Pharisee and the Publican? For our own parts we hope that "the present temper of the public" may long be maintained, having no desire to try the effect of a broad-brimmed Administration. Before we have done with Mr. Bright, whom we have most unwittingly approached, we must ask him another question: Has he yet read the eleventh chapter of Macaulay's History?" If not, let him turn to the twenty-fifth page and note the character there drawn of Jack Howe, the Member of Convention for Cirencester at the commencement of the reign of William and Mary. Here is a passage which we specially commend—*veluti in speculum*—to Mr. Bright's consideration.

Of what the literary world is "about," the key-note has been struck in mentioning the author of the preceding sentence. All are talking of or writing on the recent instalment of fifteen hundred pages towards the payment of the large self-incurred debt by Mr. Macaulay. There are very few who wish he had made that instalment less by a single line, so graphic are his general pictures, so accurate his individual portraiture, so wide the scope of his argument, so comprehensive his grasp of subject; but, on the other hand, there are fewer still, if any, who can hope to be alive when Mr. Macaulay's task is ended. We must not, however, repine, but "take the good the gods provide us," content to foresee the enjoyment of our remote posterity, for Mr. Macaulay is too much of a gentleman to die without fulfilling his promise.

Such implied longevity reminds us of one whom many will miss, less perhaps for cessation of intercourse than for the consciousness that the last link is broken of the chain which united the literature of the present century with that of the past. Samuel Rogers, the Nestor of poets, and something besides, has at last been gathered to his fathers. "Nec domus,"—what a pretty house was

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his,—"nec placens"—no, he had no wife, his was a monastic marriage with the Muse,—"neque harum arborum,"—there were some sweet-scented lilacs and golden laburnums in the garden,—none of these things will be the bourne of privileged pilgrims now that their master, whom none could invoke as "Te deorum dominum," is no more. What heir will tinge the pavement with the rich Cascubin wines from the cellar of Samuel Rogers, who had no wine so old as himself? What guest will now linger at the pleasant breakfast-table, to listen to "the old man eloquent?" What *connoisseur* will suspend the play of his knife and fork to gaze upon the well-lit pictures that surrounded the dining-room? Will Christie seize and sell what has long been so freely exhibited? We might put a thousand such questions, all of them regrets for one, who, like the Cerberus of Mrs. Malaprop, was "three gentlemen at once," dear to Apollo, Cytherea, and Plutus, "the Bard, the Beau, the Banker."

But the year which closed yesterday, bids us mourn over many of greater mark than Samuel Rogers. Within the last twelve months what a gap has been made in the memorable roll! The sagacious and indefatigable Truro—the earnest and philosophic Molesworth—the enterprising Parry—the warm-hearted and upright Inglis—the scientific De la Beche—the learned Gaisford—the reforming Hume—the harmonious Bishop—the financial Herries—the diplomatic Adair—the poetical Strangford, also a diplomatist, with Ellis and Ponsonby, his fellow-labourers in the last-named category—the gifted Lockhart—Miss Ferrier, and Adam Ferguson, connected, too, with Walter Scott—Lord Robertson, the convivial judge—Lord Rutherford, his acute compeer—Miss Mitford, and strong-hearted Currer Bell—Colburn, the godfather to half the novels of the last half-century—Sibthorp, the eccentric—the travelled Buckingham—Park, the sculptor—Gurney, the short-hand writer—O. Smith, the preternatural—the centenarian Routh—Black, of the *Morning Chronicle*—the life-preserving Captain Manby—Archdeacon Hare—Jessie Lewers, the friend of Burns—the injured Baron de Bode—and a long file besides of titled names, and names distinguished in all the pursuits of life. The War, of course, came in for the lion's share, in sweeping among those already illustrious; or, had Fate permitted, those who would have been so: the gentle-hearted, courteous Raglan, the mirror of modern chivalry—the intrepid Torrens—the amiable Estcourt—the untiring Markham—the brave Adams—the gallant Campbell—the honest Boxer, and the unfortunate Christie, are amongst the most prominent of the heroes whom the bullet or the Crimean fever have forcibly taken from us. Death, too, has been busy with great people, in the ranks of our allies, in the field, on the wave, in the cabinet, in the private home: Harispé—Bruat—Mackau—Della Marmora, who fought so well; the painter Isa-

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bey—the statesman Molé—the poet Micziewitz—the widow of Lavalette—the wife of Emile de Girardin—the brother of Victor Hugo—Count Bruhl, the antagonist of Philidor, the King of Chess—Khosrew Pasha, that true type of the old Osmanli—the chivalrous Duke of Genoa—and Adelaide of Sardinia, the early-lost wife of our noble Piedmontese ally.

But we are not writing a necrology. Sufficient for us be the day, with some aspirations for the future!

> Great men were living before Agamemnon
> And since, exceeding valorous and sage.

We have many great people still distinguishing themselves, almost as much as the valorous Argive, though not, perhaps, altogether in the same line. To do unto others as you would *not* be done to appears to be a rule of conduct rather too generally followed. If not, why should the effigies of the three *peccant* Bankers be enshrined at Madame Tussaud's? Why should a Judge's "fancy" play, like lightning, round a bevy of innocent people? Why should the Guards monopolise the game of "heads I win, tails you lose?" Why should Alice Gray be a heroine? Why should poisoning be the rule of domestic intercourse and not the exception? Why should we, all of us, be doing the identical things against which we are as earnestly warned as Eve was before she ate the apple?

Some good things, however, we are about. We are striving, all of us, to do honour to the foremost woman of her time—to Florence Nightingale—whose acts have shed an imperishable lustre on her name. We are gradually putting our great metropolitan house in order, although, to effect that object in the best way, we have not elected John Arthur Roebuck our Chairman—so hard it is to induce people, the best-intentioned, to go the proper way to work and put the right man in the right place. At last we are building gun-boats of light draught, and plenty of them, and all that remains is to hope that no Austrian interference may prevent them from fulfilling their mission beneath the walls of Cronstadt, creating another "heap of blood-stained ruins," and thoroughly *humiliating*—the right word to use, *pace* Lord John Russell—humiliating to the Czar of Muscovy. In the East the gallant Codrington—the worthy son of a worthy sire—is steadily effecting the most beneficial changes in the condition of the large army entrusted to his care: the moral no less than the physical wants of his men claiming his constant care. With discipline firmly established, with mental activity heightened and bodily strength restored, the prospects of the next campaign offer everything that is hopeful, nor have we any fear of the result.

There is another campaign, also, in which we look for laurels bright as any we yet have worn. Our readers are interested in this question, for the battle-field is *Bentley's Miscellany* for this year, and with the present number we fire the first shot.

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PRESENT ASPECT OF AFFAIRS IN RELATION TO THE WAR.

COLONEL ST. ANGE argues in the *Journal des Débats* that it would have been nothing short of madness on the part of the Allies to attack the forts north of Sebastopol, either by the mouth of the Balbek or by escalading the heights in front of Mackenzie's Farm. Efforts, according to the French apologist of existing tactics, were made to turn the position. Strong reconnoissances were pushed on from Baidar to try the possibility of turning the Mackenzie lines by the upper valley of the Balbek, but it was soon seen that in advancing by this route the army would have had to carry a *series of* strong positions (the nature and character of which, including as they do Mangup-Kaleh and Tcherkess Kirman, we have previously described), one behind the other; and in order to turn the second line it would have been necessary to penetrate into the mountains as far as the sources of the Katcha, an eccentric and difficult movement, and of doubtful success.

If, then, according to the admission of the military apologist of Marshal Pelissier's strategy, it was equally dangerous and difficult to attack the Russian position in front or to attempt to turn it, the Russian boast, that their position was as good after the fall of Sebastopol as before, proves to be sound. The Allies, even after the fall of Sebastopol, are still placed in a *cul de sac*, from which there is no emancipation save by sea. They are fairly hemmed in and beleaguered in the Heracleontic Chersonesus, without even the power to avail themselves navally of the harbour of Sebastopol. Those who are fighting on the defensive will always have the choice of position. It is difficult to imagine that the Russians could not have been driven from their strong position on the Mackenzie heights just as they were at Alma. Wherever they are to be combated they will select an entrenched position of natural strength in which to resist the assault. Their present position will be just as formidable in spring as it was this autumn; while the army is likely to lose more men by exposure, privations, and sickness during a long winter's bivouac than in one battle, however severe.

If it was impossible to attack the Russian position or to turn it, it will naturally be asked, why not leave the place altogether and land at Eupatoria, Kertch, or any other available point, and recommence a campaign upon different principles? The answer to that question involves the gist of Marshal Pelissier's strategy? It was impossible to move away all the impedimenta of a long siege in time. The true reason, we are told by the French apologist, of the marshal's resolve not to force his way by the Balbek or Katcha, was not so much the strength of the

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enemy's works, but the danger of extending or dividing the army in any such operations, during which the Russian general might have crossed the valley of the Tchernaya, cutting through the allied centre, and exposing that portion of the force which still kept the heights above Sebastopol to an unequal contest. Marshal Pelissier declined to move, in short, until he could do so with his whole army—that is, till the plateau of the Chersonese was cleared of its artillery and stores, till Kamiesch was fortified, and the captured town itself left in such a state as to afford no advantage by its reoccupation. Sir George Brown predicted that the capture of Sebastopol would set 90,000 allied soldiers free. It has kept upwards of 100,000 encumbered and beleaguered around it, and we cannot for the life of us see how their position will be improved next spring. Whether by that time they will be sufficiently clear of encumbrances to march into the interior and turn the Russian position, remains to be seen. Meantime, the allied army is, as it has been justly expressed, crystallised in the Crimea. The number of those bearing great names, not to mention hecatombs of unknown, who have already perished there, have made of the place a terrible, but lasting reputation. Between sickness and the progress of an obscure and unsatisfactory kind of warfare —of a description such as has never before existed—men who have earned proud names in the Peninsula, in the Punjaub, at the Cape, or in Canada, have gone there to die or be slain, without the possibility of doing anything worthy of themselves or of the renown they carried with them. Personal genius and personal qualities have alike found an inglorious tomb in the Heracleontic Chersonesus. Our own solid infantry, our heavy cavalry, our perfect artillery, the dashing Zouave, the scientific French engineer, the active Piedmontese, the trained bands of Egypt, and the rough Turkish troops, have furnished a variety of instruments rarely to be obtained in modern armies. We have ourselves added to the variety by the formation of German and Swiss legions and a Turkish contingent. There are also army-work corps, transport corps, "navvies," and every conceivable supplementary service by land or by sea. Yet, with all these auxiliaries, it has been found impossible to harass the main body of the enemy, to capture Kaffa or Arabat, to succour Kars, or even interrupt the communication between Perekop or Chongar and the Russian camp!

Nothing in the history of the war is more annoying than the jealousy said to exist between the Queen's officers and the gallant and experienced officers trained in India and those in command of irregular troops. To this jealousy is attributed the fact of Beatson's "Ottoman Irregular Horse," which have cost some 250,000*l*., being sent away to Schumla—in fact, virtually disbanded. To the same jealousy is attributed the strange conduct pursued towards General Vivian and his Turkish Contingent, bandied about from one place to another, and at last tolerated, rather

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than upheld, in a remote, exposed, and foregless station in the Crimea. To the same feeling many are prone, with too much probability in their favour, to attribute the neglect experienced by the brave General Williams and his coadjutors at the hands of the ambassador and the military authorities. After remedying the disasters of last year by fortifying, with the assistance of Colonel Lake, the two Armenian capitals—Erzeroum and Kars; after, with less than a handful of British officers, driving back the Russians during a sanguinary assault upon the latter city, he and his devoted companions in arms were left to surrender from sheer starvation, because no real and sincere interest was felt in their success, and nothing was done in earnest to assist them during the long summer that has passed. The existence of such a feeling is a disgrace to the profession of arms, which has always claimed pre-eminence in honour. The world will give credit to skill and bravery, no matter in what service it is found; and the man who, to thwart an opponent, or to uphold a custom, impedes the efficiency of our forces, is unworthy of office or esteem.

Omar Pasha was no sooner released from the extraordinary incubus that seems to trammel all independent spirit of enterprise in the Crimea than he set an example of successful operations, which it is much to be wished was more frequently seen at head-quarters. Without any basis of operations, except that he held the coast at no considerable distance, he pushed his way through forests, over mountains and rivers, till he found a Russian army strongly entrenched at a pass of the river Ingour. These he drove before him with great slaughter and little loss, and he has since followed his first victory by a second, which it is to be hoped will carry him triumphantly into the capital of Imeritia.

It has been argued that Omar Pasha ought to have carried relief in a less indirect manner to the besieged of Kars; but there were only two roads to enable him to do so—one by Trebizond, the other by Batum! The first of these is so mountainous and bad that the troops could not have got even to Erzeroum before the snow had rendered it impassable. But supposing they had got to Erzeroum, they could no more than Selim Pasha have forced the formidable passes of the Soghanli Tagh, which are held by the Russians, and present the most remarkable natural difficulties, rendered almost insuperable when held by an intelligent enemy. As to the road from Batum to Kars, the difficulties of the country are very great indeed, the mountain-paths being impracticable to artillery. Added to this, there are two fortified towns on the way—Artvin and Ardahan; and these the Russians took care to garrison before they laid siege to Kars. Omar Pasha has, it is also said, no transport corps or resources for such an expedition; be this as it may, it is obvious that he could not have relieved Kars by way of Erzeroum this season, and that by way of Batum he would have met with greater obstacles in two fortified towns to

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besiege and capture than were presented by the entrenched positions of the Russians on the tributaries to the Phasis. Steps for the relief of Kars ought to have been taken long ago, when Armenia was still bathed in a summer sun, and the Russians had not entrenched themselves in the passes of the Soghanli Tagh.

The position of the Turks in Imeritia, especially if, as there are some distant grounds of hope, Omar Pasha can obtain possession of Kutais before Mouravieff's corps can come to its relief, is such as to render the tenure of Kars by the Russians of no strategic importance whatsoever. In Imeritia the Turks are almost in immediate contact with the Circassians; they are advancing to the heart of the Transcaucasian provinces and their capital Tiflis by the line pursued from time immemorial—that of the Phasis, with the mountains and their friendly host to back them; and the Russians will not be able to maintain outlying positions in Armenia while threatened in the very centre of their Asiatic possessions.

Rumours of peace have come this month to gladden the hearts of many. The origin and real import of these rumours are somewhat difficult to make out. It seems certain, however, that propositions from Vienna, which were partially admitted by France, but demurred to in England, have ultimately been adopted by the Three Powers, and that Count Valentine Esterhazy has borne them to St. Petersburg. Some wary politicians insinuate that Russia took the initiative, others as boldly assert that Russia will listen to no propositions whatever so long as an enemy remains in arms on its territory. The question as to what Austria will do in case of any such an exhibition of Muscovite bearishness is involved in the same obscurity. It is said that she will recal her ambassador from St. Petersburg, and politely furnish Prince Gortschakoff with his passports: there is a wide difference between such a demonstration and actual war. The reasons assigned for Austria not declaring war with Russia are, that Russia would instantly attack her on all her vulnerable and unprotected points. The state of the Austrian frontier is too tempting to an invader not to inspire apprehension, and if she took the initiative it would leave her without succour from the German States, who are bound by treaty to defend her only in the event of attack. Neither could she hope for assistance from her allies, France and England, as the present is not a most convenient period to send a French force sufficiently great to afford efficient service. Austria, then, would have to face the Russians single-handed, who might easily march on her unfortified capital and take it. We put no faith in these representations. We do not believe that the Russians, after losing 300,000 men, are so strong on the Austrian frontier as is imagined. As to an effective force, it could always be raised in Austria itself, if the "sinews of war" were supplied from without, and that is probably what Austria is looking to.

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France could also send by the existing railways a powerful auxiliary army at any time of the year into Austria.

As to the part played by Germany in the same contingency, it cannot be too strongly impressed upon those temporising states that their interests are really more concerned than those of England and France, and as much so as Austria. Let us suppose for a moment that peace were concluded on the most advantageous conditions; that Russia should pay the expenses of the war, and abandon the Crimea; and that that peninsula should be restored to the Sultan, who is alone able to keep it;—suppose that, to strengthen the line of the Pruth, the Danubian Provinces, united under the rule of a single hospodar, should remain subject to the Porte, without its authority being weakened by any sort of protectorate, and that fortified places and good Turkish garrisons should again defend that frontier —suppose all this, and the Ottoman Empire once more placed in a position of safety from its formidable neighbour. Would the danger to Europe be less? The Russians would only change their direction. For, if the events which have taken place for the last two years have exhibited to us Turkey as stronger and more capable of resistance than was supposed, they have also proved the excessive weakness of Germany, and of most of the secondary states.

Meantime, if the position of the Allies in the Crimea is much improved beyond what it was last winter—although all that has been done in the Chersonesus, at Eupatoria, or at Kertch, is not equal to what the world had a right to expect—if the surrender of Kars has come to counterbalance the victorious advance of Omar Pasha in Imeritia, the position of Russia is becoming almost deplorable. Experience has shown that in as far as her troops are concerned, any European soldiers might face with assurance of success an equal force of the Czar. It is estimated that more than 300,000 Russians have fallen since the Pruth was passed. The recruiting for fresh levies becomes every day more difficult. The nobles are discontented and disloyal. The serfs begin sullenly to mutter that they were not created to be food for powder in a cause in which they have not the most remote interest. Even religion, appealed to for want of reason or cause, ceases to inspire them with enthusiasm enough to do away with the necessity for chains and handcuffs. The finances of the empire are wasted; the revenues of the Church and the savings of the State are nearly gone; national banks, as at Odessa, are breaking up; manufactures have ceased for want of material; agriculture and mining are at an end, and commerce is only carried on by the surreptitious aid of neutral ports or railways. Russia may well put forward Austria to pave the way for *deliberations!*

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THE SPENDTHRIFT.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.*

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

XX.

THE TWO PAGES.

Mr. Briscoe thought all the guests must have arrived, but he was mistaken. Soon after Gage's disappearance three fresh masquers presented themselves, cards in hand, at the outer door of the ante-chamber. At sight of them the landlord was quite startled, and the usher and other attendants were equally amazed. The cause of this general astonishment was the remarkable resemblance offered by the new comers to three personages who had recently preceded them, and who had attracted particular attention on their entrance. Here was a second Spanish hidalgo and his dame followed by a dainty little page. Not only was hidalgo number two attired exactly like hidalgo number one—certain minutiæ of costume being carefully observed in both cases,—but he appeared to be just the same height, just as well-proportioned, and just as haughty of carriage as his predecessor. Like him, too, he wore a collar of gold with an order attached to it, and had the cross of Santiago embroidered on his mantle. The second doña looked quite as bewitching as the first, and was arrayed in the same style, with a black mantilla and basquiña—moving with equal grace, and managing her fan with equal coquetry. There was not a pin to choose between them. Then the page was the very double of the pretty little coxcomb who had gone before, and might have been his twin-brother. Blond ringlets, white satin habiliments, limbs of almost feminine beauty, foppish and forward manners—all were the same. The flower-girls simpered as he approached them, and pressed their bouquets upon him, hoping he would treat them as the first young rogue had done, and they were not disappointed.

Mr. Briscoe was bewildered. Who were they? What could it mean? Could they be the original hidalgo and his companions? Impossible! Nevertheless, in his perplexity, the landlord went to the open door of the ball-room, and satisfied himself that the others were there, amidst the crowd.

But the mystery increased. The tickets were delivered, and proved to be marked exactly in the same way the others had been. After all, then, these might be the very persons his honoured patron expected. Who could tell?

* ☞ *The Author of this Tale reserves the right of translation.*

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At the risk of appearing intrusive, Mr. Briscoe begged the hidalgo would do him the favour to step behind the screen for a moment, and take off his mask. But the don declined, and the señora, tapping the host playfully with her fan, inquired if he was master of the revel, that he presumed to question them. At the same time the page, disengaging himself from the flower-girls, who had crowded round him, came up, and with a wave of his hand pushing Briscoe aside, all three passed on and entered the ball-room.

Here they presently mingled with the crowd, and nothing was left the host but to take an early opportunity of informing his honoured patron of the trick that had been played with the tickets.

Half the ball-room was in motion when Gage returned to it, and he could only, now and then, catch a glimpse of the lovely figure of the first señora as she flew past with her partner—the stately hidalgo—in a gavot. However, he did not give himself much concern. He had but to wait a few minutes, and the dance would be over. She would then be disengaged, and he might, without impropriety, claim her hand for a rigadoon or a jig, and so obtain the interview he sought.

While he was looking on, much amused by the efforts of a cumbrously-clad Dutchman to keep pace with the brisk strains from the orchestra, he felt his mantle gently plucked, and turning beheld the page. The youth beckoned to him to withdraw a little from the crowd, and when they were sufficiently removed to be out of hearing, said archly: "So you are in pursuit of the fair dame I serve? Nay, it will be useless to deny it. I know your design, but am not going to betray it, either to her brother, or a certain lady, who would be sure to thwart you, if she had the least inkling of it. I can help you if you choose to confide in me."

"Upon my word I am greatly indebted to you, young sir," Gage replied. "But as mistakes are not uncommon at a masked-ball, let me ask whom you take me for?"

"I take you for one who may be better and happier than he is now, if he does not throw away his present chance."

"You would have me reform and marry—eh?" Gage rejoined, with a laugh.

"I would; and if you will promise to turn over a new leaf, I will engage to find you a charming wife."

"Egad, I thought so. But to tell you the truth, my young Mentor, I have abandoned all idea of matrimony. It is not the least to my taste. Amusement is all I want, and in seeking an interview with your captivating mistress I have no further thought than to pass half an hour agreeably."

"I am out of all patience with you," the page cried, "and shall caution my lady's brother not to let you approach her."

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"Your lady will not thank you for your interference. Her chief motive in coming to this ball, as you must know, was to meet me, and if you throw any obstacles in the way you will cause her infinite disappointment."

"You are a great coxcomb, and flatter yourself all women are in love with you."

"I am vain enough to think some are not altogether indifferent to my merits, and amongst the number I may count your adorable mistress."

"If my mistress were of my mind and my spirit, she would die rather than let you know how much she cares for you."

"Luckily your mistress does not resemble you in all respects. And now, before we part, treat me to a glimpse of your face. It ought to be pretty to match such a figure."

"Pretty or not, I don't intend you to behold it. And I beg you will reserve all your fine compliments for those who heed them. They are quite wasted upon me."

"Then you are not a woman, as I deemed you?"

"You shall find I can draw a sword if you provoke me or insult my mistress, so don't presume upon my belonging to the softer sex. I am more dangerous than you think. I'll wager you what you please that I make love to Mrs. Jenyns before the evening's over;—ay, and that she listens to me."

"Pshaw! she will laugh at you."

"You are afraid to bet."

"To bet with a stripling like you would be ridiculous."

"You dare not point out Mrs. Jenyns to me."

"I would do so at once, but i' faith I know not the disguise she has assumed."

"A mere evasion. Never mind! I'll find her out without your assistance, and if she laughs at me, as you say she will, she won't laugh at my lady's brother. He shall put her to the proof."

"A saucy young coxcomb!" Gage exclaimed, as the other left him.

A general promenade now took place, but Monthermer did not care to quit his position, since it enabled him, without trouble, to scrutinise the various masks passing in review, as well as to converse with those he pleased; and he felt sure the circling stream would soon land the fair Spaniard at his feet. Ere many minutes, he perceived her slowly approaching, still leaning on the arm of the stately hidalgo, and he was preparing to step forward and address her, when Mr. Briscoe, whom he had noticed struggling through the motley crowd, succeeded in forcing his way up to him. The corpulent landlord had got terribly squeezed, and his gouty feet had been trodden upon, so that between pain and want of breath he could scarcely make himself understood.

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"An' please your honour," he commenced,—"the tick—tick—tickets——Mercy on us! how my poor feet are crushed!"

"If you have anything to tell me, Briscoe—be quick!" Gage cried, impatiently.

"I beg your honour's pardon," the landlord gasped—"I was about to say——Oh! what an awful twinge!"

"Well,—well,—another time. I can't attend to you now. I've business on hand. Hobble back as fast as you can, and for your own sake keep out of the crowd."

"Your honour is very considerate. I would I had kept out of it—but the mischief's done. I shall be lame for a month. My duty required me to acquaint your honour that the tickets——"

"Deuce take the tickets! Stand aside, my good fellow, or I shall miss her. I must speak to that Spanish lady."

"But I entreat your honour to hear me first."

"Out of my way, sir!"

"Ay, out of the way, huge porpoise!" a youthful voice exclaimed behind him.

Glancing over his shoulder to see who spoke, the landlord beheld the page.

"Ah! are you there, little jackanapes?" he cried. "Beware of him, your honour. He is a cheat—an impostor."

"Mend your speech, sirrah host," the page retorted, "or I will clip off your ears."

"What!—here again, young saucebox!" Gage exclaimed. "Have you discovered her?"

"Discovered whom?" the page demanded.

"Why, Mrs. Jenyns, to be sure. Have you forgotten it already? You were to make love to her, you know—and so was your lady's brother—ha! ha!"

"Yes, so we were,—I recollect it now," the page replied, after a moment's hesitation. "I have a very treacherous memory."

"I should think so," Mr. Briscoe remarked. "Do you chance to remember where you got your ticket?"

"What means this impertinence?" the page exclaimed. "I received my card of invitation from Mr. Monthermer, of course."

"Marked, no doubt?" the landlord said.

"It might be marked for aught I know to the contrary; but what is this to the purpose?"

"A great deal—as his honour will comprehend."

"His honour comprehends that you are a very tiresome fellow, and wishes you far enough, with all his heart," the page rejoined. "Don't you perceive you are in the way, man?"

"Your honour——"

"Not a word more," Gage interrupted. "She will escape me."

"That for your pains, meddlesome fool," the page cried, snap-

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ping his fingers derisively in the landlord's face, and following Monthermer.

"And this is all the thanks I am likely to get," Briscoe groaned, as he hobbled back to the ante-chamber. "I won't interfere again, whatever happens."

XXI.

THE CARD-ROOM.

Gage succeeded in his object. The señora graciously consented to dance with him, and contrary to what might have been expected, the jealous-looking hidalgo offered no opposition. Indeed, to judge from his courteous manner, he was rather pleased than otherwise. Our hero would fain have called for the kissing-dance; but his partner objected, as it would compel her to unmask, and this she declared she would not do at present. She preferred a country-dance—the liveliest that could be played—and her wishes were complied with.

As the orchestra struck up, all the couples who chose to join in the dance ranged themselves in two long lines, extending from top to bottom of the ball-room. Gage and his partner led off with great spirit. The latter appeared to be endowed with inexhaustible energy, considering the fatigue of the previous gavot. Gage complimented her upon her powers, but she only laughed, and bade him order the musicians to play faster. Faster and faster still! So light and nimble-footed was she that it required the utmost exertion on Monthermer's part to keep up with her.

Faster yet! the musicians as well as the dancers had a hard time of it, but they resolved not to be outdone, fiddling away furiously, and nearly cracking their lungs with blowing away at the wind instruments. Everybody had to be on the alert. If Gage contemplated a flirtation with his partner he must needs postpone it till the dance was over. Scarce a word could be uttered in the midst of such hurrying backward and forward—such rapid whirling round. Hands across—change partners—down the middle—up again! Not an instant's pause. Long before he reached the bottom Gage began to flag. He was not accustomed to such violent exercise. But his indefatigable partner urged him on,—and he would not be the first to give in. Luckily, but little remained to do. Not more than a dozen couples were left, and he was working his way as well as he could through them, when, to his infinite surprise, a Spanish dame, exactly resembling his partner, offered him her hand. As he took it, he experienced a very perceptible pressure. At the same time he remarked that the stately hidalgo was there—dancing with this second señora. But no time was allowed for explanation. Seeing he lingered, and guessing the reason, his partner stamped her little foot impatiently,

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and hurried him on. After a few turns more, they reached the bottom, when the panting dame confessed she was quite exhausted, and must sit down.

Every sofa was occupied, so they had to proceed to the card-room, where they found a seat.

In the centre of this *salle de jeu* stood an oval table, around which a multitude of punters of both sexes was collected. Indeed, we regret to say the female gamblers preponderated. Brice Banbury officiated as tailleur at the faro-table, and Jack Brassey and Nat Mist, who had arrived that very evening—quite unexpectedly, of course—at the Angel, as croupiers. Every opportunity for play was here afforded. Besides faro,—hazard, piquet, French ruff, and gleek were going on at smaller tables placed in each corner.

So fearfully catching is the fever of gaming, that the fair Spaniard could not escape it. She had not been long exposed to its baneful influence before she expressed a strong desire to approach the faro-table; and once within view of the *tapis vert* the impulse to try her luck proved irresistible. She had never played in her life before, she assured Gage in a low, earnest tone—never!—indeed, she scarcely knew one card from another—but he should instruct her.

Our hero was not the person to baulk her inclinations. Applauding her resolve, he bade her select a card, and placed a heavy stake upon it. She lost—and he renewed the stake. Again the señora was unfortunate, and as Gage's purse was now emptied, he had to apply for more money to Mr. Fairlie, who was standing in the card-room, distinguishable from the rest of the assemblage from the circumstance of being in his ordinary attire. But Gage had no immediate occasion for the funds thus obtained. Before he could join the señora, the haughty hidalgo suddenly entered, and marching up to her with an angry gesture, took her away.

Unquestionably Gage would have interfered to prevent this uncourteous proceeding had he not been withheld by Fairlie.

"Let her go, sir—let her go," the steward said. "There is some mistake. Are you not aware that two Spaniards and two Spanish dames have gained admittance to the ball? Now I feel quite sure that the don who has just left us has got the wrong doña, and consequently there will be a diverting scene between them before long. I recommend you to follow and witness it."

"One word before I go, Fairlie. Have you any idea who this second couple of Spaniards are?"

"Perhaps I have, sir—but it's mere conjecture—not worth mentioning. In fact, I'm scarcely at liberty to tell."

"Well, I won't press you. But I should like to know which of the two is Miss Poynings?"

"Not the lady you brought here, you may depend, sir," Fairlie rejoined.

"By Heaven! I thought not," Gage cried, reflecting how

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tenderly his hand had been squeezed by the second señora. "How could I be so stupid! But tell me, Fairlie, where is Mrs. Jenyns? I have not discovered her yet."

"She was here a few minutes ago, sir."

"What sort of dress does she wear? She declared I should dance with her without finding her out."

"Very likely you have done so already," the steward remarked, with a laugh.

"Why I have only danced with one person. Ha!" Gage exclaimed, a light suddenly breaking upon him—"I see it all. That Spanish dame was Mrs. Jenyns. I' faith I have been nicely tricked. But who is the hidalgo?"

"Since you have made so good a guess, sir, I must needs own that her companion is Sir Randal—and the page by whom they are attended is no other than Mrs. Jenyns's maid, Lucinda. Understanding that young Poynings and his sister were about to attend the ball, Mrs. Jenyns resolved to mystify you—and apparently she has succeeded."

"I'll have my revenge," Gage rejoined; "but I must first look after Lucy."

With this, he returned to the ball-room.

XXII.

MASQUERADE FROLICS.

By this time the real business of the evening had commenced, and the bulk of the masquers began to think it necessary to support the characters they had assumed—whether successfully or not mattered little, so that a laugh was raised. Mountebanks and jugglers performed surprising feats. Quack-doctors vaunted the wonderful merits of their nostrums. One of them, an Italian charlatan, fantastically attired in a flame-coloured robe, and having an immense pair of spectacles over his aquiline nose, ran away with all the custom. He had elixirs of long life, love-potions, and love-powders; a collyrium made of the eyes of a black cat, that enabled you to see in the dark; an unguent that, rubbed over the lips, would compel a sleeper to answer all questions, and confess all secrets—especially useful to jealous husbands; and, above all, a precious liquid, a few drops of which in a bath would make an old woman young again. The love-potions were eagerly bought by many a sighing swain and ineffectually pressed on obdurate fair ones; but the efficacy of the elixir of youth was marvellously attested.

A phial was purchased by the antiquated dame in the tall conical hat, and she had no sooner swallowed its contents than her cloak and hat fell off as if by magic, and she appeared in the

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guise of a young and lightsome columbine. Hereupon a roving harlequin, who had witnessed the transformation, bounded towards her, and bent the knee, placing his hand upon his heart, as if ravished by her new-born charms—then pointing his feet and rolling his head round rapidly, he danced off with her, hotly pursued by a couple of pierrots, screaming out that she belonged to them, and calling upon the crowd to stop her.

These pierrots, by the way, together with the scaramouches and punchinellos, seemed perfectly ubiquitous, and played all sorts of mischievous pranks—interrupting many a tender *tête-à-tête*—tripping up the heels of old women and grave and reverend signors—launching quips and jests, so hardy that they often brought them a buffet in answer—making love to all the prettiest masks, and running off with several of them—appropriating cloaks, swords, and scarves, and then wrangling about them with the owners—and never to be checked in their practical joking except by sharp and sounding slaps from the harlequins' wands, which, it must be owned, were very freely administered.

In addition to all this buffoonery and fun, grotesque dances were executed, in which Jews, Turks, courtiers, shepherds and shepherdesses, gentlemen of the long robe, friars, and even pontiffs took part, producing a very droll effect. Perhaps the best of these was a clog-dance, by a couple of peasants, which elicited loud applause.

But it must not be supposed that all the company were engrossed by such gamesome performances, or cared for the boisterous frolics of the mimes. Many of the young gallants liked the uproar because it favoured their own designs, and consequently added to it, encouraging the scaramouches in their tricks; but they always contrived to come up in the nick of time to assist a distressed damsel, or ease a credulous duenna of her timid charge.

Introductions were unneeded. Everybody asked anybody he pleased to dance, and rarely met with a refusal. Hitherto, the harmony of the assemblage had been uninterrupted. If a quarrel seemed likely to ensue from some practical joke, it was instantly put down, and the brawlers separated and laughed at.

Flirtations were frequent and desperate. Several couples who kept aloof from the crowd, or took possession of the sofas and settees, were evidently far gone in the tender passion; while others plunged into the thickest of the motley throng, thinking they were securest there from observation.

Amid a scene of so much confusion, it was not easy to discover those you sought, and no wonder many careless husbands and chaperons, who had trusted their spouses and protégées out of sight, never found them again during the whole evening. Like difficulty might have been experienced by Monthermer in his search for Lucy Poynings, if the page had not unexpectedly come to his aid and volunteered to conduct him to his mistress.

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"Is your mistress unattended?" Gage inquired, in surprise.

"She is in the ante-chamber," the page replied.

"Are you sure you are not an ignis-fatuus?" Monthermer said, regarding the young coxcomb with some distrust.

"I don't know what that is," the page rejoined; "but I am not a dupe, as some one is whom I could mention."

"Do you venture to apply that term to me, sirrah?" Gage cried.

"No, you apply it to yourself, but it is not undeserved. Since we met, I have ascertained that Mrs. Jenyns has assumed the same dress as my lady, and my lady's brother has ascertained it too. I told you Mrs. Jenyns would listen to him if he made love to her—and I was right. Look there!"

"'Sdeath! what do I behold?" Monthermer exclaimed.

Glancing in the direction indicated by the page, he perceived a couple reclining on a settee at the opposite side of the room, evidently engaged in amorous converse. To all appearance they were the señora and hidalgo who had recently quitted the card-room. The lady's manner left no doubt on Gage's mind that she was much interested by her companion, and the lively gestures and the quick movements of her fan, with which she seemed almost to converse, proclaimed what was passing between them.

"Well, do you now confess yourself a dupe?" the page inquired, in a tone of mockery.

"I must be satisfied that yon pair really are Mrs. Jenyns and Arthur before I answer," Gage cried, angrily.

"And expose yourself to the ridicule of the whole room by making a disturbance," the page rejoined, arresting him. "What good will that do? You are too much a man of the world to care for so trifling a matter as the loss of a mistress, and ought to congratulate yourself rather than repine. You are well rid of her."

"On my soul, I think so!" Gage said, in accents that rather belied his words. "Take me to Miss Poynings."

"This way," the page replied,—muttering as he plunged into the crowd, followed by Monthermer. "If we can only keep him in this humour for an hour, he is won."

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FALSEHOODS AND REALITIES OF THE WAR.

Sebastopol, it is well known, was captured by a Tartar long before the Allies penetrated within its precincts. The processes of Vauban had, some were cruel enough to say, been superseded by the pitchers of Gideon. The "Fr-r-rançais, vainqueur à perpétuité," to quote a Franko-Muscovite writer, "and to whom victory would never dare to play tricks," instead of being astounded at having captured one of the most formidable fortresses in the world in less time than it requires to make an emperor, took the news quite as a matter of course.

Barbanchu said to Tartempion: "So, old one, we have taken Sebastopol, killed eighteen thousand Russians, and taken twenty-two thousand prisoners." To which Tartempion condescended to reply, "Well! if we attacked it, what else could be expected?"

Balls and illuminations were extemporised to celebrate the event. *Vaillance* was made to rhyme with *France*, and *Français* with *succès*, in transparencies illustrating the fall of the Russian Gibraltar. Official bards proclaimed in their lyrics that the avuncular glory was effaced in Napoleon III., and the capture of Sebastopol was the most astonishing feat of arms recorded in history. The *Univers* announced that the fall of Sebastopol was a victory for the Church: "The Greek schism, once so arrogant, had received a mortal blow. Russia was not conquered, it was dissipated. Her courage, like her doctrines and her policy, was a falsehood." In Dunkerque there arose a triumphal arch, on which was inscribed,

Capture of Sebastopol—France—England—Turkey.
Glory to the Great Nation and to its Immortal Emperors.
Charlemagne—Napoleon III.—Napoleon I.

The nineteenth century, the age of the electric telegraph, of steam, gas, lucifers, photography, electro-galvanic pens, and turning-tables, has not, however, been more mystified by a Tartar despatch, than it has been by Muscovite intrigues and falsifications, all of which have been again surpassed by the happy idea of a telegraphic report of a sudden and "unexpected" attack to be made upon the Allies, and which important mystification, re-telegraphed to the Crimea, put the last extinguisher upon the campaign of 1855. These mystifications had not their origin solely on the Continent. A power that employs agents to excite discord and rebellion in Ireland by burning Bibles in public, would not fail to assail England at a variety of weak points. A morning paper having announced that on the occasion of the investiture of the Emperor Napoleon with the order of the Garter, the insignia of the Emperor of Russia as a member of the same order would be removed from their place, the philo-Russians declared that an august personage had remarked thereon to Napoleon III.,

"Eh bien, mon petit! voilà une jarretière qui t'empêchera désormais de perdre Théba (tes bas!)."

The astute punster leaves it undecided in the original whether the august mother-in-law meant that a garter, by strengthening the alliance of France and England, would prevent an emperor losing his empress,

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or would simply prevent his stockings falling over his shoes. Be that as it may, he does not fail to remind France that the Order of the Garter was founded to commemorate Crécy, where 30,000 English *battirent à plate couture* 68,000 French, commanded by Philippe de Valois.

The little electioneering tiff with our Transatlantic cousins was puffed up into enormous proportions by the same party. Mr. Soulé had treated the Duke of Alba and his sister with democratic indifference; Mr. Mason had resented Mr. Drouyn de Lhuys's impertinences; if France and England were going to occupy the Crimea, the United States would do the same with Cuba. But this was not all, the Muscovite duck took a higher flight.

"War between England and France on the one side, and the United States on the other," wrote the bird with red caruncles, "would be a happy event for the constitutional states and the free countries of the west. Dominated by its commercial interests, England, in allying itself with Bonapartised France, has deserted the cause of liberty of thought and of human dignity, and has sacrificed the security of the smaller states of the west. Who knows but that America may not take up the noble and glorious mission, and put an end to that Anglo-French preponderance, which is far more threatening to Europe than Russian preponderance!"

What a grandiose anticipation, clothed in still more grandiose and mystified language! Who will explain what is meant by deserting human dignity?

In the mean time, we are told, waiting for Jonathan's off-hand castigation of France and England, that the Cossacks of the theatres of the Boulevards were so cruelly whopped every night that no one could be found to take the part of Russian, except at an increase of salary. The Parisians could not be brought to see any difference between the Russian of the boards of the Gaîté and the Russian at Sebastopol; the imperial lyrists delighted in picturing to the public a French grenadier *surrounding* three hundred Cossacks, and taking them all prisoners. And yet *le peuple le plus spirituel du monde* has a little dramatic sarcasm to the following effect:

"Captain, I have caught a Bedouin!"

"Well, bring him here."

"Captain! he won't come."

"Well, then, stupid, let him go!"

"But, Captain, he won't let loose his hold of me!"

The sincerity of the alliance of France and England these professional embroilers of nations proclaim to be a falsehood, and what are their proofs? Why, that if a Frenchman is heard to speak his native tongue in the populous quarters of London, he will be called *a French dog*. The statement is a falsehood, not the alliance. In the theatres and in the puppet-shows, say they, the Frenchman is as in the time of King George, a barber living upon frog soup, adorned with a frill, but having no shirt! France, with whom to think otherwise than is ordained by the *consigne de l'empereur*, is a journey to Cayenne, fraternises with England as a dog or a cat whom we force to receive our caresses, to avoid the stick. To fire upon a German or a Russian the French are obliged to pull the trigger of their guns, but turned upon the English they would go off by themselves!

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The anti-veracious historians of the war who swarm in Brussels—the modern Athens, as far as national, moral, and political turpitude are concerned—tell a tale of a certain parrot, much in favour with Admiral Suffren—a name of renown in the seventeenth century—for speaking many languages, but who, after being present at a great naval engagement, could repeat nothing but "Boom, boom, boom." The same thing they tell us has been the case with a prince of royal English blood, who since the battle of Inkerman has never been able to answer any question proposed to him but by "Boom, pan, pan, cling, clang, *krasch!*"

Piedmont—the only free and constitutional state in Italy, the hope of all who have the progress of that once happy land at heart, and the dread of its priest-ridden neighbours—is, in the eyes of the same truculent writers, "a nest of dupes, who will at the best be found useful to fill up the ditches of Sebastopol with their bodies." Germany cannot be made to understand that its honour is concerned in going forth to die either to protect English manufactures or to consolidate the throne of Napoleon III.! Nor can it be made to understand that the Danube is a German river, forcibly and unjustifiably taken possession of by Russia; that Poland and Finland were once as independent as Turkey; and that without the heroic and generous devotion of France and England the German and Scandinavian states would have been the first after Turkey to fall prostrate beneath the yoke of the Muscovite. A war to protect India indeed! If others had the candour and the honesty to avow it—if their princes were not Russian at heart, while their people are German by name—they would acknowledge that the sufferings and the triumphs of the Allies cannot but ultimately tell more for their benefit than for that of the parties immediately engaged. But such is national and political gratitude! It has been made one of the boasts of modern times that the morality of private life had found its way into that of politics; that duplicity, Punic faith, and disloyalty had disappeared for ever from the cabinets of Europe. Never was there a greater mistake;—never was there a time when the simple political relations of people, and the causes of a just war, have been more shamefully misrepresented, or that more falsehoods have been so industriously circulated by those in power concerning the acts and motives of the Allies. Of fair argument there is none. "Only declare," Napoleon III. asked, in the presence of the enlightened representatives of the science, art, and industry of Europe assembled at the Paris Exhibition, "who is in the right and who is in the wrong?" No, it would not suit the political tactics of Russia, or of Austria, or of Prussia to answer that question. They supplant fair argument by shameless misrepresentations, and distort facts and the sources of facts in the mirror of their own evil and designing consciences.

The English army, we are told, is no longer aught but a phantom that Russia would cast into the sea to-morrow if France did not protect with its sword her historical enemy. While two hundred Anglo-Francs sleep every night in the sleep that knows no waking, their masters are dancing in the palaces of the Tuileries and of Windsor! People are still what they ever were, vile and stupid cattle, whom dogs with golden collars drive to the slaughter-house.

And what a remorse to gouty generals and an incapable ministry must that phantom be! To think that the Highland regiments are now com-

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posed of Moors and Egyptians; the Coldstream Guards come from Asia Minor; and on the hybrid flags St. George is seen embracing the Prophet of Mecca! Yet such is the kind of information seriously and soberly propagated on the Continent by the philo-Russian party. As to the French army, the historian of Notre Dame has also set himself up as its historian. And what does the veracious Victor Hugo tell us, from those hospitable shores where the very waves rise up in remonstrance at such unblushing falsity. "France had an army, the first in the world, admirable, incomparable, *tête de colonne du genre humain*, which had only to sound its bugles to make all the old sceptres and all the antique chains of the Continent fall to dust, that army Monsieur Bonaparte (democratic style) took it, wrapped it in the shroud of the 2nd of December, and then went about in search of a tomb. He found it in the Crimea." If big words could blow the monstrous alliance of France and England to the winds—if Munchausen blasts could hurl sceptres in the dust—if prodigious lies could annihilate two armies, all no doubt would be as those who wish it. Fortunately it is not so: the furious bombast of the disappointed demagogue, and the more measured and ingenious misrepresentation of the political hireling, may have an effect with a few for a day, but it vanishes swift as fog before the sun. Some must wonder, if with the progress of events that come to belie the prophecies of evil, and the better knowledge that sweeps away the cobwebs spun by such unclean hands, there does not come sometimes a blush to tingle their faces of bronze. Not in the least; failure only hardens them; like the oft-convicted, they feel themselves to be the self-constituted pariahs of society, they have no other course left open to them but that to which their own ignoble tastes have elected them, and they go on undaunted, wondering, perchance, if they could tell the truth once—they know it could only be by chance that such a consummation could be arrived at—for they never conscientiously seek for it, they never, for the sake even of the great brotherhood of humanity, hope for it.

The French, they tell us, installed at Constantinople, will not withdraw thence, even if peace was signed to-morrow. England could not demur; as a military power she now stands second to Piedmont and Holland. The Life Guards have already no better chargers than Uncle Toby's hobby-horse. She is no more than a humble vassal of France, a pashalik in which the mind of the Tuileries dominates every will. She is only a dead body attached to the car of her enemy. Napoleon is enthroned at Windsor. The nephew of the conquered of Saint Helena has at his feet England enervated and humiliated. To gratify the new arbiter of the destinies of Great Britain, the lord mayor and aldermen (uniformly believed on the Continent to be only inferior in power to the Queen) issued their commands that for the future Waterloo Bridge shall be called the Bridge of the 2nd of December. The Waterloo Column (where does it stand?) is to be called Colonne de la Foi du Serment. Trafalgar-square is to be called Cayenne-place. The statue of Wellington in Hyde Park is veiled with crape, and the monuments of Nelson and Pitt are covered with canopies upon which glitter in golden letters *Vive Napoléon III.!*

The prophecies for the future are not less amusing than these veracious accounts of the past. Millions of Mongolian, Tartar, Turkman, and

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Cossack horsemen, we are told, are mounting their war-steeds as in the time of Attila. A mysterious hand points out to them the West. It is vain that we seek for the Ætius who shall have the power to stay this flood which will sweep away the French Low Empire. They forget that other countries, in whose ungrateful cause England and France are allied, lie between these barbarian hordes and the latter people. Is it there that we are to witness the gigantic battles also prophesied, in which sixteen hundred thousand corpses shall strew the ground?

Truly the passions engendered by the various political phases through which France has had to pass during a very brief space of time have attained a virulence seldom witnessed in the bygone history of any people. So intense is the hatred of some of the exiles to the existing government, that they would rather see the Russians in Paris than the dynasty of Napoleon. They stop at no misrepresentation or falsehood that will throw distrust between England and France. They are so savagely inconsistent in their political hatred, that in one page they speak of Waterloo as destroying a sanguinary despotism and assuring the liberties of the West, and in another they denounce the pilgrimage of the English to the field of battle as the greatest insult that can be offered to the empire, and they call upon France to revenge it by the destruction of the modern Carthage. To bring about this happy state of universal war, and to make of all mankind a mere race of cut-throats, they show, as we think we have made manifest by some of our quotations, that they think so little of human nature and human intelligence as to believe that there is not a lie so gross that it may not be thrown out as a bait to human folly, and human ignorance and stupidity.

How different are the feelings excited by perusing the realities of war as depicted by an English lady—a soldier's wife—Mrs. Henry Duberly. The meek confidence in what is right, the unaffected sympathy for all that is good, the pure love of nature, of man and beast, breathing affection for all around, from the flower of the plain to the kind-eyed horse, and, above all, to a gallant husband, only tempered by that true English spirit of piety which is so totally wanting to calm the throbbing temples of exciters of discord and revolution—the apologists of assassination. "God save my dear husband and me from dying in the midst of the din of life! The very angels must stand aloof. God is our hope and strength, and without Him we should utterly fail." Such is the beautiful and pathetic language of an English soldier's wife, death in its most inexorable gripe at the time carrying off soldiers and sailors alike on the first grand transit from Varna to the Crimea, and when during one of the officers' death-struggles his brother-officers were dining in the saloon, only separated from the ghastly wrangle by a screen.

And then, again, when landed at Eupatoria, the first faint news came of a battle at Alma. "Was awoke from a restless sleep by the entrance of my maid—a soldier's wife—with her apron over her eyes. I naturally asked what was the matter. 'Oh! ma'am! Captain Tatham has sent to say he has received despatches, which will oblige him to leave Eupatoria to-day. And there has been a dreadful battle—500 English killed and 3000 Russians; and our poor cavalry fellows are all killed; and the Lord be good to us, we're all widows.'

"God, and he only, knows how the next hour was passed—until the blessed words, 'O thou of little faith' rang in my heart."

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"The guns which we had heard," adds the noble and generous-hearted woman, a little further on, "as we were breasting our swift way from Kalamita to Eupatoria, were merely messengers to us of the heavy firing inland, causing wounds, blood, and sudden death—lives, for which we would gladly give our own, extinguished in a moment; hands flung out in agony, faces calm and still in death; all our prayers unavailing now: no more speech, no more life, no more love." When day after day passed by without any decisive intelligence, "Captain Fraser," she relates, "caught a magnificent death's-head moth, and gave it to me. I shivered as I accepted it. This life of absence and suspense becomes at times intolerable. Oh, when shall I rejoin the army, from which I never ought to have been separated! Any hardship, any *action*, is better than passive anxiety."

The wish was not far from its accomplishment. The *Pride of the Ocean* was towed into Balaklava harbour by the *Simla* on the 3rd of October with Mrs. Duberly on board, and the same afternoon she was joined by her husband. It was, however, impossible for a lady to live in the camp, so our heroine had to live on board ship, contenting herself with almost daily rides to the camp and lines. At this time, says Mrs. Duberly, "we thought Sebastopol was to stand, *perhaps*, a three days' siege—more likely a single day's; while some, more arrogant still, allowed it eight hours to resist the fury of the Allies!"

They were, however, soon "disillusionised." Time soon showed that the damage done to the town by the first bombardment had been much less than was fancied. As to the ships, "they were a great deal too much mauled to be able to go in again for some time." Indeed, they never tried it again. Then came the oft-told battle of Balaklava, but it will bear being viewed in a new light—as pictured forth by a lady often spoken of in the French correspondence as one who, by the positions she occupied on the occasion of most of the great encounters, would, young and fair as she was, be able to give her own experiences of the horrors of war.

Wednesday, 25th.—Feeling very far from well, I decided on remaining quietly on board ship to-day; but on looking through my stern cabin windows, at eight o'clock, I saw my horse saddled and waiting on the beach, in charge of our soldier-servant on the pony. A note was put into my hands from Henry, a moment after. It ran thus: "The battle of Balaklava has begun, and promises to be a hot one. I send you the horse. Lose no time, but come up as quickly as you can: do not wait for breakfast."

Words full of meaning! I dressed in haste, went ashore without delay, and, mounting my horse "Bob," started as fast as the narrow and crowded streets would permit. I was hardly clear of the town, before I met a commissariat officer, who told me that the Turks had abandoned all their batteries, and were running towards the town. He begged me to keep as much to the *left* as possible, and, of all things, to lose no time in getting amongst our own men, as the Russian force was pouring on us; adding, "For God's sake, ride fast, or you may not reach the camp alive." Captain Howard, whom I met a moment after, assured me that I might proceed; but added, "Lose no time."

Turning off into a short cut of grass, and stretching into his stride, the old horse laid himself out to his work, and soon reaching the main road, we clattered on towards the camp. The road was almost blocked up with flying Turks, some running hard, vociferating, "Ship Johnny! Ship Johnny!" while others came along laden with pots, kettles, arms, and plunder of every description, chiefly

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old bottles, for which the Turks appear to have a great appreciation. The Russians were by this time in possession of three batteries, from which the Turks had fled.

The 93rd and 42nd were drawn up on an eminence before the village of Balaklava. Our cavalry were all retiring when I arrived, to take up a position in rear of their own lines.

Looking on the crest of the nearest hill, I saw it covered with running Turks, pursued by mounted Cossacks, who were all making straight for where I stood, superintending the striking of our tent and the packing of our valuables. Henry flung me on the old horse; and seizing a pair of laden saddle-bags, a great-coat, and a few other loose packages, I made the best of my way over a ditch into a vineyard, and awaited the event. For a moment I lost sight of our pony "Whisker," who was being loaded; but Henry joined me just in time to ride a little to the left, to get clear of the shots, which now began to fly towards us. Presently came the Russian cavalry charging, over the hill-side and across the valley, right against the little line of Highlanders. Ah, what a moment! Charging and surging onward, what could that little wall of men do against such numbers and such speed? There they stood. Sir Colin did not even form them into square. They waited until the horsemen were within range, and then poured a volley which for a moment hid everything in smoke. The Scots Greys and Inniskillens then left the ranks of our cavalry, and charged with all their weight and force upon them, cutting and hewing right and left.

A few minutes—moments as it seemed to me—and all that occupied that lately crowded spot were men and horses, lying strewn upon the ground. One poor horse galloped up to where we stood; a round shot had taken him in the haunch, and a gaping wound it made. Another, struck by a shell in the nostrils, staggered feebly up to "Bob," suffocating from inability to breathe. He soon fell down. About this time reinforcements of infantry, French cavalry, and infantry and artillery, came down from the front, and proceeded to form in the valley on the other side of the hill over which the Russian cavalry had come.

Now came the disaster of the day—our glorious and fatal charge. But so sick at heart am I that I can barely write of it even now. It has become a matter of world-history, deeply as at the time it was involved in mystery. I only know that I saw Captain Nolan galloping; that presently the Light Brigade, leaving their position, advanced by themselves, although in the face of the whole Russian force, and under a fire that seemed pouring from all sides, as though every bush was a musket, every stone in the hill-side a gun. Faster and faster they rode. How we watched them! They are out of sight; but presently come a few horsemen, straggling, galloping back. "What can those *skirmishers* be doing? See, they form up together again. Good God! it is the Light Brigade!"

At five o'clock that evening Henry and I turned, and rode up to where these men had formed up in the rear.

I rode up trembling, for now the excitement was over. My nerves began to shake, and I had been, although almost unconsciously, very ill myself all day. Past the scene of the morning we rode slowly; round us were dead and dying horses, numberless; and near me lay a Russian soldier, very still, upon his face. In a vineyard a little to my right a Turkish soldier was also stretched out dead. The horses, mostly dead, were all unsaddled, and the attitudes of some betokened extreme pain. One poor cream-colour, with a bullet through his flank, lay dying, so patiently!

Colonel Shewell came up to me, looking flushed, and conscious of having fought like a brave and gallant soldier, and of having earned his laurels well. Many had a sad tale to tell. All had been struck with the exception of Colonel Shewell, either themselves or their horses. Poor Lord Fitzgibbon was dead. Of Captain Lockwood no tidings had been heard; none had seen him fall, and none had seen him since the action. Mr. Clutterbuck was wounded in the foot; Mr. Seager in the hand. Captain Tomkinson's horse had been shot under him;

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Major De Salis's horse wounded. Mr. Mussenden showed me a grape-shot which had "killed my poor mare." Mr. Clowes was a prisoner. Poor Captain Goad, of the 13th, is dead. Ah, what a catalogue!

At the auction that followed upon the disaster at Balaklava, an old forage-cap fetched *5l.* 5s.; an old pair of warm gloves, *1l.* 7s.; a couple of cotton nightcaps, *1l.* 1s.; and a common clasp-knife, *1l.* 10s.!

Of the battle of Inkerman Mrs. Duberly justly remarks: "We fought as all know Englishmen will fight; and our loss was in proportion to the carelessness that permitted the attack rather than to the magnificent courage that repelled it." On the 10th of November Mrs. Duberly's journal places on record that a heavy gale of wind made terrible disturbance among the shipping, both inside and outside the harbour, so much so that several ships' masters outside protested at not being admitted to the shelter of the harbour. The protest was, as usual, disregarded, and then came the irremediable disaster of the 14th, the loss of the *Prince*. There was a terrible want of a master-mind in the Crimea in the winter of 1854 and 1855:

By ten o'clock we heard that the most fearful wrack was going on outside amongst the ships at anchor, and some of the party—Captain Sayer, Mr. Rochfort, and Captain Frain—started for the rocks, to try if by any means they could save life. The next tidings were, that the *Prince* and the *Resolute*, the *Rip van Winkle*, the *Wanderer*, the *Progress*, and a foreign barque, had all gone down, and, out of the whole, not a dozen people saved. At two o'clock, in spite of wind and weather, I managed to scramble from ship to ship, and went ashore to see this most disastrous sight. Ah me! such a sight, once seen, who can forget!

At the moment after my arrival, the devoted and beautiful little clipper ship *Wild Wave* was riding to her death. Her captain and crew—all but three small boys—had deserted her at nine o'clock; and she was now, with all her masts standing, and her helpless freight on board, drifting with her graceful outlines and her heart of oak, straightway to her doom. She is under our feet. God have mercy on those children now!

Captain Frain, Captain Liddell, and some seamen heave a rope downwards, at which one boy springs, but the huge wave is rolling backwards, and he is never seen again.

A second time they hurl it down to the boy standing on the stern frame, but the ship surging down upon the ruthless rocks, the deck parts beneath his feet, and he is torn, mangled, and helpless; but clinging still, until a wave springs towards him eagerly, and claims him for the sea.

The third and last survivor catches at the friendly rope, and, swooning with exhaustion and fear, he is laid upon the rock; while in a moment, with one single bound, the little ship springs upwards, as though she, too, was imploring aid, and falls back a scattered mass, covering the sea with splinters, masts, cargo, hay, bread, and ropes.

Meantime the *Retribution*, the *Lady Valiant*, the *Melbourne*, the *Pride of the Ocean*, the *Medora*, the *Mercia*, and several more, are all more or less damaged, and most of them entirely dismasted, riding it out as best they may. The greatest praise is due to the crew of the *Avon's* life-boat, who went out fearlessly to endeavour to render aid, but were unable, owing to the heavy sea, to get near the ships. Let me shut up my book, for the more I contemplate it, the more terrible the disaster appears.

Then came the privations and the sufferings of winter. Facts, which have been received as inventions at home, are corroborated by Mrs. Duberly. For example, we read: "The grey horse 'Job' died this even-

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ing of sheer starvation: his tail had been gnawed to a stump by his hungry neighbours at picket." Then again:

Major Hamilton lent me his white pony. Oh, dainty pony! with black lustrous eyes, and little prancing feet, and long white tail dyed red with henna, like the finger-tips of the most delicate lady in Stamboul! We rode home at dark, along the rotten, deep, almost impracticable track. The dead horses lying right across the road, as they fell, and the dead and dying bullocks, filled me with horror, and the white pony with spasms of fear. Now we trod upon the muddy carcase of a horse; now we passed a fallen mule, and a huge bullock, sitting up, with long ghastly horns pointing upwards in the moonlight, awaiting his death.

No horse is permitted to be destroyed without a special order from Lord Lucan, except in case of glanders, and, I believe, a broken leg. Some horses in our lines have been lying steeped in mud, and in their death-agony, for three days!

Next comes a picture of the embarkation of the wounded, the dignified indifference of the medical officer, and the rough and indecent way in which the poor howling wretches were hauled along the quay, and bundled, some with one, and others with both legs amputated, into the bottom of a boat:

If anybody should ever wish to erect a "Model Balaklava" in England (says Mrs. Duberly), I will tell him the ingredients necessary. Take a village of ruined houses and hovels in the extremest state of all imaginable dirt; allow the rain to pour into and outside them, until the whole place is a swamp of filth ankle-deep; catch about, on an average, one thousand sick Turks with the plague, and cram them into the houses indiscriminately; kill about one hundred a day, and bury them so as to be scarcely covered with earth, leaving them to rot at leisure—taking care to keep up the supply. On to one part of the beach drive all the exhausted *bât* ponies, dying bullocks, and worn-out camels, and leave them to die of starvation. They will generally do so in about three days, when they will soon begin to rot, and smell accordingly. Collect together from the water of the harbour all the offal of the animals slaughtered for the use of the occupants of above one hundred ships, to say nothing of the inhabitants of the town,—which, together with an occasional floating human body, whole or in parts, and the driftwood of the wrecks, pretty well covers the water—and stew them all up together in a narrow harbour, and you will have a tolerable imitation of the real essence of Balaklava. If this is not *piquant* enough, let some men be instructed to sit and smoke on the powder barrels landing on the quay; which I myself saw two men doing to-day, on the Ordnance Wharf.

On the 15th of January news came that the *Times* had taken up the subject of the condition of the army in a way that became the leading organ of the press. "By so doing," Mrs. Duberly says, "that paper cheered and refreshed many a heart that was well-nigh tired of

The trouble and the pain of living."

Alas! it could not awake the dead, but there can be no doubt that its just remonstrances saved many thousands of lives.

Early in March, the transports having been ordered out of Balaklava harbour, Mrs. Duberly removed to a hut on shore, which Captain Lushington had been kind enough to have built for her accommodation. Races now came to enliven the tedium of the siege. The French had their day as well as the English. "The course was crowded, the sun shone, and French officers were riding full gallop everywhere, and making their horses go through all the tricks of the *manége*. The 'steeple-chase' course, *avec huit obstacles*, was delightful; the hurdles were not

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sufficiently high to puzzle an intelligent and active poodle; the ditches were like the trenches of a celery-bed; and the wall about two feet and a half high." The French arrangements, however ridiculous they may appear in our eyes, were decidedly the wisest. A few days after, in a rush at a wall over four feet in height, Captains Shiffner and Thomas were both nearly killed on the spot.

On the occasion of the assault of the Mamelon, to which 25,000 French marched up, as if to a review in the Champ de Mars, General Bosquet said to Mrs. Duberly, his eyes full of tears, "Madame, à Paris on a toujours l'Exposition, les bals, les fêtes; et dans une heure et demie la moitié de ces braves seront morts!" The feeling does honour to the old general.

What a vehement fire! and all directed on the one spot. Two rockets in quick succession are gone up, and a moment after comes the third. Presently the slope of the Mamelon is covered with men, ascending separately and rapidly; not marching up in line, as our infantry would have done, but scattered like a flock of sheep. Two guns, hitherto masked, in the Mamelon open quickly upon them; but they rush up, and form when they reach the entrenchment. For a time we can see nothing but clouds of smoke. The guns are all silent now,—nothing but the volley and file firing of musketry. The Russians, standing on the fort, fire down on the advancing French; but presently some men are seen leaving the Mamelon and rushing towards the Malakoff. They are Russians, and the *Mamelon vert* is now in possession of the French. A momentary silence which succeeds enables us to distinguish musketry on our left. It is the English, who are attacking the quarries in front of the Redan; and an artilleryman, who comes up soon after, informs us that the English have taken the quarries with but little loss, and, if let, will take the Redan.

But the noise in front commences again, and I see men in hundreds rushing from the Mamelon to the Malakoff. *Per Dio!* they are not satisfied with what they have gained, but are going to try for the Malakoff, with all its bristling guns. Under what a storm of fire they advance, supported by that impenetrable red line, which marks our own infantry! The fire from the Malakoff is tremendous—terrible; but all admit that the steadiness of the French under it is magnificent. On our left the sun is setting in all its glory, but looking lurid and angry through the smoky atmosphere, that is becoming dense and oppressive from perpetual firing. Presently the twilight deepens, and the light of rocket, mortar, and shell falls over the beleaguered town.

And now for Sebastopol itself as seen a few days after its capture, and we must conclude our notice of this very interesting and delightful, although sad record.

Thursday, September 13th.—A memorable day of my life, for on it I rode into the English batteries, into the Redan, the Malakoff, the Little Redan, and all over our quarter of Sebastopol. Such a day merits a detailed description.

Eight consecutive hours spent in sight-seeing under a blazing sun is no light and lady-like *délassement* at any time, but when the absorbing interest, the horrible associations and excitement of the whole, is added to the account, I cannot wonder at my fatigue of last night, or my headache of to-day.

So many descriptions, pictorial and otherwise, have gone home of our own batteries, that I need not stop to describe them in their present half-dismantled state; so, clambering down (how wonderfully the Turkish ponies can climb!) the stony front of our advanced parallel, we canter across the open space, and ride at a gallop over the steep parapet of the salient angle of the Redan. "Look down," said Henry, "into the trench immediately beneath you; there, where it is partly filled up, our men are buried. I stood by Mr. Wright, on Sunday morning, when he read the funeral service over 700 at once."

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What wonderful engineering! What ingenuity in the thick rope-work which is woven before the guns, leaving only a little hole, through which the man laying the gun can take his aim, and which is thoroughly impervious to rifle shot! The Redan is a succession of little batteries, each containing two or three guns, with traverses behind each division; and hidden away under gabions, sand-bags, and earth, are little huts in which the officers and men used to live. Walking down amongst these (for we were obliged to dismount) we found that tradesmen had lived in some of them. Henry picked up a pair of lady's lasts the precise size of my own foot. Coats, caps, bayonets lay about, with black bread and broken guns. The centre, the open space between the Redan and the second line of defence, was completely ploughed by our thirteen-inch shells, fragments of which, together with round shot, quite paved the ground. We collected a few relics, such as I could stow away in my habit and saddle-pockets, and then rode down into the town.

Actually in Sebastopol! No longer looking at it through a glass, or even going down to it, but riding amongst its ruins and through its streets. We had fancied the town was almost uninjured—so calm, and white, and fair did it look from a distance; but the ruined walls, the riddled roofs, the green cupola of the church, split and splintered to ribands, told a very different tale. Here were wide streets leading past one or two large handsome detached houses built of stone; a little further on, standing in a handsome open space, are the barracks, with large windows, a fine stone façade of great length, several of the lower windows having carronades run out of them, pointing their grim muzzles towards our batteries. Whilst I am gazing at these, a sudden exclamation from Henry, and a violent shy from the pony, nearly start me from my saddle. It is two dead Russians lying, almost in a state of decomposition, at an angle of the building; while in the corner a man is sitting up, with his hands in his lap and eyes open, looking at us. We turn to see if he is only wounded, so life-like are his attitude and face; no, he has been dead for days.

A little further on we came to the harbour, and by the many mast-heads we count the number of ships. Here, too, are fragments of the bridge which I had watched the Russians building, and across which I had seen them so often pass and re-pass. There is a kind of terrace, with a strong wooden railing, overlooking the sea, and underneath us is a level grass-plat, going down with handsome stone steps to the water's edge. Following the wooden railing, we overlooked what had evidently been a foundry, and a workshop for the dockyard; Russian jackets, tools and wheelbarrows, were lying about, and hunting among the ruins was a solitary dog.

But all this time we are trying to find our way to Brigadier-General Windham's office near the custom-house. To get there we must ride round to the head of the dry docks, as the bridges are either broken or unsafe. What is it that makes the air so pestilential at the head of the dry docks? Anything so putrid, so nauseating, so terrible, never assailed us before. There is nothing but three or four land transport carts, covered with tarpaulin, and waiting at the corner. For Heaven's sake, ride faster, for the stench is intolerable. We go on towards the custom-house, still followed by this atmosphere: there must be decaying cattle and horses behind the houses; and yet they do not smell like this! Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons and Admiral Bruat are riding by, so we stop in a tolerably sweet place to congratulate each other on meeting in Sebastopol. We then continue our road to the custom-house. What is it? It cannot surely be—oh, horror!—a heap, a piled-up heap, of human bodies in every stage of putrid decomposition, flung out into the street, and being carted away for burial. As soon as we gained possession of the town, a hospital was discovered in the barracks, to which the attention of our men was first attracted by screams and cries. Entering, they found a large number of wounded and dying; but underneath a heap of dead men, who, as he lay on the floor, fell over him and died, was an English officer of the 90th Regiment, who being badly wounded, and taken prisoner, was put into this foul place, and left, as in

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the case of the hospital near the custom-house, to perish at his leisure, of hunger and pain. He had had no food for three days, and the fever of his wound, together with the ghastly horrors round him, had driven this poor Englishman to raving madness; and so he was found, yelling, and naked. I think the impression made upon me by the sight of that foul heap of green and black, glazed and shrivelled flesh, I never shall be able to throw entirely away.

At the moment, however, and I think it a wise ordinance, no sight such as war produces strikes deeply on the mind. We turned quickly back from this terrible sight, and soon after left the town. Riding up towards the Little Redan, we saw where the slaughter of the Russians had principally been. The ground was covered with patches and half-dried pools of blood, caps soaked in blood and brains, broken bayonets, and shot and shell; four or five dead horses, shot as they brought up ammunition for the last defence of the Malakoff. Here we met Colonel Norcott, of the Rifles, who had been reported a prisoner, riding the same chesnut pony which has had honourable mention before. Our congratulations on his escape, when we fancied him marching with the retreating Russians, were neither few nor insincere. The Malakoff lay just before us. I am told that it is, and it struck me as being, one of the most wonderful examples of engineering work possible. It is so constructed, that unless a shot fell precisely on the right spot, it could do no harm. What with gabions, sand-bags, traverses, counter-traverses, and various other means of defence, it seemed to me, that a residence in the Malakoff was far safer and more desirable than a residence in the town. Buried underground were officers' huts, men's huts, and a place used as a sort of mess-room, with glass lamps, and packs of cards. We are not allowed to carry any outward and visible signs of plunder, but I filled my habit pockets and saddle pockets with various small items, as reliques of these famous batteries and the famous town—lasts, buttons, and grape shot from the Redan; cards, a glass salt-cellar, an English fuzee, and the screw of a gun from the Malakoff; a broken bayonet from the Little Redan; and rifle bullets from the workshop in the town. Then, as it was growing late, we rode back to camp by the Woronzow Road, and down the French heights on to the Balaklava plain.

The realities of war contrast vividly with the falsehoods. In the one instance we have the dark vapourings of political hatreds through which no light, no hope for the future can be discerned. In the other, the truth stands out in not always agreeable, but still naked and bold relief. England, we know, is not in agony. Mistakes have been committed, incapacity has been manifested in high quarters, but all will right itself soon. "After all," Mrs. Duberly justly remarks, "Englishmen are not so helpless, so hopeless, and so foolish as they tried hard last year to make themselves out to be. I think they rested so entirely on the *prestige* that attached itself to the name of a British soldier, that they thought the very stars would come out of their courses to sustain the lustre of their name. Alas! their name was very literally dragged through the mud, during the miry winter months." It has undoubtedly been a severe lesson. We lost an army from the mere want of the most common-place organisation—we played a secondary part in the siege of Sebastopol from the want of men and the absence of sufficient generalship—but the Anglo-Saxon race is not so easily discouraged as the Franco-Russians—far more inveterate in their hostility than the Russians—would imagine it to be. It will rise purified by trial, resolute in difficulty, nerved for the conflict, and ultimately triumphant, as becomes the descendants of Cœur de Lion and the Black Prince, of Marlborough and Wellington, and of Blake and Nelson.

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THE DOCK WARRANTS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.—IN TWO PARTS.

By Dudley Costello.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

A SHORT CUT TO FORTUNE.

Of all the firms in London, trading as general merchants, metal and colonial brokers—designations which imply almost every kind of mercantile operation—none did a greater business than the house of Graysteel and Handyside, of Blasing-lane, Towzer-street, and Commercial Chambers, Gammonbury Buildings.

It was not, to be sure, one of those traditional firms which City men, when they are thinking of Mammon, involuntarily mutter to themselves in lieu of prayers, for it had risen somewhat suddenly—out of the mud of London, as it were; but it was not on that account the less respected, the great affairs in which "Graysteel and Handyside" were engaged, and the large sums that passed through their hands being, in City estimation, the true and only abstergent. That purism which will not recognise a high position until long years of toil have been devoted to attain it, has no existence now-a-days: when all are striving to reach the goal by the shortest cut, there is no time for turning round to ask your neighbour how he gained his place. "Graysteel and Handyside" were, consequently, looked up to; their movements were so regular, their undertakings so vast, and their payments so punctual, that it could scarcely have been otherwise. Indeed, unless they *had* been "looked up to" so universally, it is not very likely that Messrs. Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper, the great bill-brokers, would have cashed their paper in the way they did—almost without looking at it.

Still, although such influences are less avowed, personal character has its weight. Archibald Graysteel was a man of strictly religious habits; so strict, that he was not content with being a worshipper himself, but devoted all the leisure which his Sabbath opportunities afforded to the inoculation of others with his own religious views: he not only went to church twice on Sunday, but filled up the interval between morning and evening service by extemporaneous preaching on the suburban commons, greatly—no doubt—to the edification of the crowds assembled there, until the public-houses opened. To reclaim sinners and set their feet in the right path, was an object he had so much at heart, that, had he followed the bent of his own inclinations, it is more than probable he would have gone about doing the same amount of good on every week-day as well; but, as he was heard to say with a sigh, there were worldly duties which he was compelled to perform, "being also placed here for that purpose;" and, impressed with this conviction, he did not fail to improve each shining

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business-hour. Some people thought that Archibald Graysteel pushed his doctrinal views too far; but these were the careless herd, who set little store by mere formal church attendance, who did not consider Sabbath recreation sinful, and who could actually afford to be cheerful, and even hospitable, on the Lord's day. They were, however, in a decided minority in the conclaves where reputation is conferred, and, therefore, it mattered little to Archibald Graysteel what they chosed to think.

If William Handyside, the second partner in the firm, was a person of different temperament, it did not necessarily follow that he was less a man of business than his more sedate colleague. City men are fond of enterprise; not rashly urged, it is, they say, the great secret of commercial success. Now it was evident to the most superficial observer that William Handyside was bold and enterprising; but then it was equally clear that he was keen and shrewd. "You can't take *him* in," was a common expression; "he knows perfectly well what *he's* about," was the comment invariably made on William Handyside's speculation; "he'll never go too far with Archibald Graysteel at his elbow," was an assurance that passed like current coin in City circles. People liked William Handyside for his buoyancy, his briskness, his readiness, his unfailing spirits and good humour; they respected, and rather feared, Archibald Graysteel, for his austerity, his method, his taciturnity and closeness of disposition. The moral attributes of the firm were prudence and courage; "Festina lente" was its motto; and it prospered.

The foundation on which this prosperity was originally based was the only thing that the Wise Men of the East never exactly knew. "It was Capital, of course," they said; but none of them could settle how much. Ah, if they had but known *that*, they might—to use a phrase more often quoted than rightly applied—have "gone and done likewise!" Next to the art of making money for themselves, there is no secret would-be capitalists so earnestly desire to learn as that by which their rivals have become rich; it is also an intense satisfaction to them to be able to say they know how much such and such folks are worth. Commercially speaking, this is wise, because it regulates your own proceedings: you may be the wealthier and the safer for the knowledge. Yet it is not always wisdom that prompts the inquiry; curiosity has, very often, quite as much to do with it, and that sort of self-glorification which shines by the reflexion of other people's splendour. But whether the world that is centred between old London-wall and the Thames were careful or curious, they gleaned nothing from the revelations of "Graysteel and Handyside." There they were, turning money in Blasing-lane, turning money in Gammonbury Buildings: great houses went down with a crash, but "Graysteel and Handyside" stood firm; if there were gluts in the market, they were able to wait; if there was a scarcity of produce, they were ready with the supply, if not with the thing itself, at all events with its equivalent.

So widely did their transactions spread, that it seemed as if the warehouses in the London Docks had been solely built for their convenience, to store the multifarious objects in which it was their pleasure no less than their profit to deal. There was nothing you could name that the firm of Graysteel and Handyside had not a dock-warrant for. Everything that had a price anywhere and was destined for ultimate sale, came

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within their all-embracing grasp. They had watched the moment, no doubt, when markets were dull to speculate in values that were neglected. There is always "a good time coming" for holders, provided you can wait for it; if not—if sales must even be forced—having bought with judgment, you may consent to a sacrifice which will still leave you a gainer. It must have been on this principle that "Graysteel and Handyside" acted, or they would hardly have been willing to part with so many inestimable warrants to the astute but accommodating house of Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper, who were never known to give more than money's worth for the objects of their traffic, bill-brokers, as a general rule, not being optimists. That "Graysteel and Handyside" were able to redeem the warrants thus pledged, whenever it became necessary to do so, must have arisen from the fact that the capricious wheel of commerce turned very opportunely in their favour, giving them the chance, just when they wanted it, of realising in some other of the many commodities which they made it their practice to hold. But however this might be, "Graysteel and Handyside" always floated on the crest of the wave, and if there was one firm more than another in which the house of Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper placed their bill-brokering confidence, it was theirs. It is true that circumstances now and then occurred which might, with simpler folks, have put a stop to this pleasant commercial see-saw—for in trade as in love, the course does not invariably run smooth; but Messrs. Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper, who were quite as wise as serpents, if not altogether as harmless as doves, saw their way to *their* profit, and was not that enough?

To me these matters are, and always have been, a mystery; but then how should I know anything of the rules by which the transactions of *millionnaires* are regulated? I, whom the income-tax just manages to seize—and sear! Sufficient for me if the milkman, as he is called, does not clamour at my gate for the sixpennyworth of chalk and water that furnishes his weekly supply! Nevertheless, I have an opinion, which I will communicate as privately as the circulation of these pages will permit. It is: that the *millionnaire* who winks at fraudulent practices so long as they do not injure *him*, is very nearly as deeply-dyed a criminal as the vendor of chalk-and-water instead of milk, and perhaps he does quite as much harm to public morality.

I have drifted somehow into a sort of explanation of the *modus operandi* by which the firm of Graysteel and Handyside contrived to deal so extensively and get on so swimmingly; but in case I should not have made my meaning perfectly clear, I may as well make a clean breast of it, and confess that the dock-warrants which they so freely circulated, and on which they succeeded in raising such large sums of money, were, one and all of them, fictitious. A small capital will do to begin with when you can create as much as you please by a mere stroke of the pen. "Graysteel and Handyside" commenced their original system of operations with something infinitesimally small, and yet it proved quite enough for their purpose, for at the end of six years, or thereabouts, they found themselves the proprietors of a circulating medium, of their own manufacture, which represented a value of half a million of money. What their assets were, in the event of being obliged to have recourse to cash payments, it is scarcely worth while to inquire. They never took

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the trouble to do so, but "pushed on," as William Handyside said, trusting to the chapter of accidents.

What would a great many of the Wise Men of the East have given for a knowledge of this system, provided it could always have been kept a secret? The answer might possibly have a tendency to shake the confidence in City men of opulent writers like myself, so I refrain from giving one. It is more to the purpose of this story to show how long the secret was kept in the case of "Graysteel and Handyside." I am inclined to think it might have endured for ever—with the concurrence of Messrs. Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper—if they had not, I must say imprudently, resolved to embark in something real. Perhaps they were, in a manner, forced into this line of business by the necessity of having something substantial to show in case of the worst; perhaps it was only an extension of the speculating mania, the *furor ludendi* which, when once you are bitten by it, you can never refrain from; but, whatever the cause, "Graysteel and Handyside" went at it on their usual magnificent scale, gave a couple of hundred thousand pounds, in bills and so forth, for an overwhelming distillery on the banks of the Thames, and went on flourishing in a more flourishing way than ever.

CHAPTER II.

HOW TO DO BUSINESS.

If I were asked to express any idea of the worst description of punishment reserved for our misdeeds in a future state, I should define it to consist in a sense of utter loneliness, with every tie of previous association severed, with a consciousness only of being disconnected from all living souls.

Could such isolation exist on earth, it might, in some cases, be the very reverse of punishment; but it never happens in this world; none are so absolutely alone as not to have some friend or relative whose heart does not throb to hear of their success or failure.

Archibald Graysteel and William Handyside were neither of them exceptions to this general rule, each having families, to say nothing of friends.

Archibald Graysteel was a widower, with an only daughter, a beautiful girl about nineteen years of age, by name Euphemia. William Handyside had a wife and several children, the eldest of whom, Arthur, was a fine young man of three-and-twenty. The country houses of both the members of the firm were near each other, some six or seven miles from town, and intercourse between the families was frequent. It would have been still more intimate had it depended on Mrs. Handyside, who was extremely fond of Euphemia Graysteel, but the habits of her father were not naturally social, and he kept his daughter at home a great deal more than his friendly neighbours wished. Not enough, however, for the prevention of that consequence which is almost inevitable when least desirable.

In the eyes of the world, who saw the well mounted establishment of Mr. Handyside and the less pretentious but equally comfortable *entourage* of Mr. Graysteel, who heard what vast enterprises they conducted,

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and who entertained the belief that they were quite as solvent as any of the gentlemen in "the Bank parlour," nothing could be more natural than the supposition that a match between Arthur Handyside and Euphemia Graysteel was the consummation not only to be wished but to be expected. It would seem that the young people thought so too, for they fell in love with each other, though, with the reticence which belongs to lovers, they did not communicate the fact to their respective parents. Concealment, however, was of little use, in one quarter. Mrs. Handyside, with a woman's penetration added to a mother's watchfulness, soon understood how matters stood, but, for certain reasons, kept her own counsel.

I may as well say what those reasons were.

Mrs. Handyside remembered, what very few, save the house of Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper recollected, that when in a much smaller way of business, many years before, the firm of Graysteel and Handyside had stopped payment. She also knew, though of this her cognizance was special, that the capital with which the firm started again would barely have sufficed to furnish the house she now lived in. She had seen some of the inner workings of her husband's mind at a time when to all appearance not a care possessed him, and all these things had taught her to distrust his actual position. The more sweeping his schemes for making a sudden fortune, the more she trembled at the possibility of a sudden reverse; and though she was ignorant of the precise nature of the transactions which were passed upon the world as *bonâ fide* affairs, she doubted very much—nearly as much as the house of Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper—whether they could fairly stand the light of day. Mrs. Handyside had always opposed her husband's desire to bring up Arthur to "the business," and her pertinacity had succeeded. She destined him to the law, and, after taking his degree at Cambridge, he ate his commons in the Inner Temple, and was duly called to the bar, to practise or not, as fate might determine. At all events, Arthur Handyside had a profession should it be necessary for him to gain a living by it.

He, conscious of little save the happiness he felt when in the presence of Euphemia Graysteel, gave every hour he could abstract from his compelled pursuits to her society; and she, who found no sympathy at home, gladly responded to the kind welcome of his mother, and was not slow to admit of more than a fleeting interest in himself.

If you ask for the reason of that lovers' reticence of which I have spoken, seek it of those who instinctively shrink from making the world the confidant of a secret which is all the more delicious for the secrecy by which it is surrounded. If you wish to know why it was advisable on the part of Arthur and Euphemia not to make a hasty disclosure of their mutual sentiments, there was, first, the apprehension which they entertained of refusal, and, next, the fact that the article of "settlement"—though the lovers knew nothing of this—would have raised a question somewhat difficult to settle. Archibald Graysteel and William Handyside would rather not have been troubled with such a question at that moment. The concerns of the distillery required very careful attention, for it could not go on without plenty of ready money, the Excise took care of *that*, and plenty of ready money was only attainable by the absence of what is called "tightness" in the money market, and the existence of good

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security. When "tightness" prevailed, which was the case just then, and this security had to be invented, *de die in diem*, I leave you to judge whether "Graysteel and Handyside" were likely to take any great delight in a proposition which must of necessity make a direct appeal to the breeches' pocket.

By dint, however, of great exertions, the distillery which eventually was to make all right, to take out every blot of fortune and stain of conscience, got on at the beginning, in popular phrase, "like a house on fire." But this simile has sometimes an unfortunate as well as a happy application, for the faster it got on, the heavier grew the demands of the polite individual (all government officials *not in the post-office* art polite) who acted on behalf of the Excise department; while, on the other hand, there was a constantly yawning gulf in the shape of the bills which constituted the original purchase-money, and which were always arriving at maturity.

It is not only when adders are abroad that "wary walking," as Brutus says, is needful; when acceptances are flying about right and left, when spelter-warrants, wool-warrants, wine-warrants, tallow-warrants, all things that combine with warrants but are themselves without a warranty, deluge the markets and overflow the counters of the money-scriveners, "wary walking" is not less needful than imperative. They were clever fellows, the firm of Graysteel and Handyside, but all their cleverness could not keep them out of the trap which themselves had baited. An Irish nobleman did something of the same kind lately on his own estate, which was only natural. His affair merely concerned his own legs, but the mistake of "Graysteel and Handyside" had moral consequences attached to it. They were indiscreet enough to forge their own documents, that is to say, they issued them in duplicate, there being a prepossession in the City in favour of produce of a particular description, and more than one of these duplicates fell into the hands of Messrs. Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper.

A scene accordingly took place between the head of our firm and the managing partner of that house which, briefly as it may be told, offers matter for more than brief consideration.

It opened with a note in which Archibald Graysteel was requested "to step down" to the counting-house of Messrs. Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper, in St. Withold's, "to confer upon a matter of business."

With brow unruffled and cheek unflushed, Archibald Graysteel obeyed the summons, only delaying his immediate attendance long enough to remind his partner that the firm had a good many outstanding debts in various parts of the Continent, and that it would be just as well to get some passports from the Foreign-office, in case he thought it desirable to send confidential messengers to collect what was due on the spot. William Handyside gravely replied that he had already been thinking of taking that step, and the senior member of the firm then proceeded to St. Withold's.

He was shown into the private room of the Manager, Mr. Jabez Soaper, who, like the other members of the House, was of the drab persuasion. Mr. Soaper was a large, sleek man, without an angle in his frame, and gave you the idea of a person who bathed every morning in oil, swallowing some of it in the process, which continued to ooze out

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slowly during the day. If a contrast had been desired, it could not have been more strikingly presented than in the hard lineaments and gaunt figure of Archibald Graysteel, whose ablutions might have been made with vinegar. One thing, however, they had in common, and that was a perfect control over all external signs of emotion. You must plunge the harpoon very deep to reach the whale through its blubber, and strike very hard to pierce through the shell of the tortoise.

City men never waste their time in complimentary discourse.

"Friend Graysteel," began Mr. Soaper, taking out a paper from a table drawer before him, "thee knows this warrant?"

It represented one, to the value of eighteen thousand pounds, which was duly described.

Archibald Graysteel quietly replied in the affirmative.

"Thee knows this, likewise?" continued Mr. Soaper, producing a second paper, similar in all respects to the first.

"I do," was the answer.

"Hast thee, then, two consignments of ore in the London Docks that tally in every particular: size, weight, and amount?"

Archibald Graysteel held, he said, so much ore just then that, unless he referred to his books, he could not immediately answer the question.

"But if thee transfers thy warrants on the same day" (Mr. Soaper, as we have seen, had no great reverence for grammar; few of the "Friends" have), "thee cans'n't well forget that!"

The senior member of the firm admitted that his memory was not likely to prove so treacherous.

"We made thee an advance on this," pursued the calm Jabez, pinning down No. 1 on his open ledger with the forefinger of his large right hand, "on the seventh day, sixth month, present year; at the same date Sparrowhawk and Co., of Bilge-row, made thee a like advance, or peradventure one thirty-sixth per cent. higher than us, on this;" and he nailed down No. 2 with the other forefinger. "Which of these two," he added, after a pause, "is genuine?"

Archibald Graysteel felt that the placid Quaker had him in a fix. He looked hard in his face, but nothing shone there save the glistening oil. He felt at a loss to which of the precious documents to give the preference, and remained silent.

"Thee hast done business for a long time with our house, Friend Graysteel," resumed Mr. Soaper, "and much—*very much*—of thy paper has passed through our hands. I thought thee an honest man, but now I find thee art a rogue!"

The expression on Archibald Graysteel's countenance seemed to ask if this discovery were altogether new? He shrugged his shoulders.

"The firm," he said, in a very low but distinct voice, "wanted money."

Mr. Soaper coughed slightly.

"Thee hast not yet answered my question."

"*Neither of them are the thing, then*, if you will have it."

Mr. Soaper removed the two warrants from the ledger, and locked them up in the drawer.

"Thee hast a large distillery, and a heavy plant?"

Archibald Graysteel nodded.

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Mr. Soaper turned over the leaves of his ledger.

"Fourth day, third month, spelter-warrant, eleven thousand; eighth, third, wool, seven thousand; twenty-fifth, third, tallow, thirty-three thousand;——" and so he went on for five minutes; "total, one hundred and sixty-three thousand, eighteen and six. What hast thee to meet all this?"

"Well," replied Archibald Graysteel, "it will all come right, if you only give us time. We've had pretty nearly the same amount outstanding with your house before."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Soaper, "but then all the warrants were genuine."

It was Archibald Graysteel's turn to cough now: the cough expressed doubt.

"However that may be," said the general merchant, not caring as it seemed to dwell on the subject too long—"however that may be, I suppose you don't intend to be hard upon us! That wouldn't do *you* any good. Besides, as I said just now, we shall come round if we're not pressed."

"What other engagements hast thee, besides these?" asked the Quaker, pointing to the ledger, and, through it, to the drawer.

"Not another, so help——"

Mr. Soaper raised his substantial hands.

"Thee must not swear," he said. "What are the monthly returns of the distillery?"

"Month before last, eight thousand—last month, nine five hundred—keeps rising——"

"And the plant and the duties?"

"All paid, every shilling; here are the vouchers!"

From a large pocket-book Archibald Graysteel took a packet of papers.

"I thought," he said, "you'd want to see the receipts, so I brought them."

Mr. Soaper carefully examined every receipt; he was apparently satisfied with the scrutiny, for, when he had made an end, he observed, in the same level tone that had marked his speech throughout:

"Thee wast right to suppose, Friend Graysteel, that we meant not to be over hard with thee. Thee must give us a promissory note at sixty days for one hundred and sixty-three thousand, eighteen and six—with interest: thee shall then have all thy warrants back again."

If I said that Archibald Graysteel was able invariably to repress all outward tokens of satisfaction, I was wrong. On this occasion a gleam of pleasure danced in his eyes.

"I may depend on this?" he said.

"Thee may," still ungrammatically replied the Quaker.

Archibald Graysteel little heeded Priscian's mishap.

"You shall have the note in ten minutes," he rejoined.

This was the way in which "Graysteel and Handyside" got out of that difficulty.

And in this way a good deal of "business" appears to be transacted in London.

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CHAPTER III.

SOMETHING LIKE A BREAK-UP.

'WITH their credit thus bolstered up for a time, "Graysteel and Handyside" resumed operations. But kind and forbearing as Mr. Soaper had been to *them*—(I say nothing about justice to the commercial world, in which the spurious warrants obtained a fresh and brisk circulation)—they still felt that it would require more than ordinary efforts to meet the extremely heavy liability which they had incurred towards Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper. One hundred and sixty-three thousand pounds—(without the odd shillings and pence, which would be *my* difficulty)—is a large sum to provide within the space of a couple of months, when good bills and *bonâ fide* checks are required in payment; and the immediate consideration of the Firm was given to the question. For a few weeks, while in the first flush of renewed confidence, both Archibald Graysteel and William Handyside were sanguine of success. It was known how largely they *had* dealt with the Quaker house; it was supposed that they still continued to do so; and from this supposition they derived considerable support. But the real source of supply being stopped, for Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper would take no more warrants, their paper got *looked at*, which is not a very favourable symptom in the prosecution of commercial affairs—and it began to make itself tolerably plain to the Firm that a crisis was at hand. Unable to prevent the blow, they, therefore, laboured to avert its heaviest consequences.

Their object now was to raise as much cash as they could, and make themselves scarce before a *fiat* of bankruptcy was issued. It was agreed upon, for this purpose, that Archibald Graysteel should take the distillery in hand, while William Handyside made the necessary preparations for getting off. That they must fly together and keep together was the main feature of their plan, for they were necessary to each other. William Handyside was a very tolerable linguist, and accustomed to continental life; Archibald Graysteel knew no language save his own, and had never been abroad, but, as he was to raise the cash, his partner's movements must, perforce, be regulated by those of the purse-bearer. Whatever course might ultimately be decided on, it was also settled that, in the first instance, their departure should remain a secret even to their own families.

How they sped may be inferred from the following dialogue which took place in the course of Saturday, the 16th of June last past, in the private room at the offices of the firm in Blasing-lane:

"The Lord be praised," Archibald Graysteel began——

"Never mind that now," interrupted William Handyside,—"we're on business. What have you done?"

"As much as *could* be done under the circumstances. You know that the Excise duty was our great pressure; until that was paid not a gallon of spirits could be removed. Well, I had to look out for a party who would advance upon a certain quantity to be delivered on a certain day."

"Yes, I know that. Didn't Muffle and Twigg offer to take it?"

"They did, provided it was ready to-day. After leaving you yester-

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day afternoon, I went to the 'Inland Revenue,' offered to pay 7000*l.*; they agreed to removal on those terms. At nine this morning MacSpigot came to the distillery for the money; gave him a check, crossed, on Moonshine and Glitter; he waited to see the stuff removed; at twelve Muffle and Twigg sent down; got their check, uncrossed, for 3000*l.*; cashed it an hour afterwards; and now we are safe till Monday morning, as our check can't be presented to-day. *That's* what I've done, and devilish glad I am,—that's to say, the Lord be praised—it's all over! I hope you've made it all right!"

"Here," said William Handyside, taking out his pocket-book, "here are six Foreign-office passports; no description of persons, nothing but the names, different of course in each. Three of them are for you, and that money we'll divide, for fear of accidents. The *Baron Osy* leaves at two to-morrow morning for Antwerp; I've taken tickets and secured berths. We must be on board to-night,—not later than ten."

"What have you done *down there?*"

"Sent word to say we're engaged till late—not to sit up for either of us."

"And the Chambers?"

"Oh, the clerks will be there on Monday. We'll take the key of this place with us. Meantime we may as well be seen as usual. I've ordered dinner at six at the 'Peacock,' in Lime-street. Ask for No. 7, first floor, if you arrive first."

The worthy partners now separated and betook themselves to their customary avocations. Mercantile engagements were entered into, prospective arrangements made, and manifold dealings transacted, with an air so assured as to awaken fresh confidence in many who had begun to doubt.

"Graysteel and Handyside did a good deal in wools to-day," said Ruddle, of Turnbull Alley.

"Yes," replied Honeyball, of Cateating-street; "sold them three hundred bales myself."

"They're all right, now, I fancy," observed Ruddle.

"Safe as the Bank," returned Honeyball; "I have heard Graysteel say that Soaper, of 'Godsend, Stiffs,' had offered him 6d. a cwt. above prices at two to-day if he'd sell all his tallows and cocoas, but that he declined, as he expects a rise on Monday of one-and-six, at least!"

"Wish I'd known that sooner!" said Ruddle; "wouldn't have parted with mine! Graysteel has good information!"

"Good as any man on 'Change," replied Honeyball.

On that Saturday afternoon, in fact, there was quite a general desire in the City to do business with "Graysteel and Handyside," and more than one broad-shouldered broker went back to his turbot and mutton at Hoxton, discontented at not having had a deal with the enterprising firm; more than one comely "waiter upon Providence" inwardly rejoiced, during the sermon next day, at having parted with his "Great Screw Nuggets" or his "West Cockatoos" at something like a premium of eleven-sixteenths to "Graysteel and Handyside." On the following Monday morning, however, the discontented began to chuckle and the smug to look sour, when a whisper got abroad that something had gone wrong with "the enterprising firm;" and when, about noon, it became

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generally known that both the partners had disappeared, leaving behind them an immense amount of liabilities, variously estimated at from three hundred thousand pounds to a million, every feeling was absorbed in one universal consternation. Addle-street, Old Jewry, Garlick-hill, Great St. Thomas Apostle, all the lanes and rows, all the holes and corners in the City of London, poured forth their loud-voiced denunciations. Rums, which had opened lively, straightway became dull, Saltpetre was neglected, Currants were inanimate, Tallow ceased to be firm, Brown Jamaicas were depressed, Native Ceylons went down, Great Screw Nuggets, West Cockatoos, East Elizabeths, Royal South Unities, Chimborazos, Purgatorios, every mining share that existed, and every mining share that did not exist—the latter by far the most numerous—went down deep as the shafts that led—or did not lead—to their treasured secrets; nothing looked up,—nothing *could* look up in the midst of such general confusion. To say that the market was merely "flat," was to utter a phrase without meaning; the simile of a pancake no longer had any significance: if you wanted the real type of collapse, it was only to be found in the moral prostration of the house of Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper, the great bill-brokers in St. Withold's.

Monday, the 18th of June, was the anniversary of Waterloo, the day of the great failure at Sebastopol. Napoleon's discomfiture, the bitter disappointment of the Allies, were terrible things in their way, but they never came near the state of mind of Mr. Jabez Soaper, when he found that the promissory note of "Graysteel and Handyside" for one hundred and sixty-three thousand pounds eighteen and sixpence—with interest—was on that day dishonoured. The curse *might* have fallen on Israel before, but *he*, like Shylock, never felt it till then. Even the sensations of Mr. MacSpigot, the exciseman, cauterised as his inner man had long been, and impersonal as he was in the affair, even his sensations, I say, were scarcely pleasant, when the check on "Moonshine and Glitter" was returned to the "Inland Revenue" ominously labelled with "No effects!"

But what are the groans of money-bags when weighed in the balance against the tearful silence of an anxious household; what the bill-broker's baffled expectations against the doubt, the dread, the agony of a fond and trusting wife, of a loving though neglected daughter; what the duped speculator's vexation against the shame, the sorrow of honest, noble minds! Let us regret, as our natures permit, the shock which commercial credit receives when great defalcations occur; but let no comparison be made between the loss of pelf and the abasement of all we hold dear. The next time Mr. Honeyball sells his wool he may find a safer customer; the next time Mr. Jabez Soaper "accommodates" a doubtful party he may possibly be more successful; but when the heads of families are branded as fraudulent bankrupts, what remedy can minister to the grief of those whose belief in their father's integrity, whose reverence for their parents' name, is destroyed for ever!

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CHAPTER IV.

ANTWERP.

The mists had all cleared away from the waters of the Scheldt, when the passengers on board the *Baron Osy* came on deck to catch a first glimpse of the world-famed spire of Antwerp Cathedral, as it rose in mid-air across the broad Polders of Zwyndrecht, distinctly visible in the clear, blue sky, though still many miles distant. Amongst the number of curious gazers were two Englishmen: one, a brisk, fresh-complexioned, sandy-haired person, about five-and-forty, who told the steward of the vessel, in answer to his inquiry, that his name was Harmer; the other, a tall, dark-browed, sallow-faced man, apparently some five years older, who called himself the Reverend Mr. Golding. These two were friends, and, like the majority of English travellers, did not seem much disposed to make acquaintance with any of their companions, but kept aloof from the rest in the bows of the steamer, intently watching the gradually developing city. Having once taken up their position, forward, they did not remove from it until the *Baron Osy* brought up at the landing-place on the Quay Vandyck; they were then the first to hasten on shore, Mr. Harmer leading, closely followed by his reverend friend.

The custom-house examination ended, the ordeal of the hotel commissioners had next to be undergone. This is a trial of temper in all countries, but especially in Belgium, where touting appears to be the national characteristic. Mr. Harmer and Mr. Golding were, like the others, assailed on all hands by a cohort of clamorous voices, all speaking English as fluently and about as elegantly as if they had acquired their knowledge of the language exclusively at Wapping, which, in many instances, was the fact. One little hook-nosed fellow, who represented the Hôtel St. Antoine, greatly distinguished himself by his noisy activity, and if he had had to deal with a milder personage than the Reverend Mr. Golding, he would undoubtedly have succeeded in his object; but his anxiety to effect a capture extending to that gentleman's great-coat, which hung on his arm, he was saluted by so heavy a blow that he instantly measured his length in the gutter, amidst the shouts and jeers of his associate touters. You may abuse a Belgian as much as you please —he cares nothing about that—but, if you strike him, I would have you beware. In Flanders generally, but more particularly in Antwerp, there is enough of Spanish blood left to account for the revengeful spirit which resents a personal injury, and the little *commissionnaire* of the Hôtel St. Antoine showed that he was not without his share of it. He rose from the ground, livid with rage, and fixing his keen black eyes on Mr. Golding, seemed for a moment as if, like a wild cat, he were about to fly at his throat; but he either thought better of it or was suddenly influenced by some new idea, for, refraining from any attack, he seemed to content himself with closely scanning the features of his foe, and when he had gazed his fill he shook his head and laughed bitterly, as much as to say, it would take a long time before he forgot either the man or the blow. Mr. Harmer, who evidently knew the character of the people and the customs of the place better than his companion, had, in the mean time, been good-humouredly elbowing his way through the crowd, whose

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importunities he quietly resisted, and succeeded in getting clear of them, called a *vigilante* from the rank on the quay to convey himself and friend direct to the Malines railway station. There was a delay of about ten minutes before their baggage was brought out from the Custom-house, and while they were waiting for it the hotel *commissionnaires* dispersed in various directions with the other travellers, all except the one whom Mr. Golding had maltreated. He remained, with folded arms, leaning against a wall, interested only in the movements of the person by whom he had been outraged. While there he stood, sufficiently near to hear what was said, a few words passed between the two Englishmen.

"I wish to Heaven," said Mr. Golding, "they would make haste with our things; we can't get away too soon from this place."

"Of course not," replied Mr. Harmer; "it would never do to stay here; we might as well be on Cornhill."

"How far is it to Brussels?"

"Only an hour, by the rail."

"You know where to go to there?"

"Oh, I know the place well. There is a house called the *Singe d'Or* in the *Fossé aux Loups* where you might remain for—— Oh, here comes the baggage."

"Thank God! Get in! Tell him to drive quick."

The *vigilante* moved off at a rapid pace, watched till it disappeared from the quay by the little *commissionnaire*. When it had turned the corner he muttered:

"Those are not common travellers; everybody stops at least a few hours in Antwerp; *that one*, at any rate, has never been here before; they are only going to Brussels; why should they be in such a hurry? They don't seem to care about money; the commissioner got what he asked without a word. Not stay to see the cathedral—the museum—nothing—not even to breakfast! Singular! Well!"

He then left the position he had taken up against the wall, crossed the quay, and went on board the *Baron Osy*, asking for the steward.

"Have they no express-trains in this country?" asked Golding of his companion, in a discontented tone, when the train drew up at the first station outside of Antwerp, and a host of holiday-makers got out to join in the festivities of a *kermesse* in the village close by; "do they stop at all these wretched places? It seems to me that they travel very slowly!"

"Railway travelling in Belgium *is* slow," replied Harmer, carelessly, "but you needn't mind; we're fairly off now."

"I see they've got the electric wires along the line," observed Golding, after a pause.

"What does that signify! No one here knows anything about us."

"Who can tell what may happen before we get to Brussels. Ah! what's that? Some one climbing outside the carriage. Coming in here! They've caught us!"

"Nonsense! it's only the guard collecting the tickets; they always do it this way in Belgium; don't betray yourself! There's not the slightest reason to be afraid!"

"Is this the Brussels terminus?"

"No! we're at Mechlin—only half-way; we shall be kept here ten minutes. This is the place where all the Belgium railways unite."

"From Ostend,—and Calais?"

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"Yes."

"Suppose they have telegraphed from London!"

"You forget this is Sunday. Nobody knows we're off yet. It can't be known till to-morrow, and then they must find out which way we've gone."

"Is your money safe?" asked Golding, when they were again in motion. "That cursed fellow at Antwerp wanted to get hold of my great-coat with this pocket-book in it."

"Oh, mine's all right," replied Harmer. "What fellow do you mean?"

"The one I knocked down."

"Oh, it was you did that, was it? I saw there was a scuffle of some kind, but didn't take much notice. It's just as well he didn't have you up for it. Our journey might have been stopped altogether!"

"I was angry and hurried. I'll be more careful another time. I wish I had given him some money. Do you think he was likely to lay a complaint after we left? They might stop us on that account!"

"No, not now. These people are passionate, but it's soon over."

"I wish I hadn't struck him. On the Sabbath, too! I forgot that!"

"Forget everything but the fact that we're at our journey's end. There's Lacken and the *Allée Verte!* Five minutes more and we shall be safe in Brussels."

"I hope so!" sighed the man of constant apprehensions, he who never yet had quailed at any evil doing, had never shrunk back from any attempt, however daring. But to have courage before the deed and after it are two different things.

Harmer's coolness was justified by the fact that no impediment lay between them and the *Fossé aux Loups*, and they slept that night at the *Singe d'Or*.

CHAPTER V.

BRUSSELS.

"Do you think we are far enough off?" inquired Golding, as he sat at breakfast next morning, with the partner of his flight, in the small, dingy *café* of the hotel.

"For the present, yes," replied Harmer. "Besides, I have one or two things to do before we set out again. We must change one of the large notes, get up fresh passports, and have a look at to-morrow's *Times*. It will be soon enough to start when we know we are advertised."

"I dreamt," said Golding, "that we were in Clerkenwell prison; and when I woke this morning I could hardly get rid of the notion, the bedroom was so strange and dreary. What do you mean about fresh passports?"

"As soon as we get back those which were taken to the Préfecture de Police last night, I must copy the *timbre* and signatures; type for hand-printing can easily be had; I brought tracing-paper and blocks with me; and, thanks to my skill in wood-cutting, it won't take long to manufacture a stamp with an impression quite as good as theirs. So you see, Graysteel——"

"For God's sake don't mention my real name!" exclaimed the false Golding, in accents of terror. "We shall be discovered to a certainty through your want of caution."

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Harmer—or Handyside—laughed. "People's ears," he said, "are not quite so quick as your fancy supposes. However, there's no harm in keeping on the safe side. Now then, if you've finished your coffee, we'll take a turn and look after the matters I mentioned."

In the Montagne de la Cœur they found a money-changer who, having satisfied himself that the bank-notes offered him were genuine, asked no questions of those who presented them. A few sets of type and some printing ink were also obtained, and, without troubling themselves about the curiosities of the town, the fugitives returned to the *Singe d'Or*, where they found that their passports had been returned with the official signatures attached. Shut up in their double-bedded room at the back of the hotel, William Handyside worked diligently for three hours, the interval being occupied by Archibald Graysteel in filling up, with a long array of figures, several pages of a clasped memorandum-book which was labelled "Common Prayer." At the expiration of the time named the clever forger had completed his task. The Belgian lion, with its surrounding motto, was fairly cut—the *visa* of the "Administration de la Sureté Publique" was carefully set up in type—the half-effaced impressions which figure at the back of most passports were duly stamped, and when the signature of the Chef du Bureau was imitated, the fabrication was so neat that there was little danger of detection. Of course fresh names appeared within, and instead of requesting all those whom it might concern to allow Mr. Harmer and the Rev. Mr. Golding to pass freely without let or hindrance, and to afford them every assistance and protection of which they might stand in need, Lord Clarendon was made to solicit the same kind offices in favour of two other respectable British subjects, named Googe and Hooker—the real initials being retained for reasons sufficiently obvious.

Without being so apprehensive as his companion, Handyside thought it not advisable for them to appear too much in public together. They therefore avoided the *table d'hôte*, and dined in a quiet corner at the famous *restaurant* of Dubos, in the street where they had put up, expense being no consideration, and *gourmandise* having something to do with the junior partner's choice. There was a striking contrast between the two men. With a more various, if not a deeper domestic stake at issue, and certainly very fond of his wife and children, William Handyside was as gay and free from care as if he were travelling solely for pleasure; while Archibald Graysteel, who had never manifested any remarkable affection for his daughter, and whose feelings never overflowed save at conventicle, kept continually lamenting the loss of his "pleasant, peaceful home," which had been anything but pleasant or peaceful when he ornamented it. Not to dwell too minutely on the pursuits of each, I may, however, mention that the first evening in Brussels was devoted by Handyside to the theatre, and that Graysteel, under the pilotage of a *valet de place*, made the round of all the churches; that the former re-entered his hotel greatly edified by the exertions of the *corps de ballet*, and the latter much shocked at "the vain and idle ceremonies of a benighted and ignorant priesthood."

The next evening, however, gave them something else to think of. To fill up the time until there was a possibility of learning the news from England, the usual excursion was made to Waterloo. The summer's

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day was drawing to a close when they returned, and, having dismissed the carriage, Handyside, as it was dusk, proposed a walk in the park, where, after sauntering about for half an hour, they sat down in front of Velloni's to eat an ice. While thus agreeably occupied, Graysteel, whose suspicious watchfulness never slept, caught the sound of his own language. There would have been nothing extraordinary in this, but for what was spoken. "You see," said a voice, "I was all right; they went to the *Singe d'Or*, as I told you." "Ah!" returned another speaker, whose words were dropped with a pause between them, as if he were smoking—"ah,—but—what—has—become—of—them—since the morning?" "How can I tell that?" replied the first; "but depend on it they 'aven't 'ooked it yet." "What—makes—you—think—that?" "Their baggage is still in the 'otel!" "A—dodge—perhaps. How—did—the—waiter—describe them?" "The oldest, tall, thin, grey; the other, short, stout, red: the same I saw at Antwerp." "That—answers—the—description. You—would—recognise—them—again?" "*Any*where." "Very—good. Now—just—show—me—the—way—to—the—police-office—and then—keep—a—look-out—in the—Fossy—oh—what-d'ye call-'em?" "The Fossé aux Loups; what you call Wolf-Ditch-street." "A—queer—name,—and—a—fit—place—for—them—two."

Here the conversation ceased. At the moment it began, Graysteel, whose presence of mind had returned with actual danger—laid his hand upon his partner's arm, and having arrested his attention from him, a look full of meaning, to ensure silence, they both overheard every word that was said, for the speakers were only three or four yards behind them, standing obliquely to their position, with a large tree between. As the last words were uttered, Graysteel, with the slightest motion of his head, glanced round and saw two men moving off in the direction of the *Place Royale*. One of them, tall and strongly made, was a perfect stranger to him; his companion, a little wiry fellow, he identified immediately as the *commissionnaire* of the Hôtel St. Antoine.

"What's to be done now?" he whispered.

"Of course we can't go back," replied Handyside, "*there* again; the Wolf's-Ditch would be the wolf's mouth. What's more, we can't stay long here either. We must 'ook it, as that vulgar little rascal said."

"What did he mean?" asked Graysteel, who was not so great an adept in slang as his partner.

"Make another flitting. How shall we manage? It's a good job we've kept the money about us. I never like to trust to portmanteaus. Let me see! If they don't find us, they'll fancy of course we're off by the rail. No difficulty in learning that we went to Waterloo and came back. A lucky thought—I must get hold of that man before the police see him. I should like to have got a sight of the *Times*, to see if we *are* advertised; it's in the reading-room over yonder before now. However, that can't be helped. We must be off without it. What we know is quite enough. Come with me. It's lucky I know Brussels pretty well."

He led the way as he spoke, cautiously amongst the trees, till he came out of the park into the Place Royale, where a number of carriages always stand for hire. The first person he saw was the man who had driven them to Waterloo. Like most Belgians he was fond of *faro*, and having

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received a handsome "*pourboire*" from Handyside, had drunk two or three *chopines* with a friend at an estaminet on the Place before he stabled his steeds for the night.

Handyside went straight up to him and put a five-franc piece into his hand.

"You recollect me?" he said.

The fellow looked at the money and then at the speaker.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "c'est vous, monsieur! Qu'est-ce qu'il y a pour votre service?"

Handyside explained that he wished to hire him again. He wanted to know if he could take himself and his friend as far as Louvain that night, they wanted to see the Hôtel de Ville by moonlight. The driver scratched his head and began to make objections. He had had a long day's work, and his horses were knocked up. When pressed, however, and the promise given of a "Leopold" for himself when they got to Louvain, he expressed his readiness to accommodate Monsieur as far as lay in his power. He *could* get another pair of horses, strong ones, that would perform the journey in three hours, only perhaps Monsieur would not mind waiting till he had had his supper; he should then be quite ready to set out. This was against the wish of Handyside, but there was no remedy, and he feared to be too urgent lest he should awaken suspicion as to the motive of his departure—strangely enough timid already. Under the pretext of taking a walk, as the night was fine and the moon at the full, Handyside appointed to meet him outside the Boulevard, a short distance beyond the Porte de Louvain, on the high road to that place. The driver, who did not often get such a chance as an extra twenty francs, besides the five he had already pocketed, promised faithfully to be on the spot exactly as the clock struck ten. He mentioned that he would take them up at a *café* on the left-hand side, called the *Cadran Bleu*, "where they sold capital *faro*."

"Can we trust this fellow?" said Graysteel, when they left the square and made for the Porte de Louvain.

"Provided he keeps sober," returned Handyside.

"And if he fails us?"

"We must then make the best use of our legs. Louvain is only eighteen miles off. We can get there at any rate by daylight."

"And then?"

"Right through by the first train to Aix-la-Chapelle."

They walked on quickly without another word.

All night long Mr. John Woodman, the London Detective (who, "from information received"—they always *do* receive information somehow—had tracked the fugitives to Antwerp, and there fallen in with the *commissionnaire*)—all night long Mr. John Woodman and one of the Brussels police, attended by the vindictive little fellow, watched in the *Fossé aux Loups* for the two fraudulent bankrupts. But the *guet-à-pens* was in vain; the fugitives did not return to the *Singe d'Or*, and after a careful search through Brussels next day, Mr. John Woodman came to the conclusion that "the parties he wanted were somewhere else."

Where he went to look for them will most likely appear in the next chapter.

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DAMASCUS AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.*

DAMASCUS is unquestionably one of the oldest cities in the world, and in many respects one of the most remarkable. It has been a city from the time when Abraham left his home "between the rivers" to journey westward to the "Land of Promise." It has outlived generations of cities, and has been a witness of the stirring events of full four thousand years. It is one of the few remaining connecting links between the patriarchal age and modern days; and its beauty and richness have ever been proverbial. The Arab writers call it one of the four paradises on earth. It has in succession formed an important part of the most powerful empires of the world. The monarchs of Nineveh, Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome have conquered it, and it has prospered under every dynasty, and outlived them all. It was for a time the capital of the vast dominions of the Khalifs; and as the stronghold of Islamism it was (excepting the holy cities Mecca and Medina) the last place that tolerated a European hat in its streets; yet now, Mr. Porter tells us, the Osmanlis, its present rulers, are fast declining, and ere long it may be forced to acknowledge other masters. This is more than is admitted by some politicians of the Osmanlis, even in Europe; but no amount of political sagacity will suffice to uphold long a corrupt system or a death-stricken race except as an allied or vassal power. The decline of the Osmanlis may be repudiated by partisans, but the unanimous testimony of those who have lived long among them, or studied them intimately, as Mr. Porter has done, all go to establish the fact.

Few cities possess such advantages in respect to situation as Damascus. It stands on a plain, at the eastern base of Antilibanus, having an elevation of about 2200 feet above the sea. The area of this plain is about 236 square geographical miles. The fine stream of the Barada breaks through the lowest chain of the anti-Lebanon by a wild ravine, and, entering the plain, at once waters the city and its gardens. Aqueducts intersect every quarter, and fountains sparkle in every dwelling, while innumerable canals extend their ramifications over the wide expanse, clothing it with verdure and beauty:

The view that presents itself to the eye of the traveller as he surmounts the last ridge of Antilibanus, after passing the bleak and barren slopes beyond, is rich and grand almost surpassing conception. From the side of the little wely above referred to the best prospect is obtained. The elevation is about 500 feet above the city, which is a mile and a half distant. The peculiar forms of Eastern architecture produce a pleasing effect at this distance. Graceful minarets and swelling domes, surmounted by gilded crescents, rise up in every direction from the confused mass of terraced roofs, while in some places their glittering tops just appear above the deep green foliage, like diamonds in the midst of emeralds. In the centre of all stands the noble pile of the great mosk, and near it may be seen the massive towers and battlemented walls of the old castle. Away on the south the eye follows the long narrow suburb of the *Medân*, at the extremity of which is the "Gate of God," where the great pilgrim caravan, on each returning

* Five Years in Damascus: including an Account of the History, Topography, and Antiquities of that City. By Rev. J. L. Porter, A.M., F.R.S.L. Two Vols. London: John Murray. 1855.

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year, takes leave of the city. The buildings of Damascus are almost all of snowy whiteness, and this contrasts well with the surrounding foliage. The gardens and orchards, which have been so long and so justly celebrated, encompass the city, and extend on both sides of the Barada some miles eastward. They cover an area at least twenty-five miles in circuit, and make the environs an earthly paradise. The varied tints of the foliage, and of the blossoms and fruit in their season, greatly enhance the beauty of the picture. The sombre hue of the olive and the deep green of the walnut are finely relieved by the lighter shade of the apricot, the silvery sheen of the poplar, and the purple tint of the pomegranate; while lofty cone-like cypresses appear at intervals, and a few palm-trees here and there raise up their graceful heads. The variously coloured foliage thus surrounding the bright city, and the smooth plain beyond, now bounded by naked hills, and now mingling with the sky on the far-distant horizon, and the wavy atmosphere that makes forest, plain, and mountain tremble, give a softness and an aërial beauty to the whole scene that captivates the mind of the beholder.

It has been supposed that in this age of locomotion, libraries of researches, narratives, and journals have exhausted the romance of travel, and made persons familiar with most objects of interest, especially in the East, and with all their associations, classic or sacred, ere the eye rests upon them. But this is not the case. There is a magic power in the living reality which neither poet's pen nor painter's pencil can ever appropriate, still less exhaust. The descriptions of others, however graphic, and even the sketch of the artist, however faithful, only place before the mind's eye an ideal scene, which we can contemplate, it is true, with unmingled pleasure, and even with satisfaction; but when the eye wanders over plain and mountain, or the foot touches "holy ground," the superiority of the real over the ideal is at once felt and acknowledged.

Not that Damascus, a city thoroughly Oriental in character, has not also all the usual drawbacks of Eastern habits. Its streets are narrow and tortuous, the city irregular, dirty, and half ruinous, the houses like piles of mud, stone, and timber, heaped together without order, but in the same city, also, all that remains of the romance of the East is likewise to be met with. Its bazaars are splendid, and they are frequented by a great variety of races—Arab, Turk, Druse, Persian, and Kurd—in most picturesque costumes. Most of the mosques are fine specimens of Saracenic architecture, as are also the khans. In both it is in the gateways that the Saracenic architecture is seen to the greatest advantage.

But the chief glory of Damascus is in the splendour of its private houses. No contrast could be greater than that between the exterior and the interior. The irregular mud walls and rickety-looking projecting upper chambers give but poor promise of splendour within. The entrance is by a mean doorway into a narrow and winding passage, or sometimes a plain stable-yard. Passing this the outer court is gained. Here is a variegated pavement of black and white stones, intermixed with pieces of marble tastefully designed. A fountain sparkles in the midst, shaded by evergreens and flowering shrubs; and at one side is an open alcove, called a liwan, with a light and beautifully ornamented arch supporting the exterior wall. The floor is of marble of different colours, and a raised dais, covered with soft cushions of silk, surrounds the three sides. The chambers and halls in this court are all occupied by the

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master and his men-servants; here he receives his visitors, and to this alone are strangers ever admitted. Another winding passage opens from this to the inner or chief court, called the Harîm, whose door is kept by eunuchs. It is when this court is gained that the splendour of the mansion first bursts upon the view.

Mr. Porter is enabled to describe this tabooed interior by the privileges obtained through the wife of one Ottoman Effendi. This lady was the daughter of Ali Aga, secretary to the treasury under Ibrahim Pasha, and although her father was put to death by the Egyptian chief, under suspicion of holding a treasonable correspondence with the Turkish government, still the daughter has inherited some of the spirit of the times, which were eminently progressive, and sets light value on the absurd laws that make Muslem ladies little better than prisoners.

The interior court, or *harîm*, is a quadrangle from fifty to sixty yards square, with a tesselated pavement of marble; a large marble fountain stands in the centre, and several smaller ones of great beauty sparkle around, and give a delicious coolness to the air, even amid the heat of summer. Orange, lemon, and citron trees, diffuse their fragrant odours; while gigantic flowering shrubs and rare exotics are disposed in tasteful groups, and climbing plants are trained on trellis-work overhead, affording grateful shade and pleasing variety. All the great reception-rooms and chambers open on this court; the former are upon the first floor, and the latter above, having in front a narrow corridor closed in with glass. On the southern side is the *lewan*, or open alcove, similar in design to those found in the exterior courts, but loftier, and far more gorgeously decorated. The grand *salon* is a noble room. It is divided into two compartments by a beautiful arch richly ornamented with gilt fretwork. The floor of the first compartment is of the rarest marbles of every hue, arranged with admirable precision and pleasing variety in mathematical designs. In the centre is a fountain inlaid with mother-of-pearl and rare stones. The walls to the height of twenty feet are covered with mosaic in panels, in the centre of each of which is a slab of polished granite, porphyry, or finely-veined marble, with the exception of those in the upper tier, which are inscribed with sentences from the Koran, written in letters of gold. Several niches relieve the plainness of the walls; in their angles are slender columns of white marble with gilt capitals, and the arches above are richly sculptured in the Saracenic style. The upper part of the walls is painted in the Italian style. The ceiling is about thirty feet high, and delicately painted. The central ornaments and cornices are elaborately carved and gilt, and inlaid with innumerable little mirrors. The other and principal part of the room is raised about two feet. The walls and ceiling are similar in design to those described, except that the former are in part covered with a wainscoting, carved, gilt, and ornamented with mirrors. Around the three sides run the divans, covered with the richest purple satin, embroidered with gold, in chaste designs of flowers and scrolls, and having a deep gold fringe descending to the floor. Though none of the workmanship might bear minute examination, and some of those accustomed to the chaste and subdued style of decoration in Western Europe might pronounce this gaudy and even vulgar, yet all will admit that the general effect is exceedingly striking. It resembles, in fact, some scene in fairyland; and one feels, on beholding it, that the glowing descriptions in the "Arabian Nights" were not mere pictures of the fancy. But it is only when the "bright-eyed houris" of this sunny clime assemble in such a *salon*, decked out in their gay and picturesque costumes, and blazing with gold and diamonds, and when numerous lamps of every form and colour pour a rich and variegated flood of light all round, to be reflected from polished mirrors, and countless gems, and flashing eyes, that we can fully

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comprehend the splendour of Oriental life, and the perfect adaptation of the gorgeous decorations of the mansions to the brilliant costumes of those that inhabit them.

There are many other apartments in the court, less spacious it is true than the grand *salon*, but no less beautifully finished. The style of decoration in this mansion may be called the modern Damascene, the painting of the walls and ceiling being a recent innovation. In the more ancient houses the ceilings and wainscoted walls are covered with the richest arabesques, encompassing little panels of deep blue and delicate azure, on which are inscribed, in elegantly interlaced Arabic characters, whole verses and chapters of their law. Vast sums of money are thus expended, the ornamenting of one chamber often costing upwards of 2000*l.* sterling. A few of the more wealthy Jewish families have also large and splendid residences, but they cannot be compared with those of the Muslems. The Hebrew writing, too, which they universally put upon the walls, is stiff and formal-looking, and is infinitely inferior, in an ornamental point of view, to the graceful curves and easy flow of the Arabic.

Travellers have generally represented Damascus as almost wholly destitute of ancient remains. Mr. Porter shows that if ruins do not stand out here in bold relief from a desert plain as they do at Palmyra, or lift their proud heads in solitary grandeur far above the crumbling ruins around them, as in Baalbek, Busrah, or Jerash, they still abound, encompassed by modern mansions or buried in the labyrinth of bustling bazaars. Indeed, with the help of a valuable Arabic MS. of Ibn Asaker's "History of the Celebrated Tombs and Mausolea in and around Damascus," and his own persevering and long-continued researches, we are presented with such a picture of Damascus as it once was, and Damascus as it is now, as has never been attempted before, or is likely to be superseded for detail and accuracy for many a year to come.

Oriental archæologists, also, owe Mr. Porter a debt of gratitude for his researches on the plain of Damascus, more particularly his determination of the Tell es-Salahîyeh as an Assyrian ruin.

The *Tell es-Salahîyeh* is one of the most interesting remnants of antiquity in the whole plain. It is an artificial mound of an oval form, about 300 yards in diameter and about 100 feet in height. The whole surface is covered with loose earth, composed mainly of brickdust and fragments of broken pottery. On the southern side, next the bank of the river, a portion of the mound has been cut away, and here may be seen the regular layers of sunburnt brick of which the whole appears to have been constructed. From the present form of the mound it seems that there was originally a large platform built, from twenty to thirty feet high, and then in the centre of this stood a lofty conical structure, which during the course of long centuries has gradually crumbled down to its present form. On the western side of the mound, beside the little village, I found, on my first visit to this place, a limestone slab, about five feet long by three wide, containing a bas-relief representing an Assyrian priest. The workmanship is rude and the stone has been defaced; but still it was sufficiently plain to show the costume and attitude of the figure. I sketched it at the time, intending on some future occasion either to obtain a cast or the stone itself; but, unfortunately, it has since disappeared, and I have been unable to discover what has been done with it.

There can be no doubt that none of these tells, so numerous in Syria, but would repay the archæological explorer more or less. We have already particularly called attention to the groups of artificial mounds in North Syria, between Antioch and the Euphrates, and in Northern

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Mesopotamia, between Urfah and Mardin; Mr. Porter also calls the attention of future explorers to the tells in the valley of the Upper Orontes, ancient Cœlo Syria, more especially near Hums.

Almost the only objects of interest in an antiquarian point of view in this whole region are the artificial mounds that meet the eye in every part of the plain, but which occur in greatest numbers along the banks of the 'Asy. They are regular in form, generally truncated cones, and vary in height from 50 to 250 feet. The sides and summits are universally covered with loose whitish gravel, like the *débris* of some structure originally composed of bricks and small stones united with cement. These mounds are also found in the Buká'a and plain of Damascus. Villages generally stand either upon or beside them, and fountains, or large cisterns, and wells are always found near those that are situated at a distance from the river's bank. They appear to be in every respect similar to the mounds on the plains of Mesopotamia and Assyria described by Layard and others, and from which monuments and sculptures of such great interest and beauty have lately been brought to light. It is highly probable that, were some of the more extensive of these Syrian mounds excavated, sculptured tablets, like those of Nimroud and Kouyunjik, would be discovered, at least in sufficient number to repay the labour and expense. The bas-relief already referred to at the tell el-Salahiyeh, on the plain of Damascus, proves the existence of sculpture in some of them, and forms an interesting and important monumental evidence of the occupation of this region by the ancient Assyrians, and of the truth of the statements in the Sacred Record.

The mound on which Hums itself stands is of the same character; so also is the great mound of Jisr Shogher; as also in part that of Aleppo, and of most other towns in Syria that have a mound, whether crowned with a citadel or buildings, or not.

A propos of the plain of Damascus, Mr. Porter makes a strange attack upon a traveller whose writings have lately attracted a deal of attention from certain peculiarities of a very blamable character—we mean the work of M. de Saulcy. We are the more surprised at these repeated disclosures, as that gentleman holds a responsible situation in Paris, is much esteemed there as a man and a scholar, and his word is looked upon as truth itself. We have before adverted to M. van de Velde's repudiation, from personal examination, of the much-talked-of ruins on the Dead Sea; we have felt that even if M. de Saulcy was in the right, and that the sculptures described as existing on the Nahr al Kelb had disappeared by lapse of time, or by some profane hand, that he had no right to charge an honourable man with an archæological imposture! But on the point on which Mr. Porter attacks him he has to do with his own countrymen as well as with English travellers.

It has now been well known for more than thirty years to every student of sacred geography, that near the sources of the same river that waters Damascus lie the ruins of the Ancient Abila of Lysanias, the capital of the tetrarchy of Abilene. The old itinerants fix the position of that city with sufficient accuracy to identify it. It was on the great road between Heliopolis and Damascus, thirty-two miles from the former city, and eighteen from the latter. But still more clear and decisive evidence was brought to light when Mr. Banks, nearly forty years ago, discovered two Latin inscriptions, containing the name of the city. (See Art. Abila, Cyclop. of Biblical Literature; Hogg's Damascus, i. 301; Quart. Rev., xxvi. 368;

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Journ. of Sacred Lit., July, 1853.) Mr. Porter now gives such a description of the remains of antiquity, and the precise position of the ruins, as their importance demands, and he adds to these descriptions the following observations:

It was with considerable surprise that I lately read the narrative of M. de Saulcy's visit to this place, in which he pompously claims all the honour of having *discovered* these ruins and inscriptions, and of having identified the site of the Ancient Abila! As the work of this French *savant* has attained to considerable popularity, and has attracted much notice both in France and England, I may be allowed to call the reader's attention to a few facts connected with his pretended discoveries at this place. It is to be observed that, from the moment he enters the village of Sûk, he professes total ignorance of all previous researches, and of everything that had been written about this interesting spot before his time. It was only when he saw an old mill, constructed, as he supposes, from the ruins of an ancient temple, that he became convinced of the fact that he was on the site of an ancient city! After a little farther examination, he adds, "Ancient remains are visible everywhere in and around the village, and it would be evidently most interesting, *were it possible, to find some inscription* from which we might learn the name of the city formerly existing here. On my return to France I resolve to make some researches concerning this locality, and *have good hopes that I may succeed in determining the name.* (!!) I LITTLE THOUGHT *at the moment that the very next morning the problem would be solved.*"

Thus writes the member of the French Institute, for the sake of heightening the dramatic effect, and exciting the attention and admiration of his readers, whom he supposes as profoundly ignorant as he himself professes to be. Next morning he sallies forth, notwithstanding the "unsatisfactory aspect of the heavens," and, urged on by antiquarian zeal, he is *almost* tempted to "risk life and limb," by crossing the river on a ladder, in search of *the hoped-for* inscriptions. Discretion was deemed the better part of valour, however, and, leaving the more venturous abbé to pursue his researches alone, he returned to the village "rather ashamed of himself." In due time the abbé comes back enraptured with the discovery of the ruins of an "immense city," a "vast necropolis," and "splendid inscriptions among the rocks." The enthusiasm of M. de Saulcy is now excited to the highest pitch, and he is "quite ready to attempt the dangerous passage of the ladder;" but, fortunately for the cause of science, there was no occasion to hazard such a valuable life. A bridge was found farther up, crossing which, he scaled the mountain-side, and there saw before him the inscriptions he had longed for. After briefly commenting upon them he concludes as follows:—"The problem of the unknown name of the ancient city happened thus to be immediately and perfectly resolved. The city was Abila. . . . . The reader may thus observe that chance greatly favoured me, by thus supplying in my need a precious document concerning the name and history of the city through the territory of which we were passing."

It is, indeed, difficult to understand how one so versed in ancient itineraries, and so deeply learned in the geography of this land, should have been so long ignorant of a fact which every schoolboy can learn from his dictionary of geography! It is strange that he, a member of the French Institute—of which honourable distinction he so often reminds his readers—should have known nothing of inscriptions the purport of which was communicated to the world in 1820 in one of the best-known periodicals of Europe, the *Quarterly Review*; which were published at large, with a memoir by Letronne, in the *Journal des Savans* for March, 1827, and again, in the following year, in the great work of Orellius; and which have since that period been referred to and commented on by scores of travellers and literary men! All this, however, we *could* perhaps believe; and, had no other circumstance come to my knowledge, I might have

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rested content with giving M. de Saulcy full credit for his ignorance, and should probably have regarded him as a zealous but unfortunate antiquary, whose discoveries were made some forty years too late. The public will no doubt be astonished to learn that I now accuse the learned "Member" not merely of ignorance, but of an act of *literary dishonesty unworthy of a scholar*. M. Antôn Bulâd, of this city, has informed me that before M. de Saulcy left Damascus, on his way to Bâ'albek, he had given him copies of the inscriptions he professes to have discovered, and had directed his attention to the village of Sûk-wady-Barada, as the site of the ancient Abila!

Such is a specimen of the learning and researches of a man whom a recent reviewer represents as "having contributed to our geographical and historical knowledge a series of discoveries equal in importance and extent to any which human intelligence and perseverance have accomplished since Columbus passed the Atlantic Ocean, and added a new and boundless field for the exercise of human energy." !!

The thing is really very absurd, and we must let M. de Saulcy get out of this new difficulty as well as he can. It is remarkable that it is not the first, and probably will not be the last.

Mr. Porter by no means confines his researches to the immediate neighbourhood of Damascus. He visits Palmyra, and experiences, on crossing the desert, all those annoyances from lawless Bedouins which are inevitable in that part of the country. Mount Hermon and the sources of the Pharpar and Jordan also come in for his critical and controversial remarks, and he again falls foul of the unfortunate De Saulcy. The determination of the site of Helbon, and the description of the site itself, is a gem of archæological topography.

But the great points of interest are decidedly associated with the Hauran, a wild, rocky, desert region, covered with ruins of ancient time, but now given up to robber tribes, and rarely visited since the days of Burkhardt. Here was the kingdom of Bashan, here also the ruins of Kenath, of Bozrah, of Salcah, and of a hundred other remarkable sites of antiquity. Mr. Porter grapples with the whole subject like a man who has studied it thoroughly, and traces the history of the country through its various political phases in Biblical and in Roman times. He makes us more than ever familiar with those peculiar stone houses and tombs with stone doors of one massive slab, as have also been detected in modern times at Kohrasar, in Northern Mesopotamia.

To show under what adverse circumstances the ruins of ancient towns have to be explored in these regions, we extract the following account of an adventure in Edhra, the ancient Edrei or Adra:

While we stood examining the exterior of this building and trying to decipher the inscription, we noticed that a crowd of some sixty or seventy people had collected round us in the court. We paid little attention to this, however, as we had got accustomed to such evidences of popularity; and so intent were Mr. Barnett and myself on our antiquarian work, that we did not hear the remarks passed or the threats uttered by them. Nikôla heard these, and felt alarmed; but, just as he was about to inform us of them, we turned and went into the interior, while Mr. ——, Nikôla, and the sheikh remained without; Mahmûd and our servants were in the house where we had left our luggage and arms. Shortly after we had entered Mr. Barnett was some yards in front of me, writing, and I stood, with my arms folded and my back against a column, looking at the building. Ten or twelve men had followed us into the building. While I was

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thus standing I received a heavy blow on the shoulder from a large stick or club. I turned round suddenly, for I was completely taken by surprise, as not a word had been spoken, or a question asked, or a sound heard. The club was again raised, and I got another stroke on the arm which had been aimed at my head, but by starting back I escaped it. Several men, armed with their clubs, now attempted to close upon me, but I leaped back, and demanded what they wanted; at the same time, throwing open my large over-coat, I drew a pistol, which I had fortunately put in my belt at Busr el-Harîry. These things quickly attracted Mr. Barnett's attention, and he saw at a glance the danger of our position, and also drew a small pistol from his pocket. The cowardly ruffians had watched their opportunity, and, as soon as they saw our little party divided, they rushed upon us. They had no doubt thought we were altogether unarmed, and, having two of us inside the church and two outside it, they felt that it would be easy to accomplish their purposes. The moment, however, they saw our pistols they rushed out of the door; but we, knowing the great number without, felt that our position was very critical. We, consequently, followed them, but the moment we appeared we received a volley of stones. In the crowd I could not see our companions or the sheikh, and I supposed they had either escaped or had been driven off. There was no possibility of my making my way to the door of the court, and to remain where I was would have been almost certain death; so, dashing forward, and pushing those before me to each side, I leaped over the wall in front to the hollow ground below. Just as I reached the ground a large stone struck me on the back, and stunned me. Exerting all my strength, I ascended a little mound of rubbish, and turned upon my assailants, who were now attempting to descend the wall. I again drew the pistol, and threatened to shoot the first who would descend. This checked them for a moment, and I then attempted to reason with them, inquiring what we had done that they should thus beat and abuse us like dogs. The only reply was a savage yell, "Kill him! kill him!" A perfect shower of stones followed this, and one of them striking me on the hand carried away the whole flesh of the sides of two of my fingers. I now observed Mr. —— and Nikôla, in the midst of the crowd, going out of the little gateway, and Mr. Barnett, I saw, had got round to near where I stood. The whole fury of the attack seemed directed against me, and, while I was meditating what to do, I was struck with a stone on the back of the neck, but the thick collar of my coat in part deadened the blow. Fifteen or twenty men came close to the little mound I occupied; all were afraid, however, to close upon me, though the stones came thick and fast. I saw that my only chance was in flight, for, even should I fire, it would not save my own life; and if I should kill or wound any of my assailants, I well knew that not one of our party would leave the village alive. I turned, and ran across a field, as I thought, in the direction of the house where Mahmûd and the servants were. In my way I met a respectably-dressed man, whom I took for the sheikh of the village, and I entreated him to keep back the mob, or they would murder me. He made no reply, and I continued my course. I now saw an opening in the range of houses before me, and entered it, but, to my horror, found it shut up by a lofty wall a few yards in front. I wheeled round on the moment, and ran to the summit of a mound of rubbish; here, however, some twenty or thirty men were close upon me, and flight seemed no longer possible. Before I had time to consider what I should do, the stroke of a stone on the back and another on the head brought me to the ground. Those that were before afraid to approach now rushed on me *en masse*. Though greatly stunned and exhausted, I was perfectly conscious, and saw one fellow deliberately aiming a blow at my head with his club. I received it on my left arm, and leaped to my feet. A vigorous effort drove a few of my assailants to some distance, and again I seized my pistol, and the crowd began to retreat, but at that moment a man from behind threw his arms round my body, and entreated me not to attempt to fire. I cast him off, after a hard struggle, but he still grasped the pistol, and prayed me not to use

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it, or we should all be murdered. Looking at him, I recognised the respectably-dressed man I had met a few minutes previously. "What am I to do, then?" I demanded. "Give me the pistol, and I will save you." He looked honest, and I thought my life would be sacrificed at any rate; so, with a quick motion of my finger, I struck off the caps and gave up the pistol. This precaution I took lest it should be used against myself. Having got it, he told me to run. "Where?" I asked. He pointed out the path, and away I ran, while he restrained the mob behind. I soon overtook Mr. —— and Nikôla, who were likewise running, and the old sheikh trying to restrain their pursuers. I inquired for Mr. Barnett, but at that moment he too came up without hat or shoes, and the blood flowing from his head. We now ran along, guided by some men, and soon reached our house.

Our appearance, wounded and bleeding, surprised Mahmûd and our servants, and they quickly gathered up the arms and prepared for defence. Mahmûd rushing out confronted the angry mob, who were coming, as they said, to murder us all. He succeeded in turning them back; but as they went away they were heard to say we could not leave the village without their knowledge, and that as soon as we attempted to leave they would finish their work.

We had now leisure to examine our wounds and consider our position. My bruises were comparatively slight—I was much stunned, but not deeply cut. Mr. —— had received a severe cut in the arm; but Mr. Barnett's injuries were by far the most serious of all. He had got several blows on the head and face, and was so much exhausted as to be unable to stand; and we had great doubts of his being able to sit on horseback, even should we manage to get away. I discovered that a small leather case, in which I had carried my note-books, letters, and the coins and medals I had collected, had been lost in the struggle.

It was with great difficulty that the party made their escape during the darkness of midnight from these bigoted and ruffianly villagers. Nor was the treatment they met with at some of the other villages of a much less hostile and inhospitable character. And no wonder, for the Arabs of the Hauran acknowledge themselves to be thieves by profession, as may be deduced from the following colloquy:

"What brought you to the *Deir* when you saw us there?" I asked him.—"To strip you," he coolly replied.—"And why did you not do it?"—"Because Mahmûd was with you."—"But why would you plunder us? we are strangers, and not your enemies."—"It is our custom."—"And do you strip all strangers?"—"Yes, all we can get hold of."—"And if they resist, or are too strong for you?"—"In the former case we shoot them from behind trees; and in the latter we run."—"How do the people of your tribe live? Do they sow or feed flocks?"—"We are not *fellahîn*. We keep goats and sheep, hunt partridges and gazelles, and steal!"—"Are you all thieves?"—"Yes, all!"

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, Mr. Porter was enabled to accumulate a mass of curious and important details and discovery, which will render his work one of permanent importance to the student of sacred and classical geography.

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THE MAN IN THE WHITE HAT.

A SKETCH FROM RAILWAY LIFE.

BY A SEASON TICKET.

FOR several months during the year I am an *habitué* of one of those main arteries which distribute the teeming life of the metropolis to the various extremities of the kingdom, and in due course of time restore it to the fountain head (considerably purified, let us hope), in accordance with those laws of circulation which may be deduced with tolerable accuracy from our railway statistics. The directors on this particular line, in a spirit of economy which is powerfully suggestive of an increased dividend at the next half-yearly meeting of their constituents, have recently adopted a method of enlarging the capacity of their first-class carriages, at the expense of the passengers in the same, to which I (not being a shareholder), in common with many of my daily fellow-travellers, find it difficult to reconcile myself. I remember to have heard in the days of my infancy a maxim propounded by one who was profoundly versed in the science of domestic economy, that "what is dinner for one is dinner for two;" and though receiving it at the time with a scepticism natural enough at the age of jackets and "flats," to whose preconceived notions of feeding this doctrine stands in startling opposition, I can well believe that these directors, imbued with the same principle, have come to the conclusion that where there is room for three, there is room for four. It is, of course, unnecessary to point out to what inconvenient results the adoption of this fallacious maxim, in its fullest extent, may lead; I will simply confine myself to a description of the means by which our iron rulers elicit the expansive properties of their "plant." A first-class carriage—whose compartments were originally intended to hold no more than six—is slightly drawn out at the sides—like an accordion—and a single partition is then fixed in the centre of each seat, so as to divide the interior into four sections. The result is, that as the natural modesty of mankind, and the sharp eyes of the railway officials are repugnant to the entire occupation of a single section by one person, eight individuals are deposited where the capacity of the vehicle would have been satisfied by six. Now I hate encroachments. I object to the Czar of Russia when he lays his rapacious hands upon some thousands of square miles of territory, to which he has about as much right as my excellent neighbour Brown can pretend to the half acre of cabbages that I have planted under his hedge; and I equally object to the authorities of this or any other line when they deprive me of four inches of my lawful seat, more especially as in the latter case the ambition assumes solely a financial, and therefore more revolting, aspect. So long as one is located with a man of moderate dimensions the inconvenience is not greatly felt, but should fortune select as the partner in your allotment—once my unhappy fate!—an individual who might have competed with the great Daniel at a prize show with some reasonable chances of success, the victim of oppression is driven inch by inch from his ground, in spite of constant sorties to recover his position, and in the end is probably outflanked by the over-

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whelming masses of the enemy. I have said that I am not yet reconciled to the proceeding. When I shall have narrated the little incident which is recorded below, the unprejudiced reader—assuming always that he is neither a director nor a shareholder of the line aforesaid—will probably be disposed to think that my repugnance is not altogether unjustifiable.

Not very many months since I was charged with the pleasant duty of escorting to town two ladies (whom I will christen for the nonce Mrs. and Miss Smith), who were *en route* to effect a junction with a party of their friends, with the view of creating a diversion in favour of the Crystal Palace. I had deferred the usually early hour of my departure, and the train by which we proposed to leave E—— was one much affected by the sojourners along the line, being termed by courtesy semi-express, which, being interpreted, signified that it was scarcely so slow as the ordinary trains, and made fewer pauses in its transit. The consequence was that when it came up, and we had commenced instituting an investigation for an empty carriage, we could discover nothing better than a moiety of one of those objectionable bisected compartments which I have attempted to describe, and in which we accordingly proceeded to take up our quarters, leaving a vacancy between Mrs. Smith and one of the carriage windows. Scarcely had the ladies concluded that necessary disposition of their dress which appears to be inseparable from the two actions of rising up and sitting down, when a man of a somewhat gentlemanly cast of countenance, but "got up" in a white hat and a loose tweed overcoat, with general indications of running to seed about his extremities, and who—judging from his moist appearance—had only just caught the train, came hurriedly up to our carriage. He paused for a second on the step, as though pondering whether our compartment was not too uncomfortably full for him, but at that moment the words "Take your places, gents!" ringing sharply in our ears, silenced his doubts, if any, and he stepped quietly into the vacant seat. Immediately the door was shut to with a smart bang, that gave a pleasing sensation of being well shaken up to everybody and everything—the porter and guard executed a rapid concerted movement on their respective instruments, the bell and whistle—the engine once more woke up into life—and we were off.

It was an undeniably hot day. Such a day as is of rare occurrence in these degenerate summers of ours (when the sun appears to do piece-work only, and even then to take up but very small contracts at a time), with a glorious blue sky overhead, unshadowed scarcely by those fleecy vapours which are rarely absent from the most cloudless atmosphere, and the bright sunlight playing fitfully over the waving corn-fields, whose ears still green gave but faint indications of the coming harvest. The weather was likely enough to induce drowsiness, and yet I could not help being struck by the rapidity with which my *vis-à-vis* in the white hat sank into a profound slumber. Experience teaches that the afternoon *siesta* (*Anglicè*, nap) of southern climates is not altogether unknown to the more wide-awake inhabitants of the north, and there are few places, probably, where so many specimens might be collected as in a down-train on a warm afternoon; but the appearance of this exotic at so early

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an hour of the morning was something quite out of the common way. However, a lively discussion with the ladies on the respective merits of the different points of *rendezvous* in the Palace at Sydenham entirely diverted my attention from the sleepy passenger, and we continued to argue for our several *protégés* with such earnestness as could scarcely fail to have disturbed the slumbers of any—but one of the seven sleepers. So the time passed pleasantly enough, until our slackening speed gave notice that we were approaching K——, the last station at which we were to pull up before reaching London. Laughing and talking, as the train was running joltingly in over the "points," we were suddenly interrupted by a violent shock, which brought us up—in the expressive phraseology of the Yankees—"all of a heap;" in this case, perhaps, almost more literally than figuratively. There was a faint scream from the ladies, an ejaculation of a somewhat more forcible description from one of the other sex, whilst I thrust my head out of the window with the view of discovering what had happened. A guard was hurrying by, so I hailed him.

"What's wrong?" I inquired.

"She's run into some trucks, sir"—trains, by the courtesy of guards, are always feminine—"and the engine's damaged a bit—nothing more. We've telegraphed to town for another, which will be down under the half hour."

The delay was annoying, but at any rate it was satisfactory to find that no human machinery had been put out of order; so I drew in my head, and proposed to Mrs. Smith that we should follow the example of the multitude and leave the train. In doing so, however, my attention was again attracted to our somnolent friend; and—marvellous to relate—there he was, still as sound asleep as ever. Indeed, had another collision of a more violent character at that moment caused the carriage to collapse and driven us into one another, I could scarcely have felt greater surprise at seeing him—white hat and all—doubled up in a state of slumber. If Mr. Montague Tigg, of distinguished memory, had put to me upon the spot the question which so irritated Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit, "What is a light sleeper?"—I, following the example of certain lecturers who always propose to tell you what a thing is not when they cannot inform you what it is, was perfectly prepared to answer, "Certainly not the man in the white hat." Indeed, for the instant, I felt tempted to commit myself to a mild joke with reference to the napless condition of this particular article of dress (which certainly, so far as could be seen, enjoyed a striking monopoly of hue among the rest of his toilette—linen not excepted), but fortunately the recollection of the age of the joke, and the knowledge that the nerves of my fellow-passengers had already been severely tried that day, induced me to refrain, and we stepped tranquilly upon the platform.

It so happens that K—— is one of the favoured stations upon our line, where the ubiquitous Mr. W. H. Smith, who with the "Son" constitutes an entire Society for the Diffusion of Universal Knowledge, has pitched his wandering tent, and established a depôt whence the intellects of her Majesty's subjects in that district are provisioned and supplied with greater attention and regularity than are their physical wants from some other stores that I could name. A staple article of consumption

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consists in stacks of green-covered volumes, which profess, for a small sum, to supply you with reprints of the most readable works of those distinguished authors whom the leviathan publishers delight to honour. Now it suggested itself to the provident mind of Mrs. Smith (my Mrs. Smith—not Mrs. W. H.) that one of these vegetable-looking products might prove advantageous in the event of any further delay, and, having communicated her proposed investment to me, we proceeded slowly through the crowded platform to the stand. After a short consultation the selection was made, and Mrs. Smith put her hand into her pocket for her purse, when her countenance suddenly changed, and, before I could speak, she cried,

"I've lost my purse!"

This is an unpleasant announcement to make at any time, but when a crowd of persons—all strangers—are standing round the bereaved party, it is anything but calculated to create a lively impression. Accordingly, indignant glances were exchanged, and those in our immediate vicinity began to move away slightly. However, I suggested that it might have been left at home; but this solution was met by the fact that Mrs. Smith had paid for her own and her daughter's tickets at E——. I then proposed—though hopelessly, for I felt convinced that it had been abstracted by some skilful conveyancer in the crowd—to search for the missing *porte-monnaie* on the platform and in the carriage. In both places alike my investigations—as diligent as the condition of the station would permit them to be—were, as I expected, unsuccessful. Not a trace of the "lost one" could I find, and I returned, sorrowing, to my companions. They had recovered their composure (Mrs. Smith having coloured at the time, as though she had just been convicted of larceny, instead of being herself the sufferer), and the purchase had been completed, Miss Smith chancing to have her own purse with her; so I escorted them into the ladies' room, and then strolled out to observe what was going forward, and to have a few minutes' conversation with the station-master on the subject of our loss.

The chief of the staff at K—— had originally been a London detective, and having received an appointment upon this line, his superior intelligence—being unblemished by want of principle or a too devoted attachment to "half-pints" (which so frequently stand in the way of a man's advancement in this rank of life, where his abilities would otherwise have brought him forward)—had raised him to the important position he now occupied. I had been enabled to do him some slight service, and—courteous and obliging to a degree at all times—he was particularly so to me. There was something wonderfully fascinating about his reminiscences of detective life; and, when leaving the train at K——, I have not unfrequently paused at the station to listen to some stirring tale of an ingenious capture by himself or his brother-officers. I found him actively employed as usual, and, as I approached him, he raised his hat, and remarked that it was uncommonly warm. There could be but one opinion on this point, so I endorsed it, and then told him that a friend of mine had been robbed—as we thought—of her purse. The station-master had already heard of it, and had made inquiries.

"You are not singular, sir; another loss has since been reported to me, although we do our best to protect the passengers." And he pointed, as

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he spoke, to a staring placard which, headed "NOTICE," proceeded to warn passengers to look after their luggage and their pockets on the arrival and departure of trains. "Will you oblige me with the particulars?"

I related the incident as shortly as I could: "That infernal accident was the cause of it all; for the thief, whoever he is, would never have had the chance otherwise."

"To establish that, sir," he replied, "we must prove that it could not have been done elsewhere than on the platform. Pray may I ask were you alone in the carriage?"

"Alone enough!" I replied, somewhat hastily, for I thought the supposition absurd, "in one of your economical halves. At least," I added, as the vision of the sound sleeper in the white hat rose to my recollection, "there was another man sitting next to Mrs. Smith, but he was asleep the whole time."

The ex-detective had naturally bright eyes, but at that moment they gleamed with such a lustre, and yet with a subdued merry twinkle, that simultaneously the whole truth flashed upon me. My first impression was one of intense disgust at being so effectually done; my second, a burning desire to put our *ci-devant* friend in the white hat in rapid communication with a metropolitan magistrate.

"We can at least find him," I said, moving off.

"But not the purse. No," returned the station-master, shaking his head, "I take it that he is probably too old a hand not to have disposed of everything but the cash long before this."

He mused for a few seconds.

"There is one chance, slight enough it's true, and yet these old birds sometimes run it too fine. You say, sir, the young lady has her purse with her?"

I nodded.

"They will find it necessary to take fresh tickets?"

"I presume so," I replied, "the others having disappeared with the rest of the contents."

"Good. Then, sir," looking at the clock, "as the engine will be here in three minutes, will you be so kind as to see your friends get their tickets, and then take care that the young lady puts them into her purse —and that you resume (if possible) your old places, the ladies simply exchanging seats. If the fish bites, let him gorge the bait well, and then —strike! And mind—I know these fellows—strike sharply. The rest I leave to you. Good morning, sir."

And before I could reply, the ex-detective was off.

I made my way back to the ladies quickly, and found them about proceeding to take their tickets; so we walked at once into the office, Miss Smith having her purse in her hand. "Two return firsts to town" were ordered, received, paid for, and by my advice deposited in the *porte-monnaie*, which I also exhorted the young lady to return to her pocket, and then to keep close to my left hand. As we turned to quit the building, for the moment I fancied I saw the upper portion of a white hat—and a white hat of which I knew something—receding from the window into obscurity; but when we emerged upon the platform it was certainly not visible. At the same instant the harsh scream of the approaching engine warned those who had not taken their places that it was high

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time to do so, and the consequent crowding, and thronging, and hurrying to and fro of porters, with their "By yer leave, gents" (which is invariably symbolical of their having been within half an inch of crushing your favourite corn with some much-enduring truck), were not calculated to soothe the excited nerves of my companions. However, we were fortunate enough to find our former half still vacant (the carriage being near the head of the train)—and indeed, I believe the inhabitants of the other moiety had never quitted their position, but, from a cursory analysis of some deposits on the floor, which I pronounced to be crumbs, and the somewhat shiny—not to say greasy—appearance of the mouths of several of the party, I hinted a dark suspicion to Mrs. Smith that they had been engaged during our absence in the discussion of ham-sandwiches. However, we got in, and the arrangement suggested by the station-master was easily effected, without raising the suspicions of my friends; and Mrs. Smith had just observed that the sleepy man had changed his position, when the identical individual in question came forth from the station, stretching and yawning, as though his appetite for sleep were still fresh. Scarcely had Miss Smith expressed a wish that he might find a place elsewhere, when the white hat loomed before the door, and, apparently unconscious of our presence, glided in with a ghostlike air, sank down by Miss Smith, and was almost instantaneously buried in slumber. I confess I felt a well-nigh uncontrollable impulse to recommend him to the notice of some of the officials standing about, but the recollection of the station-master's last words, and my own conviction that the proceeding would be useless, restrained me, and the heavy snort of the locomotive announced that we were once more launched on our iron way.

I was so fearful lest anything in my manner should rouse the suspicions of the pretended sleeper, and, by putting him on his guard, spoil the neat contrivance of my ingenious friend, that I had previously resolved, in the event of the man's appearance, to feign sleep myself. This was the more feasible, inasmuch as the ladies appeared to have no disposition now to converse, but were engrossed with their books; and I accordingly leant back in my corner and closed my eyes. In the whole course of my life I do not remember ever to have so utterly despaired of five-and-twenty minutes coming to an end. I have travelled the same ground hundreds of times, and the distance has often appeared long—but now it seemed interminable. Houses, trees, gardens—everything flew by, but time. That alone seemed inexorably to stand still. The excitement grew almost insupportable. I felt that I was glaring between my eyelids upon the man in the white hat until I thought the eyeballs would have burst from their confinement. I could have sworn I saw a hand creeping stealthily down his side, and gliding, serpent-like, among the folds of his victim's dress, and yet, when I glanced at him for a second only, the white hat and all belonging to it were so still and motionless, that I should have fancied we were mistaken, had I not been so firmly persuaded that he was the thief. To make matters worse, the other passengers had ceased to talk. So long as there was a distraction of some kind—no matter what—the suspense was bearable, but now a horrid stillness reigned in the carriage, broken only by the monotonous rattle of the

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speeding train. My very breathing began to grow short, and I felt as if I must have implored some one to break the silence, when suddenly I became acutely sensible that the pulsations of the engine were becoming appreciably more irregular, and that the earnestly-expected moment of deliverance was come.

The train ran slowly in alongside the ticket-platform, and the collectors came bustling down to their work. I waited until our window was darkened by an official, and the request of "Tickets, if you please?" had been made, and then woke up. I simply said "Season," without removing my eyes one hair's breadth from those—still closed—of the man in the white hat. Our fellow-passengers were handing their pasteboards across, when Mrs. Smith reminded her daughter that she had charge of the tickets. Miss Smith at once put her hand into her pocket, and I distinctly saw the eyelids under the rim of the white hat quiver! Then I knew the game was up. Before Miss Smith could discover her loss, my *vis-à-vis* made so skilful and swift a movement with his left hand, that in another instant the *porte-monnaie*, with its contents, would have been flying over the dingy roofs of the houses beneath us, had I not—mindful of the station-master's warning—pulled up the window sharply, and the plunder fell harmlessly at the collector's feet.

It was all scarcely the work of a second.

"I give this man in charge for stealing this lady's purse!"

There was a lively scene. The thief—and I will do him the justice of saying that he was a master of his art—looked somewhat disconcerted, and yet he stepped out with a jaunty air on the invitation of the guard, who speedily consigned him as an object of the most anxious solicitude to X 999, by whom an accurate account of his prisoner was shortly afterwards rendered at the proper place and to the proper person. I may add, that he was recognised by some of the passengers as having left their carriage at E——; of course with a view of employing his labour and skill in a more profitable field.

The man in the white hat had committed a fatal error. He had calculated upon the certainty of my taking charge of my companions' tickets—after the misfortune that had befallen the others—and so getting off safely and quietly with purse number two. And undoubtedly I should have done so but for the excellent advice of the far-seeing ex-detective. Still it was a mistake, and one that I have every reason to believe the unfortunate victim is still expiating in one of her Majesty's houses of correction, where he is generally supposed to perform daily on the crank, with the view of keeping his hand in, but shorn of all the jaunty splendour of his white hat.

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BROWNING'S "MEN AND WOMEN."*

THE title of these volumes, "Men and Women," is not much more definitely indicative of their contents than was that of "Bells and Pomegranates"—that cherubic-pear to literal quidnuncs. The titles of the poems themselves are sometimes correspondingly vague, in relation to their subjects: thus we have "Before," "After," "De Gustibus——," "One Way of Love," "Another Way of Love," "In Three Days," "In a Year," "Love in a Life," "Life in a Love," "Any Wife to Any Husband," and so on. They all are dedicated to Mrs. Browning in a final "One Word More:"

> There they are, my fifty men and women
> Naming me the fifty poems finished!
> Take them, Love, the book and me together.
> Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

There is little observable deviation in them from Mr. Browning's characteristic "points," whether good points or bad; though one may unwillingly fear that of the two classes, postive good and positive bad, it is rather in the latter than the former that advance from the positive to the comparative degree is perceptible. Perhaps closer study, such as this poet requires as a *sine quâ non* to appreciation, will discover beauties that lurk unseen during a too cursory perusal; but the most cursory perusal can hardly escape a conviction that the poet's *penchant* for elliptical diction, interjectional dark sayings, *multum in parvo* (and, sometimes, seemingly *minimum in multo*) "deliverances," flighty fancies, unkempt similitudes, quaintest conceits, slipshod familiarities, and grotesque exaggerations, is unhealthily on the increase. Greatly they wrong him, nevertheless, who proceed, as some do, to confound these excrescent "accidents" with the "essence" of his poetical genius, and to judge him by these, with a radical perversion of inductive method, as though a piled-up *series* of these by-way blemishes were identical with a logical conclusion that he is no poet at all. How much greater a poet he might be, would he but anticipate the easy every-day work of fault-finders, by striking out what they so readily find, and by taking upon himself before publication the duty they promptly assume after it, of rooting out the tares from his wheat,—it is pardonably provoking to think. Nobly endowed is Robert Browning with gifts superior not only in degree but in kind to more than two or three, among contemporary poets, who are read and applauded to the echo by thousands, where he is read and musingly beloved by tens. The excellence of his gifts—a rare union of subjective reflectiveness with objective life and vigour, so that he can make his *personæ* speak out his thoughts without prejudice to their own individual being,—a lofty moral earnestness, masked often, and so unrecognised or repudiated ever by the short-sighted—nay, a pervading religious tone, jarred only, not drowned, by mocking-bird discords

* Men and Women. By Robert Browning. Two Vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1855.

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and "accidental sharps" (exceptions by which some would triumphantly prove the rule),—subtle intellect, deep searchings of heart, shrewd experience, genial spirits, æsthetic culture, lyrical expression,—what gifts are these, and more besides them, for the *making* of a not-to-be-made Poet (*nascitur non fit*). Yet time as it passes, instead of exalting these gifts to the exclusion of faulty mannerisms, and once easily now hardly eradicable blemishes, seems to confirm the singer in a habit of putting on his singing-robes after so strange a fashion, that one's wonder is the inverse of one's regret that so few should gather round him, with a mind to hear, and the mind to understand.

To note some of the peculiarities that offend or perplex your jog-trot courteous reader in the volumes before us. Expressions very commonly occur of the kind italicised in the following fragments: "And he lay, would not moan, would not curse, As if *lots* might be worse." "It was roses, roses, all the way, With myrtle mixed in my path *like mad*." "Still our life's zigzags and *dodges*." "Why you *cut a figure* at the first," &c. "Ciphers and *stucco-twiddlings* everywhere." "But these my triumphs' straw-fire flared and *funked*."

> Aaron's asleep—shove hip to haunch,
> Or somebody *deal him a dig in the paunch!*
> Look at the purse with the tassel and knob,
> And the gown with the angel and *thingumbob*.

What, again, is to be said of, or for, such lines as these,—to show that when the fight begins within himself, a man's worth something?—

> God stoops o'er his head,
> Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
> He's left, himself, in the middle, &c.

Or the description of a church's "crypt, one fingers along with a torch, —its face, set full for the sun to shave"? Or this congratulation of departed worthies—"For oh, this world and the wrong it does! They are safe in heaven with their backs to it"? The name of "Holy-Cross Day" may tempt lovers of the "Baptistery" and the "Christian Year" to seek acquaintance with a poem whose name sounds so well; but we should like to watch the pale lenten faces of such inquirers as they read the first verse of "Holy-Cross Day;" to wit (we had almost written tu-whit, with its invariable sequent tu-whoo, infected by the strain):

> Fee, faw, fum! bubble and squeak!
> Blessedest Thursday's the fat of the week.
> Rumble and tumble, sleek and rough,
> Stinking and savoury, smug and gruff.
> Take the church-road, for the bell's due chime
> Gives us the summons—'tis sermon-time.

The third verse is stuffed full as it can hold of imagery and bustling life-like excitement:

> Higgledy piggledy, packed we lie,
> Rats in a hamper, swine in a stye,
> Wasps in a bottle, frogs in a sieve,
> Worms in a carcase, fleas in a sleeve.
> Hist! square shoulders, settle your thumbs
> And buzz for the bishop—here he comes.

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In verse-making of this reckless, rollicking sort, Mr. Browning often shows remarkable verve and gusto. But he is apt to be slovenly in tagging his verses, which at times are rather *too* tag-raggish. When a rhymester is master of his rhymes, in their freaks and conjunctions of the kind called Hudibrastic, it is pleasant enough to note their "wanton heed and giddy cunning"—for one is satisfied the while, that the "heed" will keep in check the wantonness, and that the wildest whirl of "giddiness" will not turn the head of that sage supervisor, "cunning." But when the rhymester is not master of, but mastered by, his rhymes, all zest in the spectacle is gone. Unhappily this is frequently the case with Mr. Browning's rhymes. He does not mould them at will, and shape them, as plastic things, to suit his meaning. On the contrary, they mould, or rather distort, his thoughts—sometimes wresting his sense into *non*-sense. Here is a stanza from "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha," of which the rhymes and the meaning are alike fitted to "puzzle the will" to make the best of them:

> Now, they ply axes and crowbars—
> Now, they prick pins at a tissue
> Fine as a skein of the casuist Escobar's
> Worked on the bone of a lie. To what issue?
> Where is our gain at the Two-bars?

Well may the two last lines have a note of interrogation each. One thinks of *Billy Black* in the farce, with his eternal "D'ye give it up?"—an ever-recurring query, impertinent enough in the farce, but highly pertinent at the end of too many of these rhymes without reason, or most unreasonable rhymes. In the verses hyper-tersely entitled "Before," we read:

> 'Tis but decent to profess oneself beneath her.
> Still, one must not be too much in earnest either.

In "Old Pictures in Florence," *godhead* rhymes (de facto rhymes, never mind about de jure) with *embodied; Theseus* with *knees' use; San Spirito* with *weary too; Sofi's eye* with *prophesy; Florence* with *Loraine's; Witanagemot* with *bag 'em hot*, &c. Again:

> Thyself shall afford the example, Giotto!—
> . . . Done at a stroke (was it not?) "O!"
> . . . From these to Ghiberti and Ghirlandajo
> . . . So now to my special grievance—heigh ho!
>
> ---
>
> Not that I expect the great Bigordi
> Nor Sandro to hear me, chivalric, bellicose;
> Nor wronged Lippino—and not a word I
> Say of a seraph of Fra Angelico's.
> But are you too fine, Taddeo Gaddi,
> To grant me a taste of your intonaco—
> Some Jerome that seeks the heaven with a sad eye?
> No churlish saint, Lorenzo Monaco?

It is by somewhat compulsory measures that "cock-crow" has for its rhyming complement such a phrase as "rock-row;" so "earth's failure" is the occasional cause of "life's pale lure," and "His hundred's soon

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hit" that of "Misses an unit," and "Lightnings are loosened" of "Peace let the dew send." Instances like these tempt us to attach a special significance to what sounds like a confession, in the second stanza of "Two in the Campagna:"

> For me, I touched a thought, I know,
> Has tantalised me many times,
> (Like turns of thread the spiders throw
> Mocking across our path) for rhymes
> To catch at and let go.

'Tis pity the poet did not "let go" many and many which he did "catch at." But we too may as well let go this catching at, and carping at, his demerits, and pass on, in a less captious mood, to his deserts. Not that we affect to enumerate, classify, and duly signalise the latter—*mille fois non!* But neither are they to be taken for granted, to the extent of being ignored altogether. A word or two, then, on a Representative one or two of these Men and Women. "Saul" is a vigorous and highly graphic sketch of a scene between the first king of Israel and the golden-haired son of Jesse, whose harp had power to soothe and sober the moody monarch. It needs more than a single reading, of the railway reading sort, to follow out its purport; but there is, on the whole, a power and beauty in it of a less jagged outline and misty envelopment than belong to the majority of this collection. Many of its lines are fluent and musical, with a flow and music such as this:

> Then I tuned my harp,—took off the lilies we twine round its chords
> Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noontide—those sunbeams like swords!
> And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as, one after one,
> So docile they come to the pen-door, till folding be done.
> They are white and untorn by the bushes, for lo, they have fed
> Where the long grasses stifle the water within the stream's bed;
> And now one after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star
> Into eve and the blue far above us,—so blue and so far!

Numerous passages, too, it contains of that rich picturesque *genre* which marks some of the poet's happiest earlier works; for example:

> Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock—
> The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree,—the cool silver shock
> Of the plunge in a pool's living water,—the hunt of the bear,
> And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
> And the meal—the rich dates—yellowed over with gold dust divine,
> And the locust's-flesh steeped in the pitcher; the full draught of wine,
> And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
> That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.

Another Scriptural study, and of still greater interest if not excellence, is that entitled "An Epistle," indited in the poet's best blank verse (which at its best is very good indeed), and having for its subject Lazarus of Bethany in his resurrection-life, as seen and speculated upon by an Arab physician, "Karshish, the picker up of learning's crumbs, the not incurious in God's handiwork." The epistle is supposed to be written about the time of the Romans' advance on Jerusalem:

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The man—it is one Lazarus a Jew,
Sanguine, proportioned, fifty years of age,
The body's habit wholly laudable,
As much, indeed, beyond the common health
As he were made and put aside to show.
Think, could we penetrate by any drug
And bathe the wearied soul and worried flesh,
And bring it clear and fair, by three days' sleep!
Whence has the man the balm that brightens all?
This grown man eyes the world now like a child.
* * * * *
Discourse to him of prodigious armaments
Assembled to besiege his city now,
And of the passing of a mule with gourds—
'Tis one! Then take it on the other side,
Speak of some trifling fact—he will gaze rapt
With stupor at its very littleness—
(Far as I see) as if in that indeed
He caught prodigious import, whole results
And so will turn to us the bystanders
In ever the same stupor (note this point)
That we too see not with his opened eyes!
Wonder and doubt come wrongly into play,
Preposterously, at cross purposes.

Which of us all, in reading the fourth gospel, has not mused in awful dreamy wonder on the looks, and ways, and words of Lazarus redivivus? and longed to overhear from those lips that Death had kissed as his own, the secrets of that prison-house from which he so strangely had been freed, *some* news of that bourne from which no traveller returns? As surely as we have all thus mused and longed, shall we all be attracted to know what a poet of earnest, thoughtful, religious feeling has made of this conjectural theme. It has a psychological value of an unwonted kind.

There is another long piece in blank verse, of philosophic and religious interest, called "Cleon," which discusses the problem of life from the stand-point of an inquiring mind, unenlightened by divine revelation—guessing at truth, groping in the darkness after light, daring to imagine a hereafter, "some future state," "unlimited in capability for joy, as this is in desire for joy."

——But, no!
Zeus has not yet revealed it; and, alas!
He must have done so—were it possible.

In a sort of post-scriptum to this letter from Cleon the poet to Protos the tyrannos, the perplexed and finally desponding seeker is made, with pregnant effect, to allude in cavalier *obiter* terms to "one called Paulus," to whom Protos had despatched a messenger on some errand, to Cleon unknown and uncared for:

—— We have heard his [Paulus] fame
Indeed, if Christus be not one with him.—
Thou canst not think a mere barbarian Jew,
As Paulus proves to be, one circumcised,
Hath access to a secret shut from us?
Thou wrongest our philosophy, O king,
In stooping to inquire of such an one,
As if his answer could impose at all.

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"Cleon" will repay a reflective and time-taking perusal. So, on a cognate topic, or group of topics, but radically alien in style, will the polemical nondescript yclept "Bishop Blougram's Apology"—a tissue of violent contrasts and provoking incongruities—fine irony and coarse abuse, subtle reasoning and halting twaddle, the lofty and the low, the refined and the vulgar, earnestness and levity, outpoured pell-mell by the blustering yet "pawky" bishop over his wine. But what is probably the most perfect specimen of even, sustained, and lofty excellence afforded in this collection, is the dramatic fragment, "In a Balcony"—than which there are few better things in the best of its author's dramas; and that is saying more, by a great deal, than would be supposed by idle play-goers and railway-bookstall-keepers, whose gauge of excellence is the run of so many nights, and the run on so many copies. Let such as doubt Mr. Browning's possession of a real dramatic talent, listen to his speakers "In a Balcony," and note the construction and quietly marked-out action of the piece; and they will surely abate their scepticism, or the avowal of it. We had intended to quote several excerpts from these scenes, but space is wanting, and the reader will of course enjoy them fifty times as much in their proper place; for to cull elegant extracts from any drama good for anything, is almost a crime against the dramatist—or rather, 'tis worse than a crime, 'tis a blunder. Nor will we drag in *disjecta membra* from "Andrea del Sarto," painting from himself and to himself,—from "A Grammarian's Funeral," that piquant elegy on an old scholar who, the ruling passion strong in death, was heard still, "through the rattle," settling the busing of *'ort* and the proper basis of *'ovv*, and (after he was dead up to the waist) the true "doctrine of the enclitic *De*"—or from that jovial confession of "Fra Lippo Lippi," escaped from a three weeks' painting job, to overtake, in the fresh air (past midnight though), the "hurry" he has overheard from his open window, of "feet and little feet, a sweep of lute-strings, laughs, and whiffs of song." But it were unfair to quote no one piece entire; so here is one more than commonly fitted for popularity:

EVELYN HOPE.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead
  Sit and watch by her side an hour.
This is her bookshelf, this her bed;
  She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass.
  Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
  Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
  Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love; beside,
  Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
  And now was quiet, now astir—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
  And the sweet white brow is all of her.

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Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love,—
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Thro' worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed, or itself missed me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

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THE OLD YEAR'S DEATH.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

The night was wailing, like a widowed queen,
Her purple garments changed for mourning weeds,
Her crown of stars torn from her dusky brow,
Yet proud in all her bitter agony.
Wild bursts of sorrow filled the wintry air,
And died away to moans and sobbing sighs,
Then sunk to silence, but to wake again,
Deeper and sadder, rushing through the pines
That bristled on the dark and distant hills,
Which like grim sentinels kept watch and ward
Above the dreary shore of the dark sea,
Where the Old Year had laid him down to die.
The waves had swallowed up the narrow path
By which the poor old king had reached the spot
Where life and power should pass from him away:
And still the waters lapped with eager tongues
The little space which yet remained to him,
Awaiting his last breath, to overwhelm
All trace of him and his, ere they retired
And left a fair untrodden way to greet
The footsteps of a monarch yet unborn.
One grey cloud covered all the brooding sky,
Save where the waning moon lay in the midst—
As lies a dead face in its burial shroud—
Ghastly and wan, and cold and passionless;
And the dim sea, heaving in long, low waves,
Looked up to her, with a complaining cry
Of torment rising from its writhing depths.

From leafless woods, far off, came shrieks and groans,
As the winds harped upon the naked boughs
A sad and mournful dirge. Across the moor,
Over the black reed-bordered pools and tarns,
The blasted waste of brown and rustling heath,
The windy hill-tops, and the desolate shore,
Rolled the wild requiem, and brought with it
The toll of the far city's minster bell,
Solemnly, faintly sounding through the mist:
A muffled knell which warned the dying king
That but one hour—one short, one fleeting hour—
Lay between him and all eternity.

There was a faithful watcher at his side—
One true to death. She held his icy hand,

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Pillowed his white head on her filial breast,
Dropped her cold tears upon his upturned face,
And watched the passing of the failing life
With which her own should end.
She was the last
Of all the brave, and bold, and hopeful throng,
The last of all the bright and beautiful
Whom in the flush of proud and vigorous youth
That poor old man had seen around him fall,
The daughter of his age, his youngest born.
She had come forth this night from many a home
Where fair young hands had crowned her with green wreaths,
And loving hearts and lips besought her stay,
And mourned for her departure. She had come
Though great fires heaped with red and crackling logs
Had been piled up to warm her frozen limbs,
Though feasts were spread, and rich wines poured for her,
And love and mirth and youth together met
In the swift circles of the merry dance.
She had left homes where lonely mourners wept
For those who but a little year before
Had been the gayest of the gay and glad,
And now lay sleeping through the long, long night,
Which knows no morn on earth. She would not stay
To comfort the afflicted, nor to breathe
Hope to the hearts whose loved ones were away
'Mid death and danger. No, she left them all,
To soothe the death-bed of her failing sire,
And die with him.
He blessed her as he lay,
And wept for all the precious months and days
Squandered and slighted, lost for evermore.

"My child," he said, "the midnight hour is near,
And the first gleam of the to-morrow's dawn
Shall shine upon our graves. Alas! alas!
I thought my summer days would never end,
My summer flowers never fade away.
I recked not of this last, this fearful hour,
Or the dread world beyond the sea of death,
When suns were bright, and every hour that sped
Brought some new jewel to my diadem.
Oh! for the days which are for ever lost!
Like argosies laden with priceless gems,
Which never reach the shore for which they sail,
But sink in the deep ocean.
Lost! lost! lost!
Oh! for another grant of life and strength!
Time for repentance of my wasted gifts—

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Time for amendment—time for better things
Than those whose memory haunts me to my doom!
I have been prodigal of promises,
But niggard in fulfilment, and my sins
Before me rise in terrible array—
At once my crime and punishment.
Ah me!
Another hand shall take my sceptre up,
Another head shall wear the crown I leave,
Another fill the throne that once was mine,
Like me, perhaps, to reign in thoughtless joy,
Nor dream of the 'to come' till all too late.
I have rejoiced above red battle-fields,
Where thousands fell to die. And the loud din
Of thundering cannon and of flashing steel,
The cries of those in the death agony,
The maddened neighing of the wounded steeds,
Have made me tremble with a fierce delight.
I have made helpless children fatherless,
Mothers bereaved, wives widows. I have rent
The brother from his sister's lingering clasp,
The lover from his fond and gentle love,
And sent them forth, to come no more again.
The blood of noble hearts has dyed my robes
With glowing crimson. Yet have I rejoiced,
And joined my voice to the loud rabble-cry
Which welcomed victories, won with the cost
Of untold lives, and tears but death can dry.
I had no sorrow for the early dead,
Or those who lived to mourn them.
But too late
I know the better from the worse, and feel
How deeply I have sinned. My days are done—
A darkness deeper than the gloomy night
Is closing round me—I no longer feel
The gentle pressure of thy duteous hand."

He spoke no more. Then rose a thrilling cry
Through all the realms of air; there was a rush
Of spirit wings upon the dreary blast—
A plaint of spirit voices low and sad;
The clouds closed round the moon, and darkness fell,
Utter and rayless, over all the earth,
And the waves rose and swept away the dead.

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HOW WE WENT TO SEE THE MILITIA REVIEW.

THIS was after the fashion of it. Our cousin, Symthe de Symthe, having been a good sober country gentleman for the space of at least a dozen years, got at last wearied of "improvements on the farm," in the shape of lopped, distorted trees, and grounds painfully harrowed up on the score of production, and determined that in the present "crisis" it was the duty of every true Briton to serve his country, and therefore *he* should take up service in the militia. It was wonderfully becoming to him, as we all told him, the uniform; and as for the "undress," with that dear duck of a foraging-cap, and those lovely moustaches, why we never knew before how handsome he was. Then he was so clever about getting his men into training, and whatever the "real army" (as those impertinent officers at the barracks called themselves) might choose to say about "playing at soldiering," it was plain to see our cousin Symthe de Symthe might have been used to it all his life. He took such great delight in it also. He was never wearied of getting up parties of gay ladies and gentlemen to visit him at his "quarters" and partake of the charming champagne breakfasts he and his "brother-officers" were delighted to provide for them. He would take them afterwards down long dirty passages into the "men's quarters," and expatiate with delight over boiling messes of dingy potatoes and steaming questionable-looking meat. All the men touched their hats to him, like a real soldier as he was, and he would say, "I hope, my men, that you like your fare, and that you have no complaints to make?" just as if he had always lived amongst them. It was astonishing how we got ourselves up when we attended these demonstrations of our cousin's. We cased our children in scarlet cloth, or leggings, or comforters, or something that looked military, and we put feather streamers in our bonnets, and walked to the sound of the drum, and looked like the real cousins of a real soldier, as indeed we were. It was very disgusting, though, when the drafts for the Crimea called so many of the militia out of England to fill up the different foreign stations left vacant by the Queen's regiments abroad; and, worse still, the craven spirit that showed itself amongst the militia when they were informed that those who had enlisted under the idea they would not be called out of England, would be allowed to retire before the new act of foreign service came into force. Half of my cousin's regiment was cleared in a morning. It was in vain that he apostrophised them as "sons of England, and defenders of her soil," and spoke of "leading them to glory," and "wreathing their brows with laurels"—(I do not know where he intended to procure them from in the dirty foreign quarters in which they were to be billeted)—they were low and degraded enough to prefer their wives and sweethearts to all the glory he could offer them, and were actually seen drivelling on parade under a mystical impression they had imbibed from his speech to them, that they were to be torn from the bosoms of their families, and offered as bleeding sacrifices on the altar of their country. It was just at this period that we visited the town in which our cousin's regiment was quartered, and in an unhappy moment asked him to give us one of his beautiful military reviews before he left England. Always too gallant to refuse, he fixed an early day for us, and Mrs. Delorme, at whose hospitable house we were staying, insisted upon having her beautiful boys

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put into her new barouche, and driving us all on to the ground. The morning was dull, foggy, and disagreeable, but our military enthusiasm kept us warm, and our difficulty in deciding on the exact spot of ground designed for the review made it all the more interesting. Clementina was certain it was where the reviews had been held before, but Theresa had private information this ground had been taken away from them, and that we must go up to the gate of a certain large turnip-field, vividly impressed on the memory of all of us by reason of the unpleasant odour that exhaled therefrom as we passed it the day before, owing to a right of road that had been opened through it over rotten turnips on a humid ground. Theresa was right, as she always is. We heard their delightful guns popping away through the mist at the very moment the savoury turnip-steam again assailed our nostrils. It was clear we must go right through the turnips to get at the ground on which they were practising. You might have thought a soup-kitchen, of a very low description, was already established there, such a steam the greens gave out—such a warm, moist, pungent atmosphere. We came upon Symthe de Symthe quite by surprise—"sunbeams breaking through the mist"—he called it; but I think privately he was a little annoyed as a rusty-looking private was just wiping down his "charger" with a wisp of damp-looking hay, that noble animal having lost his footing in the mud, and rather blemished his beauty by the thick coating with which he had bedaubed himself. It is true we could not see all the geography of the field, as there was a large puddle and a gate facing us which refused, under any persuasion, to allow itself to be opened; but now the gallantry of Mr. Cousin shone forth conspicuously. Raising himself in his saddle-girths, and pointing in a commanding manner to two of the soldiers, he ordered them "to come forward, and make way for the ladies!" It was well that John had the good sense to get off and hold the horses' heads, or they and the soldiers would inevitably have come into collision. As we went in floundering knee-deep in mud through the remains of the shattered gate, and found ourselves really on the field for practice, the drafts from the regiment made it look somewhat ridiculously small, and it struck me that both the men and their garments were rather "seedy;" but, as our cousin said, "it was necessary to keep up discipline in these stirring times, and perhaps they were rather 'worn' on the strength of it." They went through their "evolutions," however, in a wonderful manner, the swords flashing, the guns firing—the legs all going together—and of course we applauded at each new act. Clementina said, indeed, she did not see what there was in it to bring us all out of our beds on such a wretched morning; but I know she was disappointed because young Robson was not on the ground; and as for Theresa, she did not know whether they or Symthe de Symthe were most to be admired. She told us, after leaving the ground, that she thought she was cut out for a military life, and hoped we did not imbibe the foolish prejudices some people had against widowers; but we did not agree with her at the time, all our dresses having come "limp," and there being some very unorthodox spots of mud on our new French bonnets. Of course we told our cousin Symthe de Symthe what beautiful order his regiment was in, and how much we were charmed and edified by all we had seen; but to you, dear public, to whom our hearts are opened, we have no hesitation in confessing that there was base metal in the sounding gold even in the glorification of a militia review.

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ADVENTURES OF BENJAMIN BOBBIN THE BAGMAN.

By Crawford Wilson.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE COUNTRY CURATE.

"Speaking of clergymen," said Mr. Cripps, in his mild tones, "I'll tell you a fact that of late years happened under my own observation." He evidently desired to change light subjects; he considered them unfitted for the Sabbath evening.

You are all aware that I am not the youngest individual in the room. I've ran already nearly two-thirds of the race allotted to men in the present generation. My hair, like many of our worldly friends, began to fall off from me when I commenced descending into the vale of years. But as it is not of myself but of a dear friend I mean to speak, I shall not trespass upon your patience by a lengthened preface that can be of no possible interest to you, but commence at once with the hardships endured by my uncomplaining friend.

When at school, some thirty-five years ago, I had the good fortune to gain the esteem of the senior boy; he was my elder by six years. I was twelve, he eighteen. He was of a very steady cast of character—reflective, generous, amiable, and docile almost to a fault; passionately fond of reading, gifted with most extraordinary retentive faculties, possessed of great concentrative powers, indomitable perseverance, and extreme fortitude and patience under difficulties. He was the only son of a widow, whose little stipend barely sufficed to give him a good classical education, and keep herself and daughter in a respectable position. He was exceedingly attached to her, and laboured severely to advance himself (as he knew that that was her heart's dearest wish), with the Church for his goal.

As I was also of a retiring nature he took great notice of me, pitied and cheered my dulness and stupidity, aided me in my tasks, and delighted in conversing with me. I have sat by his side and listened to him—boy as I was—for hours, in a secluded corner of the playground, whilst he read or expounded passages from history or Scripture that to me were as sealed books until his simple method of explaining them made all clear to my comprehension. I cared not for play when he was disengaged, nor for the nickname of "Tom Morton's Dervise," with which my schoolfellows branded me. I loved him and his society, looked upon him with awe and reverence, and only felt happy when we were together.

But the time came when he had to leave the school, and with it a misfortune to himself and his family of which they never dreamt. His mother had commissioned her solicitor to raise a sufficient sum of money upon her slender annuity to put her son through his collegiate examinations, but the wretch mortgaged the full amount heavily, and decamped. Poor Tom! it nearly broke his heart. It is a sorry omen when a young man, full of hopes, strikes his legs against such an obstacle as ruin at the first step he takes from his school, in this world of trouble. Another man would have been crushed by the calamity, but Tom had others to live for

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besides himself, and the hopes of ultimately being enabled to assist his darling mother in her difficulties inspired him with ardour, and gave him renewed energies. He entered the college as a sizer, a petty tutorship aiding him in preserving a proper seeming; struggled manfully to keep his head above water, and minister to the few comforts of the widow's fireside.

Two years passed by—two years of patient labour, of incessant application, midnight study, and self-privation. Two of those years that oftentimes leave the wrinkles of twenty on the brow, sear up the heart, wither the affections, and metamorphose the spirit as well as the appearance of a man. Such had they been to him—but his darling object was attained, the goal reached, his ambition gratified. He was ordained.

A short time subsequent to his ordination he was appointed to a curacy in a country village, at the annual salary of seventy pounds. He was a faithful steward, toiled incessantly in his vocation, and was soon universally beloved. Now, a greater preacher than the Reverend Thomas Morton ever was, has said, that "it is not good for man to dwell alone;" doubtless he felt the truth of that doctrine, and availed himself of the advice given by St. Paul to Timothy in his first epistle, as though it had been written especially for his own guidance, where he says, "Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife, ruling their children and their own houses well." One deacon only to each wife of course was meant, and one wife took honest Tom Morton to his own bosom and fireside. A neighbouring clergyman officiated in my friend's little church, and before its altar knelt its godly curate by the side of as pure and lovely a young creature as ever joined in the sacred responses, or blushed at the first wedded kiss.

She was dowerless; but what of that? Her heart was a fortune in itself, and he would not exchange his confiding Lydia for the wealth of a thousand Golcondas.

Poor curates who marry dowerless young ladies have, however, an unhappy knack of fulfilling, too literally, one of the first commands given to man—viz., "Grow fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth." Be that as it may, my friend regularly, for some years after marriage, about Christmas time, opened the Church's prayer-book at that part of its liturgy headed "Baptism of Infants," an unconscious cherub requiring the sacred rite at his hands, and as surely, when the ceremony was concluded, leaving the church with the curate's surname. It seemed unaccountable to Tom, yet so he went on, Christmas after Christmas, reading in public, "Blessed is the man who hath his quiver full of them," and at each occasion of the kind, another Morton was added to his family, and another mouth required a spoon.

Some nine years after his marriage, his aged mother and sister, having no other resources left, gave up their home in London and went down to reside with him. The news of their arrival fell upon the occupants of the little cottage like an avalanche. Tom was sorely puzzled: few of life's necessaries, and not one of its luxuries, were at his disposal. He knew not how to manage, but his wife was an angel. So, leaving the matter in her hands, he looked upon it as a sacred duty, and never murmured. They mutually resolved to make the widow welcome, and they succeeded, for two upright hearts went with the resolution.

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Five sons and four daughters, in regular gradations, bloomed beside the parent trees, depending for the means of existence upon the curate's beggarly stipend. Another year rolled over, and his sister earned some trifle by teaching the children of the working classes, so that her earnings, with his salary as aforestated, was the wherewithal the poor fellow had to feed and clothe thirteen souls. But he had a good heart, worked ever indefatigably in his holy calling, and with a firmly-rooted trust in Providence, hoped on, but never repined:

> And blest'd are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well comingled
> That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please.

Notwithstanding the straitened circumstances of my friend, and the desire that his amiable wife had ever shown to reduce expenses, the advent of a little visitor was prognosticated. The oracle proved faithful to the letter, for in the autumn following the baptismal service was again read, and half a score juvenile Mortons were to be found congregated around his humble board.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHARITY AND RESIGNATION.

A FEVER, immediately after the circumstance I have just related, broke out in the neighbourhood, and many fell victims to that fearful scourge and desolater. Tom's mother was the first who died of it; and soon afterwards three of his little ones slept beside her, beneath the fading daisies in the churchyard that they had tended but a week before. Heavy was the poor curate's heart, but courage was in his soul; and yet—notwithstanding his own private calamities—no weather ever hindered him from ministering to the stricken amongst his flock, preaching to them the "glad tidings of great joy." Night after night, day after day, in sunshine or in rain, did he leave his mourning family for the chamber of contagion, bringing comfort to the poor traveller bound for the dark valley of the shadow of death. His senior in the parish had fled at the outbreak of the malady, throwing upon the shoulders of the righteous Morton all its duties and consequent dangers. Still he struggled on manfully, cheerfully, faithfully—always at his post, like a trusty sentinel, and never deserting it.

> Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
> Where sorrow, grief, and sin, by turns dismay'd,
> The reverend champion stood,

and knelt, and prayed, and comforted, until

> Mercy came down the trembling wretch to raise,
> And his last faltering accents whispered—praise.

The malady slowly abated. Hope once more plumed her ruffled wings in the village. Smiles, long cast aside, again bloomed in the cheeks of youth, and health, and rustic beauty. But, alas! the sexton had been busy. Many of the pews in the little church were empty, their owners sleeping the sleep that knows no waking. Many well-known faces ceased to present themselves; the damp earth was their pillow, and the green turf their covering. Often, often, often had the curate read "I am the resurrection and the life" over the body of a dear brother or sister just

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departed. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," with its melancholy accompaniment, had daily been echoed by the last hard beds, hollowed out from the breast of earth, as lasting niches in the catacombs of eternity.

The Sunday immediately succeeding the retreat of the fever poor Tom preached his last sermon. I was present. How striking his delivery—how fervent his prayers—how absorbed his flock. "Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work," was his text. Skilfully he handled it—ably, eloquently; few dry eyes were there. Mine were like fountains overflowing.

When he retired to the vestry he complained of fatigue, and as we returned to his little home he leaned heavily upon my arm, holding the hand of his dear wife in his own. Many times during our short walk I felt his hand beat gently upon my arm, as he said again and again, "Work while it is called to-day." "James," he said, addressing himself to me, "I was for some time last week of two minds——"

"About what, Thomas?" I inquired.

"About this day's sermon. I was divided between two excellent texts. I wished to improve the occasion—to show the uncertainty of life—the certainty of dissolution—the only narrow path to the ladder of life eternal—and the righteous mercy and long-suffering of our God."

He paused, so I asked:

"What was the other text?"

"'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' I shall preach from that, God willing, this evening."

But poor Tom did not preach that evening, for he was stricken. That night the fever parched up his flesh and tortured his active limbs. The good, the pious, the benevolent Thomas Morton raved, ere long, in all the frenzy of delirium. He knew no one—not even his wife, who never, even for a moment, during the fourteen days of his distempered reason, was absent from his chamber. There, like some pure spirit delegated by Omnipotence to cherish a suffering servant, was she day and night to be found, watching his slightest movements with the jealous eyes of augmented affection—moistening his pallid lips, or bathing his burning temples, ever praying for his recovery fervently, yet with that perfect resignation which always characterises the truly pious, closing each heartfelt supplication with "not my will, but Thine, be done." His face was as a book to her, wherein she constantly studied, anticipating every change it expressed ere the wish connected with it was born, and shedding a halo of peace and holiness around the sick man's pillow.

When the fever had passed away and he awaked to consciousness, meeting those dear eyes that had always been bent over his, fondly searching for returning recognition, the first words that greeted her ravished ears were "God bless you, my darling Liddy." He could not articulate more, but his heart went with them; and then, for the first time, she wept—wept big tears of thankfulness, and devotion, and love, kneeling by his bedside, and kissing his wasted hand.

Well, poor Morton recovered slowly from the disease, but the hardships he had previously undergone, when in the exercise of his vocation, enervated his constitution. Consumption ensued: a harassing cough, accompanied by the rupture of some vessels in his lungs, brought him daily lower and lower, until the bed again became his portion. His mind

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was fearfully harassed about the welfare of his young family, which soon must be both widowed and orphaned. But, thank Heaven! his fears for its welfare were soon quieted, and his mind was set at ease. The lord of the manor, who had, when in the country, sat beneath his ministry, and to whom the church belonged, had long been an admirer of his exemplary conduct and excellent qualities. He had been informed of his illness, of his late indefatigable zeal, and visited him frequently, presenting, at one of his friendly calls, the cottage to his family, and settling upon the heart-broken wife an annuity of a hundred pounds a year. The cup of poor Morton's earthly happiness was, by that generous gift, o'erflown, and he lingered but a short time longer. The vanities of the world never fettered him; his future mansion was already prepared in "that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." What had he to live for? His wife and children were provided for—his earthly race run—the prize in view—the bitter cup that may not pass from any of us already at his lips—and the sure and certain hope before him.

At sunset, upon his last Sabbath evening on earth, he lay, as was usual, in his bed, the latter being placed beside the window which looked towards the west. He was very low, but very calm. His little ones were standing at his feet, whilst his sister and wife knelt, weeping, by his bed. He had been dozing; upon opening his eyes he made an uneasy movement. The jealous eye of his wife at once detected it.

"What can I do for you, my poor suffering Thomas?" she whispered, amid her sobs.

"Dry thy tears, my well-beloved, and let not our short parting grieve thee. Has the sun set?"

"Not yet," replied his weeping sister.

"Turn my head, my love," he said, faintly, to his wife, "and let me look for the last time upon the eternal seal of my Creator as it stamps the western horizon with a symbol of that glory of which the prophet at Patmos wrote."

They propped him up with pillows, his face towards the sun, who was swiftly sinking in the sky.

"Do you feel easy, dear Thomas?"

"Happy! happy! happy!" he said, audibly. "Sophy, dear, turn to the first epistle of Paul to Timothy, the first chapter, and the fifteenth verse. Read slowly—slowly."

And his sister read in a broken voice:

"'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.'"

"Of whom I am chief—of whom I am chief," repeated the dying man; then slowly, but with great precision: "Fight the good fight of faith—lay hold of eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses." After a slight pause: "Liddy, my love, let me feel your pure breath again upon my cheek. Kiss me, my beloved. Place my hand upon your forehead. 'Be ye also faithful; establish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.'"

His breathing became painfully oppressive, and his voice less distinct. Yet calm as a placid lake, upon which the glories of noontide are cast, was his worn countenance.

"Where are our children?"

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They were crying around his bed; at his call they surrounded him more closely. He kissed them one by one, and said:

"To the Father of the fatherless I bequeath them—one mighty to save. God bless you, my children. Remember, that of such is the kingdom of my Father. Liddy, where are you?"

"Here, dear Thomas." She could scarcely speak, but his hand was spangled with her tears.

"The chamber is dark. Thy sweet face is hidden from me, but I feel thee. Thank God for that blessing. 'I know thy works—and charity—and service—and faith—and thy patience—and thy works—and the last to be more than the first.'"

A violent fit of coughing ensued. Still flickered the lamp of waning life—flickered on the verge of eternity.

He had previously kept time to the words with his attenuated hand whilst he spoke. It now sank, nerveless, on the counterpane.

"Liddy!—Liddy! Have you left me?"

"No, dear—no, dear. I am still beside you."

"Where, my true one?"

"My arm is beneath your head, my husband."

"I do not feel it. Place your hand in mine, sweet wife—and yours, my sister. God bless you both! He will be a husband to the widow, and a father to the orphan. Do you weep, my love?"

"Oh, Thomas—beloved Thomas—I cannot help it," sobbed the agonised wife.

"Not for me—not for me, my love. I go where 'there shall be no night, and they need no candles, neither light of the sun. For the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.'"

"Are you in pain, my dear husband?"

"No, no—all peace—all peace." Then, at intervals, and clearer than before, "'And the spirit and the bride say, Come! and let him that heareth, say Come, and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.'"

Poor Tom Morton obeyed the summons. As he finished, the veil of futurity was lifted to his spiritual gaze—the last links that fettered his noble soul to perishable earth were dissevered—the flame flickered no longer—the silver chord was loosed—the golden bowl was broken, and his spirit ascended to the God who gave it.

When the story of the poor curate was ended, each man continued silently absorbed in his own reflections. Our president was the first to break it:

"There is a lesson in the life and death of your friend, Mr. Cripps, for the dignitaries of our much-abused Church. I fear that his is not an isolated case of neglected merit."

"True, true," answered Cripps, dejectedly. "Would to God it were an exception; but, alas! it is not. Many a holy man carries to the pulpit, beneath his sacerdotal robes, a heart brimful of woe—many a poor curate sits down amid his family to a meal that a peasant would almost scorn to share, whilst his bishop and rector loll lazily over their wines and rich confections. Lazarus and Dives! Lazarus and Dives! But Lazarus went to Abraham's bosom."

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And thus passed our Sabbath evening away. I found it a profitable one, and retired early, to give an hour to solitude and my diary. The last items subjoined, after it had been closed for the day, I shall copy *verbatim*:

"Felt much delighted with the society of Mr. Cripps. Had the gratification of hearing him express a similar opinion concerning myself, accompanied by a wish that our newly-formed friendship might ever be on the advance. ☞ It shall be no fault of mine if it be not so.

"N.B. Crayford improves rapidly in my opinion—seems a sensible fellow—a little vain, but his heart is a trump.

"P.S.—11 P.M.—Has considerably risen in my estimation within the last ten minutes. Really, to deal justly by him, and 'nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice,' he is a very worthy soul. Has just knocked at my door in his dishabille, to shake hands with me again, and tell me that he wished he was as manly-looking and sedate as I am. What an absurdity!—(Mem.) Sitting too long in the society of the decanters has evidently opened his heart.

"'Nonsense, Crayford!' said I, as in duty bound (for the reader is doubtless aware that vanity is not my besetting sin).

"'No, Bobbin, it's not nonsense. Fanny Cooke said that, were I like you, notwithstanding all your modesty, she'd ask me to marry her at once.'

"It was very stupid of him to talk such idle stuff. But men will open their minds and confess truths when they have indulged rather freely in wine. I felt annoyed, of course—what modest man would not?—but I gave him the warmest shake of the hand he had ever received from me as I bade him go to his bedroom and catch no cold. In fact, I went as far as his door with him, and then he said that she was an angel. I desired him not to be so monstrously absurd! but he averred that he could not help it—that he felt perfectly jealous of me when he heard her speaking of nothing but sea-voyages, and telescopes, and bashful, sensible youths and mountain scenery, and Benjamin Bobbins, and so forth. I shook hands with him again, and have this moment returned from his room. I do not feel at all sleepy. . . . . Well! well! how strange!—how perfectly preposterous! Here have I been spoiling a whole page of my diary by drawing female profiles upon it, and endeavouring to write the initials F. B. in an angular hand, without at all separating the letters or taking the pen from the paper. Fanny Bobbin! What an idea! what a name! Heigh ho! I'm off by express to the land of Nod."

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HOW I GREW INTO AN OLD MAID.

I.

We were three of us at home—I, Lucy, and little Mary. Mary was, by many years, the younger, for three, two brothers and a sister, had died between her and Lucy. Only one brother was left to us, and he was the eldest, two years older than I. My mother's income was sufficient for comfort, though we had to practise much economy while Alfred was at college.

He came home to us to pass the last vacation before taking orders, but not alone. We had walked into the village to meet the stage-coach, and when it came and he jumped down, a gentleman about his own age followed him. "My friend, George Archer," he said; "you have heard me speak of him. And you, George," he added, "have heard of my sisters. These are two of them, Hester and Lucy."

What a handsome man he was, this stranger! Tall, fair, gentlemanly; with a low, sweet voice, and a winning manner. He is often in my mind's eye even now as he looked that day, though so many, many years have gone by.

We must all of us, I believe, have our romance in life, and mine had come for me before those holidays were over. A woman, to love entirely, must be able to *look up* to the object of her affections, and none can know with what reverence I regarded him. Had one demanded of me, Did perfection lie in mortal man? I should have pointed to George Archer. The tricks that our fond imaginations play us! But do not think I loved him unsought. No, no. He asked for me of my mother, and we began to talk about our plans.

She had no objection to give me to him. He had won all our hearts, and hers amongst the rest. He was indeed one of the most attractive of men. I thought so then, and now that I can judge dispassionately, I think so still. But she said we might have long to wait. I had my five hundred pounds, but he had nothing save a prospect of a curacy, and he was not yet in orders.

Our good old rector, Mr. Coomes, had promised to take my brother as curate. He was getting feeble and required one, and we were delighted at the prospect of having Alfred near us. I don't know who first hinted that this plan might be changed—*I did not:* but it came to be whispered that instead of Alfred Halliwell's becoming curate of Seaford it would be George Archer. My mother spoke to me. She did not like it: she had set her heart on having Alfred settled with us. My brother, light-hearted, good-natured, was ready to sacrifice anything for his friend and favourite sister. My mother *said* very little: I believe she thought she could not, consistently with the courtesy and good manners due to a guest. *I* might, but I would not! Selfish! selfish!

The time came, and they were ordained together. The Reverend

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Alfred Halliwell was appointed to a curacy in a remote district of North Wales, and the Reverend George Archer to Seaford.

He came. He read himself in on the last Sunday in Lent, the Sunday preceding Passion week. Seaford church, standing midway between the village and the gates of Seaford Park, was a small, unpretending edifice, with only one monument inside it, and one handsome pew, and they pertained to the Earls of Seaford. As we walked into church that morning I could not look up, but I saw, by intuition, that *he* was in the reading-desk, and the rector in his pew. Mr. Coomes, that day, was but one of the congregation.

He began the service, and we stood up. It is one of the few remembered moments of agitation in my life: my breath came fast, I saw nothing, and my face was white as the snow outside—for it was a very early Easter that year, and snow lay on the ground. In my foolish fancy, I thought every one must be looking at me—as if the congregation, in their curiosity to listen to him, could think of me! It was a persuasive voice, low and silvery, and though it did not tremble, I saw, in the first glance I stole at him, that he was nervous in his new position, for his bright colour went and came.

When I gathered courage to look around, I, for the moment, forgot him, and everything else, in astonishment. Against the wall, under the one monument, facing the side of the pulpit, was the pew of the Earls of Seaford, with its brass rods and crimson curtains. During the time we had lived at Seaford (four years it was, then, ever since my father's death) that pew had always been empty, and now it was occupied! Standing at the top was a young lady, just budding into womanhood, *very* beautiful; at the end, next us, was a man of fifty, short, but of noble presence, with a wrinkled brow and grey hair; and, standing between these two, were four lads, of various ages, from ten to sixteen or seventeen. Her eyes were fixed on his face, George Archer's, and I could not take mine from hers. It was the sweetest face I had ever seen, with its exquisite features, its delicate bloom, and its dark, spiritual-looking eyes: it is the sweetest face that ever rises to my memory. I glanced round at the large pew at the back, near the door; it was filled with male and female servants, some of them in the Seaford livery, and I knew then that that was the Earl of Seaford, his sons, and his daughter, the Lady Georgina.

The prayers and communion were over, the clerk gave out the psalm, and Mr. Archer went into the vestry. He came out in his new black gown, his sermon in his hand. Tall and noble he looked; but he was certainly nervous, else what made him tread upon his gown, and stumble, as he went up the pulpit steps? I was not superstitious then, in my careless inexperience, else I might have looked upon that stumble as a bad omen. After he had knelt down and risen up again, he moved the cushion before him, a little to the right, towards the earl's pew; not so as to turn even his side to the congregation, but that all present might, so far as possible, be brought face to face with him. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That text, his, that first day, stands out, on my memory, distinct and alone; not, I greatly fear, so much from its divine words of inexpressible conso-

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lation, as from its association with *him*. Oh the need, the need we all have of pardon, for the earthly follies and vanities our hearts are wont to indulge in!

My mother had invited him to dinner that day, and we thought—I did—that he would walk home from church with us. But we had been in half an hour, and the dinner was waiting to be served, when he came. Lord Seaford had detained him in the vestry.

"I was surprised to see them," remarked my mother. "I thought they were not in England."

"They have been abroad three years, the earl told me," said Mr. Archer. "He invited me to the castle, said Lady Seaford would be glad to see me, but she was a great invalid."

"A very fine family," resumed my mother. "The daughter is beautiful."

"Is she?" said Mr. Archer.

"Did you not think so?"

"To tell you the truth," he said, smiling, "I was thinking more about myself, and the impression *I* made, than taking in any impression likely to be made upon me. My thoughts were running on whether I pleased Mr. Coomes and the congregation."

"I only trust Alfred will succeed as well," returned my mother, with tears in her eyes. "Was it your own sermon?"

"It was indeed," he said, earnestly. "I have written many. I used to write them for practice at college."

Oh these Sundays!—for my mother often invited him—their peaceful happiness will never be erased from my memory. The intense, ecstatic sense of joy they reflected on my heart, is a thing to be remembered in silence now, as it was borne then.

We went to church that evening, and I attended better than in the morning: more courage had come to me. The family from the castle were not there. After service he overtook us in the churchyard, and drew my arm within his. I think my mother expected him to walk with her; for she was quite of the old school, and very particular with us. However, she walked on with Lucy, and we followed, he pressing my hand in the dark night.

"Hester, dearest," he whispered, "shall I do?"

"Do?" I repeated, scarcely heeding what he meant, in my weight of happiness. For it was the first time I had walked thus familiarly with him.

"Shall I do for a clergyman, think you? Shall I read and preach well enough for them?"

He knew he would, there was conscious triumph in his voice as he spoke: what need to give him my assurance? Yet I tried to speak a timid word of congratulation.

He clasped me closer to him, he held my hand with a deeper pressure, he halted in the narrow path, and, raising my face to his, kissed it lovingly. "Oh Hester, my dearest, how happy we are in each other!" he murmured, "how bright will be our future!"

Just then, my mother called out to us. Perhaps she missed the echo of our footsteps, perhaps she thought we were lingering too far behind.

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"Mr. Archer, are you and Hester not walking slowly? It is very cold." So he raised his face from mine, and we went on, close to my mother and Lucy.

Oh, let me believe that he did indeed love me! I am an old woman now, and have struggled through a lonely life, carrying with me a bruised heart. But let me still believe that my dream was real, that, during its brief lasting, George Archer's love for me was pure and true!

My brother fell ill in June. He had been ailing ever since he went down to Wales. The weather, when he travelled, was severe, the place bleak, and he wrote us word that the cold seemed, from the first, to have struck on his chest, and settled there. In June he grew worse, and wanted my mother to go down.

"I shall send you instead, Hester," she said, after considering over his letter. "I cannot go and leave you children here alone."

I looked up to remonstrate, feeling the hot colour flush into my face. What! send me away from *him*, miles and miles, where I could never see him, hear his voice, listen for his step? But a better feeling came over me, and the hasty words died on my lips: how could I refuse to comfort my sick brother?

"Hester is thinking of Mr. Archer," laughed Lucy. "Now, Hester, don't deny it, I can see it in your face. Look at it, mamma. She is indignant that any one should be so unfeeling as to banish her from Seaford."

"Hester must remember that she is, in a remote degree, the cause of this illness of Alfred's. Had he been curate here, his indisposition would have been well attended to at first, and cured before now. It is only neglect that has suffered it to get ahead."

Her tone was mild, but conscience smote me. Lucy saw my downcast look.

"Mamma," she said, "let me go to Alfred instead of Hester."

My mother shook her head. "It is not only that Hester is older than you, Lucy, but she has a steadiness of character and manner which you want. I can trust her to travel alone; you are too giddy."

"Why you know we always said Hester was cut out for an old maid, with her starched notions and sober ways," retorted Lucy, who was feeling angry. "I'm sure it is a mistake her being married."

"A very good mistake," said my mother.

George Archer spoke much with me, of his prospects, before I left. He was all buoyancy and hope, as youth is sure to be. He was indulging a chimera—though neither of us thought it one, then—that the Earl of Seaford, who had been remarkably friendly with him, during his fortnight's stay, might perhaps give him a living. The family had gone to town, after Easter, for the season, and for Lady Georgina's presentation. And we heard that she bore away the palm of beauty at the drawing-room, that George the Fourth, sated though he was with ladies' charms, had spoken publicly of her exceeding loveliness.

I found Alfred very ill. But it was as my mother thought—what he chiefly wanted was care—he called it "coddling." It has pleased God, in His infinite wisdom, to allot to us all some especial talent of usefulness,

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and I think that my humble one lies in being a good nurse, in an aptness for soothing and attending on the sick. Alfred lodged with an overseer and his wife (the man had something to do with mines), and though they were attentive to him, in their rough, free way, they had no *idea* of those cares and precautions necessary in illness. There is no need, however, to linger over this part of my story. With the aid of warm weather, and the blessing of ONE, who helps in time of need, I got Alfred round again. By the end of August he was quite well, and I went back to Seaford.

It was a long journey for me: travelling in those days was not what it is now: but I halted at Shrewsbury. We had some very distant acquaintances living there, of whom we knew little more than the name, but my mother wrote to them to receive me, which they kindly did for a night both going and returning. I left Shrewsbury early in the morning, and reached Seaford about eight in the evening.

I never doubted that George Archer would be waiting for me, but when we arrived, and they came flocking round the coach-door, he was not there. Mamma, Lucy, and Mary, but no George. It was a lovely summer's night, the harvest moon near the full, but a dark shade seemed to have fallen on my spirit.

When the heart truly loves, it is always timid, and I did not inquire after him. Yet we talked a great deal during our walk home, and at supper. Chiefly about Alfred: the situation of his home, the sort of people with whom he lived, his parish duties, the family at Shrewsbury, all sorts of things; it seemed they could never be tired of asking me questions, one upon another. But when Lucy and I went up to our bedroom for the night, I put on an indifferent manner, and asked if they saw much of Mr. Archer.

"Not so much as when you were at home, of course," laughed Lucy; "his attraction was gone. And, latterly, very little indeed. Since the Seafords came, he is often with them. And he is reading with Lord Sale and Master Harry Seaford. They go to him every day."

"Are the Seafords at the castle, then?"

"They came in July. Parliament rose early, the king went to Brighton, and all the grandees followed his example of leaving town; we get all the 'fashionable intelligence' here now, Hester."

"Did he know I was expected to-night?"

"The king?"

"Don't joke, Lucy, I am tired. You know I meant Mr. Archer.

"Yes, he knew it. We met him this morning, and Mary told him, and I wonder he did not go with us to meet the coach. Perhaps he is dining at the castle; the earl asks him sometimes. Very dangerous to throw him into the society of that resplendent Lady Georgina."

"Dangerous?"

"Well, it would be, I should say, if he were not cased round with your armour."

"How much more nonsense, Lucy? One so high and beautiful as Lady Georgina!"

"That's just it, her beauty," laughed Lucy. "I'll defy the lowliest curate in the church to be brought within its radius and not be touched

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with it. Nevertheless, I suppose you'll have your adorer here to-morrow morning, as constant as ever."

It was the morrow morning when he came. No one was in the room when he entered, and he strained me to his breast, and kissed me tenderly. Oh, my two months' absence were amply repaid by his looks and words of love!

"I thought to have seen you last night," I whispered.

"So did I, Hester. I had been copying some music for Lady Georgina Seaford, and went to the castle with it, after dinner; and the countess and some of them kept me talking till past ten. I was thunderstruck when I took out my watch, for I did not think I had been there an hour."

In his coveted presence, with his tender words, with his looks of love, how could I conjure up uneasy thoughts? And what grated on my feelings in this last speech I drove away.

My mother had made acquaintance with the housekeeper at the castle, a Mrs. Stannard, a kindly gentlewoman. She had been to tea once or twice, and it was from her Lucy got what she called her "fashionable intelligence." One morning, about a week after I got home, she came in and asked if I would like to go to the castle and teach English to the little Lady Ellen Seaford.

I was electrified—frightened—at the proposal, and she proceeded to explain to my mother. This little child, the youngest of the family, had a Swiss governess, but just now had no one to teach her English. Lady Seaford was lamenting this, in the hearing of Mrs. Stannard, and the latter thought of me.

"I am not competent to be a governess; I don't know anything; I never learnt a note of music," I breathlessly interrupted.

"It is only for English, my dear," said Mrs. Stannard; "you are quite competent to that. They don't want music or any accomplishment. Your going to the castle for two or three hours a day would be like pastime, and you would be paid well."

So it was decided that I should go, each day, from half-past two to five, to give Lady Ellen Seaford English lessons, and I entered on my duties on the following Monday.

I went up to the castle with fear and trembling, wondering what real lords and ladies were like, in social intercourse, and how they would accost me, and whatever I should answer; wondering whether I should have to sit in a saloon, all gilding and mirrors. The goose I was! The schoolroom was plain, almost bare, and the lords and ladies were just like other people; the younger ones free and unceremonious in their speech and manners to each other, as we children were at home.

The countess was a tall, stately woman, quiet and reserved. None of her children resembled her but Viscount Sale. She was wrapped in a thick shawl, though the day was hot, and looked ill. One day, in that first week, I think it was on the Wednesday, Lady Georgina came into the room while the little girl was reading to me, and I rose up and curtseyed.

"Don't let me disturb you," she said, in a pleasant, careless tone. "Miss Halliwell, I presume. Has my sister nearly finished reading?"

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"Yes," interrupted Lady Ellen, shutting the book of her own accord. "I have read a page, and that's enough. The words are hard, and I don't like it."

The child had not read half enough, but I doubted whether it was my place to differ from her; and, at that early stage, did not presume to do so. I stood in hesitation.

"Miss Halliwell," said Lady Georgina, bringing forward a huge portfolio, "do you know how to mount handscreens? Look at this pair I have begun. I am not making a good job of them. Can you help me? Mademoiselle knows no more about it than this child. Ellen, let my paintings alone."

As it happened, I did know something about mounting drawings on cardboard, ornamenting screens with gilt flowers, and such like, though I did not pretend to draw, never having been taught. But I must have had some taste for it; for, when a child, I would spend hours copying the landscapes on an old china tea-set, and any other pretty view that fell in my way. George Archer once found one of my old drawings, and kept it, saying he should keep it for ever. Ah me!

I told Lady Georgina I thought I could assist her, but that the little girl had only just begun her studies.

"Oh, her studies are of no consequence for one day," she remarked, in a peremptory tone. "Nelly, dear, go to Mademoiselle: my compliments, and I am monopolising Miss Halliwell this afternoon."

The child went out of the room, glad to be dismissed. She disliked learning English, and had told me her French was less difficult to her.

"Do you cut the gilt paper out on a trencher or with scissors?" asked Lady Georgina. "For the flowers, I mean."

Before I could answer, a merry-looking boy of fifteen, or rather more, looked into the room, and then sprang in. It was the Honourable Harry Seaford.

"I say, Georgy, are you in this place? I have been all over the house after you. Who was to think you had turned schoolgirl again? What are you up to here?"

"Why do you ask?" inquired Lady Georgina, without raising her head from the screens.

"Papa wants to know if you mean to ride with him this afternoon, and he sent me to find you."

"No," she replied. "Tell papa it will be scarcely worth while, for I must begin to dress in an hour. And I am busy."

"You can go and tell him yourself, Madam Georgy. There's Wells, with my pointer, and I want to catch him."

"Where is papa?"

"Oh, I don't know; in the library, or somewhere."

The lad vaulted from the room and down the stairs as he spoke, and I saw him tearing after Wells, the gamekeeper. Truly these young scions spoke and acted as freely as common people.

Lady Georgina left the room, I supposed to find the earl. When she came in again, she halted before a mirror that was let into the panel between the windows, and turned some of the flowing curls round her fingers. She caught my earnest gaze of admiration. Her sylph-like

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form, her fair neck and arms—for it was not the custom then for young ladies to have these covered—her bright hair, her patrician features, their damask bloom, and the flash of conscious triumph lighting her eye. Very conscious of her fascinations was the Lady Georgina Seaford: I saw it in that moment. She turned sharply round to me:

"What are you thinking of, Miss Halliwell?"

The question startled me. I was timid and ignorant, and thought I must confess the truth when a noble lady demanded it. So I stammered out my thoughts—that until I saw her I had not deemed it possible for any one to be so lovely.

"You must be given to flattery in this part of the world," she said, with a conscious blush and a laugh of triumph. "Another, here, has avowed the same to me, and I advised *him* not to come to the castle too often if there were a danger that I should turn his head."

Who was that other? A painful conviction shot over me that it was Mr. Archer.

She seemed quite a creature of impulse, indulged and wilful. Before she had sat twenty minutes, she pushed the drawings together, said it was stupid, and we would go on with it another day. So the little girl came back to me.

It was five o'clock, and I was putting on my bonnet to leave, when Lady Georgina came into the room again in full dress. They were going out to dinner. An India muslin frock, with blue floss trimming, a blue band round her slender waist, with a pearl buckle, pearl side-combs in her hair, a pearl necklace, and long white gloves.

"Nelly," she said to her sister, "I want you to give a message to the boys." And she bent down, and whispered the child.

"William or Harry?" asked the little girl, aloud.

"Oh, Harry," replied Lady Georgina. "William would not trouble himself to remember."

She left the room again. What the purport of her whisper was I of course never knew. Mademoiselle Berri, the Swiss governess, was with us then, writing, and when Lady Ellen ran to the window and got upon a chair to lean out of it, she quitted the table, pulled the child back, and said something very fast in French, to which the child replied equally fast. I could not understand their language, but it seemed to me they were disputing.

"Miss Halliwell will hold me, then," said the little girl, in English, "for I *will* look. I want to see Georgy get into the carriage. Please hold me by my frock, Miss Halliwell."

I laid hold of the child by the gathers of her buff gingham dress, and the governess began to talk to me. I laughed, and shook my head.

"What does Mademoiselle say?" I asked of Lady Ellen.

"Oh, it's about a little girl she knew falling out of a window and breaking her *reins*. It is all a *conte*, you know; she says it to frighten me. What do you call *reins* in English? There's Georgy: she's got on mamma's Indian shawl."

I bent forward over the head of the child. The bright curls of Lady Georgina were just flitting into the carriage, and something yellow gleamed from her shoulders. It was the Indian shawl. The earl stepped

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in after her, and following him, in his black evening suit and white cravat, went MY betrothed husband, George Archer. My heart stood still.

"I wish dear mamma was well enough to go out again," sighed the little girl. "Georgy has all the visiting now."

She remained looking after the carriage, and I with her. We saw it sweep round to gain the broad drive of the park. Lord Seaford was seated by the side of his daughter, and *he* opposite to her.

II.

AUTUMN and winter passed away, and it became very close to the anniversary of the period when Mr. Archer first came as curate. There was no outward change in our position: to those around, the Reverend George Archer was still the engaged lover of Miss Halliwell. But a change *had* come, and we both knew it.

It seemed that a barrier had been gradually, almost imperceptibly, growing up between us. He was cold and absent in manner, when with me, and his visits to our house were not now frequent. He appeared to be rising above his position, leaving me far beneath. Mr. Coomes had latterly been ailing: it was rarely that he could accept the dinner or evening invitations sent to him, and since the earl's return to Seaford there had been much visiting going on. So the county gentlemen would say, "Then you will come and say grace for us, Mr. Archer," and he always went. It would sometimes happen, when they were going a distance, as on the above day, that Lord Seaford invited him to a seat in his carriage: and he was often, now, a guest at the castle. I have said he was a handsome man: he was more; he was well-informed, elegant and refined: as a clergyman, he was regarded as, in some degree, an equal, by the society so much above him, and he was courted and caressed from many sides. Thus it was that he acquired a false estimation of his own position, and ambitious pride obtained rule in his heart. But not for all this was he neglecting me. No, no: there was another and a deeper cause.

Easter was later this spring than the last, and, on its turn, the Seafords were to depart for town. My duties at the castle would conclude on the Thursday in Passion week; and, I may mention, that over and above the remuneration paid me, which was handsome, her ladyship the countess pressed upon me a bracelet of enamel, which my mother said must have cost six or seven pounds. I have it still: but it is not fashioned like those that are worn now.

Thursday came, the last day of my attendance; and after our early dinner I set off to walk to the castle. A rumour was afloat that afternoon—one had been to our house and said it—that Mr. Archer had thrown up his curacy. His year had been out three weeks, but he had then agreed to remain on, waiting for something better, at a stipend of 100*l.* a year. It was impossible for Mr. Coomes now, in his failing health, to do the duty unassisted. I had been looking forward, with eager hope, to the departure of the Seafords, thinking that perhaps our old loving, confidential days might return: and now this rumour! It

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seemed as if there was to be no hope for me in this cruel world, and I sat down to the lessons of little Ellen Seaford, like one in a troubled maze. Before they were over, Mademoiselle Berri came in, and told the child to go to her mamma: some visitors were there, who wished to see her.

"You will stay to take de thé wid me dis afternoon," said Mademoiselle, who had now made progress in English.

"No, thank you," I answered. "My head aches, and I want to get home."

"You cannot go till madame la comtesse has seen you: she did say so. Ah mon Dieu, but it is triste in dis campagne! I have de headache too, wid it. I shall have de glad heart next week to quit it."

"You have always found it dull, mademoiselle."

"As if anybody was capable to find it anyting else! Except it is de Lady Georgina. And perhaps de earl, wid his steward, and his shooting, and his af-fairs. But, for de Lady Georgina, she does keep herself alive wid flirting: as she would anywhere. She is de regular flirt."

"But then she is so very beautiful."

"Eh bien, oui, if she would dress like one Christian. But de English don't know how; wid deir bare necks, and deir curled hair. There is no race in de world who ought to put on clothes, Miss Halliwell, but de French women."

"Lady Georgina always looks well," I sighed. Was it a sigh of jealousy?

"For de fashions here, she do," answered Mademoiselle, shrugging her shoulders at the "fashions here." "But she has got de vanity! And not no mercy. She has turned de head of dat poor young minister, and——"

A great spasm took my throat. "Do you mean Mr. Archer?" I interrupted.

"To be sure. One can see dat his heart is breaking for her. And she leads him on—leads him on. I do tink she loves him a little bit—but I only whisper dis to you, my dear, for de earl and de comtesse would give me chivy if dey heard me. But when she has amused herself to her fancy, she will just laugh at him, and marry. It is her fiancé dat is de handsome man."

My heart leaped into my mouth. "Is Lady Georgina Seaford engaged?" I burst forth.

"You do seem surprised," cried the French woman. "She is to have Mr. Caudour. He is my Lord Caudour's eldest son, and is now abroad wid some of de embassies. Dat is why he has never been here. He is some years older dan she, but it is de good *parti* for her, and they will be married this summer."

Mademoiselle talked on, and thought I listened, but I heard no more. A weight was taken from my heart. And yet, with what reason? For to couple a lowly curate with the Lady Georgina Seaford, was ridiculously absurd. I had to wait to see the countess—it was that evening she gave me the bracelet—and it was near six when I left the castle.

The evening is in my memory now. It was still and balmy, and the sun was drawing towards its setting. I took the slanting cut through the

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park, it was the shortest way, and as I hastened along the narrow path, over which the trees hang thickly, I came face to face with Mr. Archer. He was going there to dinner: I saw it by his dress. He shook hands, in a constrained manner, and then there was a silence between us, as there often had been of late. Some power—it was surely not my own—nerved me to speak.

"I wanted to see you: I am glad we have met. We heard this afternoon that you had given up your curacy. Is it true?"

"Yes," he answered, breaking off a switch from one of the trees, and beginning to strip it, with his face turned from me.

"Then have you heard of another?"

"I have accepted what may lead to something better than a curacy," he said, tearing away at the stick. "The post of resident tutor to the young Seafords."

Was it a spasm now that fell on my heart? Ay, one of ice. "Then you leave here—you go with them?" I faltered.

"When they leave next week, I shall have to accompany them. We must temporarily part, Hester."

"Temporarily!" Calm as is my general nature, there are moments in my life when it has been goaded to vehemence: it was so then. "Let us not part to-night without an explanation, Mr. Archer," I poured forth. "Is it me you love, or is it Lady Georgina Seaford?"

The red light from the setting sun was upon us, for, in talking, we had moved restlessly to the opening in the trees, and the landscape lay full around, but the warm colour did not equal the glow upon his face. I *saw* he loved her: far more passionately than he had ever loved me. He stood in hesitation, like a guilty coward, as if no words would arise at his bidding.

"I give you back your freedom," I uttered. "I see we can no longer be anything to each other. I wish, from my heart, we never had been."

"Hester," he exclaimed, suddenly turning, and taking both my hands, "you are well quit of me. A man with the unstable heart that mine has proved, could never bring you happiness. Curse my memory, in future, as you will: I well deserve it."

"But what do you promise yourself, to have become enthralled with *her*, so immeasurably above you?" was wrung from me, in my emotion.

"I promise myself nothing. I only know that I can live but in her presence, that she is to me in the light of an angel from heaven. God forgive my infatuation!"

"You need forgiveness. To indulge a passion for one who will soon be the wife of another."

"Of whom?" he fiercely asked. The glow on his face had faded, and his lips were so strained that the teeth were seen—he who never showed them.

"She is to marry Lord Caudour's son."

"Ah, that's nothing, if you mean him," he answered, drawing his breath again. "She has told me she dislikes him. And though her father desires the match, he will not force her inclinations."

"Then you wish your freedom back from me?" And my lips, as I asked it, were as white as his own. I could feel they were.

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"Pardon my fickleness, Hester! I *cannot* marry you, loving another."

"Then I give it you," I said, in a sort of wild desperation. "May the wife you choose never cause you to regret me."

"Thanks from me would be like a mockery," he whispered; "I can only hope that you will find your reward. Let us shake hands, Hester, for the last time."

I held out my right hand. And he took it in his, and bent down his forehead upon it, and kept it there. I saw his lips move. I do believe he was praying for my welfare. *He* pray!

We walked away in opposite directions: soon, I stopped and looked after him. He was striding on. He never turned; and as he approached the bend in the path, which would hide him from my sight, he flung the little switch away, with a sharp, determined gesture. Like he had just flung away my love. Oh the misery that overwhelmed me! the fearful blank that had fallen on me! I cast myself down on the grass, where no eye could see me, and sobbed aloud in my storm of despair. That a sober old woman of fifty should have to confess to anything so unseemly!

I did not heed how long I lay. When I got up, the sun had set, it was dusk, and, as I walked forward, I staggered like one in drink. As I passed the rectory, a sudden idea came over me, and I went in. Mr. Coomes was drinking his tea, by firelight.

"Why, my dear," he said, "is it you?"

I sat down with my back to the fire: I did not care that he should see my face, even by that faint light. And I told him what I came for —to beg that he would take my brother as his curate.

"My dear, it is true that Mr. Archer is going to leave me; but who told you of it?"

"He told me so himself."

"He is a changeable fellow, then! He said he did not wish it immediately known, and requested me not to speak of it. I have been thinking of your brother."

"Oh, Mr. Coomes," I said, "you know it was through me he was driven away from here to give place to Mr. Archer. Since his illness, that thought has rested, like a weight, on my conscience. He has been ill again this winter, the bleak air there tries him. If you would but receive him as curate now!"

"We will see about it," said Mr. Coomes. And I rose to go.

"Hester," he whispered, in a kind voice, as he followed me to the door, "how is it between you and George Archer? Serene?"

"That is over," I said, striving indifferently. "We have bid each other adieu for ever."

"If I did not think this! He is losing himself like an idiot. God's peace be with you, my child!"

III.

It all came out to the Earl of Seaford. We heard of it when they came down to the castle in autumn. But there was a fresh tutor then, and the Lady Georgina was not with them, she was just married to the

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Honourable Mr. Caudour. One day, in London, Lord Sale overheard a conversation between his sister and Mr. Archer, and had joked her about it before his father. The earl snapped at the matter, and Mr. Archer was so infatuated as to confess to him that he *loved* the Lady Georgina. The earl poohed him down contemptuously, paid him what was due, and civilly dismissed him from the house that same hour. He saw the Lady Georgina before he left, and she treated it lightly: said she could not help him, that it was no fault of hers, but she should ever retain a pleasant reminiscence of his flattering sentiments towards her. "You should have seen his poor wan face, Miss Halliwell, when he left de house," whispered Mademoiselle to me, confidentially. "I was coming in from a walk wid de littel girl, and met him in de hall: he held out his hand to me to say good-by, and I looked up at his face—it was one *tableau* of miserie. And de Lady Georgina, she went, all gay, to a *soirée* at de Duchess of Gloucester's dat same evening, and I do not tink she did care one pin for de killed heart of dat poor young clergyman."

So my brother became curate of Seaford, and, in time, our mother died, and I grew into an old maid. And never more at Seaford did news come to us of the Reverend George Archer.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

A SONG FROM THE DANISH.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

SEE, how the Old Year sinks, oppressed with days
Beneath Eternity's vast, viewless wave!
A farewell greeting, brethren, let us raise
To it, before it drops into the grave!

Already Janus wields his power to bring
Another from the ample stores of Time;
A welcome to the coming year we'll sing,
While the weird midnight hour its far bells chime.

Soon shall the Horæ* ope the gates of light,
To usher in the dawn of the New Year,
While from their bowers of bliss and radiance bright
They smile upon the home of Freedom here.

The tree of sorrow other fruit may bear
Than wrinkles or repining—it may give
Peace in the end—so then, away with care,
And let Hope gild our pathway while we live!

Come, brethren, come! the cheering goblet fill!
First let us drink to all whom we hold dear—
Then, amidst mirth and social joy we will
A brimming bumper quaff—*to the New Year!*

* Three sisters, daughters of Jupiter and Themis, who presided over spring, summer, and winter, and were represented as opening the gates of Heaven and Olympus.

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New-Book Notes by Monkshood.

LEWES'S LIFE AND WORKS OF GOETHE.*

THIS long-expected work, the result of ten years' preparation, will not (for what would?) satisfy the demands of thorough-going Goethe worshippers. Almost before it was begun, Madame Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli condemned it peremptorily, unseen, unheard; and now that it is finished, transcendentalists male and female, and symbolists of indefinite sex and sect, will scout it as no life of their All-sided One, and will pity the blindness that cannot see what they see in the heart of a milestone, cannot grasp and handle and weigh what to them is palpable and ponderable in the mystery of moonbeams. For Mr. Lewes is one who looks before he leaps, especially in the dark; and declines to affect raptures over what to him is unintelligible, or to praise up to the skies what he knows to be worthless. Honestly he guards himself, in the personal portraiture of his great subject-object, against any temptation to gloss over faults, or to conceal short-comings; he assures us that he reproduces all that testimony warrants—good and evil, as in the mingled yarn of life. Honestly he confesses, in the course of his often elaborate analyses and critical comments on Goethe's poetry and prose, his inability, wherever he is conscious of it, to admire, and applaud, and discover what longer-sighted second-sight seers, esoteric and extravagant exceedingly, pronounce full of beauty and over-full of meaning. Thus, while German critics are in ecstasies with the "wit and irony" of that unreadable extravaganza, the "Triumph of Sensibility" (1778), "I confess myself at a loss," quoth Mr. Lewes, "to conceive clearly what they mean." He allows that the "Tour in Italy" is a "disappointing book." In reviewing Goethe's "Doctrine of Colours," he candidly "shows up" the author's doctrinal fallacy, as well as his "astounding" irritability and "polemical bad taste." He criticises the "slow languid movement" of "Egmont," the "triviality of the machinery" in "Wilhelm Meister," the preposterous *perversion* of "Romeo and Juliet," the defective style of the "Elective Affinities," the inequalities and weaknesses of "Meister's Years of Travel" (a work "feeble, and careless even to impertinence," with its incongruous little stories, "for the most part tiresome and sometimes trivial," &c.), and the hopeless obscurity of the second part of "Faust." Of the "Natural Daughter," he frankly and significantly says: "I confess not to have read this work, although I have twice commenced it." And of the "Great Copt:" "One is really distressed to find such productions among the writings of so great a genius, and exasperated

* The Life and Works of Goethe: with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries, from Published and Unpublished Sources. By G. H. Lewes. Two Vols. London: Nutt. 1855.

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to find critics lavish in their praise of a work which their supersubtle ingenuity cannot rescue from universal neglect."*

On the other hand, no moderate, no even fervent admirer and student of Goethe, can reasonably complain that his present biographer has not thrown his whole soul and spirit into the task of proving him one of the greatest among the very great, and (harder labour, but real labour of love) one of the best among the truly good. Mr. Lewes defends him with warmth of feeling, as well as dexterity of fence, against the stereotyped charges of coldness, selfishness, "moral laxity," irreligion, and political apathy. He contends, handing in evidence to argue from, that Goethe's was a nature "exquisite in far-thoughted tenderness," most "true and human in its sympathies with suffering," and eager to "alleviate suffering by sacrifices rarely made to friends, much less to strangers."† It is, indeed, his pervading design to convince the world of the truth of Jung Stilling's assertion, that Goethe's heart, which was known to few, was as great as his intellect, which was known to all.

To investigate the justice and success of the biographer's apologetics, whether on the question of his author's egoism, or want of patriotism, or immoral tendency, or artistic views of life, or petty spirit of courtiership,—would require space wholly out of proportion to our present object, that of advertising and giving some rough notes of a book prominently note-worthy among the books of the day. It is divided into seven sections, each devoted to some group of cognate events, or the illustration of some one phase of life and character, in the poet's life-history. The first book, having for its motto "The Child is Father to the Man," relates his boyish experiences, with ample notice of his family, his native town, the precocity he unquestionably showed, the impressions produced upon his mind by the earthquake at Lisbon, the occupation of Frankfurt by the French, the French theatre, &c., and leaving him in his sixteenth year, shortly after the *exposé* of his quasi-intrigue with Gretchen, which his Autobiography dwells on with circumstantial candour. The second book is occupied with his student days, and exhibits him in collegiate life at Leipsic, absorbed now in jurisprudence, now in eccentric dandyism, now in pranks of the "cider-cellar" sort, now in the fresh charms of more decent society, and sometimes in the zestful despatch of certain first-rate fritters, "hot from the pan precisely at the hour of lecture," and therefore leaving the lecturer a poor chance, unless of empty benches. It narrates, too, his trip to Dresden, and neglect of law and logic for art, his illness, and unsettled religious state, his return home and disagreement with his ungenial sire—his freshmanship in the University of Strasburg,

* See *Lewes*, vol. i. pp. 391-2, 396-7; ii. pp. 53, 66, 119 sqq., 163, 206, 254 sqq., 272, 379 sq., 411, 423.

† "Strangers"—à propos of Goethe's singular pensioner, Kraft. See the story at large, in *Lewes*, vol. i. pp. 398-408.

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where he studies the fine arts and mystical metaphysics, learns dancing and gets into a scrape with his dancing-master's daughter, becomes acquainted with Stilling and Herder, makes love to Frederika, and, having won her, makes off, glides away, evanishes, like a guilty thing surprised. Book the third is concerned with the *Sturm und Drang*, storm and stress, period—that period of some four years (1771 to 1775) in Goethe's history which is characterised by the preparation, and culminates in the production, of "Werther." To this section belong also "Clavigo" and "Götz von Berlichingen." One chapter sets forth the author in the aspect of "literary lion"—another his affection for Lili—a third gives a valuable bird's-eye view of German literature previous to Goethe's rise, no mere bibliographical analysis or catalogue résumé, but a survey distinguished by philosophical investigation and a spirit of critical sagacity, ably and adroitly employed. Book the fourth takes up the four years next ensuing, from 1775 to 1779, which is defined the "genialisch period in Weimar"—meaning the period when every extravagance was excused on the plea of *genius*. A capital picture is given of Weimar in the eighteenth century—the park with its sunny walks, and winding shades, and magnificent avenue of chesnut-trees, stretching for two miles to the summer palace of Belvedere—the quiet, simple streets, with their stone-coloured, light-brown, and apple-green houses—the rough and homely manners and habits then and there in vogue—the people, a slow, heavy, ungraceful, ignorant, but good-natured, happy, honest race, feeding on black bread and sausages; the nobility, poor and pompous; and then the notabilities of the place, including the Dowager-Duchess Amalia, capricious and frivolous, but *spirituelle* and even (in spite of Schiller) strong-minded—quite capable of managing her kingdom, but defiant of the proprieties and dignities of state;* her maid of honour (nicknamed Thusnelda), the "merry and malicious little humpbacked Göchhausen," who figured in "wit combats" with the duke, and corresponded by the ream with clever people far and wide; that "jovial, careless epicurean," Einsiedel, *l'ami κατ' ἐξοχην*—court-chamberlain, privileged madcap, and licensed featherbrain in ordinary; the gay poet of good society, Wieland; Musæus, great in folk-lore and gardening, "who might be seen daily crossing the quiet streets with a cup of coffee in one hand, his garden tools in the other, trudging along to his loved *Erholung*;" the musical Seckendorf; the financial Bertuch, who had to give up, however reluctantly, his *Gartenhaus* to Goethe; Bode, who translated "Don Quixote," and selections from Smollett;—and

* "According to Wieland, she lived sometimes in 'student' fashion, especially at Belvedere, where student-songs, not always the most decorous, rang joyously through the moonlit gardens. Driving once with seven friends in a hay-cart from Tiefurt, and overtaken by a storm, she made no more ado, but drew over her light clothing Wieland's great-coat, and in *that* costume drove on."—*Lewes*, i. 331.

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lastly, the reigning duke and duchess—he, Karl August, active, sensuous, witty, but coarse in his wit, clever, but wanting in tact, sound and keen in his judgment, "offending by his roughness and wilfulness, but never estranging his friends," and, "with all his errors, a genuine and admirable character" on the whole—she, Luise, "so grand a creature that we can afford to add that she was of a cold temperament, somewhat rigid in her enforcement of etiquette (in this so unlike the dowager), and wore to the last the old costume which had been the fashion in her youth; apt in the early years of her marriage to be a little querulous with her husband, but showing throughout their lives a real and noble friendship for him." The fifth book carries us on from 1779 to 1793, and traces the official career of Goethe in Karl August's little court, his journey to Italy, and his campaign in France; separate chapters of great interest being engrossed by criticisms of the masterpieces he produced during this interval—"Iphigenia," "Egmont," "Tasso," &c.—while one of more than average length, ability, and information, discusses the poet's position and pretensions as man of science. Book the sixth is mainly illustrative of his friendship with Schiller, but also comprises a spirited review of "Wilhelm Meister," a warmly appreciative analysis of "Hermann and Dorothea," an elaborate appraisal of "Faust" and its congeners of an earlier date, a fervent *éloge* of the lyrical poems, together with a shrewd estimate of Germany's "Romantic School," and a very complete notice of Goethe's practice and policy in his long-sustained character of theatrical manager. Book the seventh, and last, brings us from 1805 to 1832, the closing scene; and its chapters are severally devoted to the battle of Jena, Goethe's relations with Bettina and with the Emperor Napoleon, a review of the "Elective Affinities," and of the second parts of "Wilhelm Meister" and "Faust," the stand Goethe took in respect of politics and religion, the literary and scientific activity of his old age, and the quiet merging of old age into the stillness of death.

Mr. Lewes has skill and taste in enhancing the interest of his narrative, by surrounding it with associations and illustrations, picturesque and suggestive. Thus, in his mention of Goethe's birth-year, 1749, he fails not to remind us of synchronous events, which the most "intelligent reader" will gladly be reminded of. "In that month of August, Madame du Châtelet, the learned and pedantic *Uranie* of Voltaire, died in childbed, leaving him without a companion, and without a counseller to prevent his going to the court of Frederick the Great. In that year Rousseau was seen in the brilliant circle of Mad. d'Epinay, discussing with the Encyclopedists, declaiming eloquently on the sacredness of maternity, and going home to cast his new-born infant into the basket of the Foundling Hospital. In that year Samuel Johnson was toiling manfully over his English dictionary; Gibbon was at Westminster, trying with unsuccessful diligence to

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master the Greek and Latin rudiments; Goldsmith was delighting the Tony Lumpkins of his district, and the 'wandering bear-leaders of genteeler sort,' with his talents, and enjoying that 'careless idleness of fireside and easy-chair,' and that 'tavern excitement of the game of cards, to which he looked back so wistfully from his first hard London struggles.'* In that year Buffon, whose *scientific* greatness Goethe was one of the first to perceive, and whose influence has been so profound, produced the first volume of his *Histoire Naturelle*. In that year Mirabeau and Alfieri were tyrants in their nurseries, and Marat was an innocent boy of five, toddling about in the Val de Travers, untroubled by phantoms of 'les aristocrats.'"—In a like vein of incidental illustration, Mr. Lewes enlivens his pages with picturesque details of German court-life in the eighteenth century, and summary judgments on the Wielands, Herders, Lessings, Klopstocks, Lavaters, Schillers, Jacobis, Mercks, Schlegels, Kotzebues, &c., who were contemporary with the magnus Apollo, or Jupiter rather, of the Deutsch Olympus. There is a liberal interfusion of those minor "personalities," to which light readers of biography attach most importance; how Goethe looked,† how he

* Forster's Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith, p. 29.

† "Long before he was celebrated, he was likened to an Apollo; when he entered a restaurant the people laid down their knives and forks to stare at him. . . . The features were large and liberally cut, as in the fine sweeping lines of Greek Art. The brow lofty and massive, from beneath which shone large lustrous brown eyes of marvellous beauty, their pupils being of almost unexampled size; the slightly aquiline nose was large and finely cut; the mouth full, with a short arched upper lip, very expressive; the chin and jaw boldly proportioned, and the head resting on a fine muscular neck."—*Lewes*, i. 93.

Mr. Thackeray, in an interesting letter to the biographer, descriptive of his academical experiences of Weimar, five-and-twenty years ago, and particularly of his one interview with Goethe in 1831, thus limns the old man eloquent: "His complexion was very bright, clear, and rosy. His eyes extraordinarily dark, piercing, and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called *Melmoth the Wanderer*, which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago; eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and at an extreme old age retained those eyes in all their awful splendour. I fancied Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet."—*Ibid.* ii. 444.

Mr. Lewes strikingly compares Goethe's aspect with that of Schiller: "To look on these great rivals was to see at once their profound dissimilarity. Goethe's beautiful head had the calm victorious grandeur of the Greek ideal; Schiller's the earnest beauty of a Christian looking toward the Future. The massive brow, and large-pupil eyes,—like those given by Raphael to the infant Christ, in the matchless Madonna di San Sisto,—the strong and well proportioned features, lined indeed by thought and suffering, yet showing that thought and suffering have troubled, but not vanquished, the strong man,—a certain healthy vigour in the brown skin, and an indescribable something which shines from out the face, make Goethe a striking contrast to Schiller, with his eager eye, narrow brow,—tense and intense,—his irregular features lined by thought and suffering, and weakened by sickness. The one *looks*, the other *looks out*. Both are majestic; but one has the majesty of repose, the other of conflict. Goethe's frame is massive, imposing; he seems much taller than he is. Schiller's frame is disproportioned, he seems less than he is. Goethe holds himself stiffly

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dressed,* how he delighted much in bathing, more still in skating, not at all in cards,—*et cætera, ejusdem generis*. A sketch is provided of his daily routine; from which we learn that he rose at seven, sometimes earlier, after a sound and prolonged sleep;† worked uninterruptedly till eleven—the then interruption being a cup of chocolate,‡ on the strength of which he worked on again till one. "At two he dined. This meal was the important one of the day. His appetite was immense. Even on the days when he complained of not being hungry, he ate much more than most men. Puddings, sweets, and cakes were always welcome. He sat a long while over his wine, chatting gaily to some friend or other (for he never dined alone), or to one of the actors, whom he often had with him, after dinner, to read over their parts, and to take his instructions. He was fond of wine, and drank daily his two or three bottles."§ "No such thing as dessert was seen upon his table

erect; the long-necked Schiller 'walks like a camel.' Goethe's chest is like the torso of the Theseus; Schiller's is bent, and has lost a lung."—*Ibid.* ii. pp. 185-6.

* "Imagine Wolfgang, aged twelve, arrayed in shoes and silver buckles, fine woollen stockings, dark serge breeches, green coat with gold facings, a waistcoat of gold cloth, cut out of his father's bridegroom-waistcoat, his hair curled and powdered, his hat under his arm, and little sword with silk sabretash."—*Ibid.* i. 38.

As a student at Leipsic, "he had an ample wardrobe, but unhappily it was doubly provincial; it had been manufactured at home by one of his father's servants, and thus was not only in the Frankfurt style, but grotesquely made in that style." However, he soon "got rid of his absurd wardrobe at one fell swoop, without a murmur at the expense."—*Ibid.* pp. 55, 56.

In 1774 we have a glimpse of him, now "in braided coat, from head to foot in the gallantest costume,"—now again in "grey beaver coat, with boots, and a brown silk neckerchief."—*Ibid.* pp. 297, 298.

Next year he is seen in the costume of his own *Werther*, then the ideal of tenderness and romance—"blue coat and brass buttons, top-boots, and leather breeches, the whole surmounted by powder and pigtail."—*Ibid.* 341.

He startles father Gleim, in 1776, by entering "booted and spurred, in a short green shooting-jacket thrown open."—*Ibid.* 350. Evidently he had a soul for the æsthetics of dress, and thus far a soul *not* above buttons. When Cumberland's "West Indian" was got up at Weimar, Goethe played *Belcour*, and was "dressed in a white coat with silver lace, blue silk vest, and blue silk knee breeches, in which they say he looked superb."—*Ibid.* 376. When Thackeray saw him, in 1831, "he was habited in a long grey or drab redingot, with a white neckcloth and a red ribbon in his button-hole."—*Ibid.* 444.

But this sartorial foot-note is of "a length" as though it had for its maker that *very* vulgar fraction, the ninth part of a man. The more so, that it is piecemeal "cabbaged" from Mr. Lewes.

† "For, like Thorwaldsen, he had a 'talent for sleeping' only surpassed by his talent for continuous work."—*Lewes*, ii. 263.

‡ Against *coffee* Goethe waged an uncompromising war. He strove to make every one he liked and cared for take a pledge of total abstinence from the coffee-berry, as though 'twere the berry that hangs on the bough of a very Upas-tree.

§ To guard against possible (very possible) misconstruction, Mr. Lewes reminds us, not only that it was no unusual thing to be a "three bottle man" in those days in England, but that whereas in England the bottles contained port or Burgundy, "Goethe, a Rhinelander, accustomed from boyhood to wine, drank a wine which his English contemporaries would have called water. The amount

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in those days: not even the customary coffee after dinner. His mode of living was extremely simple; and even when persons of very modest circumstances burned wax, two poor tallow candles were all that could be seen in his rooms. In the evening he went often to the theatre, and there his customary glass of punch was brought at six o'clock. If not at the theatre, he received friends at home. Between eight and nine a frugal supper was laid, but he never took anything except a little salad or preserves. By ten o'clock he was usually in bed." And anon, anon, sir, to sleep—perchance to dream. And then (for he wrote "Faust") *such* dreams!

Mr. Lewes expatiates *con amore* on Goethe's contributions to Science.* He applies to him what Buffon says of Pliny, that he had *cette facilité de penser en grand qui multiplie la science*, while doughtily opposing the supposition that Goethe was a mere dabbler, playing with science as an artist. The artistic predilections of the man, meanwhile, are duly recorded. His interest in Art was fostered by earliest associations. Frankfurt was itself a picturesque city. His father had lived in Italy, and delighted in its beauties; the walls of his house were hung with architectural drawings and views of St. Peter's, the Coliseum, and other glories of Rome. Young Goethe was petted by several eminent painters, and became an *habitué* in their ateliers; he was fond, too, of frequenting picture sales and galleries, insomuch that "he could at once tell what historical or biblical subject was represented in every painting he saw." In riper years he was a recognised authority in Art, and was listened to with enthusiasm by some of its most illustrious representatives. But he was an Amateur only—the reiterated efforts he made to approve himself practically a master, being utterly and mortifyingly abortive. When at Rome, he learned perspective, drew from the model, and took prodigious but fruitless pains to succeed with

he drank never did more than exhilarate him; never made him unfit for work or for society."—*Lewes*, ii. 264.

* Goethe's two capital achievements in the departments of Anatomy and Botany are thus clearly indicated: "Place a flower in the hands of the cleverest man of your acquaintance, providing always he has not read modern works of science, and assure him that leaf, calyx, carolla, bud, pistil, and stamen, differing as they do in colour and form, are nevertheless all modified leaves; assure him that flower and fruit are but modifications of one typical form, which is the leaf; and if he has any confidence in your knowledge he may accept the statement, but assuredly it will seem to him a most incomprehensible paradox. Place him before a human skeleton, and, calling his attention to its manifold forms, assure him that every single bone is either part of a vertebra, or the appendage to a vertebra, and that the skull is a congeries of four vertebræ under various modifications; he will, as before, accept your statement, perhaps; but he will, as before, think it one of the refinements of transcendental speculation to be arrived at only by philosophers. Yet both of these astounding propositions are first principles in Morphology; and in the History of Science both of these propositions are to be traced to Goethe. Botanists and Anatomists have, of course, greatly modified the views he promulgated, and have substituted views nearer and nearer the truth, without yet being quite at one. But he gave the impulse to their efforts."—*Lewes*, ii. pp. 139-40.

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landscape; the artists complimented him on his eye for art, but the hand for it was, from first to last, found wanting. Not amateur excellence even was attained by his most strenuous strokes. Mr. Lewes shrewdly and suggestively remarks, on this fact: "To think of a Goethe thus obstinately cultivating a branch of Art for which he had no talent, makes us look with kinder appreciation on the spectacle so frequently presented of really able men obstinately devoting themselves to produce poetry which no cultivated mind can read; men whose culture and insight, considerable though they be, are insufficient to make them perceive in themselves the difference between aspiration and inspiration."

The question of Goethe's religious "views" was delicate ground for his present biographer to tread upon; but it is ground that could not be left untrod. The motive power in the machinery of his "dissolving views," or "phases of faith," began its work right early. As a child he was for ever listening, with both ears, to theological debates in the family circle, never ending still beginning. At seven, by his own account, he celebrated a symbolical species of worship by fire, by means of a pastille and burning glasses, alone in his bedroom. Early in his teens he was full of rationalistic objections to the Bible, and "posed" his tutors with queries about Joshua and the sun, and Jonah in the belly of the whale. At nineteen, however, we find him, though destitute of faith, yet "terrified at scepticism," and averse from the Deism then so fashionable and aggressive: "I loved the Bible," he says, "and valued it, for it was almost the only book to which I owed my moral culture." His thoughts appear, about this time, to have moulded themselves into a kind of Neoplatonic Christianity—a result to the development of which his intercourse with Fräulein von Klettenburg (the "Fair Saint" of the "Confessions") perhaps mainly contributed. Kestner writes of him in 1772: "He venerates the Christian religion, but not in the form in which it is presented by our theologians." A little later he is attracted to Lavater by a sympathy of religious sentiment, not creed; as for creed, he is latitudinarian enough—writing to one of Lavater's friends, in 1774, "With my whole soul I throw myself upon the neck of my brother: Moses, Prophet, Evangelist, Apostle, Spinoza, or Machiavelli," &c. Spinoza now influenced him greatly; but along with Spinozism he affected Moravianism, and is thought to have been very near joining the United Brethren about this time—a time of earnest inquiry in religious questions, and of struggle for light and knowledge as to the chief end of man. Such a time did not return; once lapsed, its hour and power were slurred over as things that had been, perhaps must be once, but at all events must not be again. As in the case of Schiller, Goethe was gradually but palpably sundered farther and farther from orthodoxy, and wove for himself "a system out of Spinoza, Kant, and the Grecian sages." In the various epochs of his long life, says his biographer, he expressed

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himself so variously that a pietist may claim him, or a Voltairian may claim him: both with equal show of justice.*

But if there were "diversities of operations" in his phases of faith, what shall we say of his infinitely "various readings" of the Art of Love,—of his arbitrary transmutation of *Amo* into an irregular verb, full of reckless anomalies throughout all its moods and tenses? Before he was fifteen, he was smitten with the charms of Gretchen, the sister of one of his raffish companions. An affair with the police broke up the connexion, and Master Wolfgang was cruelly and effectually snubbed by the way in which Miss Margaret spoke of him, in her deposition before the authorities: "I will not deny that I have often seen him, and seen him with pleasure, but I treated him as a child, and my affection for him was merely that of a sister." To be involved with the police at the age of fourteen was an unkind cut; but *this* was the unkindest cut of all. And the young gentleman felt it poignantly; got off his sleep, lost his appetite, and found that man delighted him not, nor woman neither—for a time. And he loved to have it so; for, "such pleasures did Melancholy give, that he with her would choose to live." He was enjoying his first sorrow: the luxury of melancholy, the romance of a forlorn existence, drove him into solitude. Like Bellerophon, he fed upon his own heart, away from the haunts of men,

Ὀν θυμον κατεδων, πατον ανθρωπων αλεεινων.

But that sort of food is not found nourishing, or even palatable, for long, and indeed the supply fails fast when the demand upon it is fierce. So Gretchen is forgotten in due course, and her boy-lover, now a fantastic student at Leipsic, is bewitched by Käthchen—or, in more respectful style, Anna Katharina (the Annette and Annchen of the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*), the charming daughter of Herr Schönkopf, as she hands round the wine at her father's *table d'hôte*. "Her portrait, still extant, is very pleasing. She was then [1766] nineteen, lively, and loving; how could she be insensible to the love of this glorious youth, in all the fervour of genius, and with all the attractions of beauty? They saw each other daily, not only at dinner but in the evenings, when he accompanied the piano of her brother by a feeble performance on the flute. They also got up private theatricals, in which Goethe and Käthchen played the lovers." Goethe subsequently wrote a play on the subject of this *liaison*, called "Die Laune des Verliebten"—his earliest surviving work; and, as the name suggests, it represents the old story of lovers' quarrels; his love-passages with Fräulein Schönkopf being, in fact, marked by caprices of temper and whims of fantasy on his part, which show him to no kind of advantage.

* "The secret of this contradiction lies in the fact that he had deep religious sentiments with complete scepticism on most religious doctrines."—*Lewes*, ii. 391. And cnf. vol. i. pp. 33, 41, 82-3, 91. 96, 148, 171, 274; ii. 190, 390-396.

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In this pastoral drama there is a line expressive of the delight he, confessedly, felt in teazing and trying his "beloved"—

Erringen will der Mensch; er will nicht sicher seyn.
(Man would subdue; yet would not feel secure.)

Mr. Lewes observes that, had Käthchen coquetted with "this somewhat fantastic youth," so "prone to indulge in the most frivolous pretexts for 'ingeniously tormenting,'"—had she kept him in the exquisite pain of suspense, indicated in the verse just cited, she would have been happier; but as he said in his little poem Der Wahre Genuss, "she is perfect, and her only fault is—that she loves me:"

Sie ist volkommen, und sie fehlet
Darin allein dass sie mich liebt.

His biographer shows how he teased her with trifles and idle suspicions; was jealous without cause, convinced without reason; plagued her with fantastic quarrels, till at last her endurance was exhausted, and her love was washed away in tears. "No sooner was he aware of this, than he repented, and tried to recover the jewel which like a prodigal he had cast away. In vain. He was in despair, and tried in dissipation to forget his grief." And dissipation, aided by poetry, seems to have answered the purpose—among the verses that were at once the outpouring and the solace of this oft-broken and oft-mended, too easily mended heart, the aforesaid pastoral occupying a forward place. Four years later we find him writing thus to Käthchen: "The most lovable heart is that which loves the most readily; but that which easily loves also easily forgets." It was his case, Mr. Lewes remarks; Goethe "could not live without some one to love, but his mobile nature soon dried the tears wrung from him by her loss." Preserve daughters and sisters of ours from too near contact with such mobile natures! Given a father or brother of spirit and feeling, and the most mobile of them could hardly be too mobile, in getting out of the way.

But *exit* Käthchen, and enter Charity Meixner, of Worms, in the summer of 1769. This was only a "slight love affair." Charity was a merchant's daughter, and loved the Frankfurt burgher's son not wisely but too well, considering his antecedents, which *we* know, whatever poor Charity (full, no doubt, of Faith, Hope, and herself) may have done. She learnt quite soon enough, be sure, what manner of spirit he was of. For, in the words of his biographer, "that heart, which 'so readily loves and so easily forgets,' wandered from Charity, as it wandered from others; and she buried his inconstancy in a 'copy of verses' and a rich husband." For it cannot be said (and no wonder) of *our* Charity, Ἡ Ἀγαπη οὐδεποτε ἐκπιπτει, although in all probability she deserved the preceding eulogy, Ἡ Ἀγαπη μακροθυμει, χρηστευεται, and even οὐ παροξυνεται.

Charity, then, having waxed cold, it is time for Goethe, now one-and-twenty, to look out for new conquests; like previous ones,

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of the *veni, vidi, vici* (and then, *exivi*) sort. Mr. Lewes puts us on the scent of flirtations by the mention of two love poems, written in 1770, in honour of a certain Dorilis and a certain Theresa. Of these fair uncertain certainties nothing is said in the Autobiography —but neither is there of Charity Meixner. Mr. Lewes observes, that in ordinary cases a biographer would accept such autobiographical silence, and decline to infer from the poems any foundation on fact—no one hereafter being likely to think of identifying, for instance, the Claribels, Isabels, and Madelines of our to-day's poetry, with young ladies whom our to-day's poets meet in society, and who lead captive their inconstant hearts. But "with Goethe it is otherwise. All his poems grow out of occasions: they are the flowers of which circumstance is the earth. Utterances of real feelings to real beings, they are unlike all coquettings with imaginary beauties. His poems are evidences. Unhappily, the bare *fact* is all we can discover." The unhappiness is quite bearable, notwithstanding. We can afford to be in the dark about Dorilis and Theresa, while dazzled by the "excessive bright" of the galaxy composed of Gretchens, Käthchens, Charities and Christines by the score.

To the same year belongs the affair with Lucinda, the French dancing-master's daughter, ending with that most melodramatic curse, designed to seal up for evermore, from kissing purposes, the lips that in a trice would be whispering sweet things, and imprinting sweeter still, on those of Frederika Brion.

Frederika—in whose behalf more sympathising interest has been excited, and more avenging cudgels have been taken up, by "manly Britons" and others, than for any second name in the long catalogue of Goethe's heart-conquests. Let us hear Mr. Lewes "address himself" to the question, the much-vext most-vexatious question, Why did not Goethe marry Frederika?

"It is a question often raised, and as often sophistically answered. He is by one party angrily condemned, and disingenuously absolved by another. But he himself acknowledged his fault. He himself never put forth any excuse. He does not hint at disparity of station, he does not say there were objections from his parents. He makes *no* excuse, but confesses the wrong, and blames himself without sophistication. Yet the excuses he would not suggest, partisans have been eager to suggest for him. They have sought far and wide in the gutters of scandal for materials of defence."

But although Goethe himself offers *no* excuse, and blames himself without sophistication, Mr. Lewes asks us in all seriousness whether the self-convicted genius was not, nevertheless, perfectly right to draw back from an engagement which he felt his love was not strong enough properly to fulfil? It may be answered, with the knowledge we possess of Goethe's antipathy to marriage, when did he ever, or indeed could he ever, form an engagement to which the same obstacle *ab intrà* would not apply? The love that he felt

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when he formed the engagement, appears somehow to have always been liable to strange reverses when the time was coming, and almost come, to fulfil it. Mr. Lewes, however, contends that he acted a more moral part in relinquishing Frederika, than if he had swamped this lesser in a greater wrong, and escaped the wrong of breach of faith by that still greater breach of faith—a reluctant, because unloving, marriage. "The thoughtlessness of youth," continues his apologist—whether Goethe would or could have accepted the apology is at least doubtful, but let him have the benefit of the doubt by its insertion—"the thoughtlessness of youth, and headlong impetus of passion, frequently throw people into rash engagements, and in those cases the *formal* morality of the world, more careful of externals than of truth, declares it to be nobler for such rash engagements to be kept, even when the rashness is felt by the engaged, than that a man's honour should be stained by a withdrawal. The letter thus takes precedence of the spirit. To satisfy this prejudice a life is sacrificed. A miserable marriage rescues the honour; and no one throws the burden of that misery upon the prejudice. I am not forgetting the necessity of being stringent against the common thoughtlessness of youth in forming such relations; but I say that this thoughtlessness once having occurred, reprobate it as you will, the pain which a separation may bring had better be endured, than evaded by an unholy marriage, which cannot come to good."

Mr. Lewes adds, "So far I think Goethe right;" and intimates that Frederika herself must have thought so too, for never did a word of blame escape her, and, eight years afterwards, when Goethe revisited Sesenheim (1779), he was welcomed by her, his quondam *Sophia Primrose*, in common with the rest of that "Vicar of Wakefield" family, "in the most friendly manner." The poet has described the réunion in a charming bit of narrative, written, however, with all the calm of any other retrospective review. "The second daughter loved me in those days better than I deserved, and more than others to whom I have given so much passion and faith. I was forced to leave her at a moment when it nearly cost her her life; she passed lightly over that episode to tell me what traces still remained of the old illness, and behaved with such exquisite delicacy and generosity from the moment that I stood before her unexpected on the threshold, that I felt quite relieved. I must do her the justice to say that she made not the slightest attempt to rekindle in my bosom the cinders of love. She led me into the arbour, and there we sat down. It was a lovely moonlight, and I inquired after every one and everything. Neighbours had spoken of me not a week ago. I found old songs which I had composed, and a carriage I had painted. We recalled many a pastime of those happy days, and I found myself as vividly conscious of all, as if I had been away only six months." This account was written to be sent to the woman who was to Goethe now, in 1779, what Frederika had been in 1771. There is a complacent egoism about it that

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will revolt some minds—an intenser form only of the egoistic spirit which, in truth, repels them from Goethe, whom it seems to pervade and inform throughout. If Mr. Thackeray pleased, he could make Goethe's treatment of Frederika a most pregnant text for one of his most pungent homilies on Woman's unselfishness, and Man's graceless assumption of it as his due, a male perquisite, a guaranteed preference share, an absolute thing of course.

In that moonlight arbour scene, eight long years (long to her, short enough perhaps to Goethe) after the rudely broken troth, Frederika shows, as indeed everywhere, Mr. Lewes cordially owns, "a sweet and noble nature, worthy of a happier fate. Her whole life was one of sweet self-sacrifice. Lens had fallen in love with her; others offered to marry her, but she refused all offers. 'The heart that has once loved Goethe,' she exclaimed, 'can belong to no one else.'"

Nor does Goethe's present biographer think that his love for Frederika was only a passing fancy, such as so often moves the feelings of youth without ever deepening into serious thoughts of marriage. Mr. Lewes rejects, too, as mere assumption, the excuse that "marriage would have crippled his genius," and, in a passage worth quoting for its eloquence and feeling, maintains, to the contrary, that had Goethe loved her enough to share a life with her, though his experience of women might have been less extensive, it would assuredly have gained an element it wanted—it would have been deepened. "He had experienced, and he could paint (no one better), the exquisite devotion of woman to man; but he had scarcely ever felt the peculiar tenderness of man for woman, when that tenderness takes the form of vigilant protecting fondness. He knew little, and that not until late in life, of the subtle interweaving of habit with affection, which makes life saturated with love, and love itself become dignified through the serious aims of life. He knew little of the exquisite *companionship* of two souls striving in emulous spirit of loving rivalry to become better, to become wiser, teaching each other to soar. He knew little of this; and the kiss, Frederika! he feared to press upon thy loving lips—the life of sympathy he refused to share with thee—are wanting to the greatness of his works."

But we must hasten on, if we would see how this great artist soul, devoutly studious of womankind's attractions and of his own peace of mind,

> —— from Beauty passed to Beauty,
> Constant to a constant change.

Frederika therefore retires, and her place is filled by Charlotte Buff, or Lottchen, a "serene, calm, joyous, open-hearted German maiden, an excellent housewife, and a priceless manager," now (1772) in her sixteenth year, and betrothed to Kestner, to whom she was married soon after; a worthy couple, who were sufficiently scandalised by being reproduced, with a difference, in the pages of

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"Werther," as the Charlotte and Albert of that (literally) die-away tale. The same year, Goethe is captivated by Maximiliane Laroche, the future mother of Bettina: "they seemed to have looked into each other's eyes, flirted and sentimentalised, as if no Lotte had been left in Wetzlar." Nay, more; Maximiliane marries Brentano, and Goethe frequents the house, and seems to have urged on the flirting and sentimentalising, as if no Brentano were extant in his own, the said Brentano's house in Frankfurt. That house smells somewhat of oil and cheese, and its master, a middle-aged "merchant"—a widower, too, with five ready-made children—is disposed to be bearish to his young wife: accordingly the house-haunter extraordinary, their fellow-townsman Goethe, who is "beloved" and welcomed by M. Brentano ("quoique assez jaloux pour un Italien"), is a great acquisition to *madame*, and, in Merck's version of the story, "il a la petite Madame Brentano à consoler sur l'odeur de l'huile, du fromage, et des manières de son mari." (What the malicious Merck means by *l'odeur* of the *mari*'s *manières* is not quite clear; but his drift is even too much so.) Passing from this too unctuous, cheesy German atmosphere,—and passing over our versatile gallant's "homage" to Anna Sybilla Münch, whom he seems to have only "admired" in a dispassionate, or unimpassioned sort of way—we come to "Lili," the woman whom, he assured Eckermann, he loved beyond any other. "Lili" was Anna Elizabeth Schönemann, the daughter of a great banker in Frankfurt; at this time (1774) a child of sixteen, who, as Mr. Lewes pretty clearly proves, in spite of Goethe's senile assurances to Eckermann, though she managed, in all the merciless grace of maidenhood, proudly conscious of her power, to ensnare his roving heart through the lures of passionate desire, never really touched his soul. In 1775 he is settled at Weimar; and here his opening career is "perplexed with love affairs." Many charmers are named, amongst whom the biographer mentions Fräulein von Kalb, Corona Schröter (the actress), and Kotzebue's sister, Amalia; but these seem to have been but flirtations, while the *tendresse* for the Baroness von Stein (a relation of that magnanimous baron who parted with his wife, for a consideration, to Warren Hastings) was "no transitory flash, but a fire which burnt for ten years, and thereby is distinguished from all previous attachments." The baroness was gay, coquettish, experienced, and thirty-three. Hitherto Goethe had taken to girls in their teens; this time he was taken by a full-blown woman, full of tact and knowledge of life. We are presented with excerpts from his letters to her, and very rapturous and uninteresting they are. Not quite so rapturous, but more interesting, is the serious petition one of them presses on his beloved to "send him a sausage." In 1787 his passion for Charlotte von Stein has had time to cool down, and we see him caught by a young Milanese: "with the rashness of a boy he falls in love, and then learns that his mistress is already betrothed." Next year, 1788,

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he is united in all but marriage to Christiane Vulpius—and eighteen years later actually makes up his mind, and marries her outright—the story of the huddled-up nuptial ceremony, during the hurry and riot of French invasion, being a favourite jest with those who love any jest in general for the sake of a laugh, and this one in particular for the sake of a laugh at Goethe. Alas, these eighteen years are no theme for laughter, nor is their sequel a jest.

At the first, Christiane was a fresh, young, bright-looking girl, with "golden-brown locks, laughing eyes, ruddy cheeks, kiss-provoking lips, small and gracefully rounded figure"—endowed, too, with quick "mother-wit, a lively spirit, a loving heart, and great aptitude for domestic duties." Goethe certainly appears to have been completely fascinated by her: "there are few poems in any language which approach the passionate gratitude of those in which he recals the happiness she gave him." Before he married her, however, Christiane had put an end to her beauty, whatever that may have originally been, by habits of intoxication, which had been the ruin of her father. Mr. Lewes throws no light—except conjectural and psychological—on the cause of the delay in this marriage ceremony; but he corrects the error which dates it "during the cannonade" of the battle of Jena, the actual date being the 19th of October, five days after that battle.

Not even with this very mature wedding terminates the list of the elderly bridegroom's *tendresses*. In 1809 he is perilously captivated by a school-girl, Minna Herzlieb, an adopted child in the family of Frommann, the Jena bookseller, and the original of *Ottilie* in the "Elective Affinities." And in 1825 (nine years after his wife's death), Goethe, aged seventy-six, meets at Marienbad with a Fräulein von Lewezon, for whom he conceives a vehement passion, and whom he is only withheld from marrying by the remonstrances of friends, "and perhaps the fear of ridicule." All these love-phases go to prove a too close resemblance between Goethe himself and his own *Wilhelm Meister*, who, as Mr. Lewes describes him, passes (with a sad lack of persistency in his emotions) from love of the passionate Mariana to an inclination for the coquettish Philina; from Philina to the Countess, whom he immediately forgets for the Amazon; and when about to marry Theresa, he relinquishes her as soon as he is accepted, and offers himself to Natalie. Like hero, like author. And what though "souls feminine" unite "as one man" to cry shame on Goethe's choppings and changings?

> That was wrong, perhaps—but then
> Such things be—and will, again.
> Women cannot judge for men.*

But they can judge *of* men, or at any rate they do; and of Goethe, sharply enough. Nor in his case does their mercy rejoice against judgment, but is as good as ordered out of court.

* "Bertha in the Lane."

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THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

A WAR of exceeding severity, marked by the most energetic perseverance on the one hand, and an equally stubborn resistance on the other, by immense losses from sickness and exposure, as well as from the usual casualties in the field, appears at length about to be terminated by a compromise.

The propositions emanating from Austria, which have to a certain extent been adopted by the Allied Powers, are well calculated to meet the exigencies of those who hold that to arrive at a peaceful solution of the question nothing must be done to humiliate Russia. In the propositions submitted to that power by Count Esterhazy it can be truly said, that although certain special conditions were held in reserve, little appears on the surface that could in any way militate against the most sensitive nationality;—nothing, indeed, when we consider the system of aggression so long and so successfully carried on against neighbouring petty states, and which it became the duty of the great contracting powers to repel as far as possible.

The complete abolition of the Russian protectorate over the Danubian Principalities will indeed be a great point, and the reorganisation of those states will do more towards insuring permanent peace than even the occupation of the Crimea; but there is nothing in such a concession that militates either against the honour, or against the true interests of the Russian Empire.

The freedom of the Danube is essentially a European question. No power but Russia, who has never hesitated to put her foot upon the neck of any other neighbouring state, would have ventured upon so selfish and unprincipled an act as to close up the mouth of the main artery of Central Europe. Russia can lose nothing, she can only gain in the opinion of the civilised world by ceding such an invidious position. But for the Allies to make all the strong places and territories occupied by their armies a matter of exchange for a rectification of the frontier on the Danube, is, in reality, to cast all that has been done by France, England, Sardinia, and Turkey into the scale for the benefit of Austria.

That the Black Sea should be open to merchant vessels and closed to war navies presents nothing that could possibly be objectionable to any of the belligerent powers. But that no naval or military arsenals shall be created or maintained there, appeared to many a stumbling-block to all pacific arrangements. Would so ambitious and especially warlike and aggressive a power as Russia give up the holding of all naval or military arsenals on the Black Sea? How would France like to disarm on the coast of

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the Mediterranean, or England in the Channel, at the bidding of a hostile power? But if the proposition is viewed as it has been accepted, purely and simply, it will be found to comprise only arsenals in the Black Sea, and that it does not therefore include the great naval and military arsenals on the Bug, on the Dnieper, in the Sea of Azof, or in the Straits of Kertch: such do not come within the category of the proposed interdiction. Again, there is no mention of forts or fortresses, and it is therefore to be presumed that Yeni-Kalah, Kaffa, Kinburn, Otchakof, Odessa, Akerman, Anapa, Phanagoria, &c., &c., are to remain as they were. There is not even any provision against the permanence of the fortifications of Sebastopol; it is only stipulated that it shall not be a naval or military arsenal. The fortress of Chotym is also to remain in the hands of Russia, who will always threaten from it the mouths of the Danube and the Principalities. The proposition might then be readily accepted by Russia, as in no way infringing upon her honour. She remains, in reference to the points involved in that guarantee, just as she stood before the war, with the exception of the nominal abandonment of Sebastopol as a naval and military arsenal.

The preservation of the immunities of the Christian subjects of the Porte—the propositions say "Rayah subjects," but Rayah, like the Indian Ryot, is a term expressive of a race too despised to be held worthy of being subjects—implies nothing that can be possibly injurious either to the interests or the honour of the Russian Czar. On the contrary, if Russia could only for a moment sink her ambition, love of conquest, and aspirations of aggrandisement into a real desire for the welfare of the Christians of the East, she would feel that she could not do better than associate herself with Austria, France, Great Britain, and the Sublime Porte, in assuring to these persecuted races their religious and political rights.

But there still remained a paragraph which might mean little or nothing, or might, on the contrary, be made to comprise stipulations that would be fatal to the happy conclusion of the negotiations. It was to the effect that the belligerent powers reserved to themselves the right of producing in a European interest special conditions over and above the four guarantees. It is evident that till these special conditions were known it was impossible to form a correct idea of the chances there would be for a favourable termination of the peace negotiations.

It is no doubt highly gratifying to find that all the principal obstacles to peace have disappeared, and that Russia has so far given way to the general and pronounced wish of all Europe as to accept the propositions made to her purely and simply; but it still remains to be seen if they comprise, accepted in such a sense, all that the Allies feel they have a right to ask for in indemnification of the vast sacrifices made by them in the interests of

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Europe, of Turkey, and of a permanent peace. The ceding by Turkey of two ports on the Black Sea—one to France and another to England—not to be used as naval or military arsenals, but as commercial stations, would be one of the most feasible plans whereby France and England could be ultimately in part indemnified for the losses, pecuniary and otherwise, sustained by the war; and the commercial and maritime interests of all nations could be, by the same means, duly, efficiently, and permanently protected. Turkey has no other means of indemnifying the Allies, nor does such a cession in any way infringe upon the independence or dignity of the Sultan's crown. The establishment of such free mercantile ports, under the immediate protection of foreign states, could scarcely be objected to by another power which, whether on the Danube, in its own territory in the Crimea, or in the Transcaucasian provinces, has ever shown itself more anxious to found naval and military stations than maritime or commercial emporia—always labouring, in fact, for the woe instead of the weal of mankind. Two free commercial ports in the Black Sea, under the protection of two enterprising commercial nations like France and England, would restore the same prosperity and renown to that once famous sea that it enjoyed in the times of the first Greek colonies, and in those of the Genoese and Venetians.

The condition in which the Transcaucasian provinces are to be left is a subject still replete with difficulties. Russia will no doubt relinquish Kars, in order to counterbalance conquests in the Crimea and on the Asiatic coast; as also to retain the province of Akhaltsikh, the bulwark of Islamism on the north-east; from which point she could always threaten her weaker neighbour. But are the fortresses of Anapa, Suchum-Kalah, Redut-Kalah, and Poti, to be given up without stipulation? It is barely possible that Russia may make a bold stroke to obtain possession of Erzerum on one hand, and of Kertch and Kinburn on the other, pending the negotiations, in order to obtain more favourable conditions; but it is obvious that, as it is, the Allies are in a far more favourable condition to dictate terms than the Russians, and that the cession of Kars and of the mouths of the Danube, with the non-fortification of points on the coast (as before understood), are by no means equivalent to the abandonment of Kinburn, Kamiesch, Balaklava, Kertch, Anapa, and all the forts along the whole line of the Black Sea in the Transcaucasian provinces. Even the cession of the province of Akhaltsikh would not be an equivalent to the re-occupation of the whole of that long line of coast, with the important opening to the Phasis, by the Russians.

It has been supposed that an interdiction to fortify the Aland Islands would have been introduced into the special conditions to be produced over and above the four guarantees. The terms of the fifth proposition are, however, general, and do not necessarily

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include the undertaking not to fortify the Aland Islands any more than any other demand the Allies may think fit to make. Yet, whether Bomarsund was, or was not, to be introduced into the clause, it will not be forgotten that from the Aland Isles to Stockholm the distance by steam is but eight hours, and the Allies have to consider whether, as we have induced Sweden to join our alliance, and to make what the Swedes themselves regard as in reality little less than a hostile declaration, that country ought to be left defenceless against a power which seldom pardons or forgets an injury or a slight. It is true that Sweden is protected so far as a treaty with England and France protects her, but should Russia ever have the opportunity of revenge, treaties would be no more an obstacle to her than they ever have been in the infliction of wrong. Russia has accustomed us to the term "material guarantees;"—the non-construction of any military stronghold in parts so close and so threatening to Sweden would have been negatively looked upon in the same sense, and would have been the best security against peace being broken in those quarters.

The Turks gain security by the extinction of Sebastopol as a great naval military arsenal, by the restraining the navigation of the Black Sea to merchant vessels, and the establishment of institutions conformable to international law—if not the foundation of two free ports under French and English protection, which would afford still greater security; but she loses the Principalities—one step more in the threatened dismemberment of an unnatural empire—and over which the Sultan has long had nothing but a nominal control. The religion and social condition, the language, habits, manners, and dress of the people are European, and not Turkish. Over such a people the Sultan is still to have his nominal sovereignty reserved—he is to be allowed to sanction the organisation adopted by the Allies and the people themselves, "as if such had emanated from the sovereign initiative!"

The difficulty with which the Allies have to contend has never been to force Russia to accede to the preliminaries of peace "purely and simply;" that she has always shown herself as ready to do—and as little scrupulous in so doing—as any fanatic mammon-worshipper and peace-at-all-price man would be. The difficulty is to obtain her consent to such general propositions as have been accepted or acquiesced in as the basis of negotiations, when reduced to a form so clear and categorical that the Allies can feel themselves justified in agreeing to a suspension of hostilities, on the faith that all substantial difficulties in the way of peace have been removed.

The very vagueness of the fifth proposition leaves it peculiarly open to distrust. Russia objected to it at once, and demanded its suppression on account of vagueness, and the discussion on it in a future congress. The Allies, or Austria as their spokesman, should have specified what these special conditions were which were re-

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served over and above the four guarantees. How can Russia be expected to acquiesce in terms the nature of which she was totally ignorant? Under such peculiar circumstances she can only be supposed to have accepted "purely and simply" the "reserved right" of the powers to make undefined propositions, and not the propositions themselves, whatever they may turn out to be. It is one thing to admit the right to present a certain proposal, and another to bind oneself to accept it.

The circumstances under which the present peace proposals have been accepted are, it must not be lost sight of, much changed since the Vienna conferences. The Allies have been able to hold good their position in the Crimea; Russia almost exhausted even her immense resources in the defence of Sebastopol, yet it fell; the mouths of the Dnieper and of the Cimmerian Bosphorus are in the hands of the Allies. In the first months or 1855, Central Europe was in a state of hesitation, and hostile rather than friendly to the policy of the Western Powers. At the present moment Russia finds it, if not entirely arrayed against her, at least seriously divided, and perhaps ready to declare its refusal to persist in a degrading neutrality. It is undeniable that the situation of the parties respectively has undergone a considerable change since last year. The attitude assumed by Austria, the alliance of Sweden, the appeal of the Emperor of the French to Europe, and the dying remorse of old Paskievitch, have all combined, with other considerations of grave import, to awaken in Russia a new sense of its deep responsibilities.

If the Russian government shall really have consented, in order, as it pretends, to avoid any delay in the work of conciliation, but in reality to get rid of inconvenient stipulations, to forego all negotiations of detail whatsoever, it is barely possible that the discussion of some special conditions may be waived by powers that can well afford to be magnanimous as well as just. It is even rumoured that if the present ministry is found to be intractable, another of more pacific inclinations will take its place before Easter. France, it is well known, is obliged from financial considerations of a very pressing character, and by no means from any abstract love of peace, to adopt a conciliatory tone, and not only to grasp at everything that presents a chance of a pacific solution, but in its anxiety to bring about so desirable a result, to reproach its ally with obstinacy and perversity. No wonder, then, when in this country we have so many parties opposed to war—the sentimental school of Bright and Sturge, the mammon-worshipping followers of Cobden, the opposition in the House, that small portion of the aristocracy which dreads democratic innovations in the army, and the German element in the court—that apprehensions of a compromise should be very generally current. There are not also wanting those who hold, and have held from the commencement,

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that the support of Turks, Arabs, Kurds, and other barbarians, and of Muhammedanism, and all its profligacy and corruption, was not the way to settle the Oriental question; that the battle should have been fought in favour of the Christian races, and an end made with Osmanli misrule at the same time as with Russian aggression in the East. Men's minds, from ignorance of the real state of things in the East, were not prepared for so great a change, or the time selected for such by Providence had not yet come.

There is no reason, however, except from past antecedents, to suppose that the Emperor of Russia is not sincere in his acceptance of the Austrian propositions. There are no positive grounds for supposing that peace may not, as a matter of course, flow from negotiations. There cannot be an individual who will not be truly and intensely delighted at finding preliminaries accepted, negotiations entered upon, guarantees conceded, conditions specified, stipulations acquiesced in, and peace concluded as agreeably as any little affair before a railway board—wishing to make everything "pleasant."

Unfortunately we do not believe in such results. We shall be as gratified as any of the most ardent peace-at-all-price-men if such results are really brought about, but we must wait and see before we can believe in them. The very fact of an attempt being made to supersede negotiations by a compromise, and to avoid the discussion of conditions by a pure and simple acceptance of preliminaries of peace which signify little in themselves, tends to increase our distrust to an extreme degree.

Peace in itself is always a most desirable thing, but a patched up peace, composed of parts so heterogeneous that they must of necessity fall to pieces, is a substitute for peace, not peace itself, as the acceptance of the preliminaries of peace in lieu of its conditions would be a mere compromise. A peace, again, which did not define the objects sought to be acquired, would be worse than a compromise: it would be a folly and a stultification. But if all the conditions sought for are granted, there can be none who will not waive opinion for public good; but none also can doubt that as matters stand, England and France would have been able to dictate much more satisfactory terms before next winter; and there will always be those who will grieve that the Russian question, when once taken in hand, was not disposed of in a more comprehensive sense, and that greater results did not flow from a war carried on by such an alliance as was never before witnessed—France, England, Sardinia, and Turkey united to vindicate the religious and political rights of the Christians in the East, and to repel the encroachments of the most aggressive power on the globe.

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THE SPENDTHRIFT.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.*

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

XXIII.

WHAT HAPPENED DURING SUPPER.

Two ladies were seated in the ante-chamber when Monthermer entered it with the page. One of these was the charming Spanish señora he expected to find there: the other might be taken, from her dress, for a young Venetian dame of the sixteenth century. She was attired in a robe of rich dark velvet, and looked like a portrait by Tintoretto. Both were closely masked. As Monthermer approached, they rose, and courteously returned his salutation. Gage turned first to the señora.

"I have been thoroughly mystified this evening," he said, "and find that a masked ball has its inconveniences as well as its pleasures. Hitherto, ill-luck has attended me. You must have remarked that another lady has adopted a Spanish costume precisely similar to your own. I have been dancing with her for the last half hour, under the impression that my partner was Miss Poynings."

"Very flattering to Miss Poynings. But how do you know you are right now?" the señora replied.

"I can scarcely be deceived a second time," Gage said; "and though I cannot pretend to peer through a mask, something assures me that I am very familiar with your features, as well as with those of your companion."

"Indeed. Whom do you suppose this lady to be?"

"An old friend."

"Nay, you must name her."

"Well then, I should not be far from the mark, I imagine, if I were to call her Clare Fairlie."

Here the two ladies began to laugh, and the page joined heartily in their merriment.

"You display great discernment, I must say," the Venetian remarked, in a tone of slight pique. "I did not think you would find me out so soon."

"You are both so perfectly disguised that a conjuror would be puzzled to detect you," Gage replied. "Besides, you speak in so low a tone, that there is no judging by the voice."

* ☞ *The Author of this Tale reserves the right of translation.*

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"The curtain of the mask alters the sound," the señora said.

"So much so that your accents seem to resemble those of Clare Fairlie," Gage observed.

"Mine!" the Venetian exclaimed.

"Egad! your voice is like Lucy's. Well, I suppose it must be mere imagination. But why should we remain here? Supper will be served shortly. Let me have the pleasure of conducting you to it." So saying, he offered an arm to each of the ladies, and led them into the ball-room.

But he was soon robbed of one of his charges. Scarcely had they joined the motley throng when the hidalgo came up, and whispering a few words to the señora, carried her off. No time was allowed for explanation, for at that moment the doors of the supper-room were thrown open, and the eager crowd rushed in to the long-expected repast. Every seat at the magnificently-furnished table, except a few at the upper end, reserved for the giver of the revel and his particular friends, was instantly filled, and a general assault made upon the tempting viands. Leading his partner to a reserved seat, Gage pressed her to take some refreshment—but she declined, alleging unwillingness to unmask. While glancing down either side of the board at the long array of his fancifully-attired guests, and speculating as to who they all were, Monthermer discovered, as he supposed, the hidalgo and the señora seated at the lower end of the table, and he would have sent to beg them to come up to him, but at this juncture, Mr. Fairlie made his appearance—evidently much disturbed. Almost rudely addressing Gage's partner, the steward desired her to unmask. The lady drew back, positively refusing compliance.

"Hold, Fairlie,—this must not be," Gage interposed.

"Your pardon, sir," the steward rejoined. "I wish to be satisfied that this is my daughter."

"Take my assurance that she is so," Gage said.

"I have reason to think you are mistaken," Fairlie cried. "I have just ascertained from the female attendants in the antechamber that the two ladies have changed dresses."

"There is no use for further concealment," Lucy said, removing her mask.

"Miss Poynings!" Gage exclaimed. "I am doomed to be a dupe."

"But where is my daughter all this while?" Fairlie demanded.

"You will easily discern her if you will take the trouble to look down the table," Gage answered.

"That is not Clare," Fairlie said, glancing in the direction Gage pointed; and he added, with some significance, "that is the lady you danced with, and afterwards took to the card-room."

"Ah! indeed, and the hidalgo next her I presume is——"

"Not my brother Arthur, I hope?" Lucy cried.

"No, it is Sir Randal de Meschines," Fairlie replied. "The

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other couple—that is, my daughter and Mr. Arthur Poynings—have disappeared."

"You don't say so, Fairlie," Gage exclaimed, unable to refrain from laughing. "Well, don't make yourself uneasy. I dare say they will turn up presently. Sit down to supper with us."

"Pray excuse me, sir. I must go in quest of Clare."

"Why, you don't surely suppose that Arthur has run away with her?" Monthermer cried, with renewed laughter. "That would be a jest indeed."

"I don't know what to think, sir. Perhaps Miss Poynings can give me some information on the subject?"

"If she can, depend upon it she won't, so you may spare yourself the trouble of questioning her," Gage returned.

"So I perceive, sir. Suffer me to retire, and pursue my inquiries elsewhere."

"As you will, Fairlie. But I advise you to take the matter easily. I have as much reason to be annoyed as you, and yet I do not disquiet myself." And as the steward departed, he turned to Lucy, and said, "To what am I to attribute the pleasure of your company this evening, Miss Poynings?—Mere curiosity to see a masked ball?"

"Not entirely," she replied. "I had mixed motives for coming. I shall be blamed by all—even by you—for the bold step I have taken, but if I am able to serve you I shall not care."

"To serve me—in what way?"

"By opening your eyes to your danger."

Gage regarded her with a smile.

"Clare Fairlie, I see, has been prompting you," he said. "A propos of Clare—what has become of her? Perhaps you will tell me, though you would not inform her father."

"I have reason to believe she is gone," Lucy replied, with some hesitation.

"Gone!" Gage cried, much startled. "How am I to understand you?"

"Do not question me further. I have already told you more than I ought to have done."

"If it be as I suspect, I shall be much grieved," Gage returned, in a serious tone. "It is a rash step—and she will repent it."

"She is not happy with her father."

"Why not? He is dotingly fond of her."

"That may be—but—I cannot explain now. Oh! Gage, how can you place confidence in such a person as Fairlie?"

"Because I have ever found him trustworthy. But let us choose some more lively topic."

"This scene does not inspire me with lively thoughts, Gage. On the contrary, it depresses me. Is it possible such entertainment can afford you pleasure? Look round the room—listen to the sounds that assail our ears. Are these guests worthy of the

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splendid banquet you have spread before them? Few, if any of them, have real friendship for you; while there are some amongst them who seek your ruin—ay, and will accomplish it, if you continue blind to their arts."

"I am a bad listener to sermons, Lucy, and you have chosen a strange season for yours."

"I have taken advantage of the only opportunity likely to occur to me of offering you counsel, which I feel must prove distasteful, but which friendship would not allow me to withhold.—I have now done, and must beg you to take me to the ante-chamber, where my brother will speedily join me, if he be not there already."

"Nay, I cannot part with you thus, Lucy. Remain with me a few minutes longer. I would rather be chided by you than praised by almost any one else. If you will but adopt the right means, you may bring about my reformation."

Lucy shook her head.

"How must I begin the good work?" Gage asked.

"Abandon this society altogether."

"Rather a difficult commencement. What next?"

"You must give up play."

"But how am I to exist without it? I have no other excitement. If I were to make the attempt I fear I should fail. You must aid me."

"I must first see some symptoms of amendment. But I can bear this riotous scene no longer. The noise stuns me. Pray conduct me to my brother."

By this time, the champagne and other wines, quaffed in flowing bumpers, had begun to do their duty, and set loose the tongues of the guests. Great was the clamour—loud the laughter that ensued. No wonder Lucy was anxious to escape from such a scene of uproar and confusion. But at the very moment she had prevailed upon Gage to lend her his escort to the ante-chamber, Beau Freke, who personated an Ottoman prince, and was very gorgeously arrayed, rose, and enjoining silence on the noisy revellers, proposed their host's health. It is needless to say how the toast was received—nor that it was drunk with frantic enthusiasm. After the tumultuous applause had subsided, Gage was about to return thanks for the honour done him, when the attention of the whole assemblage was turned to the door of the supper-room, where a struggle was taking place between the lacqueys there stationed and two persons who were bent upon obtaining forcible admission. After a while the strenuous efforts of the intruders prevailed, and Sir Hugh Poynings and Parson Chedworth burst into the room. Amid a storm of oaths and incoherent ejaculations, Sir Hugh made it understood that he was in search of his daughter. His appearance as well as that of the parson occasioned general merriment, and the shouts of derisive laughter with which both were greeted did not tend to allay the old baro-

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net's displeasure. Sir Hugh was without coat, cravat, or wig, and had an exceedingly tall nightcap on his head. Mr. Briscoe followed close at his heels, vainly endeavouring to restrain him.

"Where are you, Loo?—where are you?" he roared. "Why don't you show your face, hussy?"

"Moderate yourself, Sir Hugh, I implore of you," the landlord cried. "You'll frighten all the ladies out of their senses."

"Find my daughter for me without delay, Briscoe—or by Heavens!——"

"There she sits, Sir Hugh," the host replied, pointing to the señora.

"What! in that black dress, all bedizened with lace? Are you sure, Briscoe? Don't deceive me, or I'll make minced-meat of you."

"I am quite sure, your worship."

Whereupon the old baronet seized the luckless señora's hand, and dragged her, notwithstanding her cries and resistance, out of her chair.

"Pretty doings!" he cried. "Come to your mother, Loo. How dared you attend this ball without leave? But you shall answer for your conduct by-and-by."

"Will nobody free me from this tipsy old fool, and turn him out of the room?" the señora cried. "You deserve horsewhipping for your rudeness, sir, and should be horsewhipped if I were a man. I thank my stars I am no daughter of yours."

"Let's see your face then, since you disown me," the old baronet rejoined.

And, as he spoke, he plucked off her mask, and disclosed the pretty features of Mrs. Jenyns.

"Whew!" he ejaculated; "a charming face, i' faith, but certainly not Loo's. Madam, I must apologise for my violence."

Meanwhile, as may be supposed, the real delinquent had watched her father's proceedings with no little dismay.

"How shall I escape without attracting his observation?" she said to Gage. "Oh! if I could only regain my own room."

"I'll manage it," the young man replied. "Come with me." And taking her under his arm he made his way towards the door, keeping on the other side of the table.

They might have got off without notice, if Mrs. Jenyns had not called the old baronet's attention to them.

"Look there," she said, maliciously.

"Ay, there she goes," Sir Hugh roared; "that's my Loo—I'll swear to her. Stop! stop! I say."

But the more he shouted, the less the fugitives seemed inclined to obey. Quickening their steps, they presently gained the door, and disappeared long before Sir Hugh could reach it, his progress being barred by the servants, while Briscoe helped to pull back Parson Chedworth.

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SEBASTOPOL.*

THE prospects of peace have come treading so quickly on the realities of war, that Sebastopol itself is threatened with oblivion. No sooner, thank Heaven, that the trenches no longer existed, than "Inside Sebastopol" was the focus of all interest—that inside is now made familiar to us; it is even mapped in the work before us—and then come proposals of peace, off-hand acceptance of terms, with a noble disregard of all inconvenient details, suspension of arms, and Sebastopol itself is a thing of bygone times. "We live too fast," said the Two Brothers, prophetically, "in this century to devote much time to the Past. The Present and Future engross all our attention."

Before, however, we, in company with the retiring heroes of an ever-glorious siege, bid farewell perhaps for ever to what was but a few days ago an all-engrossing theme, we must place on record some of the feelings and sensations experienced, and the objects seen by one or two competent observers on first visiting the long and bravely-defended precincts of the ever-renowned fortress. And first for the Brothers, who had arrived in time to witness the repulse of the Russians at Traktir, and the successive steps that led ultimately to the fall of the place. It may be imagined with what feelings they listened to explosion after explosion heralding the great fact that the Russians had abandoned, and were destroying, their once-formidable stronghold.

Perfectly unable to sleep, I was up and off at five. Not a Russian in Sevastopol! I rode with two officers down the Woronzow Ravine, directly to the top of the Southern Harbour. Strange were our sensations on reaching the *chevaux-de-frise* thrown across the ravine. It had been our very foremost point of approach, a little in advance of the extreme parallels of both our left and right attacks, and of course joining the two. Twenty-four hours before, our appearance in front of this *frise* would have been hailed by a shower of Minié bullets. There to our left, was our foremost battery, planted ready to sweep any troops advancing up the ravine, but now idle and unguarded. Directly in our front, was the oblong Russian building, which formed their outpost up the ravine. On the top of the slope to our right, was the Redan, and the Curtain running from it towards the town, and connecting it with the Barrack battery. The latter battery lay between us and the town. The sight of all these guns, now so silent and deserted, combined with the idea that, except a few stragglers, we were the first Englishmen who had approached them so close, produced a feeling of awe in my mind, fully equal to what I had felt when, on different occasions of my visiting the trenches, the same guns had been engaged in pouring forth their contents against the poor fellows who surrounded me. I felt a wish to go up and examine each separate gun, which now looked so peacefully down upon us, as if unconscious of all the harm it had wrought. But my companions were eager for the town itself, and we hurried on down the ravine.

Scarcely, however, had they advanced fifty yards, when they came upon a fair specimen of Russian wile. A number of holes were dug as evenly as if by machinery, each hole being about four feet across and seven or eight feet deep, with intervening spaces of a foot or two. All

* Sevastopol. Our Tent in the Crimea; and Wanderings in Sevastopol. By Two Brothers. London: Richard Bentley. 1856.

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had been carefully covered with boughs, and these again spread with earth and soil, corresponding exactly with the beaten soil of all that part of the plain. They were absolutely impassable for cavalry; and even infantry charging must have been laid low by an agency far more effective than either shot or shell.

We had to go a long way round with our horses to escape these holes, and ultimately reached the corner of the Creek Battery. Here we dismounted, and tied our horses to a shrub. We in vain sought for a soldier to attend to them; no amount of bribe would stay the few that were visible from higher game; so, in default of anything better, we commended our steeds to the care of each other and the shrub, scrambled through the embrasure of a gun in the Creek Battery, and stood inside Sevastopol!

Whither go first? The town lay before us, apparently all barren, and all deserted. Houses that had looked entire at a distance, were shattered and in ruins. Fragments of every conceivable thing lay around—all broken, and all worthless. Not a living being was in sight, except a few English and French soldiers, impelled, like ourselves, by curiosity—or, perhaps, by hopes of plunder—and just visible through the grey dawn. They were the first new occupants of the town, but they came unarmed, and without any military order. We were guided in our route by considerations of prudence and safety. The French, on their extreme left, were still violently bombarding the part of the town nearest to them. Shot, shell, and rocket were careering over the Bastion du Mât and the Garden Battery, and were falling in numbers in what was afterwards called the French part of the town. Many of these implements of death passed up the course of the Southern Harbour; and the shells bursting in their passage, rendered even the English side far from a secure position at that early hour. Still, it was clearly the less dangerous of the two, and explosions were not so likely to occur in it. Accordingly, we wended our way up to the right, following the road which lies with one side open to the Harbour, and were far too excited to attend to the many warnings we received in the shape of iron falling all around, and the crash and thunder that almost deafened us.

We were struck with wonder at the first sight that presented itself to us on ascending this hill. Between the base of the slope on which we stood, and the water of the Southern Harbour, were ranged, in long and close lines, a positively incredible number of *new* guns! There they were, without carriages, but lying in piles—some of large calibre, some of small—but ranged up, one above another, in absolute masses, and in perfect order. Further on was an equal amount of *new* shot! One would have thought the place had been taken on the 21st of September, 1854. An Arabian genius, who had produced nightly all that was needed for the defence of the town, seemed the only explanation of such a superfluity of *matériel*. The strength of the Creek Battery and the Barrack Battery was immense. They contained very large guns, and the most regular and perfect embrasures. In the latter battery were found the sunken guns which had sent up the "campers."

Passing along to the rear of these, we continued the ascent of the slope by the same winding road, which, always keeping one side open to the Creek, reminded me of similar roads in English cities, for instance Bath and Cheltenham. In fact, Sevastopol had much the appearance of some parts of Cheltenham, and still more, of what some parts of Bath would be, if the latter city were built of equally white stone.

The English side, where we now were, was clearly not the fashionable quarter. It was the business side of the town. The small houses that were ranged on the right of the winding road, were evidently the huts either of artisans and mechanics, or of the poorer classes. From the circumstance of their being so directly under the hill, these houses appeared to have escaped much damage from our fire, but their interior and contents were completely demolished. Some, a little better than the rest, had small court-yards, and verandahs round the first-

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floor windows. None were more than two—few more than one story high. I went into several of these dwellings. They were the very acme of confusion, of dirt, disorder, and spoliation. The planks of the floors had been torn up, and, in many cases, removed; the walls were shattered, the fragments forming a heap of stone, brick, and plaster on the ground. The ceilings, and, in many cases, the roofs had been pulled down, so that the sky was visible: not an article of furniture, save the legs of tables or chairs—the verandahs demolished and hanging in shreds—the very creepers that had entwined them, torn up by the roots—not a pane of glass—not a window-frame—not a shutter, nor a door—not even a solitary plank preserved. The very objects and purposes of the separate rooms were totally undistinguishable. At the rear of some of these houses, we found excavations, caves in the live rock, now tenanted by lifeless forms, the bodies of poor fellows who had crawled there to die, and were lying in every posture of agony and death, many far advanced in decomposition. The foregoing is but an inadequate description of the majority of the smaller houses on the English side of the town. No one can imagine the effluvia that emanated from them; no mind can picture the sadness and desolation of the scene.

Proceeding upwards, the first large building was the main hospital, and immediately beyond this were two immense piles of stone, originally barracks. All three had once been splendid buildings; the former enclosed a large open space laid out in gardens and walks, and evidently at one time rich in flowers. A fountain had adorned the middle of the court. The whole of this building had been much exposed to the fire of the Allies, and its state of utter demolition was probably owing to that circumstance. The two immense ranges of barrack buildings were still standing at right angles to each other, with an extensive and open square about them. The exterior of both had suffered dreadfully from our shot; but the interior seemed to have escaped well enough. The one which stood in an oblong direction, as seen from the Malakoff, was divided into three stories, with a staircase of stone, now nearly destroyed. The upper stories were bare, and entirely desolate. The ground floor, extending the whole length of the building, seemed to have served as a receptacle, up to the last moment, for the clothes, muskets, and accoutrements of the soldiers—probably of those who, for the time being, performed the service of the Redan. There was a long table down the middle, and large bins were ranged along the walls on each side. The table and floor were covered, and the bins were full of the commonest articles and implements of war. But even here the principle of destruction had been carried out. The clothes were in shreds; the muskets, and swords, and scabbards broken in two; the helmets smashed; the ornaments torn from them—the whole a shapeless mass of cloth, wood, leather, and brass, mixed up with a great abundance of the omnipresent black and oily bread. In this room we found all those who had preceded us into the English part of the town. Some twelve or fifteen soldiers were tossing the things about one over another, and making confusion worse confounded. The dust and closeness of the room were almost unbearable. The value and nature of the plunder were evidenced by a soldier who met us at the door, and showed us what he had rescued after an hour's diligent search, consisting of three-quarters of a musket, half a helmet, a sword, a brass ornament, three buttons, a charm worth about a farthing, a leather tobacco-pouch, half a dozen leaves of a Russian book, a leaden spoon, and a large piece of bread. *There* was plunder, on the taking of a town by assault!

The general hospital, within whose walls no fewer than two thousand bodies were found, the greater number dying or dead, was not, strange to say, discovered till a short time before twelve o'clock on the Sunday. Our author much regretted that he should have been in the dry docks on Sunday morning at seven o'clock, within a stone's throw of this charnel-house, and yet not have chanced to hit it.

It is possible that, if, on Sunday morning, that hospital had been known to be

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in existence, many lives might have been saved. An English officer in the 90th Regiment, as well as two others, who had been wounded and left in the Redan during our assault, were found there. So severely wounded were they, that they could not move. Poor fellows! how they must have suffered! The officer in the 90th was almost sinking from loss of blood, and want of nourishment. His state allowed of his removal to our camp, but he lingered there for only a day or two, and his death was caused chiefly by the fact of the hospital not having been discovered earlier. It would be painful to dwell upon the sickening sights that were visible in this large building. The Russians sent over a flag of truce, to ask for their own wounded. The entire building had to be ransacked for those wounded men. In many cases, men were found alive, lying helpless under a heap of dead bodies. Dragged from these masses of decaying human flesh, they were handed over to the Russian soldiers, who, so far as I could judge, seemed to be gentle in the handling and treatment of their wounded. The great majority of the dead were buried by the Allies. Probably, this charnel-house represented as great an amount of suffering, and comprised within its walls as large an extent of misery, as was ever seen in a single view. It was the climax of the horrors of the bombardment—the *caput mortuum* of the crucible of human woe. It formed a fitting background to the spectacle of the blood-stained ruins, which the Russian general vauntingly bequeathed to us, and was a worthy close to all the suffering, misery, and destruction of that fearful siege.

We wish we could extract, as a relief to this most appalling record of the whole siege, a little romantic episode of love and romance, in which the actors were an English colonel and a French vivandière, and the climax of which was the Frenchwoman throwing herself into the gallant colonel's arms in the face of his entire brigade, and, what was more, in the face of the whole French regiment! But we must content ourselves with a graphic pencilling of the feelings of two observers on the occasion of the disastrous attack on the Redan, the more especially as we shall have to return to the subject afterwards. It must be premised that the two observers are one of the brothers and a Frenchman, whom, after parting with Mr. Russell in the Woronzof Ravine, he finds seated behind a heap of stones on Stony Hill:

The wind was perfectly blinding; and, unprotected as my face was (for I had no spectacles, as many had), it was absolutely painful; but I imitated the Frenchman, and crouched down during the severe bursts, only raising my head at the intervals of cessation. From this point I could see much better; but the want of a continuous view was very disheartening. The Frenchman told me that he had seen our gallant fellows get into the Redan, but he said he had only seen one attacking party enter, and that they had suffered most severely in the approach.

"But you are sure they are inside?" I asked.

"Oh! certain," he said; "and at the first pause of the wind, you will see the musketry fire in the Redan."

The roll of musketry pealed incessantly. It was like one continuous fire caused by machinery. When, after a few minutes, I caught a sight of the Redan, I distinctly observed that there were two fires opposed to each other inside the work; and, as far as I could judge, ours was most stoutly maintained.

At the same time, though the corpses lay thick about the abattis and ditch, and I could occasionally distinguish some of our men on the parapet, or in small and straggling numbers in the open, the space between the abattis and the Redan was perfectly bare of moving masses, and the Frenchman got into a violent passion.

"My God!" said he, "where are your supports? Where are your reserves? Do they expect that handful of men whom I saw enter to maintain that place? Why look—look," he said, "they are only in a narrow space round the angle—they have not advanced into the interior. Poor devils! how can they do it?"

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I tried to assure him that supporting parties had entered during the intervals when we could not see; but he far too well understood the business, and silenced me by every remark he made.

"If any large numbers had supported," he said, "you would see their fire advance. It is, even now, only at the point where it was at first. Depend on it you will lose the day, unless reserves are sent up—and that quickly."

The poor fellow muttered his imprecations in the most audible, and, to me, the most painful manner. The scene—the thought of all that was taking place—the glimpses which showed that our blood was being spilt like water—worked a marvellous effect upon the mind, and my excitement rose to a pitch that was almost unbearable. I refused to believe that, once inside the Redan, our troops would be allowed to vacate it again, and we both directed earnest, searching looks towards the open space for the faintest sign of advancing troops. We saw that space perfectly ploughed with living shot. They swept across it in one continuous stream, sufficient, as I thought, to daunt any soldiers other than French or English from advancing through such a raining fire; but at every moment we fondly hoped to see masses of men emerge from the trenches and advance to the help of their brethren in distress.

"If we look for them so anxiously," said the Frenchman, "what must those poor fellows in the Redan do?"

But they come not—and they never came!

The author of "Inside Sebastopol"* professes to tell the true story of the repulse at the Redan on the 8th of September. It is known, he says, to every one, except the ordinary English public. It is especially well known to the French, and the Sardinians, and the Germans, and even to the Turks. There can be no use in dressing up the event in the trappings of fiction. It is better to recognise a disagreeable reality than to exhibit ourselves as living in a fool's paradise, obstinately ignorant of what every passer-by knows to be true. If that shrewd and fortunate man, Napoleon III., should succeed in making peace without another act of warfare—if the 8th of September is to be the date of the last conflict of this war—then the Emperor of the French has added another to his many surprising achievements—*he has revenged Waterloo!*

Such a flourish of trumpets will arouse the most lively impatience for the promised revelation. For our own part, we have heard of so many revenges having been taken since the present Emperor assumed the *bee*-spangled purple, that we fear there is no universal faith in any one of them. First, there was the revenge obtained by an alliance cemented over the tomb of the Hero; then there was the revenge obtained by throwing the Wellington monument over Waterloo-bridge; now we have a third revenge propounded in face of the Redan. Our author, it must be premised, is visiting the fatal spot with a little bevy of attendant Crimean heroes, who, in indulgence of a curiosity natural to a civilian, did not refuse to talk upon subjects rather *rococo* to them. They have arrived at the last point from whence the British emerged from the trenches to advance to the assault, when an anonymous military cicerone expounds the progress of events as follows:

"Here was where we had to unearth and run forward to the assault. See what a deuce of a way it is; all swept by those guns. It was here the rascals of the —— stood still and wouldn't come on, though the Ninety-seventh were crying out to them, 'Come along, you cowards, there's nobody here.' Though

* Inside Sebastopol, and Experiences in Camp. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

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it's no wonder the miserable boys wouldn't fight in the open. They were raw recruits, who had spent the few days they had been in camp in listening to long yarns about what a frightful place the Redan was, all undermined, and stuffed full of powder. When the —— landed from Malta, last autumn, they were eleven hundred strong, and they behaved as well as any regiment in the service; but they got so cut up with fire, famine, and fever, that at one time they had only fifteen men on parade. All sorts of trash came over from the depôt, and they never ought to have been set at the Redan."

"But why did you not push your sap nearer, as the French did?"

"It cost the French fifty men for every yard of the latter part of their sap, and we could not afford a loss of five hundred men a day upon this work. It was cheaper, in matter of human life, to assault as we did assault; but it should have been done with ten thousand men, and with the Highlanders and the Marines, both of whom volunteered, and were refused; or else with General Eyre's third division, who would have carried the place in ten minutes, and held it for a century."

"Then it was not the difficulty of getting into the Redan which caused the failure?"

"All that was over. Where Wyndham had got in, ten thousand others might have followed. The simple and disgraceful fact, which all Europe knows, is this: The supports would not move up, and the men in the Redan dodged about, and would not form and charge. When Wyndham cried, 'Now, men, form round me and charge,' none came round him but the commissioned and non-commissioned officers."

"John Bull will never believe this: he will rather lap himself in a fool's paradise and abuse any one who ventures to tell him the truth."

"Of course the generals cannot tell him so. There is no form or precedent for a despatch beginning, 'Sir, I have the honour to inform you that I attacked the Redan with all my raw recruits and least trustworthy soldiers, and found to my astonishment that they would not fight.' Such a despatch could not be written."

Whether we belong to the "ordinary English public" or not, we do not know, but there is certainly nothing so very new to us in this version of the assault upon the Redan as the author supposes. Nay, we should deem him a very "extra-ordinary" being who was not in possession, from the most common of all sources—the daily papers—of the leading facts contained in these much-vaunted revelations. The only peculiarity we can perceive in them is that the author is so anxious to establish the fact of his countrymen's disgrace, that he goes out of his way to underrate the enemy's power of resistance. He is not satisfied with a French, Sardinian, and German view of the matter, but he must needs also give it a very strong Russian colouring. An officer, whose long beard testified to his having passed the winter in the trenches, alone ventured to vindicate his compatriots:

"When this tale is told in England, as sooner or later it must be told, let it never be forgotten that it was not the British soldier of the Crimean army who quailed before the Russian fort. I have seen those soldiers worn out with sleepless labour, pale with famine, staggering with fever and cholera, but never heard a word of faint-heartedness or of despair from them. The only complaint I ever heard from them was, in their coarse swearing way, 'I shouldn't care if they would only let us go in at the —— Russians.' The British soldier is as good a man now as ever he was; and woe be to the man of any nation that presumes upon this accident, or this blunder, to cross bayonets with him."

"What says the public opinion of the camp about the responsibility of the disgrace?"

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"It is divided. Some say it is entirely Simpson's fault for sending Codrington's division to the assault; others, that Codrington is to blame for the manner in which he made his arrangements."

"And what do you think?"

"I think the man who had twenty thousand veterans, and who yet elected to play the game stroke of the whole campaign with two thousand raw recruits, and two thousand fellows who had jibbed at the very same spot before—deserves to be criticised by civilians."

And what, admitting the worst possible colouring that can be given to the case, has the disaster to do with the revenge of Waterloo? We must gather this from our author's own words:

I looked long at this Redan, which will henceforth be so unhappily conspicuous in our military history. We may shut our eyes to it in England, and the French may courteously ignore the fact in their public despatches; but the three Crimean armies well know how the reputation of our country suffered on that unhappy 8th of September. It is true that Alma and Inkerman are unforgotten, but we have descended from our great position. In a camp people count from the last great event. Our last great event was one of a very chequered character. Part of our troops stormed a most difficult position with some loss and great bravery; but, having got inside, were struck with panic, and were driven out again; another part of our troops displayed an emotion of which John Bull insists upon believing his soldiers incapable.

This is the simple fact, and not to know this at home, or to attempt to ignore it, or to pretend to believe that the attack upon the Redan was a feint, or to talk nonsense about that which was actually taken being utterly impregnable, is merely to provoke the sneers of the world.

I must add to this, however, that if Inkerman was a soldiers' victory, the Redan was the touchstone of the valour of the British officer. There was a story mysteriously current in the camp, that one man, who bore the Queen's commission—his name was never mentioned in my hearing—was kicked out of the trenches, having refused to march out. With this single exception (if the rumour had any foundation), every officer behaved like a hero.

Since we had this long talk (which I have attempted to condense from memory) among the charred fragments, and burst earthworks, and broken guns, and riven rock-work, and infinite confusions of this wild war-seared spot, I have spoken with at least twenty Frenchmen upon the same subject. They will subscribe to any theory, and join in any compliment to the English arms; they will even politely deplore the freedom with which our generals are criticised by our press; but they are always faithful to two impressions. The first is, that "there were great faults committed on the 8th of September;" the second, that "if the Redan had been taken simultaneously with the Malakoff, the Russian army must have capitulated or been destroyed."

And the reported words of an English officer, "By no fault of ours—by no fault of the veterans of the army—by the ignorance of the commander in not knowing the instruments with which he had to work, we have been dishonoured as an army in the opinion of the world. We cannot look a Frenchman in the face without blushing; and they know it, and overwhelm us with their condescending compliments."

As if our gallant allies did not fail also, on the same day, in the attack upon the Little Redan, as also on the Central Bastion, which, if taken, would have commanded the bridge of boats. As if the Zouaves—the first soldiers in the world—did not fail in the attack on the Inkerman Battery in February, and the French storming party did not fail in the attack on the Malakhof on the 18th of June!

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True it is that the general who elected to play the game stroke of the whole campaign with two thousand raw recruits, and two thousand fellows who had jibbed at the very same spot before, deserves not simply criticism—the responsibility of the great disaster lies upon his shoulders, and will cling to his memory. According to the statements of our author himself, whom no one will suspect to be guilty of taking a favourable view of matters in as far as his countrymen are concerned, there is not an officer in the British army who doubts that if the Highlanders and the Marines, or if General Eyre's division had stormed the Redan, it would have been carried and held. That General Simpson did not doubt it was evident from the fact that he had the Highlanders alone in the trenches ready to assault it when it was abandoned by the Russians. If our assault had been successful, not a man of the Russian army, it is argued, could have reached the north side. Pelissier is said to have felt this, and, soon after the attack had failed, to have sent word to Simpson that the Russians were retreating across the harbour. Every one who heard this message felt that it was an invitation to renew the assault; but "to-morrow" was the watchword of indecision. It is obvious to any one conversant with the topography of Sebastopol, that the Russian retreat could only have been cut off by a successful advance on the extreme right or left, both of which attacks were made by the French. A message of a similar character was, we must suppose, then transmitted at the same time, by so intelligent a general as Pelissier, to the assailants of the Central Bastion, which commanded the bridge of boats. But our author will not even allow the subject to be discussed. All the misadventures that befel the French, he says, do not help us out of our disgrace. They rather show how real and disastrous it was, in that it provokes the discussion of such topics. Pity that a T. G., with so much military ardour, was not at once pressed into the body militant; and still more is it to be regretted that a premature peace should come in the way of his revenging the disaster of the Redan!

Our traveller does not say how long it was after the fall of Sebastopol that he visited the interior of the captured place, but it must, from his description, have been but shortly; indeed, he arrived at the time the city was still burning. He then seems to have stayed in the Crimea only about a week. And all he had to say of the city would only make an ordinary magazine article; the rest of the volume is, with almost unusual bookmaking ingenuity, filled up with the log of the *Lindsay*, Malta, Constantinople, Naples, Rome, Florence, &c. "Inside Sebastopol" merely serves as a title—some people would think a deceptive one—but our bellicose T. G. seems to have no compunctions of the kind. Indeed, had it not been for a hint from the publisher, he would have added two more volumes, he tells us, which were necessary to describe Paris; all, we suppose, under the same title!

After all we read of the bravery, the endurance, and the self-devotion of the noblest and the most glorious army which ever poured forth its blood in defence of the liberties and the honour of England, there is nothing like pictorial representation to impart true ideas and to correct erroneous impressions. However graphic and able—however eloquent and spirited—however gifted and brilliant the pen of the describer of

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events may be, he must always be surpassed by the limner. In this respect Messrs. Paul and Dominic Colnaghi's work, "The Camp in the Crimea," stands unrivalled, and at the head of its class. It presents us with a series of sketches made on the spot by Mr. William Simpson, which will be as invaluable to the future historian as they are now to the reader of Mr. Brackenbury's slight sketch of the war which accompanies them, of Mr. Russell's admirable letters, or of any more recondite history that may hereafter appear. Their authenticity does not constitute their only value; their variety and fidelity are unsurpassable, and their beauty and spirit are beyond praise. They give us animated and correct representations not only of the great incidents of the war but of those minor, but especially interesting, details—those life and death subjects—to which only an artist can do justice. Such a work is an indispensable complement to all letters and narratives whatsoever; without it, no true idea can be formed of the kind of personages who took part in the stirring events of the war; of the peculiarity of landscape and the appearance of the country at different seasons of the year; of the fearful additions which art made to the natural means of defence, presented by the locality; of the turmoil of battle, succeeded by the quiet repose of the tent; of the individual objects of sympathy presented by long trial, long suffering, and long endurance; or of the hardships undergone in life, and the last clammy relief in death! These are scenes over which many will long ponder with never-flagging, never-ending interest.

While upon the theme of the war, we cannot also allow the opportunity to pass of calling our readers' attention to a work of great interest recently published by Mr. Bentley, being the "Memoirs of British Generals distinguished during the Peninsular War, by Lieutenant J. W. Cole."

A work of this kind places examples before the officers of the British army which cannot but excite in them an honourable spirit of emulation, at the same time that the names are historical treasures, faithfully guarded in every domestic circle. Who is there who will not feel an interest in perusing the heroic achievements of Sir John Moore, the Marquis of Anglesea, and Lord Beresford?—of Picton, Lynedoch, and Hill?

Mr. Cole's work does not comprise the whole list of Peninsular heroes; but it contains an honourable cohort from the distinguished band, and it is illustrated by portraits of heroes whose features are familiar to many, and whose memories are dear not only to their friends, but to the country at large.

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MONT ST. MICHEL AND ITS "CACHOTS."

Le Mont St. Michel peut passer à bon druict comme une des merveilles du monde.—Dom Huynes.

There are few travellers in these days of locomotion who have not visited one of the most interesting portions of France, the department of La Manche, and enjoyed the delightful promenades of the picturesque town of Avranches, a name familiar to all readers of Norman history, and especially renowned as the place where Henry II. did penance for the murder of Becket. Many have no doubt been struck with the beautiful prospects which meet the eye in every direction. The town winds round the hill in gentle descent; below, the river serpentines through many branches, until it falls into a large arm of the sea, and the mixture of woodland and water scenery affords peculiar attractions to the artist and the lover of nature. From the Jardin des Plantes especially, a fine view is obtained of the majestic Mont St. Michel, one of the most remarkable places in the world, which rises four hundred feet above the surface of the sea, at a distance of about ten miles from Avranches. After enjoying the magnificent *coup d'œil* which such an object presents, the eye rests upon a smaller rock near, called the Tombelaine, while in the distant and blue horizon appears the long and extended land of Brittany.

As the rocky prison of St. Michel is the present subject of our remarks, we will beg the reader to accompany us thither, merely premising that the few notes collected during a visit last year related chiefly to its condition as one of the principal *maisons de détention* of France. To record even the chief events that have transpired within its ancient walls would require volumes of certainly not uninteresting details. The elements of its history will be found in the lives of the abbots, which have been copiously related by ancient authors.

The earliest account of the Mont is involved in obscurity. Among the Gauls, a college of Druidesses is said to have occupied its site; afterwards, the Romans erected there an altar to Jupiter, and styled it Mons Jovis. A miraculous interposition, according to other writers, originated its dedication to the Archangel St. Michael.

In the reign of Childebert II., a Bishop of Avranches, "the godly St. Aubert," say the monkish chronicles, had a vision. The Archangel St. Michael appeared one night, and ordered him to go to a rock, then called Mont Tombe, where he was accustomed to offer his prayers and meditations, and erect there an oratory to the honour of St. Michael. Aubert, somewhat incredulous, took no notice of the angelic command, nor of a second intimation to the same effect; but a third manifestation, of a more tangible character, left no doubt upon his mind, for, irritated at the obstinacy of the worthy Aubert, and as a punishment for his incredulity, St. Michael made a hole in his skull by touching it with his thumb. No longer hesitating, Aubert laid the first stone of a monastic building, and worked with such zeal, that in a year, notwithstanding the difficulty of raising the materials to such a height, the foundations were laid, and a noble church raised to the honour of the Archangel Michael.

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Such is the monkish tradition of the origin of this celebrated fortress. History enlightens us with more certainty on the subject. It is stated that at the commencement of the eighth century St. Aubert caused a small church to be erected on the mountain. In 966, Richard II., Duke of Normandy, commenced the erection of the Abbey, which was completed about the year 1070, under William the Conqueror. In succeeding ages additions were made to the strength and beauty of the structure; its isolated position, and the treasures that were poured into the coffers of the Abbey, requiring strong defences against invasion, and thus giving the Mont St. Michel the appearance it wears at present, both military and ecclesiastical. Attempts, however, were frequently made to take it, especially by the English, who were as often repulsed. A signal failure occurred in 1434, when our countrymen appeared before the place with an army of 20,000 men. But to prove the remarkable solidity of the fortress, it is recorded, to the honour of its 119 defenders, that the English were driven back with the loss of 2000 soldiers.

In the sixteenth century the Huguenots endeavoured several times to make themselves masters of the Mont St. Michel. One of these attempts, in 1591, by Gabriel Montgommeri, is worth recording.

Desirous to surprise the inmates of the Mont, he bribed a soldier of the garrison, whom he had made prisoner, to introduce at midnight a body of Protestants into the monastery, by means of the machine used to convey water and provisions into the fortress. Remorse induced the soldier to reveal the plot to the governor, who concerted measures for a signal revenge upon his enemies. The night fixed for the accomplishment of the surprise arrived, and the cord of the machine conveyed ninety-eight of the Protestants into the precincts of the Abbey. Astonished at the silence which accompanied the entrance of his men—for they had been put to death as they arrived, Montgommeri conceived suspicions of treachery, and retracing his steps, succeeded in escaping with the remainder of his troop.

The gloomy and lonely position of the fortress on the Mont St. Michel rendered it a congenial abode to Louis XI., in whose reign it first became a state prison; and here the cruel predilections of the monarch found ample scope for the exercise, upon his unfortunate victims, of the most ingenious tortures. On this lofty rock, seated amidst shifting sands, which are its safeguard, with none to terrify his guilty conscience, and obedient priests ready to sanction his most infamous deeds, Louis, with his favourite Tristan, revelled in crime. Cells were excavated in the rock where no light could penetrate, *oubliettes*, where the miserable prisoners were left to perish of hunger; and here the too famous cage was made under the direction of the monarch himself, similar to one constructed by the Cardinal La Balue, who was, by a most righteous retribution, the first victim of his own infernal invention.*

* The history of the Mont St. Michel cage is curious. Wraxall, in his "Tour," in 1777, thus describes it:—"We passed into a long passage, on one side of which the Swiss opened a door, and through a narrow entrance, perfectly dark, he led me, by a second floor, into an apartment or dungeon—for it rather merited the latter than the former appellation—in the middle of which stood a cage. It was composed of prodigious wooden bars, and the wicket which admitted into it was

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It was here also that this worthless prince instituted the Order of St. Michael, in 1469—"To the reverence of my Lord St. Michael, Archangel, the first knight who, for the quarrel of God, battled victoriously against the ancient enemy of man." One of the statutes enjoins that the proceedings of the Order should take place at the Mont, and that the knights should have stalls in the choir. What strange contrasts are presented by time! A few years past, and before solitary confinement was practised, the prisoners of the Mont had established a masonic lodge, under the name of the "Knights of St. Michael!"

In the middle ages the Mont St. Michel was the resort of pilgrims from all parts of the world. Here it was that the Kings of France and the Dukes of Brittany performed penance, and the celebrity of the place

ten or twelve inches in thickness. I went into the inside; the space it comprised was about twelve feet square, or fourteen, and it might be nearly twenty in height. It was the abode of many eminent victims in former ages, whose names and miseries are now obliterated and forgotten.

"'There was,' said my conductor, 'towards the latter end of the last century, a certain newswriter in Holland who had presumed to print some very severe and sarcastic reflections on Madame de Maintenon and Louis XIV. Some months after he was induced, by a person sent expressly for that purpose, to make a tour in French Flanders. The instant he had quitted the Dutch territories he was put under arrest, and immediately, by his majesty's express command, conducted to this place. They shut him up in this cage. Here he lived upwards of three-and-twenty years; and here he at length expired. During the long nights of winter no candle or fire was allowed him. He was not permitted to have any book. He saw no human face except the gaoler, who came once every day to present him, through a hole in the wicket, his little portion of bread and wine. No instrument was given him with which he could destroy himself, but he found means at length to draw a nail out of the wood, with which he cut, or engraved, on the bars of his cage certain *fleurs-de-lis* and armorial bearings, which formed his only employment and recreation.' These I saw, and, indeed, they are very curiously performed with so rude a tool."

The demolition of this cage was owing to a visit to the fortress, in 1776, from the Count d'Artois, who ordered it to be cut up. This, however, had not been done when, shortly afterwards, the children of the Duke of Orleans, accompanied by their governess, Madame de Genlis, came to inspect the fortress. This lady has described the scene that occurred: "I questioned the monks about the famous iron cage. They informed me that it was not made of iron, but of wood, in enormous blocks, with an opening of three or four inches, at intervals, to admit the light. About fifteen years had elapsed since any prisoners had been confined there for any length; but frequently intractable captives were placed there for twenty-four hours or two days, although the cage was terribly damp and unwholesome. At this, Mademoiselle and her brothers exclaimed that they would be delighted to see it destroyed. At these words the prior told us it was in his power to have it done, as he had received such orders from the Count d'Artois some days before to that effect. To reach the place where the cage stood we were obliged to traverse subterranean passages so dark that torches were required; and after descending several flights of stairs, we reached a frightful cave in which was the cage. I approached it shuddering. The Duke de Chartres (afterwards Louis Philippe) gave the first blow with a hatchet to the cage. I never beheld anything more touching than the transports and acclamations of the prisoners during this ceremony. It was, without doubt, the first time that cries of joy had echoed in this quarter. In the midst of the tumult I was struck with the air of consternation and regret visible on the countenance of the attendant belonging to the place; and on my remarking this circumstance to the prior, he told me that this man would lose the money he usually received for showing the cage to strangers. Upon this the Duke de Chartres gave him ten louis, telling him, that instead of showing an instrument of torture to travellers, he had better point out the place where it had stood."

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gave rise to the common saying, "Un poids plus grand que si je portais le Mont St. Michel." Previous to the revolution of 1791, the number of pilgrims who came annually to pay their vows to St. Michael were between eight and ten thousand. These were mostly peasants, but men of wealth and of noble rank undertook this journey also. Wraxall, in his "Tour through France," in 1777, describes these pilgrims: "Their hats were covered with cockle-shells, laced round the edges, and on the crown was a gilt coronet, above which was the cross. A ribbon in the same form was tied across their breast; and all over their clothes were placed little images of St. Michael vanquishing the devil." After the dispersion of the monks at the commencement of the Revolution, the abbey-fortress became a state-prison, and, since the Restoration, it has been a place of detention for political offenders.

More than a dozen times this vast edifice has experienced the vicissitudes of time and disaster: lightning, war, and fire, have, at various epochs, destroyed the work of ages; but every misfortune has been surmounted, and the walls have risen more solid and gigantic than ever. It was towards the end of the fifteenth century that the grand results were obtained that render the edifice what it now appears, a miracle of human skill and patience. But that which is spared by time, man frequently destroys, and the tendency of this is obvious in the uses to which the magnificent edifice of the Mont is applied. The church is a refectory; the cloister—a wonderful production of art—is neglected; the Hall of the Knights, where the heroes of chivalry were wont to assemble on grand occasions, is now a workshop for weavers. In fact, the abbey, upon the decoration of which such vast sums have been expended, is left to the merciless care of janitors.

On dit que de ce mont l'archange tutélaire
Laissa tomber ces mots du céleste séjour:
"Mont que j'avais paré d'un rayon de ma gloire,
Sur ton sommet ingrat mon culte est de l'histoire.
Adieu! l'ange déchu sur toi règne à son tour."

It would be a dreary task to enumerate the unfortunate persons who have been confined here. Sad, indeed, are the prison annals of the Mont St. Michel! At the period of the Revolution of 1791, three hundred priests belonging to the neighbourhood were incarcerated for refusing to take the civic oath, but they were restored to freedom by the Vendeans. Napoleon I. sent several of his refractory officers to this place; a son of General Cartaux was also confined here, and prisoners of war, amongst others three Russian generals. During the Cent Jours several royalist chiefs became the inmates of the Mont, among whom were Chartenay, La Houssaye, and Le Moine. In 1818 the prison was constituted a general place of detention for prisoners, five or six hundred being sent here. Babœuf and other political writers were imprisoned here, also Le Carpentier, one of the Convention, who had swayed with dictatorial power in the department of La Manche, and who died after a captivity of ten years. The sabotier, who pretended to be Louis XVII., expiated his deception in this gloomy abode; and Mathurin Bruno, celebrated in the songs of Béranger, was an inmate.

Having recalled thus far some of the historical associations of the Mont, before resuming our notice of its "cachots" we will take a brief survey of the place itself.

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The Mont St. Michel is a league in circumference, and is flooded entirely at high water, but when the tide is out the rock may be approached by the sands; some danger, however, attends the passage to those who are not perfectly well acquainted with the track, as the sands, which are of great extent, and intersected by arms of the sea, are constantly shifting, and the tide comes in with a rapidity which leaves no time for retreat. Dense fogs frequently set in with a suddenness which is appalling to those unacquainted with the locality, and many instances have occurred of persons being drowned on these occasions by walking into the sea. Nature has completely fortified the northern side of the rock by its craggy and precipitous descent. The other portions are surrounded by walls, with strong towers at intervals, dating from the fifteenth century. At the foot of the Mont, on the south side, begins the narrow and sinuous street, rising to a considerable height, and affording the only practicable route to the fortress and the dwellings of those who have charge of it. On the summit is the abbey, occupying a large extent of ground, and of a solidity equal to its enormous size.

The entrance to the Mont is by the Tour Gabrielle, or, as it is sometimes called, the Windmill Tower, from one erected upon it in 1687, a structure of remarkable strength, but damaged by time. The street which conducts to the abbey is almost as curious as the Mont. Many of the houses bear traces of extreme age. The inhabitants, numbering in all from three to four hundred, consist chiefly of fishermen; the women also sharing their perilous employment with equal hardihood and patience. Above the small, rickety dwellings of these poor people rise the enormous rocks, strongly fortified. One of these stupendous masses, called Gire or Gilles, is the object of special regard by the villagers, who declare that those who do not salute the rock on leaving the island will never return to it. Dom Huynes, in his account of the Mont, describes these fortifications as "de bonnes et fortes murailles munies de bastions, redoutes, demi-lunes, flanquées de tours inexpugnables."

Midway in the street is the parish church, a small, unpretending building, containing a large figure of St. Michael, carved by a prisoner in the fortress. From hence a magnificent view is obtained of the surrounding country, as, indeed, from every part of the Mont. A flight of steps leads near the spot where Duguesclin erected a dwelling, in 1366, for his wife Tiphaine, the "Fairy," to the entrance gateway of the monastic fortress, flanked by two embattled round towers of massive and grand appearance, conducting to the guard-house, where the stranger begins to feel the painful emotions that a prison, especially one like this, must produce. Here begins a labyrinth of chambers which seem to have no end. Indeed, so vast and numerous are the rooms that, independent of the hundreds of prisoners in confinement, it is said that several thousand soldiers could be lodged there. A passage opening from the guard-house conducts to the door of the first zone of the Merveille, the wall of which, two hundred and thirty feet long, and upwards of a hundred in height, and at an elevation of two hundred feet from the sea, is so striking an object from without. The same passage leads to the Montgommeri, a vast subterranean chamber so called, formerly the stables, divided in two by a partition wall. These avenues are formed by twenty pillars, which support above the ancient dormitory, the refectory, and the cloister on the Salle des Chevaliers. A large portion of this building, remarkable for its size and solidity,

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dates from the commencement of the twelfth century. The refectory has been considered one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in France. This apartment, where our Henry II. feasted in great splendour, is now a workshop for the prisoners, who are engaged in different occupations; wood-carving especially, of which specimens are found in various parts of France, is carried to great perfection. The Salle des Chevaliers is a large apartment, with four ranges of gothic pillars, the roof being richly ornamented. Here, where Louis XI. held his chapter of knights, "portant des capuchons cramoisis," is now a factory, where the sound of busy industry prevails. A staircase conducts from this apartment to the cloister, or aire-de-plomb; a magnificent conception of ancient art, placed upwards of three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and constituting the chief glory of the abbey. The cloister now serves as a place of exercise for the prisoners, who must often regard, with longing glance, the beautiful panorama of the surrounding country. At a short distance is seen the Tombelaine, and beyond the mouth of the Bay of Cancale, name dear to the lovers of crustacean dainties, while westward is the coast of Brittany, presenting many a lovely and picturesque scene.

From the cloister a staircase in the declivity of the rock, passing on the right the chamber in which the cage was formerly kept, is called the descent to the "cachots." It is the entrance to this terrible region of punishment, where the wind sounds in hollow murmurs, and the cries of the sea-bird mingle with the curses or the plaint of the prisoners: a place fearfully sad and gloomy, which almost defies description. It is difficult to give a date to these cachots, but they are the most ancient buildings of the Mont St. Michel, perhaps the work of the monks of St. Aubert, or, at least, those of the period of Richard I. The walls of the dungeons are bare and rough, and apparently incrusted by time with the rock itself.

The conspirators of 1832 were incarcerated here. Among them were Barbès and Blanqui. The former had been condemned to death, but Louis Philippe, who, let it be said, was no lover of bloodshed, commuted the capital punishment. Victor Hugo's lines to the king on behalf of Barbès, and in support of the petition of the prisoner's sister, are well known:

> Par votre ange envolée ainsi qu'une colombe,
> Par ce royal enfant, doux et frêle roseau,
> Grace encore une fois, grace au nom de la tombe!
> Grace au nom du berceau!

The muse of poetry has not disdained to visit a spot certainly not consecrated to many genial moments. A political prisoner, Mathieu d'Epinal, composed a volume of poems entitled "Mes Nuits au Mont. St. Michel." Nor has love been always absent from this prison-hold, for Elie, a discomfited republican, succeeded, despite of bars and locks, in gaining the heart of a pretty maiden of the rock, and obtained permission to marry her. Freedom, as may be supposed, came soon after.

In 1839, another band of republicans arrived in close custody at Mont St. Michel. Among them were Martin Bernard, Barbès—the indefatigable agitator, Blanqui, Delsade, Quignot, Charles, Godard, Flotte, Petremann, Austen, and Hubert.

A diary kept by Bernard furnishes some curious revelations respecting the interior of the prison. In consequence of some dispute with the guard respecting the closing of the air-holes in the cell of Barbès and

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that in which he himself was confined, they were condemned to the "Cachots Noirs."

"The order arrived to conduct me to the Cachots Noirs, where Barbès had already been sent. Surrounded by my escort I descended the staircase of the Loges, at the foot of which was a kind of floor extending by one of the equilateral fronts of the cloister, and from which, on the south-west, another staircase conducted to the church. At the west end was the entrance to the cloister, and on the south that leading to an immense weaving factory, while farther in the same direction was the great staircase of the Conciergerie. Proceeding by this latter route I crossed the Vestibule des Voûtes, a long, subterranean gallery, which receives but a feeble gleam of light from the Salle des Chevaliers, which it commands, and from hence I descended to the vaults. This gloomy place, lighted only by a small opening in the wall, is certainly the most beautiful vault in point of architecture that can be conceived. Here stood formerly an altar, consecrated to the dead. 'Anne Radclyffe and Dr. Mathurin,' says Maximilien Raoul (an historian of the place), 'should have passed their days writing here by the glimmer of a lamp.' I had still to descend lower. Casting a glance on the left I saw another long, dark gallery at least thirty feet high. This was the entrance to the burial-vaults of the olden abbey. I could not conceal my emotion as I thought that there also, behind immense masses of firewood (for this magnificent subterranean cemetery has been transformed into a magazine for fuel), would be found the *oubliettes* or *vade in pace* in which so many human victims, offered as a sacrifice to superstition or fanaticism, have gasped, without hope, their long and horrible agony. Still going deeper and deeper into the recesses of the mountain fortress, I found myself in the cave where the *cage* was formerly placed, the fastenings of which are still seen in front of the stone vault. I arrived at length in a dark and damp circular cavern, at the sides of which were the *cachots noirs*. Suddenly a voice, which I recognised to be that of Barbès, indicated the spot in which his dungeon was situated.

"At the same moment my conductors ordered me to undress. Upon my refusal to conform to this degrading command, eight powerful arms encircled me, and in a few moments, I found myself, as Barbès had been served before me, naked, exposed to the piercing cold and damp of the vaults. I was clothed in another dress, and shut up in one of the dungeons adjoining that of Barbès. In these places it was scarcely possible to extend the body, and one could not stand upright. Nothing was wanting to give them ideal horror: the darkness, the blight, the streaming humidity, the poisonous and suffocating atmosphere. One thing only seemed to stand out from the traditions of the middle ages, and this was, that the bread which was given as our only food was not literally black. . . . . .

"It was in the central cave, around which, as I have stated, were placed our dungeons, that the ordinary prisoners of the fortress were chained, a ceremony preceded by the same toilet to which we had been subjected. Every day we heard sobs or imprecations echo beneath the granite vaults. The recollection of these frightful days are particularly vivid with regard to the man who was compelled to handcuff or otherwise bind these unfortunate prisoners, and who was himself one of their comrades. He was called Marteau, but whether this was his real name, or that it had been given to him on account of his office, I do not know."

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After a short detention in these fearful "cachots," the political prisoners were allowed to return to their former quarters, where soon afterwards a plan of escape was formed. By means of the bed-coverings a cord was made, and a descent of forty feet effected from the window of the cell in which Barbès, Bernard, and another prisoner, Constant Hubert, had contrived to meet. It was about three o'clock in the morning when they found themselves upon the platform of Saint-Gauthier. The weather was favourable to their project. A thick fog concealed everything around, and by a fortunate circumstance, a *chèvre*, or machine to raise heavy goods, stood upon the platform. The cord was attached to this, and Barbès, seizing it, launched himself into obscurity. Already some moments had elapsed since he had descended, when suddenly there was a formidable shaking of the cord. The anxiety of those on the platform may be imagined. They feared that the cord was broken, or that it was too short, when the cry of the sentinel—who was merely twenty-five paces from the rock whence the descent was to have been made—burst forth "*A la garde!*" repeated with all the strength he could command. All was lost. Below, from the caserne, about sixty paces from the sentinel's post, issued a file of soldiers, and at the same moment, close to the platform Saint-Gauthier, appeared a dozen *gardiens* of the prison, lantern in hand, bringing with them Barbès, bruised, and his clothes torn to shreds, but otherwise uninjured. In descending he had lost his equilibrium, and, falling suddenly, the cord had escaped from his grasp.*

Neither the system nor the *hygiène* of the prison of the Mont St. Michel appear to have been effectual. Some frightful cases of mental alienation had occurred there. A prisoner named Steuble had, in a fit of despair, committed suicide some months previous to the arrival of the insurrectionists of 1839. One of these, Austen, a Pole, was transferred to a *maison de santé* at Pontorson, and some similar cases occurred afterwards. Barbès was reduced by illness to such weakness that he was obliged to be transferred to Nismes, and others were removed for the same reason. Blanqui was sent to the hospital at Tours.

After five years and eleven days of captivity, the republican prisoners who had remained at the Mont St. Michel were, in consequence of the decree, in 1844, for the suppression of the cellular system, allowed to mingle together. The first meeting was affecting. Some were martyrs to rheumatism, others were suffering from various diseases brought on by a long confinement and humidity. Several who had entered the prison with flowing locks had become bald, or the hair had changed to white. On the proclamation of the Republic in 1848, the political prisoners who had been detained in captivity at the Mont St. Michel were restored to freedom.

* Several attempts have been made by prisoners to escape from this formidable fortress, some of which have succeeded, and others have failed, and in a few instances a terrible death has awaited the hardy adventurer. A political prisoner, Colombat, having made a hole in the floor of his chamber by means of a nail picked up during a fire in the building in 1834, after a thousand perils succeeded in gaining the ramparts, and descended to the shore by the Basse Tour. The means he employed to effect this was attaching a cord to the pulley by which goods were conveyed into the fortress. He succeeded in reaching Avranches, and at length found a refuge in England.

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THE DOCK WARRANTS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

By Dudley Costello.

CHAPTER VI.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

There are few pleasanter hotels on the continent than the "Gasthof zur Kaiserlichen Krone," kept by Herr Gustav Hoyer, at the ancient German capital of imperial Charlemagne. An excellent table, well-furnished rooms, a beautiful garden, and admirable attendance, are all placed at the traveller's service on terms as moderate as can reasonably be desired. If your object be to take the waters, enjoy the scenery near the old city, or share in the amusements which it offers, I know of no more agreeable house to stop at than the aforesaid "Crown Imperial."

Mr. Hooker appeared to think so too, for at the end of three days—a long time in this age of rapid locomotion—he showed no desire to shift his quarters. To a speculator of his stamp the *Redoute* offered the greatest possible attraction, and a second bank-note for five hundred pounds having been changed into *rouleaux*—one for the same amount had been cashed in Brussels—it was likely enough, had his inclination alone been consulted, that he would have stayed at Aix-la-Chapelle till every Napoleon had been raked up by the *croupiers*. But the anxiety of Mr. Googe was a complete set-off to the carelessness and desire for enjoyment of Mr. Hooker. To the former all places seemed dangerous, the present always more so than the one just left behind, a perpetual goad ever urging him to fly.

To satisfy his "unrest," Mr. Googe's first object had been to examine the English newspapers in the reading-room of the *Redoute*. He had not far to search before he found what he expected. The "city articles" on the day after the explosion of the firm of "Graysteel and Handyside," gave full particulars of the enormous swindle, accompanied by comments of the least flattering nature. But this was not all. An advertisement in the most conspicuous part of each morning paper described the "Fraudulent Bankrupts" with all the accuracy of a creditor's memory, and it was further announced that any gentleman—or otherwise—in want of "One Thousand Pounds," who would give such information as should lead to their conviction, might receive that sum at the offices of Messrs. Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper, of St. Withold's, in the City of London.

Although he took the matter much easier than his partner, Mr. Hooker was by no means incurious as to the position in which he stood at home, and his desire to see the *Times* before they left Brussels had already made this apparent. His quick eye caught the advertisement quite as

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soon as it fell beneath the nervous glance of Mr. Googe. Rapidly he read his own description:

"'Red whiskers, sandy hair, bald on the crown of the head, height about five feet seven, stout, speaks with a hasty utterance, had on——' Ah!" said he, interrupting himself,"' whiskers gone, flaxen wig, no baldness visible now, there are plenty of people of my height and size, and since I've begun to talk German the deuce is in it if I don't speak slow enough. As to Graysteel," he continued, scanning the appearance of his partner, who was silently devouring the columns of virtuous indignation thundered against him,—"as to Graysteel, he can't get rid of that cursed methodistical look of his, but what with blue spectacles, high shirt collar, and long hair dangling over his shoulders, he may pass well enough for a Heidelberg professor! What fools people are to advertise dress, as if that wasn't the very first thing one altered. 'Supposed to have gone on the Continent.' A tolerably good guess, or we shouldn't have left Brussels in such a hurry. 'A thousand pounds reward.' They think us worth catching, at all events. Graysteel, now, would like to go to some lonely place for safety; give me a crowd. I shall stay here as long as I can."

And he did stay—much longer than his companion liked; longer, indeed, than was altogether prudent, for on the fourth morning the value of Mr. Hooker's reliance on a crowd was unexpectedly tested.

"Does the high-born count," asked the fair-haired, pale-eyed waiter of the "Crown Imperial," in his German-English, as he arranged the breakfast-table in the private apartment of the Firm—"does the high-born count a drosky to-day in order the wonder-beautiful garden of Kaisers-ruhe to see require?"

The high-born count, represented on this occasion by Mr. Hooker, had not thought about it, but as the drive was proposed, and combined amusement with expense, he replied that he thought he should. The waiter delivered himself of the customary "So!" but he had another speech to make.

"There is," he observed, "this morning, by the-first-out-of-Belgium-departing-and-here-arriving-train, at the hotel descended another English high-born count who the misfortune his toilet necessaries behind him to leave has had. A some-days' beard he desires to shave. If any English high-born counts in the hotel remaining were, there might he a beard-knife succeed to borrow——" In other words, not to continue the waiter's translation of his own perplexed horse-language, "the newcomer would be very much obliged if either of the gentlemen could favour him with the loan of an English razor."

The request was simple enough under ordinary circumstances, but not just then. In their hurried flight from Brussels Messrs. Googe and Hooker had left *their* dressing-cases behind them also. It is true they had replaced them, on their arrival at Aix la Chapelle, at the "*Handlung*" in the Comphausbad-Strasse of Jacob Schwindelmann, a Hamburg merchant who dealt in everything, and who swore by the unsullied integrity of his class that every article he sold was manufactured at the place it professed to come from; but, notwithstanding his assurance, they would not have declared—meaning to be believed—that his Sheffield-marked goods were really genuine. Not that such a trifle as this would

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have weighed for an instant on the minds of either of the partners, but when you are suddenly asked for "an English razor" on the Continent, and are not quite sure you have got one, you begin to think about it. His own large practice in contraband of all sorts had heightened the naturally suspicious temper of Archibald Graysteel to its most susceptible condition, and led him at once to the worst conclusions. In this instance he immediately suspected a trap, though if anybody could have looked unlike a trapper, that fair-haired, pale-eyed German waiter was the man. Preventing Handyside, who was about to speak, Graysteel replied that it would, of course, give either of them great pleasure to accommodate the gentleman, but—*par parenthèse*—what sort of person was the stranger, it being just possible, as he was from England, that he might know him?

The waiter, with that lucidity which distinguishes his countrymen, gave the following descriptive sketch:

"He is an even-so-tall but as the high-born count a much stronger-with-bones-erected-man; shoulder-wide as the elephant, with an eye-twinkle of needle sharpness, all-sighted, every-sided; he has himself no German; but with him an out-speaker travels."

"I do not think I know him," said Graysteel, quietly; "but—what is his companion like?"

"Ah, my God! what for a difference between the two! Short is he and small, eagle-nosed, dark-featured, quick-talking, restless as an ape."

"No! It is nobody we are acquainted with. Give Mr. Googe's compliments to the English gentleman, and—you can take what he wants when you have brought breakfast."

As soon as the waiter was gone, Graysteel said to Handyside: "You see, now! If we had started yesterday, as I wanted, this would not have happened."

"What do you mean?" asked his companion: "I don't quite take."

"Don't you perceive that they are close on our trail? This Englishman and his razor! Nothing but a dodge to find us out, depend upon it. It's plain enough, through all that cloud of German gibberish, that the very men are in this house whom we saw in the park at Brussels; there's no mistaking that little Antwerp fellow! We left our things behind, and they know it. Lucky that Hamburg merchant pretends to deal in English cutlery!"

"I see!" exclaimed Handyside. "He shall have mine."

He went into his bedroom and fetched a pair of razors and a shaving-brush.

"They look very new," he said, "but I'll cure that in a moment!"

The "Crown Imperial" is a first-rate German hotel, but yet the carpet was a dirty one. Handyside laid the razors on the floor and turned them over with his foot, scraping them well with the sole of his boot. He then picked them up and rubbed them clean, but still the handles were scratched, as if they had been a good deal used. He treated his shaving-brush in the same way, laughing heartily all the time. Nothing, however, disturbed Graysteel's gravity: the danger he feared was too close at hand, but now that it was near he seemed better prepared to meet it.

A complimentary message was despatched to the stranger, and then

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the partners took counsel together how best to effect their departure from the hotel without being seen by the new comers, for whether Graysteel's alarm were well or ill founded, it was not worth while to run any unnecessary risk, and even Handyside was alive to the necessity of moving their quarters further off. They must now, however, adopt a mode of proceeding different from the last: the bill must be regularly paid, the route which they proposed to take carefully announced, and their departure made as openly as was consistent with their ultimate safety.

The first thing to be ascertained was, whether their pursuers were really on the spot. On this point they did not long remain in doubt, for while the question was being discussed, Graysteel, turning his eyes in the direction of the hotel-garden, saw there the identical little Belgian whom he had so much reason to dread, walking up and down smoking a cigar, and every now and then stopping to cast a curious glance, with his sharp, black eyes, at the windows which opened towards him. Graysteel hastily drew back to avoid the possibility of being seen, and in a whisper communicated the reason to his confederate, who also removed out of sight. Handyside, after a short silence, was the first to speak.

"We must dispose of that chap somehow," he said, pointing to the garden; "until he is out of the way the chances are two to one against us; more than that, indeed, for I fancy from his appearance here that 'the officer' himself is not able to recognise us, except by the description, which doesn't altogether apply."

He paused to consider, and then spoke again.

"I think we can manage it, but what we do must be done at once. It's very likely that little Hook-nose, there, don't recollect me at all, but you may rely upon it he remembers *you* fast enough. The thing will be for you to get away while he is in the garden; I can see the top of his hat still. Put on your cloak and be off to the railway station, sit down in the refreshment-room,—the Conditorei, as they call it,—and wait till I come. You must ask for something to eat,—Butterbrot—sausages—stout—everything you see on the counter—you've had but a poor breakfast, so eat as much as you can;—the more you eat the more they'll take you for a native. Now cut; in less than an hour I'll be with you."

This advice, as far as Graysteel was concerned, was evidently good, and he took it, leaving Handyside to fight out the battle.

Mr. Hooker—we resume his travelling name—after waiting about five minutes to let his companion get clear off, rang the bell. It was answered, as he expected, by the fair-haired, pale-eyed waiter, whose name was Adolph.

"What do you call that place you mentioned just now?" he inquired.

"His name is Die Kaisers-ruhe—the Emperor's-rest."

"Well, then, the Emperor may rest by himself, we are not going there to-day."

"So!"

"But I shall want the carriage all the same,—to take me to the railway station. I have had letters which oblige me to go on to Berlin to-day. Bring the bill directly, order the carriage to the door, and don't forget to ask that English nobleman for my razors."

These orders, given with great rapidity, quite astonished Adolph. "Meant he the high-born count that he was going away to say? Ah,

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his God, that was unpleasant news! A so splendid torch-music as he should if he that night remained have heard! And the other high-born count he travelling also was?"

Mr. Hooker observed that his friend would accompany him; he had gone to the post-office, where he should pick him up. If Adolph made haste, he—Mr. Hooker—would give him a Prussian dollar for himself. And when he came back with the bill he had something else to say. Perhaps it might be worth another dollar to Adolph—or more—if he executed his commission rightly.

The prospect of money will quicken even the movements of a German. Mr. Hooker had hardly finished packing up when the waiter returned. He brought the shaving materials with a speech which was luckily cut short at the threshold, or he might have been delivering it at this moment; he also brought the "Rechnung," glittering with silver-sand which had been hastily strewn over the fresh ink. The high-born count did not attempt to read the long lines of hieroglyphics,—it would have taken him a week to make them out—but merely glanced at the word "Summa," saw what was the amount, paid it,—with the promised extra dollar, and then, perceiving from the place where he stood that the little Belgian commissioner had not quite finished his cigar, beckoned Adolph to come close to him.

"You see that person in the garden?" he said, in an under tone.

"Ah, yes! it is the eagle-nosed, ape-like, newly-arriving stranger."

"Well, I have seen him before, though my friend has not. Do you know what he is?"

"That can I not say."

"I will tell you then. Were you ever in a madhouse?"

"Gott bewahre! God forbid!" exclaimed Adolph. "What for then?"

"That man is mad."

"So!!!"

But the exclamation this time was not a mere word of acquiescence: it expressed a considerable amount of undisguised fright.

"Listen," continued Mr. Hooker. "I suspect that the strong, stout man who came with him is his keeper. Do you understand?"

"Ja wohl. Sein Verwahrer. Mein Gott!"

"That is the reason he travels without razors. He is afraid the other should get at them. You see he sent him out of the way while he shaved. Now then, Adolph, I will tell you a secret. All madmen have some one they hate. That little fellow hates me,—would kill me if he met me,—or you, if you tried to prevent him. But he is dangerous to society in general; he ought not to be allowed to go loose. Don't you think so?"

"Ah, my God, yes! Altogether!"

"In the interests of society then,—for my sake, yours, everybody's, he ought to be shut up. If I were not hurried away on business, I should lay an information against him myself. But you will do so instead. At once, privately, the moment I am gone. Here is a golden Frederick! Keep your eye upon him. Don't let him out of your sight while I'm here."

"That will I not," said Adolph, his eyes quite wild between pleasure and fear, one hardly knew which predominated. "At the garden-of-

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the-hotel-opening-door the house-cook with his long knife before me until you are gone shall stand!"

"That's right! Send up a porter for the baggage."

The porter came, a man accustomed to carry any conceivable weight or any number of packages. He threw a portmanteau over each shoulder, sustained a carpet-bag under each arm, held a hat-box or two with his teeth, and compacting the whole mass with cloaks and railway-wrappers in a pile over his head, moved steadily off with his load. Mr. Hooker followed him. At the foot of the stairs he encountered a tall, stout, keen-eyed man, with unmistakable British features, who looked very hard at him. Mr. Hooker, in German fashion, lifted his hat, and passed on.

Presently he heard a deep voice. "Jack! where are you!" it said. "I want you here!"

This invocation was answered by some one in a high state of excitement. English and Flemish oaths were mingled together, and a row seemed to be going on at the end of the passage that led into the garden. It was evident to Mr. Hooker that a new phase was opening in the career of Monsieur Jacques, the individual wanted. This was no affair of his. He stepped into the carriage, and, while the landlord and a dozen of his waiters were bowing bareheaded, gave the word, "Fahr' zu Kutcher!" in choicest German to the driver, and drove out of the court-yard.

In half an hour from that time, while the Polizei of Aix-la-Chapelle were taking measures with the supposed madman—a lock-up in the Gefangniss being the initiatory proceeding—while Mr. Woodman, who unfortunately only spoke English, was endeavouring to explain and interjectionally venting maledictions on everybody's eyes for their stupidity—while Adolph was honourably keeping his word and accusing the little Belgian commissioner of the wildest insanity—while these things, I say, were passing at Aix-la-Chapelle, Messrs. Graysteel and Handyside were going at the rail's best pace to Cologne—not to stop there, however, nor to go straight on, but with the intention of turning off to Bonn, and taking the first steamer that called on its way up the Rhine.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHASE.

Oppose two different temperaments, set frantic passion in one scale and stolid phlegm in the other, and it takes some time before you can get the balance even. Jacques Mordant, the Antwerp commissioner, was in such a state of excitement at being made a prisoner for he knew not what, that it was physically impossible for him in the first instance to satisfy even less imaginative people than the German Polizei that he was not to all intents and purposes as sane as themselves. Well paid by his employer for doing artful work in the quietest way, his faculties nicely attuned to what he had in hand by the soothing influence of tobacco, and only one little heat-spot smouldering in his bosom till his hate was fully gratified, it was hard indeed that the tables should suddenly be turned upon him, and that, instead of an avenger, he should become a victim.

Mr. Woodman, although pretty well accustomed to "scenes" in his

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own land, and sufficiently well acquainted with the general mystery of "dodges," was at fault in this instance, on account of his inability to speak what he called "the devilish lingo of this here country." It came to his remembrance, however, after considering the subject for a while, that the most active of the accusing party, the loudest in crying out "Ein zoller Mensch!" ("whatever that was!") when the Belgian was hurried into confinement, was the fair-haired, pale-eyed Adolph. As soon, therefore, as "the shindy"—to use his own classical expression—had in a degree subsided, he sought out the individual just named, and began to question him about "the reason why."

"I want to know what's up, here," he said; "I mean, why have they grabbed, that is, carried off little Jack?"

The emphatic plainness of Mr. Woodman compelled Adolph to muster his best English in reply.

"What for, my lord? Surely to you the cause is not unknown."

"Don't my-lord me, but answer my question. What has little Jack done?"

"All things has he, which a rightly-minded man commits not, done."

"What, here?"

"If in this town, not, then must he strangeness in many other places have shown!"

"I'm blest if I can understand this," said Mr. Woodman, puzzled. "Has he robbed or murdered? Speak out!"

"Of robbing that know I not, of murdering not more also; but——"

"But what?"

"Still a madman is he?"

"Mad! Little Jack mad! Devil a bit. What makes you think so?"

"So good an information have I had, that to doubt not possible is."

"Who told you?"

Adolph hesitated, and in his reluctance to speak the sharp-witted Detective saw at once that some underhand work had been going on.

"Come," he said; "you've been paid for this job."

The boldness and suddenness of the attack completely upset Adolph; he tried to say something, but could not.

Mr. Woodman smiled contemptuously.

"Why I see him a giving of you the money!"

This was said metaphorically, to illustrate the shallowness of the German; but it was taken literally.

"No! that could you not! Alone were we at the time!"

Mr. Woodman laughed outright. "What a flat!" he said to himself. Then, aloud: "You've been imposed upon, young feller. Now tell me who it was that give you the money, and how much. I'll make it double."

Without being venal—that never enters into the soul of a waiter, German or English—Adolph could *not* resist the temptation of a double fee. Besides, a virtuous indignation came to his aid; he had been made a tool of. So "on this hint he spake."

"Six *thalers* had I, the believed madman to denounce. At once parted the high-born count (Adolph could not divest him of his rank), onward to Berlin directly going. Him, perhaps, saw you in a waggon drive away!"

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"Stout, sandy-complexioned," mused Mr. Woodman. "It struck me his head looked very wiggy—disguised, of course. That must have been Handyside! I didn't think I'd been *quite* so nigh. But the other," he pursued, addressing Adolph; "what's become of him?"

"Before then to the post-office gone was he, to the hotel not again returning."

"I see!" said Mr. Woodman. "We've been done. Cleverly enough. It was touch and go, though. But I must get little Jack out of quod." He put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a quantity of silver. "Six of these 'taylors,' you say? Well, *there's* twice as many! Now this matter must be explained to your police—I'm in that line myself—and then I must be off after them two high-born counts as you call 'em. Bless your simple heart, they're two runaway bankrupts; swindled the British public out of millions."

"Gott in Himmel!" exclaimed Adolph, in his native language. "Dies ist unbekannt! Millione! Ich erstaune mich! Ungeheuer!"

But Mr. Woodman had no time to waste in listening to his new ally's tremendous expletives. They went at once to the police-office, where, through the medium of Adolph's interpretation—sinking all mention, however, of the bribes—the matter was fully explained, and Jacques Mordant was released from durance. The pale-eyed, fair-haired waiter now underwent a twofold interrogatory, and to the infinite disgust of the little Belgian he learnt that the man against whom he had recorded a solemn vow of vengeance had again escaped him. There could be no doubt, from the description which Adolph gave, that the individuals "wanted" by Mr. Woodman were those who had so hastily taken their departure. But the scent was hot, and they must be quickly followed. The only question was as to the route they had taken. Berlin was evidently a blind. So said "little Jack," and Mr. Woodman, when he heard that Adolph was a Prussian and came from the banks of the Spree, quite agreed with him. "It wasn't likely," he concluded, "that two knowing hands like Graysteel and Handyside would trust themselves again among such a nation of muffs." Besides, there were so many pleasant places to stop at the other way, and the range was so much wider. No! the fugitives must have taken to the Rhine, and up that far-famed river Mr. Woodman resolved to pursue them. Little Jack, who in all probability had *not* left a sorrowing bride or a bereaved family behind him at Antwerp, and who, doubtless, found Mr. Woodman's liberal pay more than an equivalent for his wages at the Hôtel St. Antoine, was again at his service, entirely so in fact, until the chase was ended, for he had personal feelings to gratify besides the profits of the journey.

If the astute Detective and his eager companion could have got away at once they might have run Messrs. Graysteel and Handyside very hard; but, at the railway station they found there was no train to Cologne until late in the evening, and a special one ("Geschwindigkeit-Ausführungs-Begleitung"—fancy such a name for anything quick) was only to be obtained by negotiations as protracted as if the question had been peace and its proposer the Emperor of Austria; so they were obliged to wait for several hours, and were not housed that night at the "Rheinischer-Hof," in the perfumed city, until midnight had pealed from the truncated tower of the old, never-to-be-finished cathedral. Daylight saw them on board "the Damp," as little Jack called the steamer, her paddle-

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wheels went round, and launched on the bosom of "the exulting and abounding river" the chase now fairly began.

At first it was all hap-hazard, for, not having thought of the branch railway, all the inquiries made at Cologne failed to elicit any information respecting the fugitives, who, by taking the night-boat at Bonn, had secured the advantage of a twelve-hours' start. The season, however, was in favour of the pursuers, the annual migration of tourists having scarcely commenced; a couple of months later, and even Mr. Woodman's sagacity might have failed to guide him through the crowds that swarm up the Rhine when once the long vacation sets everybody free. Mr. Woodman was not a gentleman who cared much for the picturesque, and the river-scenery was, to a great extent, thrown away upon him. He gave it as his opinion to little Jack that the towns "was mostly ramshackled, tumble-down old places, and the names of 'em about the queerest he ever heard." As to the castles, "if they was meant for prisons, he'd back the Model at Clerkenwell, for keeping a feller in when once you'd got him, agen the whole lot." He admitted that "Iron-bright-stone" looked "stiffish," but "there was too many corners about it, and nothin' as he saw to hinder a chap as was at all game from gettin' out of the windows," meaning, probably, the casemates. For the ruins he expressed the most undisguised contempt: "What use was they of?—that was what he wanted to know? You call that building Wry-neck (Rheineck?) do you? Well, so you may. It's the crookedest bit of mason's work I ever set eyes on. Singe-wig (Sinzig?)—I suppose the owner was blown up with gunpowder! Ober-weasel! just fit for weasels and polecats and such wermin. The long and the short of it is, Jack, that ruins is all nonsense. When once a house—you may call it a castle if you like, it's all one—is rickety and going to tumble down, what I say is, down with it, and build up somethin' square and substantial, with a good slate roof and chimbleys as won't smoke. The German Barons lived in 'em, hey? *Likely* enough! I've seen a few German Barons in our police-courts, all swindling cases, and these scrubby holes is just fitting places for 'em!"

These, however, were slight incidental remarks: observations which fell from him when not engaged in scanning the passengers on board, or watching the boat-loads that came to or left the steamer.

At Coblentz they put up at "The Giant," and little Jack went the round of the other hotels to learn if any persons answering the description of Graysteel and Handyside had made their appearance there; but Coblentz was a blank; it had afforded them no shelter. Were they on the right track then? That was still pure conjecture, but it was most likely to be the case. Mr. Woodman took out his "Foreign Bradshaw," and examined the course of the river. There was a line of railway, he saw; where did that begin? It was at Bieberich, he found, but he gave up the pronunciation and called it plain "B." Did little Jack know anything of those parts? Oh, yes; but not since the line was opened. A few years ago he had been a waiter for the summer at the "Hotel des Quatre Saisons," at Wiesbaden; a nice place, plenty of play going on at the Kursaal; Jack had won a good deal of money there: he forgot to add that he had lost it all again and his wages into the bargain. Mr. Woodman caught at the word "play." Before he left Aix-la-Chapelle, he had "dropped in"—on business—at the Redoute, and discovered that

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Handyside had been a frequent visitor there. It was just possible that the table at Wiesbaden might have lured him again. Mr. Woodman resolved to chance it: the delay was only an hour in the event of its not being "a find," so, accompanied by little Jack, he left the steamer at Bieberich.

To get to Wiesbaden from thence you must take the rail to Castel and change carriages there. Mr. Woodman and his companion had accomplished this feat, and the train was slowly moving off on the Wiesbaden line, when the *convoi* from the latter place as slowly came in.

"Sacré nom de Dieu!" profanely shouted the Belgian; "les voilà."

"What are you sackering at, Jack?" asked Mr. Woodman.

"Och! verdoem de Duyvel!" he went on in his native Flemish. "What? why those two swindlers,—there they are! Stop the train,—arrêtez,—stohen-sie!—halt—halt!"

But no language that he was master of was of any avail: the speed increased, Mr. Woodman and Jacques Mordant were whirled one way, Messrs. Graysteel and Handyside the other.

The Detective, with professional sagacity, had made a right cast. When the partners arrived at Mayence, William Handyside had insisted on making a *detour* to Wiesbaden; he had still two large notes to get rid of, and he preferred changing them at the gaming-table, where their amounts would pass almost unnoticed; the telegraph had, in all probability, stopped the numbers with the Geldwechselrei at Frankfort, and, besides, he longed to try his luck again, though he kept this last reason a secret from Archibald Graysteel. It was a narrow escape in more ways than one, for there was a moment when almost every farthing in his possession depended on the turn of the card. "Red" had won repeatedly, and Handyside continued to back "the colour." If the fortune of the bank had not changed the fugitives must have been beggared; but Fate withheld the blow, and Handyside got back nearly all the money he had ventured. Something like prudence restrained him from playing any more that night,—though he was sorely tempted,—and on the following morning Graysteel, whose fears had returned, would not think of remaining. They were never safe, he said, amidst such a throng of people; the extraditional treaty was in force all through Germany; they must push on to Switzerland, and then they should have time to look about them. It was while they were returning to Frankfort that the *rencontre* took place. The fugitives might never have known that their pursuers were again so close to them, had it not been for the noisy exclamations of little Jack. At the sound of his voice they both turned their heads, glances of recognition were exchanged with the excited commissioner, and that, for the time being, was all.

"You are quite right, Graysteel," said Handyside, "Germany is no place for us to stay in. We must take the first train to Basle, and if they don't stop us by telegraph along the line before we get there, we shall be all right."

It was a nervous journey for both the partners,—for Graysteel especially, who at every fresh demand for "Billeten" in unknown, harsh-sounding *Deutsch*, fancied he heard the signal for arrest; but they accomplished it without stoppage, owing to a *ruse* of Handyside's. Instead of keeping on the Baden line right on, he sacrificed the tickets he had taken all through, got out at Carlsruhe, bought fresh tickets

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there for Strasbourg, crossed the Rhine at Kehl into the French territory, with passports freshly devised,—slept in the old capital of Alsace, while vain perquisitions were being made at the principal German stations, and by mid-day on the morning after their departure from Wiesbaden were safely ensconced at the sign of "the Stork in Basle."

Perhaps you will say that it was not very clever management on the part of two such knowing personages as the Detective and little Jack, to suffer their prey to escape when they had them almost within their grasp; but you must take into consideration the fact, that although the telegraphic messages were duly sent, the interpretation of them rested with German officials; and when this is the case you may fairly state the chances of misinterpretation at the mild figure of twenty to one.

Yet the huntsmen and their quarry were not so far apart as you may suppose. Mr. Woodman, who had the law of extradition at his fingers'-ends, lost no time in booking himself and follower for Basle, the point, he felt certain, for which the fugitives would make, and while the fraudulent bankrupts were comfortably supping at the "Maison Rouge" at Strasbourg, the Detective and little Jack were doing the same thing at the "Fortuna" at Offenburg, that place being the utmost limit of the same day's journey. They might even have entered Basle about the same hour with Messrs. Graysteel and Handyside,—though by different entrances, but for a slight accident which befel Mr. Woodman. Whoever has supped at the "Fortuna" must remember a certain sparkling wine very much recommended there as something incomparably superior to champagne. Without saying that Mr. Phaeler's "Klingelberger" does not deserve to be so highly rated, I may mention one fact in connexion with it: it did *not* agree with Mr. Woodman, whose habitual beverage, whenever he could get it, was stout;—and the consequence was he did not feel sufficiently robust to pursue his journey the next morning by the earliest train.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT HAPPENED ON NEUTRAL GROUND.

ALTHOUGH they were now in one sense "free soilers," it formed no part of the plan of the run-a-ways to linger on the threshold of safety. They might, Graysteel said, be hustled into a boat, carted over the bridge, or inveigled in some way beyond the inviolable limit, and thus fall into the hands of the enemy; while if they put space between themselves and the frontier, it would take something more than accident or gentle persuasion to put in peril what they had won at the cost of so much anxiety and fatigue.

The point to direct themselves upon, as the most convenient for their purpose, was now the question; and this, Handyside, with his continental experience, undertook to decide. There is no such thing in Switzerland as remaining concealed: the cities are all "petites villes," where a stranger who settles becomes, in a few days, as well known as if he were a hippopotamus; and the lonely valleys and inaccessible heights are no longer either lonely or inaccessible to guides and tourists, the latter bent on seeing everything, and the former only too glad, when properly paid, to hunt up the newest novelty.

This being the case, neither of the capitals, Berne or Geneva, seemed

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suitable places: besides, they were both in the highway to everywhere. Graysteel who, rat-like, was all for holes and corners, would—like Rousseau, to whose suspicious character his own bore a strong resemblance—have shut himself up in the Val de Travers, or—going beyond the excitable philosopher—have buried himself in the *Creux de Vent*, so that he might never again see the detested faces of Mr. Woodman or the Belgian commissioner. But, for the reason just assigned, and, moreover, because the chain of the Jura had no attractions for Handyside—(how could it, when there is nothing there to spend money upon but doubtful cheese?)—this idea was negatived at once. As a compromise, however, between society and solitude, Handyside came to the conclusion that Neufchatel was, perhaps, as good a place to go to as any: good wine, a thing he much affected, drinking being one of his vices, was to be had; the confectionary—if you can stand that sort of thing at any time—is first-rate; the complexion of the houses—if you have an eye for colour, and prefer bright yellow ochre to any other—is attractive; and Geneva watches—supposing you to be curious about their construction—are manufactured there in any quantity you please. As to the fact of the town being slow and tame, Handyside saw no great harm in that while the pursuit was still hot, for even a London Detective likes a place that has "some stir in it," and would not go to Neufchatel for choice unless upon "good information." But if the want of a law of "reddition" protected the fraudulent bankrupts, it may be asked, why did either Graysteel or Handyside trouble themselves to think twice on the subject? Simply because, when men have weighing upon them a sense of crime committed, they cannot bring themselves to believe that any laws—or the want of them—can create immunity. "The thief doth fear each bush an officer," though reason undeceives him at every step. It is a case of conscience: that's all.

Comfort in travelling being a thing that Handyside especially went in for, he hired a *voiturier* at Basle for the journey, laying in plenty of *comestibles* and liquid consolation to make up for the very great possibility of bad fare at the Swiss inns. He hired the carriage to take himself and partner to Schaffhausen, giving out that they were bound for the Lake of Constance and the Tyrol, and actually left Basle by the Lucerne gate; but at Liesthal Mr. Handyside changed his mind, and informed the driver that his destination was Neufchatel. Unless the journey be shortened by altered plans, a *voiturier*, whose life is passed on the high-road, cares little which way he travels; and as in this instance the distance was increased, and there was an opportunity for making an additional charge for an extra horse (which was not wanted) for crossing the pass of the Ober-Hauenstein, the "young man"—as he called himself, though he looked, and very likely was, sixty—made not the slightest objection, but immediately turned his horses' heads due south.

Nothing very remarkable occurred on the journey. Archibald Graysteel was as nervous as usual while his flight was in progress, and whenever he got out to walk constantly emulated the wife of Lot by looking backwards, fearing the pursuers. "Post equitem sedet atra Cura" was the spell under which he laboured. William Handyside, more thoroughly satisfied, not only that he was on neutral ground, but that nobody was likely at that moment to be on his track, walked up the mountain-road more leisurely, quietly smoking his cigar. So they passed the Ober-

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Hauenstein, passed the old ruins of Falkenstein, descended into the Ballsthal, threaded the strange and narrow defile of the Innere Klus, and in due time arrived at the ancient city of Solsure, where they slept. The second day's journey conducted them by the base of the Weissenstein to Bienne, and skirting the lake of that name they arrived without interruption at Neufchatel, where for the present I shall leave them.

Through the haze of German descriptiveness Mr. Woodman discovered, when he was able to resume his route, that the persons he was in search of had not passed beyond the Offenburg station, and a brilliant-minded official suggested, with the all-expressive "Vielleicht!" that "peradventure" they had crossed the French frontier at Kehl and proceeded by that line to Basle. It was, without doubt, a very happy suggestion, but to have made it of any value it ought to have issued from the official brain on the evening before, when the same inquiries were made, and when there might have been some chance of nabbing the peccant individuals in their slumbers. Mr. Woodman saw at once that they had dodged him for the third time since the pursuit began, and though he had little or no expectation of coming up with them before they got into Switzerland, he, too, crossed over to Strasbourg, and falling in with one of the French police—a different style of men from the German Polizei—obtained full confirmation of his doubts: although the fugitives travelled under names of the latest invention, and had Foreign-office passports to all appearance perfectly *en règle*, the Detective had no difficulty in expressing to little Jack his firm conviction that Messrs. Godfrey and Hugo were the game he had been trying to run down.

"Well," he said, "I s'pose by this time they've got to this here Bawl or Bazzle, or whatever they calls it, and done us so fur; but for all that we must find out where they *are*. There's ways and means, Jack, of making their lives quite the reverse of pleasant, let 'em be where they will."

To Basle, then, Mr. Woodman and his henchman accordingly followed, and after a whole day of industrious perquisition the real track was discovered. It was now Mr. Woodman's turn to keep out of sight, that the Firm might be lulled into the belief that the emissaries of Messrs. Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper had either gone-a-head on a false scent, or had desisted from pursuit.

"We must keep ourselves dark, Jack," said the Detective; "at all events till we has our orders from head-quarters."

To do this was an easy matter for Mr. Woodman, who was accustomed to all kinds of travesties, and under the disguise of botanising tourists, with blouses, French gaitered-shoes, *casquettes* of the *képi* order, tin-cases slung over their shoulders for specimens, and a kind of pastoral crooks to assist their researches, Mr. Woodman and Jacques Mordant established themselves at Neufchatel, and reconnoitred their prey at leisure.

As soon as the Detective had ascertained that Messrs. Graysteel and Handyside (still calling themselves Godfrey and Hugo) had "settled down," he set the electric telegraph to work, and on the twelfth day after his departure from London, a messenger from "the Submarine" made his appearance in St. Witholt's and delivered a despatch to Mr. Soaper, who, on opening it, found it to be thus worded:

"Neufchatel, Switzerland. The two coves (G. and H.) is domiciled

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in this here nootral citty. Not to be got at accordin' to law. On which account they keeps their pecker up and walks about free. Please to send further orders. Livin' right oppersite in a first pair front. Persons a good deal transmoggryfide. Spends their money like lords. Leastways H. T'other one goes every day to chapple."

Mr. Soaper's countenance became more tallowy than ever, and the oil oozed freely through his pores as, with feelings in which disgust and disappointment were mingled, he read this communication. He immediately summoned his partners, to take counsel upon the course to be adopted. The conclave very speedily came to the conclusion that the only way to reach "the evil-doers" (so Soaper, the upright man, very justly called them) was by making over the claim of the house to a Swiss subject; but as it was perfectly ridiculous to suppose that any manufacturer in Switzerland—or any half dozen for that matter—could give them security for the whole debt (which, it may be remembered, amounted to one hundred and sixty-three thousand pounds, eighteen shillings and sixpence—without interest), they resolved to transfer to a correspondent at Geneva an overdue bill for 4900*l.*—one of a good many of Graysteel and Handyside's which had come into their hands since the great transaction, with special instructions to sue at once upon it. This Genevese correspondent was Monsieur Cliquet, the great watchmaker in the Rue Basse, whose emporium attracts so many travellers. This individual undertook the job for a moderate commission (what Swiss would not?); but as the evil-doing parties were not in Geneva, recourse was had by him to *his* correspondent at Neufchatel, a certain Monsieur Pignon, who would—very moderately—participate in the profits which arose out of the process. The arrangement was well planned, and circumstances favoured it, for it so happened that William Handyside being in want of an expensive watch—(he always yearned after what was most expensive)—had paid more than one visit to the shop of Monsieur Pignon, who had promised him the very best article that could be made for money. To oblige any English gentleman (who was rich) Monsieur Pignon declared that he would work night and day.

"Ah! he would execute a *tour de force*—he would surprise Milord Hugo! A beautiful golden bird, with purple enamelled wings and diamond eyes, should issue from the watch when he touched a certain spring, and sing the Ranz des Vaches in the most wonderful manner. The cost—to milord—would be a mere *bagatelle* compared with the splendour and ingenuity of the device; only three thousand francs! Ah! —milord did not know what resources there were in the minds of the Swiss watchmakers."

Apparently not; for, going as usual one fine morning to see how the work was getting on, he was shown into the *bureau*—not the *atelier*—of Monsieur Pignon. The artist was alone, and an open letter was lying on his desk, the perusal of which he had just finished. Whether by instinct or accident it is not easy to say, but Mr. Handyside's eyes fell on the letter the moment he entered the little room, and his range of vision being remarkable, he instantly caught sight of his own name and that of his partner, Graysteel.

"Ah, milord—c'est-à-dire, monsieur, c'est vous! Diable! je suis seul. Que faire!"

To this half-muttered salutation, Handyside, who guessed mischief,

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replied in an off-hand way, asking what progress Monsieur Pignon was making with the watch, which he wanted *to pay for* and take away. At the same time he produced his pocket-book.

If ever there were an undecided person on the face of the earth, that person was Monsieur Pignon. The letter from Monsieur Cliquet, of Geneva, informed him that he would get one-sixteenth per cent. on the amount of the transferred bill for his trouble in effecting the arrest of his customer. He calculated what that was in a moment: it came to about seventy-six francs. But he was about to sell a watch to the same party, by which he should make a profit of at least a thousand. Between the two sums there could not, of course, be any hesitation; but another question arose. How should he satisfy Monsieur Cliquet, if he failed to carry out his instructions? To connive at the escape of Milord Hugo might, moreover, entail very serious consequences. Monsieur Pignon's tongue remained silent while these considerations occupied him, but something spoke in his working brow which tended to increase the wariness of William Handyside. At last the jeweller came to a conclusion: he would say nothing about the process till he got his own money; he could finish the watch in a few hours; he would take it home himself, receive the amount, have a *huissier* ready, perform his duty, and satisfy his Swiss conscience; so he looked up with a smile, and made answer as follows:

"I beg your pardon, milord! I was calculating the time it would take me to complete that superb masterpiece. For forty-eight hours my eyes have never closed upon it. Only ten minutes ago I left it in my workshop. Milord is impatient to have that noble specimen of art? Milord remembers the price?"

"Perfectly," replied Handyside. "Three thousand francs. Here are the notes of the Bank of France." He showed them to the jeweller, whose hand trembled with delight, and replaced them in his pocket-book. "I will pay you the instant the watch is ready."

Monsieur Pignon gulped down his disappointment: he had expected to touch the cash, then and there—in which case he would have done "his duty" so much the sooner.

"Très bien, milord; ça ne presse pas. Quand, milord, voudra! A quelle heure, milord, sera-t-il chez lui?"

His lordship said he should be at home all day.

"Dans ce cas," returned the jeweller, "milord aura sa montre cet après-midi. A trois heures précises j'aurai l'honneur de l'apporter moi-même."

"And at three o'clock, you infernal scoundrel," said William Handyside to himself, "you will not catch me in the canton of Neufchatel."

He went back to his hotel, where he found Graysteel busy with his prayer-book—the commercial one.

"We must hook it again," he said.

His partner understood him now without further explanation. He merely asked why? The reason was soon given. He had read the words "faire arrêter," as well as the names of himself and partner.

"It must be Brussels over again," he continued; "we must take French leave. The lake-steamer is lying at the wharf just beyond the garden-gate. Put your dirk and revolvers into your cloak-pocket, and follow me."

Handyside leisurely strolled down stairs. He met the landlord of the

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hotel, and was very precise in his orders for dinner. He particularly wanted to taste some Vin d'Yverne which he saw on the *carte*. A trip on the lake would bring him back with a famous appetite,—and, by-the-by, covers must be laid for three, as Monsieur Pignon was invited to dine. What a clever person Monsieur Pignon was! He had just paid him three thousand francs for the most beautiful watch that ever was seen. Monsieur Pignon was to bring it at three o'clock. He had never enjoyed any place so much as Neufchatel. He should remain all the summer."

If the flexibility of the landlord's backbone could have been increased by bowing, that was the moment for ascertaining the fact. He begged permission to be allowed to show the way.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with *ravissement*, "quel temps délicieux! Vous aurez, messieurs, une promenade superbe."

So they did,—and a superb drive afterwards,—as fast as three post-horses from Yverdun could lay legs to the ground in the direction of the lake of Geneva. He had taken that road as the nearest to the Sardinian frontier. His leisure while at Neufchatel had been usefully occupied in preparing "Government despatches" from the British Minister at Berne to the British Minister at Turin, and in simulating passports which in the capacity of messengers described the bearers.

But while this Exodus was taking place what was Mr. Woodman about? He was waiting for the orders for which he had telegraphed to St. Withold's. By an oversight on the part of Mr. Souper he had forgotten to put the Detective *en rapport* with Monsieur Cliquet, who had replied to "Godsends" that the affair was "en train," and he only awoke from his Fools' Paradise on the receipt of a second telegraphic message from Mr. Woodman, which simply said:

"G. and H. off again! Nobody knows where."

While this message was being telegraphed, "G. and H." were crossing the lake of Geneva in an open boat to reach the mountains of Savoy.

LAWRENCE'S LIFE OF FIELDING.*

This is a volume which in subject and treatment belongs to the class headed—*longo intervallo* between the head and shoulders, however—by Mr. Forster's Life of Goldsmith. To the narrative art and dramatic power so memorably and exceptionally shown in the latter work, Mr. Lawrence may have no great claim, and indeed makes little enough pretension—his book being an unpretending but all the more meritorious *résumé* of the life and times of Henry Fielding. He is well "up" with his subject, and illustrates it with a large yet lively mass of anecdotage, extracts from by-gone magazines, and bits of by-way books. From first to last a good deal of instructive and amusing matter is compressed within his pages, which answer to the promise of the title, in containing pleasant and plenteous notices of, not only the writings of Fielding, but of his times and his contemporaries.

Of the last, for example, there are sketches of Boyse, the shivering,

* The Life of Henry Fielding; with Notices of his Writings, his Times, and his Contemporaries. By Frederick Lawrence. Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1855.

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unclothed, dinnerless author of "The Deity"—a man on equally familiar terms with poverty and the pawnbroker—and for whom Johnson once collected a considerable sum "in sixpences, at a time" (the doctor afterwards said), "when to me sixpence was a serious consideration," all to redeem Boyse's clothes from pawn, and so enable him to leave his bed (if bed that can be called where sheets were none)—within forty-eight hours of which release, the clothes were pledged once more;—of Kitty Clive, who, stage queen of giggling, plotting chambermaids, hoydens and romps, "pleased by hiding all attempts to please;" of Colley Cibber, the *Ground-Ivy* of Fielding's "Historical Register;" of Macklin, that most entertaining of self-complacent men; of Garrick, never so efficiently criticised as by Fielding's *Partridge;* of the kind, prudent, and honourable George Lillo; of the ex-linendraper Edward Moore, who wrote "The Gamester," and edited that fashionable periodical "The World," contributed to by Lords Chesterfield and Orrery, Sir C. H. Williams, Horace Walpole, Soame Jenyns, &c.; of Dr. (Sir John) Hill, who is said to have shared with Orator Henley the dubious honour of being the most notorious man of his age, and whose transition from an apothecary's shop to the stage of the Haymarket, where he acted in his own abortive farces, occasioned Garrick's epigram:

For physic and farces
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.

In relation to Fielding himself, Mr. Lawrence seems to have made diligent use of all available information. His occasional remarks on his author's writings, if not very novel or searching, are at least in good taste and feeling; he admires heartily, but not indiscriminately, and backs his *éloge* by well-chosen excerpts from such critics as Scott and Coleridge, Forster and Thackeray. There is an interesting bibliographical appendix, supplied by Mr. Watts of the British Museum, which enumerates the various European* translations of "Tom Jones." Another markworthy feature is the illustration of manners and the state of society, exemplified in chapters like those which treat of Fielding's doings as a Justice of the Peace, the case of Elizabeth Canning, &c. Mr. Lawrence is well read, moreover, in the annals of the stage, and uses his reading to purpose in both text and notes.

He draws Fielding in the best light, alike as man and as author. One of the best of "good fellows" was Fielding, in the convivial sense of the phrase. Whether as Eton boy—the popular chum of Lyttleton and Pitt

* The British Museum contains a Polish translation of "Tom Jones," which was purchased in fulfilment of a since interrupted plan—that, namely, of procuring the whole set of foreign translations of our British classics. The Germans appear to be rich in versions of Mr. Jones. Sweden has translated him too, and so have Holland and Spain, but neither Denmark nor Italy seems to have naturalised him. Russia enjoys translations of nearly all his works—but none of them from the original, which, as the compiler of this Appendix remarks, "is somewhat surprising, as the Russians are remarkably fond of English novels." As an example of this, he adds: "I see by a new number of one of their periodicals (the *Otechestvennuiya Zapiski*, for June, 1855), that in the midst of the desperate struggle before Sebastopol, the public of St. Petersburg was being amused with translations, given at full length in that magazine, of Lever's 'Dodd Family Abroad,' and Ainsworth's 'Flitch of Dunmow.'"

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(both sickly lads, and more conversant with their "Dame's parlour" than the hearty Somersetshire boy), and of Henry Fox and Charles Hanbury Williams—whether as fast young man about town, with an empty purse and a full heart—or as country squire, banqueting Salisbury Shallows and Simples to their astonishment and his own ruin—or as Templar and briefless barrister, making merry on the Western Circuit with another briefless barrister, Charles Pratt (briefless for some nine years to come, and *then* working his way to a Camden peerage),—or as political journalist and anti-Jacobite satirist, in the stirring times of the '45—or as Bow-street justice, poor-law reformer, and "putter down" extraordinary of wholesale street ruffianism,—at every stage of his journey of life Fielding was a favourite, and with all sorts of men. He had a taking way with him; and in spite of his "inked ruffles and claret stains on his tarnished lace coat," as Thackeray sketches him, "stained as you see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious human qualities and endowments"—to the value of which his present biographer has done ample justice.

Though from the time he was of age, and before it, Fielding had to look to his pen as his bread-winner, it was long ere he made more than a plaything of it—or at best, a thing to win the necessary bread by, without looking further. "Since I was born," writes his brilliant kinswoman, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, "no original has appeared except Congreve and Fielding, who [Fielding] would, I believe, have approached nearer to his [Congreve's] excellences, if not forced by necessity to publish without correction, and throw many productions into the world he would have thrown into the fire, if meat could have been got without money, or money without scribbling." Arthur Murphy tells us that Fielding, after having contracted to bring on a play or a farce, would go home rather late from a tavern, and would the next morning deliver a scene to the players, written upon the papers in which he had wrapped the tobacco he so much delighted in. When his farce or interlude of "Eurydice," produced at Drury Lane in 1737, was unequivocally and not unjustifiably "damned," Fielding took an opportunity of parading his careless facility of composition, by endeavouring to show, in a subsequent piece (at the Haymarket) called "Eurydice Hissed," that the condemned farce had been—not hastily and inconsiderately condemned by the public (for he did not arraign the judgment of the public), but—hastily and inconsiderately composed by himself—

The trifling offspring of an idle hour:—

an excuse which, as Mr. Lawrence observes, possessed, no doubt, the merit of truth, although there was more vanity than policy in urging it with such vehemence on the attention of the public. Fielding's comparative indifference to fame, while engaged in hurrying on an essay for "The Champion," or a comedy for Drury Lane Theatre, is one of the many characteristics which distinguish him so completely from his great rival, Richardson. "The breath of adulation was pleasant to Richardson, but Fielding estimated it at its true worth. The one was childishly covetous of praise, and greedy of the applause of partial friends; the other was as reckless of his reputation as of his purse. If the proceeds from an essay or a pamphlet were sufficient to buy out an execution, or to satisfy a relentless tax-gatherer, Fielding was a happier man than if

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the whole Society of Wits at Will's, or all the critics of the press, had combined to trumpet forth his excellences."

For, Harry Fielding, who *mores multorum hominum vidit*, had personal experience of the *mores* of bum-bailiffs, and other rough-and-ready specimens of *in*-humanity, in the course of his ups and downs in life, and doubtless could have wished these gentry better *mores*, by means of a better acquaintance (*fideliter didicisse*) with those "ingenuous arts" which, a good authority declares, have an "emollient" influence on "manners." Better manners to ye! might once and again have been his benediction on sponging-householders, duns, and tax-collectors, whose only interest in books (and bookmen) was confined to those in which they kept their accounts—a province of literature by which a man's *mores* are but imperceptibly softened, so that to say *nec sinit esse feros* were to say the thing that is not: witness Dick Steele, Harry Fielding, and a whole noble (or ignoble) army of martyrs to impecuniosity. Between the ages of twenty and twenty-two, a life about town had initiated Fielding "into all the mysteries of Bohemianism." If he was familiar with the boisterous jollity and reckless unthrift of tavern life, so was he with chill penury in some of its dreariest aspects. Almost his only means of support he derived from the playhouse treasury: supplementary aid, to make both ends meet, came sometimes in the "questionable shape" of a "tip" perhaps from his old fellow-Etonian, George Lyttleton, or from some honoured patron, such as the Dukes of Richmond and Argyle. It is no imaginary picture, therefore, that Mr. Lawrence draws of the jovial author in his early days of alternate light and shade—one day, familiar with the sordid haunts of poverty; the next, gay in velvet, ruffles, and embroidery; now, dining at the tables of the great, and quaffing champagne in ducal banquet-halls; and now seeking out the cheapest ordinary; or, if dinner was impossible, solacing himself with a pipe of tobacco. A satire entitled "Seasonable Reproof," published anonymously in 1735, thus describes his "sudden transformations from the grub to the butterfly condition:"

> F——g, who yesterday appeared so rough,
> Clad in coarse frieze, and plastered down with snuff,
> See how his instant gaudy trappings shine!
> What playhouse bard was ever seen so fine?
> But this not from his humour flows, you'll say,
> But mere necessity—for last night lay
> In pawn the velvet which he wears to-day.

Colley Cibber, defined by Ralph "a bottle of as pert small beer as ever whizzed in any man's face," called Fielding, in one of these effervescent ebullitions of small beer sourness, "a broken wit." Old Colley was right though. In circumstances, the man who had ridiculed him in "Pasquin" and the "Register," was a broken and battered bankrupt. In intellectuals, he was as undeniably a wit. And Cibber knew to his cost that the "chill penury," at which he indirectly sneered, availed not to "repress the noble rage" of a wit of Fielding's inches. Care killed a cat, they say; and a cat has (according to the same *on dit* authority) lives three times three; Fielding had only one life, but Care killed not *him*. If, amid straits and embarrassments the most irksome, he did not exactly laugh and grow fat, at least he laughed and grew—thin. He breathed

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a heavy atmosphere, but himself was buoyant, airy, light as a feather. He was joyous in the face of duns, and had the light heart to turn his indigence into *jeux d'esprit*. At three-and-twenty he thus addressed the prime minister—gaily comparing notes with Sir Robert Walpole, on their respective positions in life:

The family that dines the latest
Is in our street esteemed the greatest;
But latest hours must surely fall
'Fore him who never dines at all.

Your taste as architect, you know,
Hath been admired by friend and foe;
But can your earthly domes compare
With all *my* castles—in the air?

We're often taught it doth behove us
To think those greater who're above us;
Another instance of my glory,
Who live above you twice two story;
And from my garret can look down
On the whole street of Arlington.

Greatness by poets still is painted
With many followers acquainted;
This too doth in my favour speak;
Your levée is but once a week;
From mine I can exclude but one day—
My door is quiet of a Sunday.

One grave consequence, however, this garret life produced, damaging to Fielding's character as a man of letters,—the pandering to low tastes in his contributions to the stage. In the prologue to his first comedy, "Love in several Masques" (1728), he had the assurance, indeed, to claim credit for the moral tone of his scenes, and their freedom from aught that could offend the fair;* yet it were hard to say wherein this piece differs for the better from contemporary comedies—and, given the year 1728, we know what sort of things, in a moral point of view, they were. Mr. Lawrence straightforwardly protests that, "the truth is, Fielding could not *afford* to be dull; and decorum was in that age considered synonymous with dulness. Had his play been less *piquant* and more moral, he might have wanted occupation for some years to come." Let the apology, or plea, go for what it is worth; the fact upon which it is framed seems to be mortifyingly correct. But worse than this; Fielding, in his eagerness (*proh pudor!*) to keep up with his patrons' depraved taste, actually outran it—went lengths that the playgoing public really could not go—took liberties that a by no means "nice" pit and boxes could not tolerate. "The Coffee-House Politician" was a little *too* strong; and however entertaining the colloquies of *Dabble* and *Politick* (whose political geography is about on a par with that of Fielding's subsequent patron, his Grace of Newcastle), and however potent the hit at London justices of the peace, in the person of *Mr. Justice Squeezum* (acted, too, *à merveille*, by Hyppesly, the original *Peachum*), public decency had some character still to maintain, or perhaps redeem,

* Nought shall offend the fair one's ears to-day,
Which she might blush to hear, or blush to say, &c.

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and the play was eventually, though not at first, put down. Of his next five-act comedy, "The Modern Husband" (1732), Mr. Lawrence, ever disposed to palliate his author's transgressions, literary and moral, fairly owns, that it seems impossible at this time of day to believe in the toleration of such a piece by any decent audience. "No doubt the morals of the upper classes were bad enough in the reign of George II.,"—"but that such a state of morals as Fielding has depicted in 'The Modern Husband' was common in any class or circle is an incredible and monstrous supposition." Such a couple as *Mr.* and *Mrs. Modern*, the author adds, might have been found, perhaps, in probing the lowest depths of profligacy; but to represent such persons as the ordinary products of the social system then in vogue, was a libel on the age, and exceeded the limits of the comedian's licence. Nevertheless, Fielding complacently takes credit to himself, in the prologue, for his adherence to "nature and truth," and his "defence of virtue." Next year (1732) he "came out with" a burlesque (*à propos* of namby-pamby Phillips's "Distressed Mother," *scil.* Racine's "Andromaque" done into namby-pamby English), entitled "The Covent Garden Tragedy," which introduces the lowest of the low London characters of that time and that place (Covent Garden being then notorious for the evil communications that corrupt good manners), and goes far to confirm the belief, that want of decency is want of sense. This burlesque was speedily followed by "The Debauchee," a comedy flung at the head of the Jesuits, whose odour of sanctity just at this time stank in the nostrils of the town, thanks in especial to the recent *exposé* of Catherine Cadière and Father Girard. It is but poor comfort to know that both these last pieces were "freely censured at the time for their flagrant indecency," and to have the authority of the *Grub Street Journal* (July, 1732), that they both "met with the universal detestation of the town:" Grub-street journalists sometimes observing only the first clause of the commandment to

Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.

Of "The Universal Gallant," again, a comedy acted (by Quin, Cibber, &c., *inter alios*) at Drury-Lane Theatre, in 1735, Mr. Lawrence says: "It proved a most undoubted failure, and not undeservedly so." The audience, it is said, sat quietly till the third act was almost over, expecting the play to mend; but finding it grow worse and worse, they lost all patience. Fielding was bitter (for him, who had so little gall in his composition) at the fate of this comedy; imputed it to "some young gentlemen of the town who make a jest of damning plays;"* and urged the public at large to reverse the judgment of a packed and partisan few. He urged in vain; and *tant mieux*: for, whatever the motive of those who had condemned him, the condemnation itself will grieve or surprise no nineteenth century reader. No wonder, on the whole, if Fielding got a bad name with playgoers who had a conscience, and came to be distrusted by them as one whose next play it would not be "safe" to go

* Whence the allusion in the (paulo post) prologue:

"Can then another's anguish give you joy?
Or is it such a triumph to destroy?
We, like the fabled frogs, consider thus:
This may be sport to you, but it is death to us."

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and see acted. Thus in 1743, when his rehabilitated juvenile comedy, "The Wedding Day," was announced as "in preparation," rumour condemned it beforehand, on the score of its indecency; a charge from which Fielding endeavoured to defend it, by stating that the report arose entirely from the objection of the licenser to certain passages, which were at once expunged. But this defence, Mr. Lawrence objects, is untenable: "In the plot of the comedy, with which the licenser's pen could not interfere, there is an ingrained deformity; and portions of the dialogue remind us of the age of Wycherley and Congreve." That ladies of quality, in the year 1743, it is with justice remarked, should refuse to sanction* such an entertainment with their presence, is a proof that an improvement in public morals was gradually taking place.

Fielding's plays, however, are now fairly shelved; and probably the higher the shelf the better. His novels, on the other hand, have the vitality involved in his appellation, Father of the English Novel. The coarseness and indelicacy by which they too are blotted, are lamentable drawbacks to the delight they otherwise afford. Sir John Hawkins was bilious (as usual—or possibly a little extra) when he called "Tom Jones" a book "seemingly intended to sap the foundation of that morality which it is the duty of parents," &c.; and Richardson was a jealous rival and a blind critic when he said, "Tom Jones is a dissolute book. *Its run is over*," &c.; and France was inconsistent, and had something like a beam in her eye, when she, dieting on Crébillon *fils*, refused to license Master Tom, because of his immorality; nevertheless it is well to give proper weight to the weighty objections, on this ground, to which Fielding's novels are one and all liable, and which only their extraordinary merit in other respects could have struggled against with success. The degree of this merit enhances the vexation one feels at offences to taste and morals so frequent and so gratuitous; indeed, superlative as it is, it is in no way superfluous, merely as a disinfectant—as a counter-agent against that tendency to decay which, Heaven be praised, is an innate tendency in all corrupt matter. There needed a goodly array of sterling qualities to maintain "Tom Jones" in life and vigour, to an age when novel readers are used to the innocuous pages of Scott, and Dickens, and Thackeray. Not that we forget the progressive refinement of taste, or the conventional freedom of a period in which Dr. Doddridge could read the Wife of Bath's Tale, with infinite relish, to the maiden (not yet old maiden) Hannah More. But is it not possible that, in their well-grounded strictures on the moral character of most moral Richardson's novels—"Pamela," at least, the head and front of his offending,—Coleridge, and others who have caught up his cry, may have too indiscriminately admired the healthy, bracing atmosphere in which Fielding breathes so *very* freely? Healthy and bracing it may be by comparison with Richardson's "close and relaxing clime"—but a relative virtue is not a virtue absolute, and Harry the heedless might be better than Samuel the serious, and yet be no better than he should be. For all that, the world could have better spared a better man.

* Moreover, Mrs. Clive "refused a part in the comedy which she considered particularly objectionable: a circumstance which gave rise to a copy of verses by Sir C. Hanbury Williams."

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THE PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT CHESHANT.

I ALWAYS used to think that Uncle John of Cheshant was just the kindest, best-hearted, dearest old duck in Christendom, and now I'm sure of it; he never seemed to have a care in the world. Poor Aunt Sophia died ever so long ago, and left him with neither chick nor child; and he used to come up to us in this terrible Bedford-square of ours, from the country, like an angel of light and love. His own house is not such an enormously huge one as everybody makes out their uncle's place to be when they go out of town to spend Christmas at it, but it is a very good size indeed; with a double drawing-room (remember that), and a dining-room of course, a library, an awful magistrate's room, a charming housekeeper's snuggery, where pickles, and jams, and those pineapple preserves are kept, and such a love of a boudoir! looking out upon the grand old church from which the wedding-bells—I mean the Christmas-bells—were pealing all day long and half the night. We two sisters—Lilly and I—slept over the library, and Carry and Anne—our cousins—over the drawing-room, and the boudoir was between us and our common room. These were all of us girls at Cheshant, in general. Papa and mamma were there too, naturally; and Captain L'Estrange, the Punjaub man; and Mr. Stokes, the squire, from Fellaton; and—and Leonard—that is, Mr. Leonard Hughes, of Watlington—and that's all. But last Christmas it was another matter. Lilly did it. She had been to some "Tableaux Vivants" at the Williamses, in October, where Colonel Montmorenci of the Guards (on urgent private affairs from the Crimea), had played *Tamerlane* in her Indian shawl, and she could never get it out of her mind. So, "Uncle, dear," she whispered, one night, when Uncle John had got his handkerchief over his eyes after dinner, and was "going off," "don't you think we could have some tableaux, or charades, or private theatricals, *here*, now?"

"Some what?" said the dear old gentleman, rather snappishly. "'Private theatricals?'—Private fiddlesticks!"

"Yes, dear Uncle John, of course," she answered (for when Lilly "goes in for a thing," as Leonard says, there's nothing like her in this world)—"of course we must have private fiddlesticks, and, if possible, a drum. But whether the hall or the back drawing-room is the best place to act in, that is the question." And because that was the last thing Uncle John had heard before he went off to sleep, he kept on repeating "Back drawing-room—back drawing-room," for half an hour—which was a promise.

Uncle John, he was to be manager (that was settled at once), but he would not act; papa and mamma were in doubt for a long time, but one had to be painted in yellow-ochre, we said, and the other to have her hair powdered, so they both threw up their engagements; the captain he had his uniform with him, and was therefore of course an acquisition; Mr. Stokes was half a Frenchman—he had been so long abroad, retrenching—and was consequently ready to act anything; and Mr. Hughes said, very rudely, on my asking him what he was fit for, "The husband, the loving husband, miss," and threw himself upon his ridiculous knees,

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in which attitude he was caught by the under-housemaid. There were we four girls, then, and but three gentlemen, which was absurd; so we sent for a friend of the captain's—a Mr. Harris, from Oxford—a remarkably clever and amusing person, he said, and who had been plucked nineteen times for his "smalls," to make it right.

Then we chose two "screaming" farces, and a dress-play in one act, "for the ladies," it was said, but I don't believe we cared for our hoops and head-dresses one bit more than the men did for their bag-wigs and diamond-buckles. All of us began rehearsing as soon as possible; but Mr. Harris, who was about to try his twentieth chance, could not join the company till term was over.

Now, if Mr. Stokes, who will treat everything with such breadth of colouring, informs you that we got our moveable theatre from Thespis and Son, and all our dresses, new, from the costumist of the Lyceum, one of us two has been misinformed, as I understood from Leonard that he went to Levi's, the theatrical man, and got all the gentlemen's things on hire, except the wigs; and, for us, we made our own habiliments, under the direction of a distinguished artiste—mamma. The village carpenter put up the stage and the footlights; and the all-accomplished Mr. Stokes painted the side-scenes and the curtain. "For a ten-pound note, and with the destruction of the back drawing-room," as Uncle John complacently observed, "we did it all." It was a grand sight to see him managing the rehearsals. Mamma and papa, and a servant or two, were spectators at every one, until they began to think comedy, tragedy, and the dress-piece positively funereal. Mrs. Potts, the housekeeper, was in the prompter's box, where there was no room to wag a finger, and, being encumbered with the book, and the bell, and the candle, set herself on fire on four distinct occasions.

"I'm a-light again, if you please, sir," she used to scream. "Never you mind," hollowed Uncle John. "What's after 'hand and heart,' Mrs. Potts? Captain L'Estrange, this is the second time you've stuck in this marriage offer, and Miss Lilly Trevor don't know what to say to you. . . . *Will* you fall into Mr. Stokes's arms, Carry, or will you not? Is he to be kept waiting there, at R. D. F., until the afterpiece? . . . Where is he, Anne? Where is he?" "Why he is probably being plucked again in the schools; but you need not ask after him twice, because it's not in the book." "Deuce take you, Hughes, why don't you let that young woman go? It says, 'Starts away after embrace,' distinctly. . . . Pooh, pooh, the direction is, 'Kisses him.' You must do as the direction says, certainly; don't interrupt the course of the drama by foolish scruples."

Nor were these the worst difficulties Uncle John had to deal with; the captain wanted to wear his uniform in all three pieces, even the one in which he played a Blacksmith in the Tyrol. No human power, we understood from mamma, could get Mr. Stokes into knee-breeches; and if it was for the same reason that made Anne decline to be a Buy-a-Broom girl, I know why. He produced an original play of his own composition within five days of our performance, and because it was written expressly for the company, we had to get that up too. It seemed to me to have been written expressly for Carry L'Estrange and him, and nobody else, and all the "hits," and the "salutations," and the "situa-

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tions" to have been reserved for themselves; but it was played. Invitations for half the county had been sent out, and nearly all the people were coming: the wicked old lord from the Park, who has twelve wives alive already they say, and is looking out for a thirteenth; and both the borough members; and the man that keeps the hounds. I saw "Mem.—Eligible," opposite to his name in mamma's private list; but that is no concern of mine, I can tell her. Then there was the archdeacon, and a heap of High Church curates, and the officers of the troop at Cheshant besides. But we girls didn't fear any of these as we did our own sex. It positively made me cold to think of Lady Blowdale and the four Miss Blowdales, and of those abominable Miss Kimples, and of the gay widow of Wornawood Hall, and of that rector's wife. How they will praise and compliment us all night long, thought I, and pick us to pieces cruelly for the next six months to come. Lilly will be "affected," and Carry "foolish;" Anne will be "lack-a-daisical," and I shall be "bold;" and "I never saw you, my dear, with such a colour before," the Rev. Mrs. Snapdragon will say—a politeness I shall not be able to repay, for I have seen her many times with just the same; but it was too late to think of such things then. Moreover, at the last moment almost, Mr. Harris wrote to say his grandpapa had had a fit, and was given over. I thought Uncle John would have had another when that dreadful letter arrived.

"Why couldn't his grandpapa have waited till next week? Why hadn't L'Estrange said that his friend's grandpapa was subject to fits? Would Annie—dearest Annie—object to let the footman make love to her in the unavoidable absence of the strange gentleman?"

Annie, however, who had retired to the prompter's box in tears, declared she wouldn't submit to it; the Captain whistled "Pop goes the Weasel" to the measure of the "Dead March in Saul;" Mr. Stokes was using the most awful words his French could suggest, and Uncle John translating them into English, when in rushed Mr. Hughes from the railway station, with news that he had telegraphed for a friend of his—one Mr. Rooke—from London, and that he would be down by the next train.

"My son, my long lost son!" ejaculated Uncle John, from the dress-piece, as he threw himself into Leonard's arms.

"There's sixty thousand pounds upon the mantelshelf, and it's yours," said Mr. Stokes, from the first farce.

"If the thanks of a lonely maiden are worthy of your acceptance, sir, take them, oh, take them for Mr. Rooke," misquoted Annie from the second. We were lifted from the lowest depths at once to comparative independence. We were certain the new actor would do capitally—how absurd not to have thought of him before! It was decreed that he was to be locked up over the stables immediately after his arrival, and denied all other nutriment until he had finished his *rôles*; we ourselves had been at them for three weeks, and were only just perfected. Our copies of "Lacy's Acting Edition" were a disgraceful sight, tumbled, and thumbed, and torn beyond belief; we had found them in our pockets in the most sacred places, and had caught ourselves responding from them on the most unfit occasions. Some of them had been distributed over the village by mistake for tracts, and had been even read and digested as

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works of an edifying nature. We had been also made to walk out, two and two, for mutual interrogation and the perfection of our characters. Indeed, no lessons in the world were ever learnt so well and so pleasantly as at Uncle John's academy for both sexes down at Cheshant.

We all drove down to the station to hail our deliverer. He was a fresh-coloured young man, of nervous temperament, and didn't seem to understand us all quite at first. I suppose our stage names—under which the manager insisted upon introducing us—rather confused him. "Now Annie, you get next to him in the rumble, and tell him what he's got to say and do; for," said my uncle, in quotation, "this is no time for false delicacy, Jemima Anne."

And how soon we did get acquainted, and how pleased we all were with him immediately! And this, indeed, is one of the pleasantest attributes of private theatricals, that there is no preliminary coldness and ceremony, but we either like one another or not, at once. Three nights from that very day Mr. Rooke was in our boudoir, and Carry and I were putting vermilion on his nose. All besides the captain, too, we had to furnish with moustachios of burnt cork, and very often to wash them off again for them between the pieces. What charming occupation on wet days was that constructing of play-bills with mediæval characters and modern jokes. Mr. Pugin himself could not have done it better than Mr. Stokes; but the captain wasted more than an acre of gold in the illuminations—"enough," Leonard said, severely, "to cover all his brass." On fine days we ravaged the conservatory, and stripped the laurels and the holly trees to deck the supper-room; Annie and Mr. Rooke brought home a prize of mistletoe between them from some out-of-the-way place, which occasioned immense scandal, and heightened their colour very agreeably; we spent an enormous time on the scenery, and Uncle John took an hour and a half in getting through a very small window-frame, which, in opposition to the general opinion, he wished to demonstrate was "practicable." It was indeed a merry, merry Christmas time.

However, we had one horror, and that was peeping between the curtains, and seeing the audience getting larger and larger. This was something awful. We wished ourselves far enough from Cheshant then, and forgot at once and simultaneously the whole of our parts; but in front of the footlights self-possession and memory as suddenly returned to us, and applause, and bouquets, and sherry-negus at the side-scenes, seemed almost the three things on earth that were most worth our living for.

Our only misadventure was the temporary absence of the captain, who did not appear during the dress-piece at his proper time; but he was found, in about five minutes, in uncle's magistrate's room, revolving slowly, in full uniform, upon a music-stool in front of the looking-glass.

P.S.—The modesty that declines to describe a performance which was a success, will, I trust, be appreciated.

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BY-WAYS OF HISTORY.

WILMER'S "DE HOMINE REPLEGIANDO."

MEN who journey over the great high-roads, connecting one capital, city, or emporium of commerce with another, as they roll or whirl on their way, are seldom aware, and as seldom care to be told, that down the green lanes or by-roads which branch off from the main line may lie objects of interest or beauty, such as the ivied ruin—the primitive parish church, with its rich architecture or quaint epitaph—the Henrician or Elizabethan manor-house of the olden time, containing probably its small modest gallery of select pictures, collected by "The Squire" of other days, before picture-dealing had become a refinement of rascality, or the manufacture of originals a handicraft of modern art—in short, such a traveller must often pass by many of those places or objects which make travel a pleasure instead of a toil, and diversify the note-book of the tourist with something better than dates, hotel bills, or those statistics of commerce and crime, too often the correlatives of each other. The matter-of-fact man of business, who lives and toils but to "get through his commissions," and "have done with it," would deem it lost labour to turn aside or pause a moment for the examination of these by-way objects of interest; but the man who travels to store his mind, and imprint "sun-pictures" upon his memory for the fireside evenings of life, will often recal such *détours* and divergences from the monotonous main road, as the pleasantest, and by no means the least profitable part of his travelling expenditure, whether of time or money.

These remarks will apply as well to the great trunk-lines of history as of travel. No doubt there are men of firm purpose, ostrich digestion, and small imaginative power, who can plod through, and as they go, digest, a standard history from cover to cover, who can grapple with and master the main facts (the capital cities of the volume); inform themselves of all that need be known of the stirring past to remove them out of the category of "historical ignoramus;" and yet these men may miss completely those illustrative incidents and characteristic traits, with which others find it pleasant and useful to relieve the tedium of solemn historic narrative. Heretofore the historian proper has too generally thought it beneath the dignity of his calling to garnish his heavy narrative with trivial tale or contemporary occurrence, though these would, in few words, have given more of the life and reality of events than whole sections of platitudes could convey. It seems to have been reserved for our times to produce a species of writing which proves that history may be lively without being incorrect, and that an episode drawn from "Mémoires pour Servir" may throw more light upon the events of its date than a volume of after-drawn elaborate speculations.

Raphael painted "flat heresy" against the recognised and established Madonna type when he first put forth his Madonnas of flesh and blood, and we have no doubt that Carlyle's "French Revolution" (telling its story by striking episodes) and Macaulay's England, enlivened and embellished as it is by everything of contemporary and wayside illustration which the writer's felicitous style and omnifarious reading could introduce, will in time revolutionise historic writing. These "mere essayists," as they are slightingly called, may be deemed by

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some to degrade the old historic epic, as it used to be constructed by authors who "drew men as they ought to be, not as they are;" who designed heroes and demi-gods, and not men and women. But we feel persuaded that this latter essay style will supersede that against which it rebels, and will go down to posterity as chiefly admirable in this—that while others "drew pictures, and did no more," it shows the "very age and body of the time" of which it is treating.

I am not going to write history—far from it—but with the editor's kind leave I do propose now and again, after having driven down some of the "by-ways of history," and peered into odd out-of-the-way nooks and corners, to come back again and tell his readers what I have found there. To repeat to them anything which others have said before would argue a presumption of a better style than I pretend to, but if I can now and again light upon some quaint or curious incident, either forgotten, or from its very minuteness passed over by those looking for more important information, and if I can produce this in a readable form, my object will be answered, and the reader, I hope, neither unamused nor disimproved by the perusal.

Turning over the pages, or (to carry out my original illustration) plodding along the main line of a heavy folio of "Revolution Tracts," the other day, I was attracted by the odd title with which I have headed this paper, and at once turned aside to investigate it.

Mr. Wilmer's "*De Homine Replegiando.*" "Who on earth, when he was on earth," said I to myself, "was Mr. Wilmer?" What is this case, "De Homine Replegiando?" We are not, in our day, unfamiliar with the process of "replevying a chattel or a cow!" but the "*replevin of a man!*" is something out of the common. I immediately turned to Burnet, to try if this Wilmer could have been an intimate of "P. P., clerk of this parish," but could find no trace of him in the Revolution Bishop's Minutiæ of Gossip. I then referred to Macaulay's ante-revolution narrative, to see whether he had been down this "by-way" before me. Very probably he had; but, with the greater objects of that stirring day before his mind's eye, he had overlooked this solitary unit of illustrative fact, so I determined to follow the path on which I had stumbled, and at length arrived at what I think an exemplification of the state of things from which "He of the glorious Memory" delivered these kingdoms, the more remarkable, that history has failed to hold it up among those *minutiæ* of persecution by which it was sought to torment, where it could not bend, the resolute Saxon will into submission to the absolute rule of that doomed Stuart dynasty, of whom, as of their Bourbon cousins, it might have been written, "*ils n'ont rien appris, rien oublié.*"

Halifax's portrait of Charles II. is a masterpiece, but perhaps the "counterfeit presentment of the two Stuart Brothers," the second James and Charles, was never better drawn or contrasted in miniature than in the antithesis of his "buxom Grace of Bucks" to Burnet. "THE KING *could see things if he would*"—"THE DUKE *would see things if he could.*" They had both at heart the same objects, which Charles had the ability to carry through, but not the resolved will; while his brother's infinitely smaller mind held and advanced what it *did* hold—his religion and his prerogative—with a remarkable tenacity of grasp and purpose. James set all upon the hazard of accomplishing his ends; Charles would have been very glad to attain the same ends, but

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would risk nothing to do so. As Scott well puts it, "he had sworn to himself never to kiss the pillow his father slept his last sleep upon." But if he could have *cheated* England into Popery by those picaroon arts which he had learned during his prince-errantry abroad, or have worried sturdy opposition to death by petty persecutions, which, disarming the nation in detail, would not endanger a national convulsion, there is reason to know, from modern revelations of his private intrigues, that the elder brother was just as willing an agent of the designs of France and Rome as ever the younger was—as willing, but not as "thorough-going." Hence it was that the agencies, put in action by these brothers, were highly characteristic. Charles met and counterplotted "Titus Oates," with the "Rye House" and "Meal-tub" plots, and "did the noble Russel to death by slanderous tongues." James, on the contrary, with high hand and shallow policy, sent his musqueteers to eject the "Fellows of Magdelene," and shipped the seven bishops for the Tower! in sight of a city and nation boiling up to the last point of endurance. Their ends were conformable. "Charles II.," says Junius, "lived and died a hypocrite;" and James departed, a sullen exile, to end his days in impotent attempts at carrying out plans, to which he seemed to cling the more fondly as they became daily less practicable.

As with the prince so with the people. Sovereigns will ever find courtiers adapting their service to the personal character of the master whose favour they court; and as headlong James found his agencies in the turbulence of Tyrconnel, the rashness of Petre, the fury of Jeffreys, so Charles carried out his purposes through the teazing, worrying chicanery, and vexatious prosecutions of his subtle and pliant men of the law—his Jenkinses, his Jowseses, his Norths!—men who ran as breast-high for prerogative as they were ruthless in pursuing "peevish" opposers to death or banishment. To complete the antithesis: as James sat in sullen, formal state at the head of his council-table to discuss with his headlong advisers the courses which led him to ruin, so Charles used to end his stroll in the park by sidling into the snuggery of his pander Chiffinch, there to "earwig a Scroggs" as to the issue to which he wished a trial to be brought, or to consult with his "cabal" whether it were better to take away the licenses "from the coffee-houses!" or to leave them open and send spies there to countermine the "trepanners of the day."

This is a long by-way. We are slow in arriving at "*Mr. Wilmer*" and his "*replegiam!*" We must be a little longer yet, and go back and forward a little before we can take up his case by the right clue.

Among the marks of pride which went before James's destruction, was the issuing from the press, in the very last year of his reign, in all the pomp of line-engraving and large type, the narrative of "Castlemain's Embassy of Reconciliation and Submission to the Pope." This volume has now fallen low in the lists of curious books; when it is to be had, it may be bought for a trifle, and yet for more than its worth. It was out of date and out of fashion before the close of the *very year* in which it was printed; and probably those very flatterers, who made their court by their haste to buy it, were equally hasty in destroying and getting rid of the vaunting, vain-glorious volume, which, compiled and composed by the house-steward of the embassy, is minute to tediousness and gossip in describing and delineating not merely the laying out of Castlemain's state banquet at Rome, but also the very carving of the wheels of his state

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chariot, and of the emblematic designs with which this wretched minion of a wretched king celebrated his abject prostration of his master, and his master's kingdom, at the foot and to the slipper of the pontiff.

Among these emblematic ornamentings is one which, while it brings us to our subject, also illustrates the "inconceivably small mind" of the second James, and the mode in which his flatterers knew how they could best propitiate it.

When Castlemain opened his mission at Rome, his first act was to blazon the hotel of the Embassy escutcheon-wise with the arms of England and Rome. This is an usual ambassadorial act, but was scarcely done on the usual scale by this ambassador extraordinary, if we may judge from the dimensions and other statistics of the two pieces of ponderous framework which bore the armorial and other devices. These were, we are told, *twenty-four* feet high by *sixteen* broad! braced together by great beams, and fastened with eight hundred-weight of iron, and being hoisted with great labour to the front of the first story of the house, told all Rome that, as far as the King's will could accomplish it, the Pope was once more to adorn his tiara with a long-lost and most valued jewel.

The design of the royal emblem of England was to represent James as supreme in power at home, as he was willing to show himself abject in submission abroad; all the devices were intended to signify that rebellion was crushed, resistance vain; that James could do with England according to his pleasure, and that his pleasure was to deliver it, bound hand and foot, to the Papal jurisdiction. Mr. Macaulay's keen eye did not fail to notice among these "absurd and gigantic devices" *St. George* displaying his prowess in "spearing" Doctor Titus Oates, while *Hercules!* was using his giant strength to "depress" "Stephen College, the Protestant joiner," "the inventor of the Protestant flail"—a bold but "inconsiderable" man, whom the legal persecutions of the last reign having "done to death by a most foul legal murder," had thereby exalted into a martyr and a hero, who yet fills a niche in the history of the time.

We are now within a step of Mr. Wilmer. College, as we have said, was done to death by such foul practices of "court" and "counsel," "gaoler" and "witnesses" alike, as would now sound monstrous even to tell, if we had time to tell them, though Chief Justice North's brother and biographer does not hesitate to admit and justify them; they were such that poor College might well exclaim, *as he did*, "This is a horrid conspiracy to take away my life." As *well* might his bold solicitor, "Aaron Smith," mutter, "Our lives and estates are beset here!" a muttering which that watchful and cool courtier, Chief Justice North, instantly took down as grounds for a "judgment (without even trial!) for a misdemeanour!" The solicitor was browbeaten and silenced, his client out-argued and executed, though he showed in his trial an ability, and in his death a constancy, which deserved a better fate. Having hunted their victim to death, his persecutors, apparently anxious that the memory of his foul trial should gain as little publicity as might be, offered him, *as a boon*, that *after he was hung!* he should not be *quartered!* and *gibbeted!* but this was a kindness! which the resolute man slighted, saying, "He cared little whether he should give a feast to the flies or the worms."

These things were done at Oxford, but not until a London grand jury had, to use the quaint language of the time, "spewed out a previous bill

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of indictment with an *ignoramus.*" "WILMER *was foreman,*" says my authority. College escaped for the time, but "*Wilmer* was afterwards forced to fly his country."

This is the first mention we find of this individual, whose case, lost in the crowd of thick-coming events which issued in *Revolution*, seems as remarkable as any; and as the relater of it justly says, though he escaped the doom of those victims prosecuted criminally, though the engine of persecution put in action against him was at the civil and not at the criminal side of Westminster Hall, yet did it "do as much mischief," "strike as great terror," and neutralise all resistance to the court measures as effectually as the halter which hanged College or Cornish, or the axe which struck off the head of the noble Russel. And this engine was the writ "*De Homine Replegiando*" issued out against him.

Mr. Wilmer's position as foreman of a grand jury at a time when leading Londoners did not think civic honours and offices beneath them, is proof that he must have been a substantial and respected citizen of London. It was a time to try men's calibre and firmness; the city of London was the chief battle-field in which the contest between power and public spirit was raging. The court had entered on a course of legal persecution; the City met them by appointing steady sheriffs, these returned as steadfast juries, and then the battle between "prerogative" and "passive resistance" began; the bills against College were "*ignored;*" the bills against Shaftesbury were "*ignored;*" the evidence which suited the court did not satisfy the juries; *even though the King's counsel would sometimes intrude themselves into the jury-room to enlighten them!* and, in fact, this determination of juries not to find bills of indictment at court bidding, which North's servile brother and biographer personifies into "a certain monster that raged in the years 1680-1-2, styled '*Ignoramus,*'" became to Charles and his subtle men of law a "Mordecai in the gate," which must be got out of the way somehow—*anyhow.* With this view Mr. Wilmer's persecution commenced, and North's brother, Sir Dudley, was thrust into the shrievalty, and crammed down the throats of the livery of London "against the stomach of their sense!"

Wilmer, as became a topping London merchant, was a "man of argosies," foreign ventures, "far-off correspondents." In furtherance of his commerce, he had sent abroad a young man in his employ, just as any man of business would despatch a confidential managing clerk. How the court slot-hounds got hold of this fact is not known. (Could it be that North wormed it out of his brother Dudley, the Turkey merchant?) Be this as it may, upon this fact measures were taken to "lay the ignoramus foreman" by the heels, by means of a writ "De Homine Replegiando," and to mew him up from ever again thwarting the court measures. Indeed, North, in his curious "Examen" (p. 580), unblushingly says that it was done *in terrorem*, "to show Mr. Wilmer, and others of *his bold usurpation*, that they must look to their hits, for if they may, they will be caught napping." Well might Burnet suggest, that with all his trained caution, "if North had lived to attract the notice of an impeaching parliament, he would have felt the ill-effects of his unblushing subserviency." If *he* was cautious and moderate, as his biographer boasts him to have been, what may we think of the thorough-going court agents?

Poor Mr. Wilmer, who doubtlesss thought himself "wide awake" when he sent his man to look after his interests abroad, was unaware of

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the lengths to which court vengeance go to oppress him at home. He was called upon by a writ of "Replegiare Facias" to perform the physical impossibility of bringing in the body of a man beyond seas,—or else to "look to his hits."

To "unlegal minds" nothing might seem easier than for Mr. Wilmer to furnish the sheriffs with a return to the effect that the man had gone away of his own free will to look after his master's business. But Charles and his beagles were not to be put off the scent by such a foil as that. In the palmy prerogative days before the Revolution, this common-sense answer was no legal answer at all.

The king, by his trusty counsel learned in the law, told the sheriffs to "go about their business," to "*do* their business," and "amend their return." In short, according to that celebrated triple dilemma, which since formed so large a part of the late Sir Robert Peel's logic, the sheriffs were given their choice of three courses:

1. Either to bring the man *replevined* into court; or,
2. To return that Mr. Wilmer had "*esloigned*" (abducted) him; or else,
3. To be themselves "laid by the heels."

Of these three courses, the sheriffs found the first impossible; the last unpleasant! And so there remained but the second; which was what the court lawyers wanted from the beginning, as a ground whereon to issue a "WITHERNAM" against the devoted Wilmer.

"I suppose" (says honest David, in the play, to his master, fighting Bob Acres) "there ain't so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol." Heaven help the simplicity of the man—

> As little as a saint he knew
> All a lawyer's craft can do.

There lay more peril in that black-letter word "Withernam"* than in all the "double-barrelled swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols," of bloodthirsty Sir Lucias O'Trigger.

If this *Withernam* had caught Wilmer "napping," it would have kept him in gaol, *body for body*, until he produced the boy from beyond seas. This, in fact, might be a sentence of perpetual incarceration; for it is no libel to say, that those who were capable of putting such an engine of torture into action against the object of their hate, would think little of keeping the youth out of the way, or spriting him away somewhere never to be heard of again; and so unfortunate *Withernam'd* Wilmer might have lain in gaol until he rotted.

Wilmer, however, wisely "*esloigned*" himself; in other words, "made himself scarce," and fled the country. Whether he lived, or returned to enjoy the fruits of England's deliverance from "Popery, slavery, arbitrary power, legal chicane, and wooden shoes," I know not; but I trust the reader will not regret having accompanied me in this our first stroll down one of the "by-ways of history."

* "WITHERNAM."—Cowel tells us that this mysterious-looking process, compounded of two Saxon words, signifying "*altera captio*," authorised the sheriff (breaking all barriers with "posse comitatus") to take an equivalent for replevined goods not forthcoming.—V. COWEL, *in Verb.*

Sir Thomas Smith, "De Respub. Anglor.," lib. iii. c. 10, tells us that *Withernam* is equivalent to "reprisal."—"*Represaliorum et Withernamii, jus idem non est, sed natura plane eadem; eademque utriusque verbi propria significatio.*"

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BEAUMARCHAIS AND HIS TIMES.

Pierre Augustin Caron, who when twenty-five years of age took the name of Beaumarchais, was born the 24th of January, 1732, in a watchmaker's shop in the Rue Saint Denis. The quarter of Saint Denis enjoys in Paris a somewhat similar reputation to what Beotia did in Greece; yet not only did the author of the "Barber of Seville" and of the "Marriage of Figaro" first see the light there, but Regnard, after Molière, considered to be the first comic poet of France, as also Scribe and Béranger, were born in the same quarter—Scribe at a silk-mercer's and Béranger at a tailor's.

The parents of Beaumarchais had been Protestants. Persecuted for their religion, the family, numerous and poor, had abjured their faith, but the memory of the religion of his ancestors appears never to have been extinguished in Beaumarchais: he was always zealous in the cause of the Protestant party. The only boy in a family numbering five girls, he was the pet of the house, not less on that account than for an inherent spirit and gaiety of heart which never abandoned him through life, and which led even Voltaire to say, when he was charged with poisoning three wives, he who had then only been twice married, "Beaumarchais cannot be a poisoner, he is too full of fun." At thirteen—the age of Chérubin, Count Almaviva's page*—he was taken from school to be apprenticed to his father's business. He learnt—as he used afterwards to express it—to measure time. It can be easily imagined that the Chérubin of the Rue St. Denis was by no means a model apprentice. To a passionate taste for music he added other inclinations of a less innocent character, and these he carried to such an excess as to accuse himself of having entertained boyish projects of suicide, when barely fourteen, for unrequited love. At eighteen, his father was obliged to banish him from the house; but after a reconciliation, effected by the intervention of friends, Beaumarchais behaved better, and set to work with so much earnestness to master his business, that he discovered the secret of a new piece of mechanism. This led to his first public discussion. A rival watchmaker claimed precedence; the matter was referred to a committee of the Academy, whose verdict was given in favour of "Caron fils." Only one year afterwards, such was the notoriety brought about by this controversy, that he was enabled to describe himself "Caron fils, horloger du roi." Beaumarchais, in fact, obtained his first *entrée* at Versailles not, as has been often said, as a musician, but as a watch and clockmaker. In 1754 he wrote to a cousin engaged in the same business in England, intimating that through his kindness "il ose espérer l'honneur d'être agrégé à la Société de Londres!"

A new career now opened itself to the young watchmaker. Beaumar-

* M. Genin, in a little work entitled "Des Variations du Langage Français depuis le XII^e Siècle," argues that the idea of Chérubin was borrowed from a mediæval romance—"Le Petit Jehan de Saintré." M. Louis de Loménie calls Beaumarchais himself Chérubin, which is the most likely.

Beaumarchais et son Temps: Études sur la Société en France au XVIII^e Siècle, d'après des Documents Inédits. Par Louis de Loménie.

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chais, at that time twenty-four years of age, was tall, handsome, well-made; his talent, quickness, and gaiety of heart, added to his personal advantages, made him an especial favourite with the fair sex, and he was not the man upon whom any signs of favour were likely to be thrown away. He was naturally enterprising, ambitious, cunning, litigious, obstinate, and vain. His inordinate vanity, indeed, became in after-life the source of the deepest hatreds that were entertained against him. He did not deny the weakness, but he appealed in his memoirs of the Goëzman affair against the persecution entailed by it when he said: "Mais si j'étais un fat, s'ensuit-il que j'étais un ogre?"

The manner in which Beaumarchais became a member of the household at Versailles, is at once characteristic of the individual and of the times he lived in. The wife of the *contrôleur de la bouche* at court, who had seen him at Versailles went to him one day in his shop under the pretext of having a watch mended. The young artist was invited to return the watch in person. The *contrôleur de la bouche* was old and infirm. A few months after this new intimacy had sprung up, M. Francquet, as the controller was called, was induced, by the kind dispositions of his wife towards the young watchmaker, to give up his lucrative appointment to the favourite, who entered upon his new vocation on the 9th of November, 1755. What was more singular was, that two months afterwards the old controller died of apoplexy, and after the lapse of decent time of mourning, the young Caron wedded his widow. This was followed by his assumption of the name of Beaumarchais—it is said from a very little fief or manor belonging to his wife, but where it was situated, or whether a *fief servant*, or a *fief de haubert*, or simply a *fief de fantaisie*, his biographer cannot undertake to say.

But although thus established at court as Sieur de Beaumarchais, it was not till 1761, that is, five years afterwards, when the young controller was enabled to purchase the situation of secretary to the king for 85,000 francs, that he acquired the legal right to his assumed name. In less than a year after his marriage came also another strange event—the sudden demise of his wife; and it was the combination of events—the peculiar manner in which Beaumarchais became one of the royal household, the sudden death of the old man whose place he took, and whose wife he married shortly afterwards, and the death of the lady herself, when she seemed to be no longer necessary to his advance in life—that first gave rise to those rumours of poisoning—a practice not at all uncommon at the period—which were afterwards destined to assume a consistency that imparted a tone to his whole career.

Watchmaking, one of the passions of the court, had been an introduction to Beaumarchais; his proficiency in music cemented the connexion. He soon became teacher of the harp—an instrument at that time little known in France—to the amiable and pious daughters of Louis XV., whom their royal parent took delight, in the worst possible taste, to designate as Coche, Loque, Graille, and Chiffe. From teacher he soon became the manager of a family concert which the princesses gave once a week.

Suddenly raised to a sphere of so much importance at court, no wonder that young Beaumarchais became the object of intense jealousy among other aspirants to favour. He was, in consequence, exposed to

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an incessant small fire of epigrams and insulting remarks, which his great natural abilities generally enabled him to turn to the discomfiture of his enemies.

To give an example. A courtier who had boasted that he would humble the pride of the *protégé* of Mesdames de France, accosted him at a moment when he was leaving the apartment of the princesses, and said to him, as he held out a valuable watch, "Sir, you are acquainted with watchmaking, will you do me the favour to examine my watch. It is out of order." "Sir," Beaumarchais quietly replied, "since I have ceased to occupy myself with that art, I have become very awkward." "Ah! sir, do not refuse me this favour." "Well, be it so; but remember that I told you that I am very awkward." Then taking the watch, he opened it, held it up as if to examine it, and let it fall on the ground. Whereupon, turning round to his interlocutor, he said, with a low bow, "I had warned you of my exceeding awkwardness;" and left him to gather up the fragments.

Another time Beaumarchais heard that the princesses had been told that he was upon the worst possible terms with his father, and that this had given origin to strong feelings against him. Instead of endeavouring to refute the calumny, he hastened to Paris, and, under the pretence of showing Versailles to his father, he took him back with him, conducted him over the palace, and took care to place him several times in the way of Mesdames. In the evening he waited as usual on the princesses, leaving his father in the ante-chamber. His reception was very cool, but one of the princesses condescended to inquire who was the person with whom he had been walking all day. "With my father," replied the young man. The princesses were astonished. An explanation ensued; Beaumarchais solicited the honour of presenting his father to Mesdames; the favour was granted, and the old watchmaker had himself the pleasure of clearing his son from all imputation of want of filial love and respect.

All the insulting observations to which the favourite was exposed were not rebuffed so peaceably. He killed a certain Chevalier de C—— in a duel fought without witnesses. In dread of the consequences he is said to have acknowledged the duel to Mesdames de France, but the dying man, although he survived his wound for a short time, never betrayed the name of his antagonist. The whole of the story would have a very apocryphal character, if M. de Loménie's research had not enabled him to detect a verification, and this in reference to another affair that he was very nearly being engaged in only a week afterwards, notwithstanding his biographer would have us believe that Beaumarchais regretted the circumstance very deeply.

The favours which Beaumarchais enjoyed from the princesses were, in a pecuniary point of view, rather disadvantageous than otherwise to the young musical preceptor. One day it was a tambourine, another a morocco-bound book of music that he had to obtain, and all the favourite could do was to send in occasionally an account, most humbly worded, to Madame d'Hoppen. At this period of his life Beaumarchais had made no literary attempts beyond a few poetic flights of very mediocre pretensions. He appears to have held literature as a profession in a rather contemptible light. Voltaire had said that, in France, a man

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must either be anvil or hammer. A wealthy contractor, Paris Du Verney, made Voltaire's hammer, and the same man was destined to pave the way for Beaumarchais making his fortune.

Paris Du Verney had greatly at heart the success of the military school in the Champ de Mars, founded through the instrumentality of himself and Madame de Pompadour, but allowed by Louis XV. to fall into decay. He sought to win over the new favourite to his cause. Beaumarchais did not allow the opportunity of being useful to one of the leading financiers in France to escape him. He prevailed upon the princesses to pay a visit to the military school. As was anticipated, they, by their reports, excited the curiosity of the king, and he was also induced to visit the institution, and take it under his immediate patronage.

The contractor repaid this service by giving Beaumarchais an interest of ten per cent. upon 60,000 francs, and associating him in certain successful financial operations. This it was that enabled him to purchase, in 1761, the situation of king's secretary—a situation which contributed vastly to increase the number of his enemies. He soon after coveted the situation of grand-master of the forests and waters, and Du Verney offered to advance the necessary funds—500,000 francs. But the other grand-masters, although Beaumarchais proved in his usual pointed and epigrammatic manner that their origin was no better than his own, that one was son of a barber, the other of a wool-comber, and another of a button-maker, and that all had changed their names, declared themselves so hurt at the idea of admitting a *parvenu* into their ranks, that if he received the nomination they must give in their dismissal. It was in vain that the princesses supported the application; the youth of the favourite, his rapid advancement, and, more than all, his *succès de salon*, were unpardonable in the eyes of those in authority, and he was unable to obtain the appointment.

To console and to revenge himself for this failure, he purchased, a few months afterwards, the position of Lieutenant-Général des Chasses aux Bailliage et Capitainerie de la Varenne du Louvre. This situation of a semi-feudal character was less lucrative than that of grand-master, but more aristocratic. Beaumarchais had under him the Comtes de Rochechouart and de Marcouville as lieutenants; his functions were more or less of a judicial character; and although it is difficult, his biographer remarks, to think of the author of the "Marriage of Figaro" acting as a magistrate without smiling, he held the situation for twenty-two years, and fulfilled all its duties with scrupulous exactness.

Beaumarchais' adventure with Clavijo, in 1764, is known by the dramatic narrative published by himself concerning it in his fourth Memoir against Goëzman. Clavijo having been an author of some distinction, Beaumarchais' narrative has been by some characterised as a romance, by others as a calumny. It appears that two of Beaumarchais' sisters, one of whom had married an architect, had gone to settle at Madrid, where the other had formed an engagement with Clavijo, who was to marry her the moment he obtained a situation that had been promised to him. When, however, the Spaniard obtained the appointment, he refused to fulfil his engagement. The reputation of Beaumarchais' sister was thus placed in jeopardy, and he set off at once for Madrid, where he obliged Clavijo to make a declaration clearing the honour of the young woman. Clavijo even

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took steps to effect a reconciliation, but at the very time that Beaumarchais thought that the interrupted marriage was likely to be brought about, he learnt that Clavijo had obtained an order for his arrest and expulsion from Madrid. Irritated by such an act of treachery, he hastened to the minister's and to the king, exposed the disloyal machinations of his enemy, and procured the dismissal from his situation of keeper of the archives.

Beaumarchais had gone to Madrid to vindicate the outrage done to his sister's reputation, but he did not care to travel so far and not to accomplish something more. He appears to have spent a year in Madrid, engaged in stock-jobbing and other speculations, and in the pursuit of pleasure. In Spain he was, in fact, in his true element—in a land of intrigue, music, and song. He was thirty-two years of age, and his biographer says he was then the embodiment of the Figaro and Almaviva of the "Barber of Seville," with a dash of the Grandison.

The letters written at this epoch by Beaumarchais exhibit him in a greater variety of character, and give more minute shades of mind and intelligence than those written, perhaps, at any other period of his history. His biographer says, however, that he has been only able to trace one slight indication of the influence of the Spanish theatre on this impressionable young Proteus. It occurs in a letter to the Duc de la Vallière, in which, after some lengthy observations upon politics and manners, he remarks that the Spanish theatre is two centuries behind that of France, while the music is in advance. "The warmth," he writes, "the gaiety of the interludes, always musical, with which they divide the tiresome acts of their insipid dramas, often indemnify one for the weariness experienced in hearing them. They call them tonadillas, or saynètes." Certain it is that when Beaumarchais left Madrid, he brought back in his mind the first faint outlines of those original and strongly developed figures of Figaro, of Rosina, of Almaviva, of Bartolo, and of Basile, which were one day to crown his reputation.

Beaumarchais did not commence his literary career before he was thirty-five years of age, and previous to that an episode occurred in his career, in which, unlike that of Clavijo, he was no longer a second party, but a principal. It appears, that if possible for such a character to be in love, Beaumarchais was once so with a certain Pauline—a young, pretty, well-mannered, well-educated, musical and intelligent Creole—a girl born at St. Domingo, with large colonial possessions, but neglected and encumbered, and while reputed rich, in reality poor. M. de Loménie admits that this young lady enjoyed for a time a great influence over Beaumarchais, who certainly contemplated marrying her, but he says he must also acknowledge, with regret, that in reading his love-letters, though they are very far from possessing the simple and affecting interest of Pauline's, he has never been able to detect any proofs of his having been seriously enamoured.

There had been intimate relations between the aunt of Pauline and the family of Caron ever since 1760; and whenever Beaumarchais could, after his widowhood, leave Versailles to join the family circle, he generally, also, met there Pauline, then eighteen or nineteen years of age. His play called "Les Deux Amis," in which Pauline plays on the piano, whilst Melac accompanies her on the violin, is a reminiscence of this epoch. Beaumarchais also interested himself seriously in setting to

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rights the embarrassed state of the young lady's affairs at St. Domingo—a place to which he even once seriously contemplated retiring with his intended wife. With this object in view, he wrote a long letter, in which the calculations of the future are so mixed up with projects of marriage, that, as his biographer justly remarks, disembarrassed of all oratorical artifices, it says very simply, "I love you very much, but I cannot marry you till I know what to believe as to the real value of your property, or that your uncle will bind himself to leave you his fortune!" The young lady's answer, on the other hand, was charming. It breathes, M. de Loménie justly remarks, "the amiable *abandon* of a young heart, ingenuous and really loving." Pauline had gone at once to her uncle, by what she calls a *coup de tête*, had opened her heart to him, and had pleaded her lover's cause; and although the uncle would not bind himself by any formal engagements, the marriage of Beaumarchais and Pauline was not the less agreed upon. Strange to say, after matters had gone so far, another person, a Chevalier de S——, also a native of St. Domingo, and who enjoyed admission into the family circle of the Carons, succeeded—as the admirer of Julie, the most talented of Beaumarchais' sisters—in winning from him the affections of his intended.

The *légèretés*—the inconstancies—of Beaumarchais are admitted by his biographer to have partly led to such a result; as they were also laid to his charge by Pauline herself. But it is strange to read in so short a time of one who used to finish her epistles with "Adieu, amour!—Adieu, mon âme!—Adieu tout!—Quand tu reviendras, ce sera pour moi le soleil d'un beau jour. Adieu!"—almost as suddenly turning over to another, acknowledging the change in her sentiments with all the coolness and indifference of a true daughter of Eve, and marrying the rival whilst she was still largely in debt to her first-accepted, not to mention debts of fidelity, vows, promises, and engagements. Such seem, indeed, at that epoch, to have been held as trifles. Pauline's husband only survived the marriage one year, and the widow never troubled herself to pay her debt to Beaumarchais. "Did Pauline think by chance," De Loménie ingeniously inquires, "that her love was, after all, worth 24,444 livres 4 sous 4 deniers?" Or was it the continually embarrassed state of the West Indian property that caused her to act in so doubly a dishonourable manner to the lover she had so slightingly discarded? Let us, at least, charitably suppose the latter, as indeed it is most reasonable to do. It is not to be supposed that a woman who had once loved would add injury to injustice.

Beaumarchais, after having seen a little of life in almost all its phases, entered the lists as a dramatist, with his first essay "Eugénie," in 1767. This play, like most of its author's productions, "is opposed to social privileges," in other words, has a more or less immoral and licentious tendency, and was much altered by the censorship. The scene originally laid in France was transported to England. The facts being not a little scandalous, and equally improbable, M. de Loménie remarks, naïvely enough, the censorship rendered a service to the drama by obliging the author to transport the scene into England! The plot mainly depends upon a false marriage; the gay Lothario, in the original, was the Marquis de Rosempré, but he became, by the magic of the censor's fiat, Lord Clarendon! The original heroine was the virtuous

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daughter of the Baron de Kerbelac, a nobleman in Brittany; under the censorship she became a fair Welsh girl.

Beaumarchais was at this period of his life unknown as an author; he was a mere *homme d'affaires et de plaisir*, who had pushed his fortunes at court, with a very indifferent reputation, and he was looked upon by literary men as a *parvenu* and intruder. This obliged him to take some steps to be listened to, and it will be readily understood that he did not allow modesty to stand in his way. He wrote to Mesdames de France, recommending his work to their protection as "the child of his sensibility, breathing nothing but the love of virtue, and having for its sole object the purification of the drama and the rendering it a school of good manners!" In a different vein, but always with the same instinctive knowledge of the human heart, he addressed the Duke of Orleans, the Duc de Noailles, the Comtesse de Tessé, the Duc de Nivernois, and others; writing to the one as a modest pretender in the world of letters; to the second as a statesman who has mistaken his avocation; to the third as a romantic gallant, who can be not a little impertinent; and to the fourth with the assumed humility due to a veteran critic. The Duc de Nivernois did not, indeed, fail to point out those defects in the piece which were afterwards so signally proclaimed by Grimm. "Eugénie" was played for the first time on the 29th of January, 1767. The last two acts compromised for a time the success of the three first. Beaumarchais, by dint of retrenchment and revision, ensured to it, however, a temporary success, in which he was not a little assisted by the talents of Mademoiselle Doligny, the subsequent creator of the part of Rosina in the "Barber of Seville;" but the critics were unsparing. They would not allow a redeeming point in the drama, or a creditable feature in the character of the author. Yet, under the title of "The School for Rakes," which Garrick, however, terms an imitation rather than a translation of "Eugénie," the play met with great success on the British stage.

Beaumarchais' second essay, "Les Deux Amis," inspired by an idea of Diderot, that on the stage we must substitute the portraiture of social conditions for the delineation of character, was a signal failure. The veteran Grimm exposed the baseless fabric on which it rested in a single stanza:

J'ai vu de Beaumarchais le drame ridicule,
Et je vais en un mot vous dire ce que c'est:
C'est un change où l'argent circule
Sans produire aucun intérêt.

In January, 1770, Beaumarchais found consolation for the failure of a drama. He had become wealthy, and ought to have been happy. Between "Eugénie" and "Les Deux Amis" he had won the affections of the widow of a *garde-général des Menus-Plaisirs*, who bestowed her person and large fortune on the dramatist. He had also purchased, with Du Verney's assistance, a large portion of the forest of Chinon; and he was far more busy in reality in selling wood than in inditing plays. Three years afterwards Beaumarchais lost his second wife; she is said to have died in childbed, but his enemies did not fail to assert that the death was very strange, and that it corroborated the rumours already existing with regard to the death of the first. Yet Beaumarchais had only a life-in-

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terest in at least half of her fortune, and La Harpe justly remarks, that when his only son died two years after its mother, no one dreamt of insinuating that he had also poisoned his child.

Whilst the author of the "Barber of Seville" was still so unsuccessful a dramatist that his portrait, as sketched by Palissot, in a satire of the day—

> Beaumarchais, trop obscur pour être intéressant,
> De son dieu Diderot est le singe impuissant—

was considered as at once just and truthful, the first of the great lawsuits began, which, gained, lost, and regained, lasted for seven years, involved him in a whirlpool of implacable hatreds and bitter struggles, and gave, indeed, an entirely new direction to his life and career. The cause was the death of Paris Du Verney, with whom Beaumarchais had been so long associated in various speculations, and who left as his residuary legatee and executor a nephew—the Comte de la Blache—a man who used to say of Beaumarchais, "I hate that man, as a lover loves his mistress." Before the financier's decease, Beaumarchais had had the good sense to settle accounts with him, and the result had been, that Du Verney acknowledged himself indebted to Beaumarchais in the sum of 15,000 francs. The Comte de la Blache not only refused to admit the claim, declaring the deed a forgery, but by questioning the authenticity of the settlement made between Beaumarchais and Du Verney, previous to the decease of the latter, made Beaumarchais a debtor in the sum of 139,100 francs. The unfortunate dramatist, upon whom the tables were thus so effectually turned, after having gained his cause in the first instance, lost it in the second upon an appeal, and finally obtained a total repeal and a definitive verdict from the *Parlement de Provence* on the 21st of July, 1778. The legatee was condemned by this final judgment not only to all expenses, but to 12,000 francs damages *pour raison de calomnie;* but still the mischief of so scandalous an imputation weighing on the character of a man for seven long years was with difficulty effaced, notwithstanding the zeal, the perseverance, and the ability shown by Beaumarchais in his pleadings and the general conduct of his case.

But even this serious lawsuit was by no means his only trouble. The love of intrigue, which involved him in perpetual disasters, was at length the cause of his being confined within the walls of a prison at the very moment when his first celebrated drama—the "Barber of Seville"—was preparing for its first representation. The circumstances, related at great length by M. de Loménie, from the depositions of the chief parties made before the commissary of police, are sufficiently curious.

The Duc de Chaulnes, the last of his name, a man of talent, and a traveller, but of dissipated habits and violent passions, protected a young actress, Mademoiselle Menard. Unfortunately for the duke, he introduced Beaumarchais, who was at that time on terms of great intimacy with him, to his *protégée*, and only a few months elapsed before the fair and faithless one made it evident that she preferred the attractive *sieur* to the jealous, overbearing, haughty aristocrat. The consequences were, that mademoiselle withdrew to a convent (at that time a convenient place of refuge), in order to effect a separation from her titled protector,

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and when, in the words of De Loménie, "she had regained her liberty by a definite rupture, she returned to her domicile, inviting, at the same time, Beaumarchais to come and see her there."

The latter, with characteristic fatuity, seized the occasion of supplanting a friend in the favour of his mistress, adding insult to injury. He wrote to the duke a long letter, in which he upbraided him with rudeness towards the lady, and jealousy towards himself, with borrowing money from him (Beaumarchais) and M. de Genlis to give to his mistress, while before her he called him a son of a watchmaker; and he finished with this cool proposition—"Au lieu d'une vie d'enfer que nous lui faisons mener, joignons-nous tous pour lui procurer une société douce et un vie agréable."

However annoyed the duke may have been at such extraordinary presumption, he restrained himself for the time being, and did not answer the letter. The explosion took place on the 11th of February, 1773, under the following circumstances: Gudin de la Brenellerie, a friend of Beaumarchais, was visiting Mademoiselle Menard, when the duke came in. The lady was in tears: she had been complaining of the violence of the duke, and of the harsh things he said of Beaumarchais. An explanation took place, naturally not very agreeable to the latter. "What need is there," said the duke, "to justify a scamp like Beaumarchais?" "He is a very good man," replied the actress, with more tears. "Ah, you love him!" exclaimed the duke; "he shall fight me—I will kill him." This threat produced a scene. There were in the room, besides the duke, Gudin, and Mademoiselle Menard, a *femme de chambre* and a young girl, daughter of the Duc de Chaulnes. They all began to cry. Gudin made off to warn his friend. He met him in his carriage going to hold his court of Capitainerie. "The duke means to kill you!" exclaimed Gudin. Beaumarchais laughed at the menace. As Gudin was hurrying home, he felt himself suddenly pulled by the coat-tails, and almost as suddenly thrust by the duke into a public carriage.

When Gudin had somewhat recovered from the shock of this rather violent proceeding, he inquired by what right he was thus made prisoner. "Du droit du plus fort," was the answer, and the duke insisted upon being conducted into the presence of Beaumarchais. Passion had for the time gained complete ascendancy over him. "He was bent," he kept exclaiming, "upon driving his sword through his body, and tearing out his heart with his teeth!" Gudin declining compliance, the duke began to box his ears and pull his hair. "But," says Gudin, in his deposition, "I wear a wig, which consequently passed into the hands of the duke, and this rendered the scene very comical, to judge by the roars of laughter that came from the populace assembled before the open doors of the coach." At length the parties drove off to Beaumarchais' house, and on their arrival there Gudin took the precaution, as the duke went out by one door of the carriage, to make his exit by the other, and ran home as fast as he could *par des chemins détournés*.

At Beaumarchais' house the duke learnt that his rival was at the court of the Capitainerie at the Louvre, and thither he at once repaired, furious, and thirsting for his blood. Beaumarchais, who was seated in the judicial chair, surrounded by officers and guards, was naturally

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somewhat taken aback by this inopportune visit. The duke, with a manner so excited as to be manifest to all, announced to the judge that he wished to speak with him, and that he must communicate with him at once. In vain our judicial Figaro urged that the business of the public should be first decently concluded, and begged the duke to be seated; the latter insisted, till Beaumarchais consented to pass into another room with him. According to Beaumarchais' depositions, the duke said to him there that it was his intention to kill him at once, that he would tear out his heart and drink his blood. "Oh! if that is all, Monsieur le Duc, permettez que les affaires aillent avant les plaisirs." When Beaumarchais wished, however, to return to his duties, the duke threatened to tear out his eyes, but he succeeded at length in imposing a little patience on his excited rival, and induced him to take a seat till the audience should be terminated. It is almost needless to say that Beaumarchais, with his exquisite sense of the ridiculous, while he prolonged the audience to an unusual extent, calmly seated in his chair of justice, contemplated with no small pleasure the furious duke sitting on thorns, telling those within reach that he had come to fight, and perpetually exclaiming, "En avez-vous encore pour longtemps?"

There is, however, an end to everything, and so with this strange scene. Beaumarchais was obliged to enter into explanations. The duke would hear none. "Let us go out and fight at once," was all that could be got from him. "At least you will let me go home for a sword," said Beaumarchais, who may be excused if suspected of temporising a little, for his enemy was strong, skilful, and furious. "We will go to the Comte de Turpin's," replied the duke; "he will lend you one." On the way they nearly came to blows. M. de Turpin, perceiving the almost frenzied state of the duke, feigned an urgent engagement, and requested that the affair might be delayed till four o'clock in the evening. The duke wished Beaumarchais to go to his house till four o'clock came. He was so anxious for his blood, that he said he could not let him go out of his sight. Beaumarchais insisted, on his side, that they should go to his house. "If you get down at your door I will stab you on the spot," said the duke. To Beaumarchais' they went, however; and, what is more, with a dinner in perspective, which, but for the duke's violence, might have brought about an amicable arrangement. According to Beaumarchais' statement, nothing could subdue the duke's passion to even decency of conduct. A letter came, the duke tore it from his hands; he wished to write, the duke dashed the pen from his fingers; he wanted to leave the room, "Je te défends de sortir," said the duke, "ou je t'assomme!" At last, proceeding from threats to action, he drew Beaumarchais' own sword from its scabbard, and, grinding his teeth, pointed it at his breast. Beaumarchais rushed upon him to disarm him, the duke tore a handful of hair from his forehead and covered his face with scratches. Beaumarchais, who seems somewhere or other to have witnessed the system adopted under similar circumstances *par des matelots Anglais*, replied with a blow from his clenched fist.

The old father and the domestics of the house hastened up to interfere. The duke was tumbled down the stairs. At the very moment, the inopportune Gudin opened the outer door, and came in for the disturbance. The duke had drawn his sword, and dealt his blows indiscrimi-

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nately. Gudin was soon put *hors de combat*, the valet got a cut on the head, the coachman had his nose slit, the cook was run through the hand, the women were calling out murder from the window, the crowd rushing into the house, alarm and disorder had reached its height, when the commissary of police luckily made his appearance.

What is most curious is that the duke then sat down quietly to the dinner-table, and discussed his soup and cutlets as if nothing had happened. It is but fair to add that the duke, in his depositions, affirms that he went to dine at Beaumarchais', and that the latter brought about the row that ensued, by using, when in his house, the most insulting language towards him.

Be this as it may, Beaumarchais was placed in arrest the next day by the Duke de la Vrillière, minister of the king's household, and both parties were summoned before the Court of the Marshals of France. Beaumarchais pleaded that all his misfortunes arose from his being preferred by a lady to a duke and peer of the realm, which was not a capital crime, and the Duc de Chaulnes was sent, on the 19th of February, by a *lettre de cachet*, to the Château de Vincennes. Nor was Beaumarchais allowed to enjoy his temporary triumph over his adversary for any length of time, for, on the 24th of the same month, after being acquitted by court-martial, he was, according to De Loménie, by the Duc de la Vrillière's order—the duke being annoyed that such a court should lay aside an order of arrest made by himself—committed to prison at For l'Evêque.

Mademoiselle Menard, by the aid of one of those convenient abbés not uncommon in the eighteenth century, resolved to avoid further annoyance from the Duc de Chaulnes by a conventual retreat, which, however, did not last longer than a fortnight. Upon returning once more into public life, the lady exerted herself to procure the liberation of Beaumarchais; but her influence was rendered useless by the haughty and, as it was termed by many, the insolent tone which the latter assumed towards the minister. The Duc de la Vrillière contented himself with letting the prisoner know that the adoption of such a tone would lead to no good; and, at last, Beaumarchais was obliged to humble himself before an absolute and irresponsible power. This was on the 21st of March, when he asked pardon of the minister, and he then received permission to quit his prison by day, accompanied by a police-agent, but he was bound to return to his meals and night's rest. The same degree of liberty was accorded to the Duc de Chaulnes at the same time; but with the additional conditions attached, that he should leave his rival in peace, and not force his society upon Mademoiselle Menard. At length, after two months and a half's detention, Beaumarchais was set free.

Liberty, however, was only regained by the restless Beaumarchais to enter upon a new lawsuit—more dangerous than any that had gone before, and which threatened him with utter ruin—but from which he rose triumphant over the parliament, and became the favourite of a nation. Never was his credit so low as at this moment. The Comte de la Blache took pleasure in designating him as a "monstre achevé, une espèce venimeuse dont on doit purger la société." And the veteran Grimm remarked: "He was only a year ago the dread of all Paris; every one believed him to be capable of the greatest crimes; now people

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cannot make too much of him." This suit, which laid the foundation of Beaumarchais' fortune, had its origin in certain bribes administered to a judge and a counsellor's wife, in accordance with the accepted practice of that corrupt age. Beaumarchais had, in fact, given to the wife of the Counsellor Goëzman 100 louis, a watch worth the same sum, and 15 louis besides, which he handed over personally to the secretary. When the suit was lost, the 100 louis and watch were restored, as they were only to be kept if the suit should be gained; but as to the 15 louis, Madame Goëzman not only denied its receipt, but declared that presents having been offered to her by Beaumarchais to gain over the suffrages of her husband, she had rejected the criminal offer with indignation. Goëzman followed up his wife's denial of the transaction by denouncing Beaumarchais to the parliament as guilty of calumniating the wife of a judge after having in vain attempted to corrupt her.

It appears that Goëzman had, before taking this step, tried to remove this troublesome pleader by means of a *lettre de cachet;* but failing, he resolved to call down the vengeance of parliament on the head of a man over whom he expected to win an easy triumph. *Le Parlement Maupeou*, as it was called, was at that time the object of general distrust and suspicion. It would not fail to strike, therefore, with its utmost vengeance one who perilled its dignity. Its proceedings—this being a criminal case—were secret, and Beaumarchais had in perspective the last penalty of the law, if not something worse—*omnia citra mortem*. In such an emergency he appealed to a power long ignored and scarcely believed to exist—to public opinion. To win this, Beaumarchais was obliged to plead his own cause, for no advocate could be found independent enough to brave the anger of parliament. Such an alternative, enough to paralyse an ordinary mind, became on the contrary a stimulus to Beaumarchais, and he set about his task with almost febrile energy.

On reading these celebrated pleadings, by which Beaumarchais gained so much renown, his own biographer admits that it is impossible not to be shocked with what there is that is disreputable in their tone of irony and invective. Villemain himself, who admires the lively eloquence of these addresses, exclaims against some, which, he justly remarks, revolt against all sentiments of decency and of truth. The public excused the excesses at the time, in consideration of the all-powerful body to which he was opposed. "People," says La Harpe, "laughed to see them skinned, because they knew that they held daggers in their hands."

The Memoirs, by means of which Beaumarchais conducted his defence, and which first rendered his name famous, are generally considered to be four in number; but M. de Loménie says, counting the supplement to the first, there are really five. He was aided in their compilation by several friends; amongst others by Gudin in the historical portions, by Falconnet in the questions of law, by Miron in the satirical line, and even by his aged father and his clever sister Julie. The answers were indited by a small *coterie*, at the head of which were M. and Madame Goëzman, Bertrand, Arnaud, Baculard, and Marin. These Memoirs are avowedly among the most remarkable productions of their author; the finer qualities of the writer are, in them, less disfigured by defects. The effect produced by them was immense. Voltaire, Horace Walpole, and Goethe

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have all recorded the impression they produced upon them. Louis XV. was so far interested as to have them read to him, and Madame du Barry had the more striking passages played as proverbs.

The verdict of the parliament put an end to this paper warfare. On the 26th of February, 1774, Beaumarchais was condemned *au blâme*, which comprised at that time civic degradation. M. and Madame Goëzman did not get off more easily: the husband was suspended from his judicial functions, the wife was also condemned *au blâme*, and to the restitution of the fifteen louis. The *Parlement Maupeou* did not itself long survive its vindictive sentence. "In striking with a civil death a man whom public opinion bore in triumph," his biographer says, "it inflicted a death-blow to its own existence." One of the first acts of Louis XVI. was to dissolve the existing, and to re-establish the ancient parliament.

As to Beaumarchais, the court had little power to carry out its verdict against him. He was not summoned to the bar, as was enjoined by the law. All Paris called to condole with him; the Prince de Conti and the Duc de Chartres gave brilliant *fêtes* in his honour, and the king himself sent for him to employ him on a secret mission; but this was not till he had made an acquaintance, brought about by the renown of his writings, with Marie Thérèse Emilie Willermawlas, a woman of great intellectual endowments as well as personal charms, and who was destined to become, at a later period, his third wife.

The history of the secret missions of Beaumarchais are instructive, if merely to show what importance matters often trifling and contemptible in themselves obtained under absolute governments. We have seen lately much of the weak side of free constitutions, how much they may be abused by one nation, how little with another they answer for effectively ensuring the progress of the greatest human undertaking—a successful war; the reverse of the medal is not, then, without its use at the present moment. It is in the secret proceedings of bygone absolutism, as it would be in those of existing absolutisms if they could only be made known, that the glaring inconvenience of such are most made manifest.

There lived at this epoch an adventurer—Théveneau de Morande—who, having taken refuge in England from criminal pursuit in his own country, sought a livelihood there by publishing a tissue of scandals and calumnies in a paper justly called *Le Gazetier Cuirassé*. The system he pursued was to send demands across the Channel for sums of money to obtain exemption from the personal outrages in which he found a profit. To a person of this description Madame du Barry was a real California. He wrote a letter to that lady, in which he requested the transmission of a large sum of money, or in case of refusal, he should immediately proceed with the publication of a very interesting work, the subject of which was her life, with a title admirably adapted to tell with persons of a cynical disposition. Alarmed and furious, Madame du Barry appealed to the king. The king asked of the King of England that Morande should be sent out of the country. The British government replied that it could not expatriate the man, but that it would not oppose his being removed, so long as that removal could be secretly effected. A whole brigade of officers of police was accordingly sent to this country to effect his capture, but Morande got scent of the mission, denounced it to the people—always ready to side with the oppressed, whether virtuous or

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ignoble—and they exhibited such unmistakable signs of committing the French police to the Thames, that they were glad to hide themselves and get back to their own country as fast as they could.

Protected in this manner by the English public, Morande proceeded with his publication. Louis XV. endeavoured, all other means failing, to come to terms with him, but Morande had reasons to doubt the character of his emissaries, and would not let them come near him. It was in this emergency that Beaumarchais was engaged to go to London, to put himself in communication with the *Gazetier Cuirassé*, and to purchase his silence and the suppression of the Memoirs of Madame du Barry.

It was not, his biographer justly remarks, *une mission d'un ordre bien relevé*, but it must be kept in mind that, at that moment, Beaumarchais was suffering from the loss of two lawsuits, one of which had deprived him of all his worldly goods, and the other of his civil existence. He was glad to do anything that promised an opening to the recovery of all that he had thus lost. The distinguished pleader started then for London, in March, 1774, under the name of Ronac, the anagram of Caron. In a few days he won the confidence of the libeller, mastered a negotiation that had now lasted eighteen months, and reappeared at Versailles with a copy of the formidable Memoirs, and the additional manuscript of another projected libel, to receive the king's instructions in respect to a definite arrangement. Louis XV. was delighted with the skill and promptitude of his emissary, and he referred him to the Duc d'Aiguillon. The latter was more desirous of discovering Morande's accomplices in France than of destroying the libels, and it is upon record, to Beaumarchais' credit, that he would not lend himself to any inquiries of the kind. The king was obliged to send him back, in opposition to the counsels of his minister. The MSS. and three thousand copies of the Memoirs were burnt in a lime-kiln in the neighbourhood of London, but to preserve the reputation of Madame du Barry from the pen of an adventurer cost the French government 20,000 francs down, and an annuity of 4000 francs! The French government, under Louis XVI., subsequently bought up half of the annuity for a further sum of 20,000 francs. "On doit avouer," says De Loménie, "que l'honneur de Madame du Barry étoit estimé ici fort au delà de sa valeur." At a later period of his history Mirabeau publicly reproached Beaumarchais with his relations with a man of such bad reputation. It was, however, in a pecuniary point of view, of far less advantage to the emissary than the libellist, for while the latter became so wealthy as to die a *juge de paix* at Arnay-le-Duc, Beaumarchais only received the thanks of the old king, who died a few days after his return. "I admire," he wrote upon this occasion, "the oddity of fate that pursues me. If the king had only enjoyed his health for eight days longer, I should have been restored to that condition which iniquity has robbed me of. I had his royal word to that effect, and the unjust aversion which had been inspired in him towards me was changed into a kindness even to predilection."

It was not to be expected that Louis XVI., attaching less importance to the reputation of Madame du Barry than his predecessor, should view the diplomatic labours of the author of the "Barber of Seville" in quite so favourable a light as Louis XV. But fortune here favoured Beaumarchais. The manufacture of libels at London had turned out too profit-

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able a speculation to be dropped in a moment. No sooner had the king mounted the throne with his young wife, than the most abominable scandals began to be whispered abroad. Outrages of this description, which have gone by under the influence of free governments and a free press, were state matters under the *régime* of silence. The success of Beaumarchais' mission under Louis XV. caused his services to be again sought for. On the present occasion he accepted gladly; and he started full of zeal, arriving in London in June, 1774. The libel he had now time to quell was entitled "Advice to the Spanish Branch as to its Rights to the Crown of France in case of Default of Heirs." Its author was an Italian Jew, Angelucci, but known in England by the name of Atkinson.

This time Beaumarchais insisted upon an order written in the king's hand, and having with great difficulty obtained it, he enclosed it in a gold box, which he kept always suspended to his neck by a chain of the same material. Thus provided with a royal talisman he set to work, and succeeded in obtaining the destruction of the libel, at an expense to the French government of 1400*l.* sterling. He then started for Amsterdam with Angelucci, to superintend the destruction of the Dutch edition; but no sooner was this accomplished, than he found that the astute Jew had absconded to Nuremberg, carrying with him a copy that had escaped his researches, and which was to be printed in French and Italian. Beaumarchais, irritated beyond measure at being thus duped, started in pursuit of his treacherous companion, and actually overtook him at the entrance of the forest of Neustadt, near Nuremberg, trotting along on horseback. Angelucci, seeing the man he had so grossly deceived on his traces, made for the forest. Beaumarchais, on his side, followed him on foot, pistol in hand, and the Jew's horse not being able to make its way among the trees, he soon overtook him, seized him by his boot, tumbled him off, and, exploring his pockets and his bags, found the copy that had escaped his vigilance.

This feat accomplished, he was returning through the forest to his chaise, when he was in his turn attacked by two robbers. The talisman of Louis XVI. proved on this occasion to be really that which its owner had only dreamed of in his imagination. His pistol missing fire, he received a blow from the dagger of one of his assailants in his breast, but it fell on the golden box, which turned it aside. After a severe struggle, Beaumarchais even succeeded in disarming his antagonist, but the other robber, who had fled at first, returning with a reinforcement of bandits, it would have been all up with the secret agent of Louis had not his valet and the postilion come at the same moment to his assistance.

The whole story is so romantic as to be scarcely credible, were it not attested by documents drawn up by the burgomaster of Nuremberg, by order of Maria Theresa, in consequence of what happened to Beaumarchais when, wounded in his struggle with the robbers, and excited almost to temporary alienation of mind by his zeal for his sovereign and his queen, he proceeded to Vienna to obtain from Maria Theresa herself the order for the extradition of the Jew, and for his being conducted for safety's sake into France. The history of this adventure, which we shall give in our next, is derived from an unpublished memoir addressed by Beaumarchais to Louis XVI. on his return to France, and bearing date October 15, 1774.

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OUR FIRST LODGERS.

I HAVE always held an opinion that young women in a respectable sphere of life, when left unprovided for by the death of parents, require more sympathy than any other class. It may be they have a little money: it is to be hoped that daughters, so left, generally have. This they proceed to embark in various ways, according to their capacities, and the notions they have imbibed in their station of society. Some try to establish a school, some sink their capital in setting-up a business, a Berlin-wool shop, a stationer's and library, or the like, some put their little bit of money out, and rely on the interest for clothes, whilst they seek to go out as nursery-governess or companion. And thus, in various ways, all try to obtain an honest livelihood. But let the reader be very sure that there are few of these unprotected women but have a crushing weight of struggle and sorrow. Anxious perplexity, pinching want, heart-breaking care, these are often theirs: and for many there is no turn, no worldly rest, till they find it in the grave.

I can feel for them, for did I not, for several years, I and my sister, struggle on, fighting our way with disappointment and non-success? Yet we never were so badly off as many, and in time God saw fit to crown our efforts with plenty. It was in 1836, and I was about thirty-one, that we had to turn our attention to getting our own living. Part of our mother's income had died with her, and all we had was 500*l.* each. And that is more than falls to many orphans. One sister, much younger than ourselves, had married a medical gentleman, and gone to settle in a distant part of the kingdom, and I and Lucy cast about in our minds what we should turn to. A ladies' boarding-school appeared to us the most congenial, and we were, I think, though I'm sure I say it in all modesty, more suitable for the charge than are some who undertake it. My learning was but little, and of the plainest sort, but I was (I hope) kind, just, and considerate; of calm, steady character and manners. Lucy was merrier than I, and she excelled in grand learning, such as astronomy, the use of the globes, elegant composition, with music, and other accomplishments, suitable to teach to little gentlewomen. We both felt that we had the qualifications and the will essential to do our full duty to those children who might be confided to our care: so we determined on our plan.

The first step was to find a suitable house and neighbourhood. We had hitherto, at least for the last many years, lived in the country, where there was no scope for such an undertaking, and several friends advised us to turn our thoughts to the vicinity of London, which we did. But the trouble we had! though the metropolis abounds in suburbs. Some we found overstocked with schools, some localities were not deemed highly healthy, and some had no suitable house that we could rent. We did fix ourselves at last, after spending a purse of money over those whirling omnibuses. I will not name the exact situation, for we are in the same house still, and I do not care that all the world should read these struggles, and know that they apply to us. It was a capital house, large and convenient; enclosed from the high road by a wall, with a pretty garden in front and a playground behind. We paid 80*l.* a year for it—a rent that

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frightened us; and if it looked formidable in perspective, what was it when it came near? I can safely say that quarter-day for many years never drew near but it brought to us a heart-sickening. And there were the taxes in addition. After taking the house, the next step was to furnish it. We had most of the furniture from our old home, but it was the worse for wear, and the little which had filled a small house was lost in our large one. So we bought new for the drawing-room, and for the children's bedroom that was to be, with desks and forms for the school-room, disposing the old about the house as we best could; and occasionally buying, as time went on, some next to indispensable article, as we thought we could spare the money.

Of course we had sent out cards and advertised, and then we sat down in our house and waited for pupils. The first quarter we received some demands for circulars, but nothing came of it: the next we had three day-scholars, two sisters and another. I then took the resolution to call at the principal houses in the neighbourhood, and urge our hope of their patronage. Whether they liked my appearance I do not know, but soon after that we had eleven day-scholars and five boarders, so we thought success was coming all at once, and I believe had certain visions of retiring with a fortune. But the years went on, and we found success was not so certain.

It could not be strictly said we did not succeed; but we did not succeed sufficiently to pay our expenses and live, and our little stock of capital was often drawn upon. And that heavy rent! Our numbers fluctuated much: one half year we should have a large school, the next it would be a small one. Many an anxious conversation did I and Lucy have; many an hour of more anxious thought, many a sleepless night. To sink into debt and difficulty; to spend the last shilling of our capital in striving to avert it; to find our efforts fruitless, our money gone, and we turned from our present shelter, from our poor means of living, without any definite prospect of finding another!—these visions disturbed our rest continually. Oh, God pity all who are struggling as we were to keep up appearances and earn a respectable living, and who find their hopes and their means grow less day by day!

"I have a scheme running in my head," Lucy said to me, one evening; "suppose we let lodgings?"

"Let lodgings!" I ejaculated.

"Our drawing-room and one or two bedrooms. We can give up our own and go up-stairs, and there's the one we had fitted up for that parlour-boarder. Why not?"

"But it will not do to let lodgings in a ladies' school, one of our class," I returned. "Such a thing was never heard of. All the parents would object to it."

"Most of them would never know it," answered Lucy. "It cannot be any possible detriment to the pupils—make no difference to them whatever. We might easily get thirty shillings a week for the three rooms, be at no outlay, and, if we had the luck of quiet people, very little trouble."

Thirty shillings a week! It would go far towards the rent. "I will sleep upon it," I said to Lucy.

I did. And the next day we got some cards written in text-hand,

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"Genteel Apartments," and gave them to our greengrocer and stationer to display in their shops; for, of course, we dared not have such an intimation stuck on our own gate or hanging up outside the wall.

The cards were out three weeks and not a soul came. We were in despair. But one day Sarah, our servant, came to the door of the schoolroom and beckoned me out.

"It's some folks after the rooms, ma'am," she whispered. "They look likely people." Sarah was more anxious on the point, I think, than we were.

I went up to the drawing-room, and two ladies rose at my entrance. Agreeable in person they were, and neatly dressed in mourning. The elder was about three or four-and-thirty, a rosy-cheeked woman, with quick dark eyes; the other, who was more delicate-looking, and a little younger, was her sister.

"You have apartments to let, we hear," said the former, handing me a card, "and we are in search of some." I glanced down at it—"Mrs. Archer."

"I beg pardon, ma'am," I said, "are you a widow?"

"No," she replied. "My husband is abroad."

"Because we should decline to take a gentleman: it would not be deemed suitable for a school. Only ladies."

"Well, he is abroad," she repeated; "it is only for ourselves. Can we see the rooms?"

"This is the sitting-room," I said, "and one bedroom opens from it. The other——"

"We only require one bedroom," she interrupted, as she rose to go with me into it.

Our bargain was soon concluded. They took the two rooms at twenty-five shillings per week, and promised to come in on the morrow.

"What extras will there be?" inquired the younger lady, Miss Graves.

"Extras!" I repeated, "not any. Except—I believe it is customary—some little gratuity to the servant." I had not been in the habit of letting lodgings.

"What about the linen; are we to find it?" asked Lucy, when I told her of our success.

"The linen!" I exclaimed, dubiously, "I forgot it completely. I never said a word about it."

"Nor the ladies?"

"Nor the ladies. I remember they said they had their own spoons."

"Then they take it for granted we find it, no doubt. Well, it will not much matter, either way. Did you ask for references, Hester?"

I really had not; I was obliged to confess it; and Lucy laughed. I, who was generally over-cautious!

These ladies came, and for several weeks things went on with satisfaction, they paying their money regularly. Then they began to grow behindhand, and made excuses from time to time, which seemed to us very plausible. But when the weeks went on, and on, and there was no money at all coming forth, I and Lucy grew uneasy. The debt amounted to nearly 9*l.*, and we had looked to it to help out our coming quarter's rent.

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I was in the kitchen one morning, making some apple-dumplings for dinner, when Sarah, who stood by me paring apples, began to talk.

"I think them are queer customers we have got hold of, ma'am," she said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing, I fancy they have come to the end of their tether, and haven't got neither cross nor coin to bless themselves with. They are living now upon a'most nothing. And where are their spoons gone to?"

"Their spoons!"

"The four table-spoons put on their table every day for dinner. It's a good month since the two first disappeared—that handsome silver cream-jug vanished about the same time—and now the two last is gone. When I was a laying the cloth yesterday for dinner—them precious herrings they bought—I went on, a hunting for the spoons, and Miss Graves said, 'Oh, I have got them. I'll put them on the table myself presently, Sarah!' But none came down to be washed."

"Good gracious, Sarah! where do you think they have gone to?"

"Well," said Sarah, who was worth her weight in gold for an honest, hard-working servant, though a free, rough-speaking one, "I should say they have gone to my uncle's."

"Dear, dear!" I ejaculated, for I did not affect to misunderstand her, "are they reduced to such straits as that?"

"Law, ma'am! let 'em hope they may never be reduced to worse," retorted Sarah. "You don't know the schemes and contrivances for getting along in London, when one's hard up. It's a mercy there's such things as uncles to go to. Since the baker would not leave the bread on credit, our two ladies don't take in half enough to feed 'em. They have not had meat, neither, for three days, nor nothing to substitute for it but them six herrings yesterday: which was anything but of the freshest, as my nose told me in cleaning 'em. Miss Graves—it's she as generally speaks—is always ready with excuses; they've got colds, and can't eat, or they've got this, or got that."

"Do they owe much to the baker?"

"Five shillings, odd. He's a cautious man is our baker, and says he never trusts no lodgers. And now," added Sarah, stopping in her paring, and looking at me, "they don't take in no milk."

I went on, mixing my crust, and ruminating. I felt much sorrow for them, for I was sure they were not systematic deceivers, and I cannot but say I felt for my own pocket. I now looked upon the money as being as good as lost, and we wanted it badly.

"I should like to know what they mean to do for coals," resumed Sarah; "there ain't above a couple of scuttlefuls left. They'll be wanting us to lend 'em some, but if we do, we may whistle for 'em back again. Haven't I pared enough yet, missis?"

I declare I had been paying no attention to the apples, and Sarah had done too many. So, to prevent waste, I thought I would make a pie and use them up. Popping my dumplings, when they were ready, into the iron pot, I got down the flour-jar again.

What with this, and slicing and salting red cabbages for pickling,

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which I was doing that morning, it struck one before I had well finished. I told Sarah to dish up the dinner.

It was Irish stew we had that day, and the girl got the great hash-dish and put it on the table, and then, taking the large saucepan from the fire, turned the greater portion of its contents into the dish. I went inside the pantry, to put away some of the things I had been using, when Miss Graves came into the kitchen, nearly running against Sarah and her hash-dish, who was just going out of it.

Miss Graves came up to the fire, not seeing me. And oh! the pinching look of care and want that her face wore! I wondered I had never noticed it before. She looked, with eager eyes, into the saucepan which Sarah had lodged, without its lid, on the fender, and then turned away, as if she would shut out its sight. On the table there lay a little heap of stew, splashed there by Sarah when pouring it out, and she stole to the table and caught this up greedily with her finger, and ate it. I heard Sarah coming back again, and had to come out of my hiding-place—though indeed I had not gone in for hiding. She started when she saw me, and her face turned crimson. I made believe not to have seen her till then.

"Is it you, ma'am?" I said. "What a cold day! Pray take care of your sleeve against the table: something seems to have been spilt on it. I hope it has not touched it."

"Oh no," she said, brushing away at her right-hand cuff, with a nervous movement.

"Some of them young misses jumped about when they saw and smelt the Irish stew," observed Sarah, when she entered. "It's a rare favourite dish of theirn."

"I don't wonder at that, when it smells as savoury as yours," remarked Miss Graves.

"I looked a little to it myself to-day, and put in a bit of thyme: that's a great improvement," I said. "Don't you think so, ma'am?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I don't think we ever put thyme in ours."

"Then if you'll allow me, I'll send you up a little plate of this to taste," I said to her. For I could not bear to think that we were going to eat our fill of this nice dish, and they should only smell and long for it.

"Oh, thank you," she stammered, her face going crimson again, "but—the trouble——"

"Don't mention it, pray," I interrupted; "its no trouble. Sarah, bring me in that little dish."

I took my place at the head of the schoolroom-table, and Sarah, looking as demure as if she understood nothing, brought in the dish. I heaped it with the stew, and sent it up.

But of course I could not do this every day, and I fear circumstances grew straiter with our lodgers. Sarah was frequently opening her budget of wonders as to what they did, but I paid little heed to her, for they were not, just now, in her good graces, not having, for a long while, given her any gratuity—a neglect sure to excite the ire of a servant. One evening, a day or two after we had broken up for the Christmas holidays, she came bounding into the room, with eager, wild words. Lucy and I

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were sitting by firelight, for it was the dusk hour before tea, and she really startled us both, though she spoke in a whisper.

"Missis! Miss Lucy! as sure as you are both alive, them two have got a man up-stairs!"

"Who is he? What's he come for? Money, I suppose."

"Not that sort of a man," retorted Sarah, an indefinite amount of contempt in her tone for my simplicity—"not folks as call. A man locked up with 'em; concealed in their bedroom."

"How can you assert such a thing, Sarah?" exclaimed Lucy, sharply. "If they heard you, they might have you up before a police-court."

"Shouldn't care if they did," returned the girl. "I'd stand up for the truth there, as well as here. If ever I heard a man talk, I heard one up in their room just now."

"Then you did not *see* him," observed Lucy, sarcastically.

"Nor didn't want to, Miss Lucy, if you mean for the convincing of my eyes. I'll tell you, ma'am, how it was," she added, turning to me. "Their candles be all out—the last pound have lasted 'em three weeks, if it have lasted one, so it's plain they have mostly sat in the dark. In getting the candlesticks out just now, I remembered there was nothing to put in 'em, so up I went into the drawing-room to say so. The door was locked when I got there—and they have kept it so for the last few days, which is another odd thing. I wasn't in a sunny humour—locking up rooms, like that, indeed!—and I gave the latch a twist and a sharp push, and open it flew. In I went: there warn't a bit of fire in the grate, but they have it now in their bedroom instead—I should like to know why. It was next to pitch dark, save a glimmer of light that came through the bedroom door, which was on the jar, and as I stood there, a strange voice, a man's voice, called out, 'I am so thirsty! If there's nothing else, you must give me water. My lips and tongue are parched.'"

"Sarah, how can you be so foolish!" uttered my sister. "Mrs. Archer speaks gruffly."

"A man's voice it was. I'll take my Bible oath on it," persisted Sarah. "I ran against the table then, and caused a noise: not for the purpose: I was a stepping softly forrard to peep in, and come in contract with one of its legs. Out flew Miss Graves, just as if I'd been a robber, and banged-to the door behind her.

"'Who's there?' she called out: for, now the door was shut, we couldn't see the ghost of one another.

"'It's only me, miss,' I answered. 'There ain't no candles left.'

"'Oh—well—I—I'll see about it,' she said; 'we don't want them yet; we are sitting by fire-light. How did you get in, Sarah? I thought I slipped the bolt: for when we are sitting by ourselves up here, and you all down stairs, we feel timid.'

"'You couldn't have slipped it very far, miss,' I said; 'I gave the door a smart push, and it opened. Of course I shouldn't have done it if I had known you'd fastened me out, but this is an awk'ard latch, and used to have a trick of catching, and I thought no more but that it was at it again.' So, with that, I came away down stairs, and she came across the room, and bolted the door again."

"Your ears heard double," cried Lucy. "You do fancy strange

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things sometimes, Sarah. Recollect the evening you came to us, last summer, and protested Miss Brown was talking out of the front window. And she fast asleep in her bed, all the while, at the back of the house!"

"That Miss Brown had as many ruses as a fox," uttered Sarah, "and I shall never believe but what she was a talking out at the front winder; and to somebody over the wall too! However, she's gone, so it don't matter, but whether or no, I ain't mistaken now, and I'll lay my life there is a man up there."

Lucy took the poker and raised the fire into a blaze, which lighted up the amused, incredulous smile on her face. But I confess I was staggered. The girl was so very earnest, and she had her share of strong common sense.

"It was a gentleman's voice," she resumed, "and he spoke as if he was tired, or else in pain. Suppose I go and borrow the next door ladder, and climb up to their winder, and have a look in?"

"Yes," cried Lucy, laughing heartily, as she flung down the poker, "do Sarah. Never mind falls."

"What can I say we want with it? They'll think dark night's a funny time to borrow a garden ladder. Suppose I go with a tale, that an obstinate fit has took our curtains, these here, and they wont draw, and I want to get up to the rings? It is——"

"Do not run on so, Sarah," I interrupted; "you know I should permit nothing of the sort. And if the blind is down, as it is almost sure to be, you could not look into the room, if you did get up to the window."

"I'll go and see," was Sarah's answer, darting out into the hall, and thence to the garden.

"It is down," she said, returning in again. "But you just come and look here, Miss Lucy. If there ain't the shadow of a man's hat on the blind, I never saw a hat yet."

They went out into the cold night, and I followed them. There really was the shadow of a man's hat cast on the blind. It seemed as if the little bamboo table had been drawn from the corner of the room—to get to the cupboard, probably—and was placed in front of the window. On it stood the hat, and the fire-light, being opposite, threw its shadow on the blind. As we looked, the form of one of the ladies passed before the window, and lifted the table back to its place, out of sight, and we went shivering into the house again.

"Now, ma'am, what do you think?" asked Sarah, triumphantly.

"Why, I think that some one has called," I resolutely replied. "The ladies are most respectable in their conduct—perfectly so; it is impossible to think them otherwise. You may have been out of the way when he—whoever it is—came to the door, and one of them must have come down and let him in. As to his being in the bedroom, it is natural they should be where the fire is, this cold night."

"Not a soul has been to the door this afternoon," persisted Sarah. "I have been ironing, and have never stirred out of the kitchen. But now, ma'am, to prove the thing, I'll just turn the key of the front door and put it in my pocket. If it is a visitor, he must ask to be let out; if it's not——"

Sarah said no more. For who should have entered, after a tap at the door, but Miss Graves. She held a teacup in her hand.

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"I am very sorry to trouble you, Miss Halliwell," she said, hesitatingly —she was a bad beggar—"but would you oblige us with the loan of a little tea to-night? We are out of it, and it is late to go and purchase."

"Certainly," I answered, unlocking my old sideboard drawer, where we kept the tea-caddy. "There's nothing so refreshing as a cup of tea."

"We don't, in general, care for it," observed Miss Graves, "but my sister is very poorly to-night, and complains of thirst. Thank you greatly," she added, as she took the cup from me.

"Don't you want water for it, miss?" called out Sarah. "Our kettle's on the bile."

"Yes, if you please," she answered. "I'll come in the kitchen and make it now."

She did so, having a contest with Sarah afterwards. The latter wanted to carry up the tray with the cups and saucers, but Miss Graves insisted on doing it herself.

"To keep me out of the room," muttered Sarah, when she was gone. "For fear I should see what I should see."

However, in about half an hour the bell rang, and up bounded Sarah. It was to take away the tray; and when she had put it in the kitchen, she came into the parlour again, where I and Lucy were now at our tea.

"Well, what did you see?" inquired Lucy.

"Nothing, and didn't expect to," was Sarah's sulky reply. "They took care of that, before they called me up."

"Did you go into the bedroom?"

"Yes. Miss Graves was a sitting at the table, as if she'd been a making tea, and Mrs. Archer was by the fire, looking well enough, as far as I saw by the fire-light. They had stirred the blaze up just before I went in, as an excuse for having no candles."

"And what about the gentleman?" laughed Lucy.

"I expect he was in the bed, or on it, for the curtains was all drawed close round it, as tight as wax, like I have never seen 'em afore. I'm sure, ma'am, this affair's as good as a play."

"Not to me," I sighed, "if there should be anything in it."

"And the hat?" continued my sister.

"Well, I was a stupid there. I was so struck with them curtains—picturing what was inside 'em, and peering if there warn't a slit as big as a needle to look through, that I never thought of the hat or the table. But don't you flatter yourself it was there, Miss Lucy: they'd take precious good care to put it away, afore they rang for me. I've a notion the man must be sick."

"Why so?"

"Because I heard him say he was parched, as I told you, ma'am. And then, their having the tea! That warn't for Mrs. Archer: there's no more the matter with her than there is with me. Besides, who's the toast-and-water for? They told me to make a quart jug full, and Miss Graves said she'd come down and fetch it."

We heard no more that night of the strange visitor. If he was there he stopped in, for Sarah carried out her threat and put the key of the street-door in her pocket. The next morning I went into the kitchen to give some orders to Sarah.

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"Look here," she cried, exhibiting some meat upon a plate, "Miss Graves has been out and brought in this bit of scrag of mutton, and them two turnips, and she said she supposed you'd obleege 'em with a bit of parsley out of the garden. It's to make some broth for her sister, she said, and they'll stew it up-stairs, and I'm to take it up with the saucepan of water. Not more than sixpence, she couldn't have gave for it," concluded Sarah, taking up the meat, with an action of contempt, and flapping it down on the plate again.

"Sarah, you are unfeeling," I said. "The poor ladies are much to be pitied."

"Pitied, indeed! What business have they in a house like ours, with no money to carry 'em on in it?" retorted Sarah, who was in one of her worst humours. "And the man they have got up there—perhaps he is to be pitied too!"

"I must forbid further allusion to that absurdity, Sarah. There's no man up there: the very idea is preposterous."

"Very well, ma'am. If anything bad turns up out of this, don't say I did not give warning of it. One on 'em slept upon the sofa in the drawing-room last night, for I see the bedclothes there this morning. I think that proves something."

The girl tossed her head, and went out of the kitchen; and I cannot say I felt easy all that day—far from it. But nothing fresh arose. Night came, and Lucy, who had a bad cold (caught through flying out, the previous night, to stare at their window), went to bed at nine o'clock. At ten I sent Sarah, sitting up myself to finish some sewing, which I remember was the turning of a sheet. After that I sat warming my feet, and it was upon the stroke of eleven when I went up to bed.

I had got the candle in one hand and my packet of work in the other, and was going softly up the stairs, when the drawing-room door was flung violently open, and out dashed Mrs. Archer, nearly knocking me and my load down together.

"Oh! Miss Halliwell, where's Sarah?" she exclaimed, in nervous excitement. "For the love of pity let her run for a doctor!"

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Who is ill?"

"Oh, come and see! It is of no use trying for concealment now." And she seized my arm, and pulled me through the drawing-room. Miss Graves was getting up from the sofa, where she had retired to rest, and I set down my bundle and went with my candle into the bedroom. On the bed, his head raised high upon a pillow, lay a gentleman, his eyes closed, and his face still and white, whilst drops of blood were slowly issuing from his mouth.

"Is he dead?" I uttered, in the first shock of surprise.

"Where's Sarah? where's Sarah?" was all the answer of Mrs. Archer. "We *must* have a doctor."

"Sarah is in bed. I'll step and call her."

"In bed! Then I'll go myself." And, throwing on a shawl and bonnet, Mrs. Archer darted down the stairs, but stopped ere she reached the bottom, and looked up at me, who was lighting her. "The nearest surgeon—where?"

"About ten doors higher up the road. You'll see the lamp over the door."

"Ah, yes, I forgot;" and she flew on. I followed her, for I remem-

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bered that the key of the gate was hanging up in the kitchen, and she could not get out without it. Then I called up Sarah, and went back into the room.

"Who is this gentleman?" I whispered to Miss Graves.

"Mr. Archer, my sister's husband," was her reply; and, just then, the invalid opened his eyes and looked at us.

Never shall I forget that moment. The expression of those eyes flashed on the chords of my memory like a ray of light, and gradually I recognised the features, though they were worn and wasted. Archer? Archer? Yes, although the name had never struck me before as in connexion with *him*, there could be no doubt. I was gazing on one who had been very dear to me in early life—too dear, for the ending that came.

"He is a clergyman—the Reverend George Archer?" I whispered to Miss Graves.

"Yes," she nodded. "How did you know?"

I did not answer. Those old days were coming back to me as in a dream. I remembered my mother's home at Seaford, where we all lived so tranquilly; I remembered the first day that *he* came to it with my brother, both of them fresh from college; I remembered, alas! alas! the love which sprang up between us, and the solemn engagement that ensued. I remembered his next visit, when he came to be installed as curate of Seaford, and the transient weeks of bliss that followed. I remembered, with a pang of the heart even then, that high-born girl, who had appeared amongst us as a vision of brightness, and how they were thrown together, and he grew to love her to infatuation. I remembered our wretched parting, when he left Seaford to follow her, and the subsequent account that reached us of her marriage with one in her own sphere, and his disgrace: for when the Earl of Seaford came to know that his sons' tutor had dared to love their sister, he thrust him from his house in civil scorn. And I had never seen or heard of him since, till this night, when I beheld him lying on a bed in my own house, and not long for this world.

His wife returned with the doctor. He said the case was not so serious as we imagined. That the blood came from a small vessel ruptured on the chest, not the lungs. I remained with Mrs. Archer that night. Sarah made a fire in the drawing-room, and we sat by it, while he dozed. She told me a good deal of her troubles, and sobbed bitterly.

"Has he been long here?" I asked, wondering how in the world he got smuggled in.

"It was the day your pupils were going away," replied Mrs. Archer. "I was standing at the window, watching the carriage which had come to fetch some of them, when I saw my husband coming down the road, evidently looking out for the house. He appeared ill and thin, stooped, and walked as if his strength were gone, but I knew him, and flew down to the gate, which was open, as well as the house-door. As it happened, no one was in the hall when we came up-stairs: I heard Sarah's voice on the upper flight; she was bringing down luggage, but she did not see us."

"But you ought to have told me," I urged.

"I know that," she rejoined, "and such a thing as taking him in clandestinely never entered my thoughts. It arose with circumstances.

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Look at our position: you positively refused to receive a gentleman here, but he had come, and how were we to remove to other lodgings, owing you what we do, bereft of means, next to bereft of food? So there he lay, ill, on that bed. Reproach me as much as you will, Miss Halliwell; turn us out into the road, if you must do it: it seems that little can add to my trouble and perplexity now. There have been moments lately when I have not known how to refrain from—from—running away—and——"

"And what?" I asked.

"Why, I have thought the calm bed of a river would be to me as rest after toil."

"Goodness me, Mrs. Archer!" I exclaimed, half in surprise, half in a shock of indignation, "a Christian must never use such language as that, while there's a Heaven to supplicate for refuge. All who ask for strength *to bear*, find it there."

"I have had no happiness in my married life," she went on to say. "It is—let me see—six years since, now. Mr. Archer was a working curate in London: a weary life he led of it, in that large parish of poor. Soon after we married his health began to fail: he used to seem dispirited, and the duties were too much for him. I took it into my head that some sorrow was upon him, that he had never really loved me. I don't know. Once I taxed him with it, with both, but he seemed surprised, said he thought he had been always kind, as indeed he had, and I let the idea drop. His health grew worse, change of scene and air were essential to him, and he got an appointment as foreign chaplain, army chaplain I think it was, and went out with that Spanish legion. Later, I and my sister lost our money. My brother, with whom it was placed failed, and we were deprived of our income. Latterly we have been living by—it is of no use to mince the matter—by pledging things, and now my husband is come home without his pay, and cannot get the arrears which are due to him. He says they have all been put off, officers and soldiers—not one of them has received a farthing. The Spanish government ought to be prosecuted."

Here was a pretty state of things! This sick clergyman in our house, and all three of them without means. Lucy was up in arms when I told her.

"They must go out of the house, they must, Hester, even if we pay for lodgings for them. If he dies, and has to be buried from here, it will be the ruin of the school. Dear—dear! to think of its being George Archer! How things do come about, in this world!"

Mrs. Archer wrote to her brother, doubting, however, his power to assist them, and at the end of a week there came a ten-pound note. Mr. Archer was better then. "Now I will not take any of it," I said to Mrs. Archer; "you shall keep it to start afresh with in new lodgings, but you must leave these."

So that same afternoon she and her sister went out to seek some, and I took my work and went to sit with Mr. Archer, according to their request.

He was sitting up in the easy-chair, the one which had been my dear mother's: many a time had she sat in it, in the old days, talking to him. A queerish sort of feeling came over me, as I took my place opposite to him, for it was the first time we had been alone together; but I made myself very busy over my sewing.

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We talked about indifferent subjects, the weather, his medicine, and such like, when all at once he wheeled that chair closer to mine, and burst forth, in a low, deep tone :

"Hester, have you ever forgiven me ?"

"Indeed yes, long ago."

"Then it is more than I have done by myself," he groaned. "But I was rightly served."

I looked up at him, and then down at my work again.

"You heard, perhaps, how she jilted me. Hester, as true as that you are sitting there working, she drew me on ; drew me on, from the first, to flirt with and admire her!"

"You are speaking of——" I stopped.

"*Her*. Lady Georgina. Who else? And when she saw, as I know she did see, to what a passionate height my love was reaching, she fooled me more and more. I did not see my folly at the time, I was too infatuated, but I have cursed it ever since : as I dare say you have."

"Hush! hush!" I interrupted.

"And when it was betrayed to the earl, and he drove me away, to part with me, as she did, without a sigh, without a regret!" he went on, not deigning to notice my words. "Hester, you were *well* avenged."

"Do not excite yourself, Mr. Archer."

"How I got over those first few weeks I don't know, and shudder to remember. Then came her marriage : I read it in the papers. Heartless, wicked girl! and she had solemnly protested to me she did not care for Mr. Caudour. Well, well, troubles and mad grief do come to an end ; and, thank God ! so does life."

"What was your career afterwards ?"

"My career, for a time, was perfect idleness. I could do nothing. Remorse for my wild infatuation had taken heavy hold upon me, and a vast amount of misery was mixed up with it. Then when I came to myself a little, I sought employment, and obtained the curacy of a parish in London, where the pay was little and the work great. Next, I married : the lady had money, and I had need of many luxuries—or necessities, call them which you will—which my stipend would not obtain, for my health was failing. It grew worse. I think, if I had remained in London, I should have died there, and I went out to Spain."

"From whence you have now returned ?"

"Yes. Penniless. Done out of the money coming to me. And now the sooner I die the better, for I am only a burden to others. I am closing a life that has been rendered useless by my own infatuated folly ; my talents have been buried in a napkin, my heart turned into gall and wormwood. Oh, Hester ! again I say it, you are richly avenged."

"Have you ever met since ?"

"Her? Never. Her husband is Lord Caudour now. I saw the old baron's death in a stray newspaper that came out to Spain."

"Here come your wife and Miss Graves," I said, for, having heard the garden-gate open, I rose and looked from the window. "How soon they are in again !"

"Hester," he murmured, in an impassioned tone, as he seized my hand when I was about to pass him, intending to open the drawing-room door, "say you forgive me."

I leaned down to him and spoke soothingly. "George, believe me, I

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have perfectly forgiven you: I forgave you long ago. That the trial to me was one of length and bitterness, it would be affectation to deny, but I have outlived it. Let me go. They are coming up the stairs."

He pressed my hand between both of his, and then bent down his lips upon it, and kissed it as fervently as he had kissed my own lips that night, years, years before, when we were walking home from church together, behind my mother and Lucy. I drew it hurriedly from him, for they were already in the drawing-room, and a feeling, long buried, very like that forgotten *love*, cast a momentary sunshine on my heart: and I laughed at myself for being an old simpleton.

They had found lodgings, and he was transported to them. I cannot say but I was thankful when they left the house. I fear they did not get on very well. We often sent them a good plate of something, under pretence of tempting his appetite, some slices of roast beef, or a tureen of nourishing broth with the meat in. Lucy would say we could not afford to do it, and Sarah loudly exclaimed against "cooking for other people;" but they were fellow-creatures, and in need—*and he was George Archer*. The summer put an end to his weary life.

It happened, that same spring, it was in May, I had business at the house of one of our pupils, whose father was a tradesman in Bond-street. When very close to it, I found myself in the midst of a string of carriages, inside which were ladies in full evening dress, though it was only one o'clock in the day. Full of surprise, I asked a policeman what it meant.

"The Queen's Drawing-room."

To be sure. I wondered, then, I had not thought of it for myself. It happened to be the first time I had ever seen the sight, and I stood gazing at the rich dresses, the snow-white feathers, and the lovely, lovely faces. The carriages had been stationary, but now there was a move, and then they were stationary again. More beautiful than any gone before was the inmate of the chariot now opposite to me; a fair, elegant woman, with a bright smile and haughty eye. Surely I knew the features! I did, alas for me! Though I had never seen them since she stepped, with her sinful fascinations, between me and my betrothed husband, I felt sure it was the Lady Georgina Seaford.

"Do you know who this lady is?" I said to the policeman, in a whisper.

He looked at her, at the coronet on the carriage, and then at the servants, at their white coats and crimson velvet breeches. "I think," he answered, "it is the Lady Caudour."

Time had passed lightly over her: her countenance was as smooth, as smiling, as free from care as it had been in her girlhood. *I* was struggling through life with a lonely heart, and *he* was dying in his obscure lodgings, after a short career of regret and sorrow, whilst she who had caused all, who had sacrificed us both to her selfish vanity, was revelling in all the good that could make life happy.

"O Father! Father!" I wailed forth, in the anguish of the retrospect which then pressed sharply upon me, "Thy blessings appear to be dealt out with an unequal hand. Nevertheless, may we still, and always, say, Thy will be done: for Thy ways are not as our ways, and Thou knowest what is best for us."

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ADVENTURES OF BENJAMIN BOBBIN THE BAGMAN.

By Crawford Wilson.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A PICTURE AND A SOLILOQUY.

Monday Morning.—Began the week well by breakfasting heartily, and then turned my attention to business. Succeeded comfortably in both. So at two o'clock I strolled down Princes-street with a gentleman upon whom I had called in a professional way, and who had kindly volunteered to show me over the building in which their national exhibition of paintings was set forth. It was, indeed, a treat to me. The *élite* of Edinburgh were there, and I must say that many of the pictures, as well as their admirers, were possessed of considerable beauties. Having spent about an hour in surveying the most worthy pieces, we retraced our steps slowly through the rooms, turning our attention to the animated and speaking objects, and contrasting them with those that were silent and inanimate. As we drew near the door, my companion, whose arm was linked in mine, suddenly stopped me, and directed my attention to a corner of the apartment. There I saw an old white-headed gentleman of large proportions, with long flaxen hair and a barbarous hat, engaged in contemplating an oil painting.

"Look there," said my friend; "that is a sight not to be seen every day—and, when seen, that should never be forgotten."

I could see nothing in it; so asked him, "Do you allude to some dagger in the air, the picture, or the man?"

"That old gentleman," he said; "observe him well."

How was I to observe him; his back was turned to me!

"Have you done as I requested!" he asked, after a slight pause.

"Y-e-e-s—I have."

"Then what impressions have you formed?"

"Oh! several."

"Be good enough to let me hear them."

"The first is, that I would doubtless see him better were his face turned in this direction. The second, that his hair might be shortened, by cutting. The third, that his hat must have looked newer when he purchased it. The fourth, that his tailor would never make a fortune by taking him for a model, and boasting of the fit of his coat. The fifth——"

"No more of that, my dear fellow," he broke in, somewhat testily, "but be reasonable for a moment, and tell me what is your opinion of that painting."

I then noticed it for the first time. It was the seated figure of an elderly man.

"What a head," I exclaimed, "for an Angelo! What a brow! What a profundity of thought has the limner depicted in the expression of the face! For whom is it intended?"

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"You've heard, of course, of the great Professor Wilson—the Christopher North?"

"Heard of him! Who has not? The greatest ornament your university boasts, the purest writer of our language, and the most powerful——"

"Well, that is his likeness."

"Then, as you say, it *is* a sight not easily to be forgotten. I must look at it more closely." So saying, I left him and approached it. There were the deep lines wrought out by experience, age, and reflection, in the forehead; the bright, searching eyes, that ever give earnest of an aspiring soul; the lips compressed—expressive of firmness, self-security, and decision. The whole countenance fraught with intelligence, animation, and the nobility of nature. I was in raptures. Proud must the artist have been of his work, if it were indeed a likeness; one amidst a million must be the professor, if the canvas represented him truthfully. With such thoughts in my mind I turned to my conductor, who was standing, as I believed, at my back. Amazement! Could it be? Had the picture walked forth from its frame? The old gentleman, and not my friend, was there. We were face to face. I glanced from him to the painting; the same lineaments, the same serenity, the same profundity of mind were mapped out on his countenance. I stared at him, I fear, rather rudely; then checked myself, and uncovered my head. He smiled placidly, and removed his shabby hat. I murmured an apology for my want of thought, and, with a low bow, joined my guide.

"You have this day seen what you need never blush to boast of," said my friend, with a smile—"the great professor looking at his own likeness."

"More than that—I have been honoured with a salute from him," I returned.

"You see, Mr. Bobbin," he continued, "that it is not by the hat we should always judge, but the sense that lies beneath it. The tailor makes the coat, but the Almighty makes the man."

"True," said I, musingly. "That painting is a new one, I presume?"

"Yes—one of the latest date."

"And the original is in one of the last stages that end life's 'strange eventful history?'"

"True again," was his pithy reply.

"I should like to know what his thoughts were as he gazed upon that senseless canvas," I said, looking earnestly at my friend.

"Why so?"

"They must have been of such a singular nature. I can almost fancy myself in his position. The world at my back, the grave drawing nearer with every beating pulse, the vanity of vanities receding at the steady approach of the worm—death's busy, silent chambermaid. When years have passed away, that picture may still be in bloom, but where shall men search for the original? Must the eyes that have pored over so many classic pages—the tongue that has spoken so ably—the hand that has written so powerfully—the brain that has laboured so energetically—the heart that has so long advocated philanthropy, moulder in the dust, and be for ever forgotten? Has oblivion no respect for worth, or the

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grave for what thousands have reverenced? Has time no regenerating balm for honourable age, or the enemy of nature no shame in annihilating glory? Oh life! oh death! what dark paradoxes are ye!"

We emerged from the building, where, with many thanks, I parted from my kind conductor. I retraced my steps towards my hotel, humiliated and downcast. The littleness of fame—the vanity of ambition—the insignificance of pride—the absurdity of power—the emptiness of glory, passed in review before me. And yet fame, and ambition, and pride, and power, and glory—those short-lived, air-blown bubbles—look down upon us from every pinnacle, meet us at every turning, blend with our every hope, or mock us from every tomb.

"Where," thought I, "are the great and the noble of earlier days! where the long-lived antediluvians—the hoary patriarchs—the puissant tyrants—the kings—the conquerors—the sages—and the beauties of the past? Where the dainty Sybarites—the voluptuous Athenians—the hardy Romans—the polished Greeks—where are they? Where the builders of Egypt's pyramids?—the architects of our own venerable cathedrals? Where the reformers of our faith—the projectors of our ancient laws—the long line of Peter's apostolic successors, those thunderers of the Vatican—where, where are they? Go ask the shroud, the charnel, the vulture, and the worm. And yet men live as though the world were their own, time their plaything, death a stranger, and eternity a fable. Young sings, and truly,

All men think all men mortal but themselves;

and so, indeed, it is, although every hour is pregnant with the fates of millions, and the preacher cry untiringly 'All is vanity.'

"What is the beauty we admire, with its smiles, its sighs, and its love-glances? What but a painted mask, enshrouding a hideous skeleton, that to-day looks fair and comely, but to-morrow must by death be disrobed—the lovely, the captivating of the past, lived, reigned, and enthralled in their little span of brief and fleeting time. Around them danced their satellites—at their feet sighed love-lorn suitors—at their smiles hearts bounded in ecstasy—for their favours suitors languished; yet a day arrived when the coquetry, the pride, the petty wiles, and the fascinating spells were ended, like dreams of the morning,—when the rich and costly robes were put off without a murmur for the unpretending winding-sheet—when the freshness of ripe lips and the roses of blushing cheeks, once so chary of their charms, shrank not from the kiss of 'cold obstruction,' and when the memories of their owners were, like their forms, forgotten. Such is life, and such is the body and the soul—

One aspires to heaven,
Pants for its sempiternal heritage,
And ever changing, ever rising still,
Wantons in endless being.
The other, for a time th' unwilling sport
Of circumstance and passion, struggles on;
Fleets through its sad duration rapidly!
Then, like an useless and worn-out machine,
Rots, perishes, and passes."

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Benjamin Bobbin loves to moralise. He cannot help it. It is part of his nature. However, the reader need not necessarily accompany him where the ground has a suspicious appearance—where the truths are too apparent—where facts are unblushingly set down *as facts*. When he turns aside for a slight digression, the reader can skip over the pages, and leave their dry morality for the digestion of more congenial spirits. Some folk there are who will doubtless be better pleased with these digressions. They speak of the world *as it is*, and not as fools paint it; of men as they really are, with such reflections as may lead them to ask themselves, "Are we exactly what we ought to be?" As at the feasts of the ancients a skeleton was ever present, so as he transcribes the entries from his diary he ever and anon places a *memento mori* in the margin. It is a wise precaution—a safety-valve—a necessary amount of unpleasant ballast. The Egyptians did it; they were not all fools. Benjamin may be one—still he dares to follow their example.

CONCLUSION.

In the evening I accompanied Mr. Cripps to Leith Walk. It was after dinner. The sunshine was delightful, but the dust was not; at least I thought so; it made too free with my eyes. I turned my back upon it several times, hoping to get rid of it, but that was of no advantage to me; so I walked steadily forward, with my vision unimpaired for two or three minutes at a time, and then, as the dust commenced its game, I let fall my eyelids, pressing them tightly together, until I saw stars, and semicircles, and fishy scales, and other things too numerous to mention, and too shadowy to obtain belief. Mr. Cripps leaned upon my arm like a friend, advised me like a brother, and talked to me like a father. His exordium was wine—his climax, its abuses. His advice was well meant, judicious, and wholesome. I saw plainly that he feared I had enjoyed myself rather freely after the Sunday's dinner. I felt that he was right, so continued silent, and was a patient listener.

"Now, Bobbin, my dear boy," he said, when his subject was nearly exhausted—"you must excuse me for calling you boy, but you are little more—age brings its honours, but it ever looks with a species of envy upon youth. I am not an old man, yet have I seen as many years, perhaps, as your father. There was a time when I was your age; when I attempt to give you any advice, I feel how useful it would have been to me had I received it when I was a young man, and whilst you permit my tongue to run on, I almost imagine that I am living those sunny days over again. You must not be offended at anything I may have said."

"Offended! I really feel truly grateful to you, Mr. Cripps, for the advice you so generously have tendered me. I appreciate fully the kind spirit that actuates you, and I only wish to know how I can sufficiently thank you."

"I'll tell you, my lad. By admitting common sense into all your counsels, and taking advantage of the suggestions I have thrown out.

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Never be without a certain amount of pride—I mean the pride that elevates man in the social scale, not that bastardised counterfeit begotten of arrogance and ignorance. Be choice in the selection of your companions, affable with all, open to few. Never let a well-cut coat, or a nicely-rounded speech, entirely win your confidence, nor a shabby suit and a plain appearance prejudice your judgment. Worthless pebbles often boast a gilded setting, whilst priceless pearls may lie unnoted in an oyster-shell. Never look upon a man as a friend merely because he has nodded to you over a glass of wine, proposed your health, or applauded your song; nor consider him perfectly disinterested because he speaks sharply to the waiter for bringing you mutton at dinner when there is venison upon the table. Disinterested friends, as the words ought to be construed, are a people that exist only where such travellers as Gulliver have been. We hear of them and read of them; so, also, we may of the Liliputians, and the sphinx, and the phœnix; we meet with the effigies of all such fabulous creatures, and think that they look like life and reality. But where are the originals?—what we see are impositions. The tangibility of the one in mortal flesh is as mythological as the history of the others; and, so far as existence is concerned, I am sorry to inform you that they are coequal.

"Never drink a glass of any liquor over your *quantum* merely for the sake of appearing social, and assisting another in emptying the decanters. Better leave it for the consumption of the waiter than take it to engender consumption in yourself. During my life I have known many a fine promising young fellow, who sat every bottle out upon one journey, drinking cod-liver oil on the next, and looking as though he were booked for a destination where refreshments are not required. Be advised by me, and never exceed your pint of sherry, or port, or whatever it may be. Remember that incontinence in youth overtakes helpless old age before life's half-way house has been reached. The steady pace keeps longest on the course. Practised runners husband their energies; impetuous amateurs expend theirs before the race has well commenced. I augur good things of you. You brook censure patiently, and do not despise the cautions of an elder. Continue ever to act upon the same principle. Many roses lie in your path; never trample upon the smallest, it will bud in time. Pluck them all if you will, but do not lacerate your fingers with their prickly stems. When the experience of others is offered to you gratuitously, accept it thankfully. It costs those a high price who have been compelled to purchase it. And now that I have concluded my lecture, I hope you are not annoyed."

"My dear sir, on the contrary, every word you have spoken is already graven in my memory. This evening the better part of it shall ornament my diary."

"Do you generally keep one?"

"I do," I replied.

"I honour you for it, my boy," he cried, enthusiastically, grasping my hand warmly. "When the gleanings of every day are sifted and conveyed to paper, you build for yourself the privilege of living younger moments over again when in after years you peruse the pages. Mr. Bobbin, I honour you for it."

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I was not a little vain of his good opinion, for I felt that it was worth the holding, so I said,

"Since I have been so fortunate as to have gained a position in your esteem, Mr. Cripps, suffer me to express one selfish wish."

"Well, what is it?"

"That you will never permit me to forfeit your respect until I have proved either a thankless listener or an incorrigible pupil."

"Rest assured of it I shall not, my lad."

We had previously retraced our steps, and were then at the door of the hotel. He again gave me his hand as though he wished to convince me of his determination, and with a hearty "God bless you!" we parted.

The Minehead Pilots.

The belief is still current at Minehead that the Phantom Ship occasionally appears to lure pilots to their doom, and, when her object is accomplished, disappears.

If at all you regard
The Roman bard,
And true the Roman spoke,
You'll find how he showed,
In a beautiful ode,
That triple brass and oak
Were tightly comprest
Around the breast
Of all the sailor folk.

If Horace spoke right
Of the coasting wight,
Who sailed in days gone by,
That he also spoke
Of our hearts of oak
None better know than I,
Who see the crew
Their sails unclew,
When winds and waves run high,—
The gallant crew,
Who fade from view
With cheer and melody.

But yet I think
There is a chink
In the oak and triple brass;
Indeed I am sure
Of an aperture,
Thro' which a shaft may pass:
No gusty gale,
But Pity's tale,
Or the glance of some Naiad lass.

But most of all
Their armour's thrall
A certain point will fray
The tale that tells
Of potent spells
That parted sprites obey,
Of fleshless men,
Who float again
Upon the sea's highway.

The storm-mew calls,
The wind in squalls
Harries the seething sea,
Whirlwind and wave
In grotto and cave
Howl for the mastery;
If thou canst leap,
Climb on the steep,
And keep a look out with me.

Yon speck that braves
The wilderness waves,
That break about it in crowds,
Bears it a flag,
Or is it a crag,
Or only a bank of clouds?
Thro' the vista'd storm
'Tis a vessel's form,
With hull, and masts, and shrouds.

No time to debate
Her possible freight,
So deadly is her bane;

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If she brings teas
From the China seas,
  Or gems from the Spanish main;
If she fills her hold
With Austral gold,
  Or pith of the sugar-cane.

Her flag of distress
She tries to impress
  By the brass from the porthole run—
A shot, and a shot,
Oh, name it not!
  The dial hand marks one,
With lapse I guess
No more nor less,
  That fatal minute-gun!

Now on the deck
Of that poor wreck
  They light their last appeal,
The beacon blue,
Whose livid hue
  Seems Death's apparent seal;
Boats not to use,
But to refuse,
  Would task a heart of steel.

Now, Minehead men,
Within your ken
  Shall these poor sailors die?
Now, Minehead crew,
Your sails unclew,
  Though winds and wave run high.
Farewell, brave crew!
They fade from view,
  With cheer and melody.

Oh! sweetheart fair,
Your soul is there,
  Hid in the trough of sea!
Oh! pallid wife,
Your other life
  There labours heavily!

Oh! mother dear,
Drop, drop the tear,
  For sons who sailors be!

Once more they breast
The billows' crest,
  Up to the light of day;
Down, down again!
Like hours of pain,
  The moments pass away.
They rise no more,
Their race is o'er
  For ever and for aye.

And she, the bark,
With aspect dark,
  Sad flag, and cannon's boom—
Is she not gone?
No! she rides on,
  In those poor sailors' room;
Yes, she shall ride
The racing tide,
  Until the crack of doom!

A phantom ship,
On phantom trip,
  All fading into air!
When lower the skies,
And billows rise,
  Again that ship is there;
In Ocean's throes
Again she shows
  Her signals of despair!

Yet no ship's needs,
For her misdeeds,
  Brave Minehead hearts deny.
Still the brave crew
Their sails unclew,
  When winds and waves run high;
Nor faint nor few,
They fade from view,
  With cheer and melody.

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New-Book Notes by Monkshood.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

It is a little unreasonable to assume that Mr. Macaulay's next and subsequent volumes must needs, for form and consistency's sake, take the same time to appear, and occupy an equal space in the narrative of events κατ' ἐνιαυτον, as these portly twain, the third and fourth. It is rather too matter-of-fact and mechanical a mode of calculation, to infer from the number of pages absorbed by the years 1689 and 1690, the inevitable quantum of any other given year in the hundred following. A year crowded with events, or pregnant with the germs of events, is not identical in philosophic eyes with a year of inaction and repose, though both have an equal tale of months and weeks and days, and fill a pretty equal space in the chronicles of a mere Annual Register. The seven years from 1691 to 1697 are disposed of in one of these two volumes, and an accelerated rate of movement may be expected in certain advanced stages of the history. Were it otherwise, there were small hope indeed of an even approximate fulfilment of the historian's design. To reach even half-way to his proposed *terminus ad quem*, he would, in that case, need to be as immortal in a physical, as an admiring public already proclaims him in a literary, sense. Nevertheless, making the fullest allowance for the difference between year and year, and between the time required for collecting historical matter and that for writing history, there is overmuch reason for misgivings that Mr. Macaulay *has* overshot his mark in dating so far onwards the *finis* which is to "crown" his "work"—his *opus magnum*. Happy we shall think him if he live to write, happy we shall think ourselves if we live to read, his History of England down to that epoch which forms the final "catastrophe" in the great drama of the Revolution—down to that year which shattered the last hopes of the Stuarts and made doubly sure the assurance of safety to constitutional power—down to the '45 which rehabilitated, re-affirmed, and gave the approving "last word" to the grand experiment of the '89.

The present instalment, if it does not increase, at least keeps up, the interest of the opening volumes. There is little change perceptible in the characteristic qualities of the author. He does not become more of the historian and less of the essayist as he goes on. Indeed, the twelve chapters read like twelve essays, such as made his fortune in the *Edinburgh Review;* and a more indolent man might be tempted to insert in the body of his work, as it

* The History of England from the Accession of James the Second. By T. B. Macaulay. Vols. iii., iv. Longman.

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progresses, each as a chapter complete in itself, those brilliant "papers" on Sir William Temple, and the War of Succession in Spain, and Walpole, and Chatham, which we all know and esteem right well. He has not much altered his pace or his gait in advancing from Review (once a quarter) to History (once in seven years), far less mounted on stilts, or stiffened into the traditional "dignity" of History. He is as rich in enlivening details, piquant asides, and pleasant personal talk, as when his theme was Moore's Life of Byron or Boswell's Life of Johnson. He fails not to put on record any bit of gossip that will amuse, any choice *ana* that will tell. How William, when the Princess Anne dined with him, and when the first green peas of the year were put on the table, devoured the whole dish without offering a spoonful to her Royal Highness; how a certain Jacobite clergyman, after performing divine service on a fast day appointed by William and Mary, dined on a pigeon pie, and while he cut it up, uttered a wish that it was the usurper's heart; how Sherlock was henpecked out of non-juror principles by a high-spirited Xantippe who cared much more about her house and carriage, the plenty of her table and the prospects of her children, than about the patriarchal origin of government or the meaning of the word Abdication; how William was sometimes provoked into horsewhipping his coachmen, footmen, and cooks out of the trenches before Namur, when he caught them skulking there to get a peep at the fighting;—no illustration of this kind, be it fiction or fact, is refused if it can be turned to account. The liberal drafts Mr. Macaulay makes on capital of this coinage, go far to explain the popularity he commands at circulating libraries. Novel-readers vow that his History reads like a novel. He would not thank them for the compliment —(*they* suppose it to be one). But he may thank his knowledge of popular tastes, and his ability to suit them by an unstinted seasoning of the "savoury" and the "spicy," for much of the demand which justifies Mudie's order of 2750 copies of the History, for a single library. How can that History be other than readable, and in request, which is so cunningly interspersed with tidbits about the Fat Man of Londonderry, and the tossing in a blanket of the Mayor of Scarborough, and the hole-and-corner tactics of the Jacobite press; and the account of the Imperial noble who swallowed so many bumpers, in honour of William's visit to the Hague, that he tumbled into the turf fire, and was not pulled out till his fine velvet suit had been burned; and of the multitude of dogs that came to feast on the carnage of the battle-field of Aghrim, and that "became so fierce, and acquired such a taste for human flesh, that it was long dangerous for men to travel this road otherwise than in companies;" and of the feud between the New and Old East India Companies, which was sometimes as serious an impediment to the course of true love in London as the feud of the

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Capulets and Montagues had been in Verona; and of the fashion among the beauties of Paris, after the battle of Steinkirk (when every Parisian jeweller devised Steinkirk buckles, and every perfumer kept Steinkirk scent), to wear round their necks kerchiefs of the finest lace studiously disarranged, in imitation of the disordered cravats of the fine gentlemen who won that battle, and which kerchiefs were thenceforth known in every salon, street, and shop, as "Steinkirks;" and of the lucky hackney-coachman in London who, at the time of the great rewards offered after the Assassination Plot (1696), caught his traitor, received his thousand pounds, and set up as a gentleman. What can be more diverting, in its way, than Mr. Macaulay's description of the Congress of Ryswick, and the ludicrous formalities, petty jealousies, peddling feuds, and solemn mummeries of the diplomatic grandees? how days were spent in settling how many carriages, horses, lacqueys, and pages each minister should be entitled to bring to Ryswick—whether the serving-men should carry canes and wear swords—whether the Austrian ambassadors had a right to sit the two together at the head of the table, and to resist the Spanish ambassador, who tried to thrust himself in between them. "The chief business of Harlay [the French plenipotentiary] and Kaunitz [the head of the Imperial legation] was to watch each other's legs. Neither of them thought it consistent with the dignity of the Crown which he served to advance towards the other faster than the other advanced towards him. If therefore one of them perceived that he had inadvertently stepped forward too quick, he went back to the door, and the stately minuet began again. The ministers of Lewis drew up a paper in their own language. The German statesmen protested against this innovation, this insult to the dignity of the Holy Roman Empire, this encroachment on the rights of independent nations, and would not know anything about the paper till it had been translated from good French into bad Latin. In the middle of April it was known to everybody at the Hague that Charles the Eleventh, King of Sweden, was dead, and had been succeeded by his son: but it was contrary to etiquette that any of the assembled envoys should appear to be acquainted with this fact till Lilienroth [the Swedish minister] had made a formal announcement: it was not less contrary to etiquette that Lilienroth should make such an announcement till his equipages and his household had been put into mourning; and some weeks elapsed before his coachmakers and his tailors had completed their task. At length, on the twelfth of June, he came to Ryswick in a carriage lined with black and attended by servants in black liveries, and these, in full congress, proclaimed that it had pleased God to take to himself the most puissant King Charles the Eleventh. All the ambassadors then condoled with him on the sad and unexpected news, and went home to put off their embroidery and to dress themselves in

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the garb of sorrow. In such solemn trifling week after week passed away. No real progress was made. Lilienroth had no wish to accelerate matters. While that congress lasted, his position was one of great dignity. He would willingly have gone on mediating for ever; and he could not go on mediating, unless the parties on his right and on his left went on wrangling." Mr. Macaulay is too fond of antitheses, of all sorts, not to draw a sketch (in relief) of the very contrary proceedings of the two warriors who really settled the Treaty of Ryswick, while the Ryswick red-tapists and routinists were talking about it and about it—showing us how Boufflers and Portland walked up and down the walks of a roadside orchard, for a couple of hours, and, in that time, did much more business than the plenipotentaries* at Ryswick were able to despatch in as many months. Great was the indignation of the Ryswick Congress, when its august members learned that Boufflers and Portland were negotiating in this "most

* Were the historian a Frenchman, and that Frenchman a Villemain or a Guizot, one may suppose that in this fling at the solemn nothings of the Ryswick Congress, as well as in scores of instances besides, some satirical allusion was meant to current or recent events in our politics of to-day. It would be assumed as certain, for example, that Mr. Macaulay must have had in view a noble ex-Minister of War (whose title also begins with N), when he tells us that "Nottingham, honest, industrious, versed in civil business, and eloquent in parliamentary debate, was *deficient in the qualities of a war minister, and was not at all aware of his deficiencies.*"

Or, again, that he was unquestionably thinking of Sir James Graham and Sir Charles Napier when he describes the return home of Admiral Russell in 1692: "The armament returned to Saint Helens, to the astonishment and disgust of the whole nation. The ministers blamed the commanders: the commanders blamed the ministers. The recriminations exchanged between Nottingham and Russell were loud and angry."

Or, again, that he was giving his sentence on the results of a divided command in the Black Sea, when he wrote about the superiority that Lewis's navy, "moved by one will," enjoyed over the allied navies of England and Holland, as "subject to different authorities," &c. And that he was assailing the Peelites in his *exposé* of an opinion growing (1693) among the Tories, "that the policy of England ought to be strictly insular," and "that England ought never to attempt great military operations on the Continent." And that he was undeniably thinking of Mr. Disraeli when sketching a certain orator of 1693: "No speaker of that time seems to have had, in such large measure, both the power and the inclination to give pain." And—as a final instance—that he was incontestably standing up for himself when standing up for Charles Montague: "People are very loth to admit that the same man can unite very different kinds of excellence. It is soothing to envy to believe that what is splendid cannot be solid, that what is clear cannot be profound. Very slowly was the public brought to acknowledge that Mansfield was a great jurist, and that Burke was a great master of political science. *Montague was a brilliant rhetorician*, and, therefore, though he had ten times Harley's capacity for the driest parts of business, was represented by detractors as a superficial prating pretender."

In fact, the number of similar mares-nests a commentator of mares-nesting habits might discover in these volumes, is past reckoning. For in mares-nesting in particular, as in life in general, where there's a will there's a way.

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irregular and indecorous manner, without credentials, or mediation, or notes, or protocols, without counting each other's steps, and without calling each other Excellency. So barbarously ignorant were they of the rudiments of the noble science of diplomacy that they had very nearly accomplished the work of restoring peace to Christendom while walking up and down an alley under some apple-trees."

Occasionally, it must be owned by all "sober-judging" men, the historian's introduction of extras, to set off his narrative, is a little gratuitous. Most of us could spare, it is likely, digressions (especially if the time and space they consume go to swell the chances against the History ever being finished) about the present aspect and statistics of Belfast,—or that passage which tells us where "now stands, on a verdant bank, amidst noble woods, Slane Castle, the mansion of the Marquess of Conyngham,"—or of the present appearance of Limerick, "those smooth and broad pavements, those neat gardens, those stately shops flaming with red brick, and gay with shawls and china," and of Cork with its now "stately houses of banking companies, railway companies, and insurance companies," &c. It is highly characteristic of the author, that, in his examination of Dalrymple's guilt in the Massacre of Glencoe, he should represent him as being too well-read in history not to know how great rulers had, in Scotland and elsewhere, dealt with such banditti as Mac Ian and his clan—suggesting that he, the wily Master of Stair, doubtless knew with what energy and what severity James the Fifth had put down the mosstroopers of the border; how the chief of Henderland had been hung over the gate of the castle in which he had prepared a banquet for the king; how John Armstrong and his thirty-six horsemen, when they came forth to welcome their sovereign, had scarcely been allowed time to say a single prayer before they were all tied up and turned off. Nor probably, Mr. Macaulay goes on to surmise *more suo*, was the Master of Stair ignorant of the means by which Sixtus the Fifth had cleared the ecclesiastical state of outlaws—how that pontiff, finding there was one formidable gang which could not be dislodged from a stronghold among the Apennines, sent beasts of burden loaded with poisoned food and wine, by a road which ran close to the fastness—and how the robber duly sallied forth, seized the prey, feasted and died—and how the pious old Pope exulted greatly when he heard that the corpses of thirty ruffians, till now the terror of many peaceful villages, had been found lying among the mules and packages. No wonder if this History of England be very voluminous, and unrivalled in attraction to miscellaneous readers, when the Historian can so pleasantly hale in by the pontifical head and shoulders, his Holiness, Sixtus the Fifth —to say nothing of Johnny Armstrong and his merry, merry men —all to suggest a possible train of thought in the hard head of the Scottish Secretary, *in rê* Glencoe.

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The horrible tale of the Massacre is told with great force and dramatic effect. William's complicity in the tragedy is denied outright, if not disproved outright; and upon the Master of Stair is made to rest the burden of the sin. Whether in writing up William, through evil report and good report, or in writing down Marlborough and others, systematically and with something very like malice prepense, Mr. Macaulay shows far more of the advocate than the judge, and sometimes has all the outward and visible signs of a special pleader.

When discussing the order directed to the Commander of the Forces in Scotland, which runs thus: "As for Mac Ian of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the other Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves,"—it is asserted by Mr. Macaulay that these words "naturally bear a sense perfectly innocent," and that they would, but for the horrible event which followed, have been universally understood in that sense. But when it is a Jacobite Form of Prayer and Humiliation that he is analysing, he is less apt to see a "perfectly innocent" sense in the clauses of supplication. "Give the King the necks of his enemies," he interprets to be a prayer for another Bloody Circuit. "Raise him up friends abroad,"—to be a prayer for a French invasion. And, "Do some great thing for him, which we in particular know not how to pray for,"—to be a prayer the best comment on which was afterwards furnished by the Assassination Plot.

His summing up of the character of his hero, William of Orange, is yet to come; but the length and breadth and depth and height of its panegyrics can be fairly conjectured, from the eulogies that already abound wherever opportunity occurs, or can be made. The King's figure is made to stand out in all the brighter relief by contrast with the statesmen, *en masse*, of his adopted country. The Whigs of the Revolution, as well as the Tories, are sadly mauled, as many of them thoroughly deserve. William "in general was indulgent, nay, wilfully blind to the baseness of the English statesmen whom he employed." "He knew them too well to complain because he did not find in them veracity, fidelity, consistency, disinterestedness." Hence his slowness to share in the irritation that broke out, now and then, against this or that better or worser specimen of a bad lot: on occasion of the outcry against Sunderland, for example, in 1697, William's feeling was, that Sunderland was able, was useful,—was unprincipled indeed, but then so were all English politicians of that breed which the Restoration had formed and had bequeathed to the Revolution. Sunderland, he felt, was a fair specimen of his class: "a little worse, perhaps, than Leeds or Godolphin, and about as bad as Russell or Marlborough. Why he was to be hunted from the herd the King could not imagine." Mr. Macaulay's artistic studies

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of this breed of statesmen are one most attractive part of a most attractive whole.

His gallery of historical portraits lengthens apace. They are all welcome, whole-length, three-quarter, kit-kats, miniatures, or what not; they all catch the eye at once, and they often dwell in the mind for ever. Not that they are to be accepted *en masse* as faithful likenesses; but, in one though not *the* sense, they are all striking ones. Exceeding like we may not allow them to be; but we must allow them to be exceeding lively. There is Shrewsbury, that almost idol of the Whigs, who, with all his talents and engaging qualities, had such faults of head and of heart as made the middle and end of a life which had opened so brightly, "burdensome to himself and almost useless to his country." There is the Tory Godolphin—taciturn, clear-minded, laborious, inoffensive, zealous for no government and useful to every government; a churchman, yet prosperous in a court governed by Jesuits; the advocate for a Regency, yet the real head of a treasury filled with Whigs. There is Halifax, peerless in wit and eloquence, in amplitude of comprehension and subtlety of disquisition, but unfit, because rather than in spite of these gifts, for the demands and exigencies of practical life. There is Nottingham, wealthy, noble, experienced, eloquent, upright, orthodox in creed and exemplary in life. There is the elder Dalrymple, the "founder of a family eminently distinguished at the bar, on the bench, in the senate, in diplomacy, in arms, and in letters, but distinguished also by misfortunes and misdeeds which have furnished poets and novelists with materials for the darkest and most heartrending tales."* There is the younger Dalrymple, inferior to his father in depth and extent of legal learning, but a man of great and various knowledge, of lively parts, of singularly ready and graceful eloquence. There is Crawford, pronounced a saint by those who take him *au pied de la lettre*, in his "exceeding savoury" letters, but more probably, and judging by deeds not words, a "selfish, cruel politician, who was not at all the dupe of his own cant, and whose zeal against episcopal government was not a little whetted by his desire to obtain a grant of episcopal domains."

* Already, years before the horrors of Glencoe, had brooding darkness spread his jealous wings over the house of the Dalrymples. "Already Sir James had been in mourning for more than one strange and terrible death. One of his sons had died by poison. One of his daughters had poniarded her bridegroom on the wedding-night. One of his grandsons had in boyish sport been slain by another. Savage libellers asserted, and some of the superstitious vulgar believed, that calamities so portentous were the consequences of some connexion between the unhappy race and the powers of darkness. Sir James had a wry neck; and he was reproached with this misfortune as if it had been a crime, and was told that it marked him out as a man doomed to the gallows. His wife, a woman of great ability, art, and spirit, was popularly nicknamed the Witch of Endor. It was gravely said that she had cast fearful spells on those whom she hated, and that she had been seen in the likeness of a cat seated on the cloth of state by the side of the Lord High Commissioner."—Vol. i. 264.

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Carstairs, nicknamed the Cardinal, resembling Burnet in courage and fidelity, but contrasting with honest blundering "Gilbert Sarum" in the *plus* quantities of judgment, self-command, and a singular power of keeping secrets: "He united great scholastic attainments with great aptitude for civil business, and the firm faith and ardent zeal of a martyr with the shrewdness and suppleness of a consummate politician." There is Cameron of Lochiel, the *facile princeps* of Celtic chieftains—gracious as a master, trusty as an ally, terrible as a foe—eminently wise in council, eloquent in debate, ready in devising expedients, and skilful in managing the minds of men—ranking with the magnificent Dorset as a patron of literature—respected at St. James's as well as in Argyleshire—"the Ulysses of the Highlands."* There is Torrington, alternately voluptuary and hero, till at last a most unheroic voluptuary and no more, diverting himself in London when he ought to have been scouring the seas; his nature suffering a land-change, and his name a sea-change into Lord Tarry-in-Town, for so his tars punningly styled their now hydro-(or rather halmè-)phobic admiral. There is Sir John Lowther, formal but courteous, a moderate Tory, a heavy speaker, a plodding man of business, a zealous gardener, and altogether a very honest country gentleman. There is Jeffreys' boon companion, Sir John Trevor, who in a scolding match with his foul-tongued compotator, could give as good as he took—whose "grotesque features" and "hideous squint" were "far beyond the reach of caricature," and whose quick parts had early mastered the whole "science of chicane." There is Russell, Admiral of the Fleet, a man of undaunted courage and considerable public spirit, able in war and in council, yet "emphatically a bad man, insolent, malignant, greedy, faithless." There is that John of Breadalbane, in whom were united two different sets of vices—who in his castle among the hills had learned the barbarian pride and ferocity of a Highland chief, and in the Council-Chamber at Edinburgh had contracted the deep taint of treachery and corruption. There is his cousin Argyle, who, though the grandson of one of the ablest

* Lochiel deserved some notice on the score of bodily as well as intellectual prowess, and at Mr. Macaulay's hands he has met with his deserts, which, it will be seen, are pre-eminent. "His countenance and bearing were singularly noble. Some persons who had been at Versailles, and among them the shrewd and observant Simon Lord Lovat, said that there was, in person and manner, a most striking resemblance between Lewis the Fourteenth and Lochiel; and whoever compares the portraits of the two will perceive that there really was some likeness. In stature the difference was great. Lewis, in spite of high-heeled shoes and a towering wig, hardly reached the middle size. Lochiel was tall and strongly built. In agility and skill at his weapons he had few equals among the inhabitants of the hills. He had repeatedly been victorious in single combat. He made vigorous war on the wolves which, down to his time, preyed on the red deer of the Grampians; and by his hand perished the last of the ferocious breed which is known to have wandered at large in our island."—Vol. i. 320.

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of Scottish politicians,* and the son of one of the bravest and most truehearted of Scottish patriots,† was himself mediocre (or less) in talent, and loose (or more) in principle; his "greatness" being, not a thing achieved, but "born to," or indeed "thrust upon" him, both *à parte ante*, in the case of sire and grandsire, and *à parte post*, in the case of his two sons (to say nothing of a nineteenth century postmaster-general, of whom Lord Eglintoun‡ makes so much, and Lord Eglintoun's party so very little); for this intermediary peer was "the father of one Mac Callum More, renowned as a warrior and as an orator, as the model of every courtly grace, and as the judicious patron of arts and letters, and of another Mac Callum More, distinguished by talents for business and command, and by skill in the exact sciences." There is Somers, "in some respects the greatest man of that age"—"equally eminent as a jurist and as a politician, as an orator and as a writer"—uniting all the qualities of a great judge, an intellect at once comprehensive and acute, diligence, integrity, patience, suavity; acquiring by his calm wisdom in council the authority of an oracle; charming his acquaintances in private by his conversational power, the frankness with which he poured out his thoughts, and the unfailing benignity of his every tone and gesture.§ There is

* The grim Marquis, *Grumach*.

† Earl Archibald—the subject of Mr. Ward's impressive painting.

‡ See his lordship's speech at a recent Glasgow réunion, where national nobly overtopped political prepossessions.

§ The Lord Keeper stands very high indeed in Mr. Macaulay's list of honoured names. What there was of good and great in Somers is dwelt upon with pressing force; what there was of bad and weak is very gingerly handled. Meet and right it is, that the pride of the Whig party of these times should deal kindly with the pride of the Whig party of all times, John Lord Somers. It is no sneaking kindness the Whig historian has for the Whig chancellor, but a kindness of the heartiest demonstrative *corps d'esprit* sort. Somers's most accomplished contemporaries are cited to show that there was scarcely any subject on which Somers was not competent to instruct and to delight—that, untravelled though he was, his taste in painting and sculpture was exquisite—that in philology he was *au fait*—that he had traversed the whole vast range of polite literature, ancient and modern—and that in him alone, among the notables of that age, brilliant eloquence and wit were to be found associated with the quiet and steady prudence which ensures success in life. "His good temper and his good breeding never failed. His gesture, his look, his tones were expressive of benevolence. His humanity was the more remarkable, because he had received from nature a body such as is generally found united with a peevish and irritable mind. His life was one long malady: his nerves were weak: his complexion was livid: his face was prematurely wrinkled. Yet his enemies could not pretend that he had ever once, during a long and troubled public life, been goaded, even by sudden provocation, into vehemence inconsistent with the mild dignity of his character. All that was left for them was to assert that his disposition was very far from being so gentle as the world believed, that he was really prone to the angry passions, and that sometimes, while his voice was soft, and his words kind and courteous, his delicate frame was almost convulsed by suppressed emotion." *This* reproach, Mr. Macaulay has reason to claim as the highest of all eulogies. He thus deals with the well-

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Danby, the hard-working, much-enduring, all-daring Lord President—whose energy in meeting and mastering the toils of office so amazed all who saw his ghastly countenance and tottering gait; "for his digestive organs had some morbid peculiarities which puzzled the whole College of Physicians: his complexion was livid: his frame was meagre; and his face, handsome and intellectual as it was, had a haggard look which indicated the restlessness of pain as well as the restlessness of ambition." There is Charles Montague, the quick and versatile disciple of Newton—for years eking out by his wits an income of barely fifty pounds, and afterwards revelling in tokay from the Imperial cellar, and in "soups made out of birds' nests brought from the Indian Ocean, and costing three guineas apiece"—at first a needy scholar, hesitating between politics and divinity, eager even at thirty to barter all his prospects in life for a comfortable vicarage and a chaplain's scarf, and at last enjoying his twelve thousand a year in his peer's (but peerless) villa on the Thames, whither congregated crowds to admire and fawn on one whom no hyperbole of admiration could now satiate, no extravagance of fawning disgust. There is Wharton, that illimitable sensualist, that obscenest of scoffers, that most shameless of liars, yet wonderfully popular, impregnable in his good-humoured *nonchalance*, the wiliest of intriguers but the staunchest of party politicians, Whig to the backbone, Whig all over, Whig inside and out, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and therefore, in spite of all his flagrant sins and blatant enormities, countenanced if not caressed by decorous Whigs—pronounced by Swift "the most universal villain that ever I knew," but by Swift's sometime political friends accepted (lies, trickeries and all) as "Honest Tom."* There is Robert Harley—"of all men the least interesting"—small and slow of intellect—a tedious, hesitating and confused speaker to the last, but an oracle on questions of form and privilege, and considered by many a deep-read, deep-thinking gentleman, not a fine talker,

accredited charge against Somers of libertinism and sensual excess: "The private life of this great statesman and magistrate was malignantly scrutinised; and tales were told about his libertinism which went on growing till they became too absurd for the credulity even of party spirit." This is dexterously put. But it will not avail to clear the accused of some charges, because there were other and absurdly exaggerated ones which not even credulous faction could swallow. Indeed the present counsel for Somers has the grace and the candour to add: "There is, however, reason to believe that there was a small nucleus of truth round which this great mass of fiction gathered, and that the wisdom and self-command which Somers never wanted in the senate, on the judgment-seat, at the council board, or in the society of wits, scholars, and philosophers, were not always proof against female attractions."—Vol. ii. 447—50.

* "Some pious men, Burnet, for example, and Addison, averted their eyes from the scandal which he gave, and spoke of him, not indeed with esteem, yet with goodwill."—Vol. iv. 459.

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but fitter to direct affairs of state than all the fine talkers in the world. And then again there are that consummate fine gentleman and incompetent soldier, the Duke of Villeroy; and the feeble, sickly, stunted hunchback, Marshal Luxemburg, worthy representative of that noble house of Montmorency, which had, since the eleventh century, given to France a long and splendid succession of constables and marshals; and the bland, handsome, vigilant, adroit Count of Avaux; and that courteous cosmopolite and hardy octogenarian, Frederic of Schomberg. And numbers more.

Marlborough, of course, figures largely in these volumes, and blacker than ever. He is the historian's *bête noire* of the first magnitude and the deepest dye. Colonel Esmond abused him well enough, but the colonel's abuse was mild compared with the loathing Churchill meets with here. Mr. Macaulay fairly (or should it be unfairly?) abominates the man. In Coleridge's sense, *ab-hominates* him; makes a white devil of him; so that to say, "Aut Churchill aut Diabolus" is to make, in effect, a distinction without a difference. The vulgar hope will charitably intrude, nevertheless,—especially as the historian rather strains his evidence to make out his damning case—that this incarnate Vice is not so black as he is painted. Other recognised victims of Mr. Macaulay's are again brought upon the scene, and pilloried anew. Mr. Robert Bell's good word for Dryden, has nought availed Glorious John. Mr. Hepworth Dixon's taking up of the cudgels in defence of Penn, has in no wise tended to mollify Penn's scornful assailant. Mr. Macaulay snaps his fingers at the *Athenæum* and the People called Friends; and only points the more insultingly that particular one which, however indefinite, is definitely articled as *the* finger of scorn, at the "scandalous" conduct of Penn—Penn the "conspirator," who in 1690 "did everything in his power to bring a foreign army into the heart of his own country," and was among the most busy of the "old traitors" who mustered at their "old haunts," to draw from their pockets "libels on the Court of Kensington, and letters in milk and lemon-juice from the Court of Saint Germains." But perhaps the best abused person in the book, is Churchill's domineering dame. Hard words Mr. Macaulay gives *her* of his best—

> For when a lady's in the case,
> You know all other things give place—

and if Sarah had been living this century instead of last, and had suspected the sort of handling her Grace was like to get in this history of England, she might well have "come down" with something handsome in the shape of hush-money, to bid for the silence that she paid for but did *not* buy at the hands of Pope.

Among the more novel features that distinguish the present from other Histories of that era, are the admirably clear, complete, and animated accounts the Historian gives us of the rise and pro-

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gress of the Bank of England, the settlement of the Coinage difficulty, the withdrawal of the censorship, and the infancy of that Fourth Estate, the English newspaper. We commend, too, "in especial," to the reader's attention, Mr. Macaulay's confutation of the fallacious assertion that the Presbyterians were not, before the Revolution, the majority of the people of Scotland*—his inquiry into the justice of our ascribing to the Gaelic tribes the feelings of English cavaliers, "profound reverence for the royal office, and enthusiastic attachment to the royal family," on the ground that, during the century which commenced with the campaign of Montrose, and terminated with that of Charles Edward, every great military exploit which was achieved on British ground in the cause of the Stuarts was achieved by Scottish Highlanders†—and his remarks, equally positive and pungent, on the national debt and its critics from one generation to another.‡ There needs no indication of such topics, so treated as he treats them, as the narrative of the war in Ireland and in the Low Countries; the records of Jacobite plots one after another, and sometimes one within another; the disfranchisement of Alsatia, that "labyrinth of squalid, tottering houses, close packed, every one, from cellar to cockloft, with outcasts whose life was one long war with society"—"debtors who were in fear of bailiffs," "attorneys struck off the roll, witnesses who carried straw in their shoes as a sign to inform the public where a false oath might be procured for half-a-crown, sharpers, receivers of stolen goods, clippers of coin, forgers of bank-notes, and tawdry women, blooming with paint and brandy, who, in their anger, made free use of their nails and their scissors, yet whose anger was less to be dreaded than their kindness." The pen that wrote on Milton, in the quadrangle at Trinity, and that burnt into the desk-paper at the War Office those glowing ballads of ancient Rome, is as vigorous and as graphic as ever of old.

Glimpses of scenery are caught at intervals as he speeds us onward—now from flat, damp

> Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
> As but th' offscouring of the British sand,

and now of our rugged northern "land of brown heath and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood." The scene of the murder of the Mac Ians—"murder most foul, as in the best it is; but *this* most foul, strange, and unnatural"—is painted with stern and vivid power. "In the Gaelic tongue Glencoe signifies the Glen of Weeping; and in truth that pass is the most dreary and melancholy of all the Scottish passes, the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. Mists and storms brood over it through the greater part of the finest summer; and even on those rare days when the sun is

* Vol. iii. pp. 261 sqq. † Vol. iii. pp. 313-339.
‡ Vol. iv. pp. 326 sqq.

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bright, and when there is no cloud in the sky, the impression made by the landscape is sad and awful. The path lies along a stream which issues from the most sullen and gloomy of mountain pools. Huge precipices of naked stone frown on both sides. Even in July the streaks of snow may often be discerned in the rifts near the summits. All down the sides of the crags heaps of ruins mark the headlong paths of the torrents. Mile after mile the traveller looks in vain for the smoke of one hut, for one human form wrapped in a plaid, and listens in vain for the bark of a shepherd's dog or the bleat of a lamb. Mile after mile the only sound that indicates life is the faint cry of a bird of prey from some storm-beaten pinnacle of rock. The progress of civilisation, which has turned so many wastes into fields yellow with harvests or gay with apple-blossoms, has only made Glencoe more desolate." As a companion picture to this scene of massacre there is that scene of battle, the once "fearsome" glen of Killiecrankie, which now boasts (?) a highway as smooth as any road in Middlesex, ascending gently from the low country to the summit of the defile—white villas peeping from the birch forest, while, on a fine summer day, there is scarcely a turn of the pass at which may not be seen some angler casting his fly on the foam of the river, some artist sketching a pinnacle of rock, or some party of pleasure banqueting on the turf in the fretwork of shade and sunshine: whereas, "in the days of William the Third, Killiecrankie was mentioned with horror by the peaceful and industrious inhabitants of the Perthshire lowlands. It was deemed the most perilous of all those dark ravines through which the marauders of the hills were wont to sally forth. The sound, so musical to modern ears, of the river brawling round the mossy rocks and among the smooth pebbles, the dark masses of crag and verdure worthy of the pencil of Wilson, the fantastic peaks bathed, at sunrise and sunset, with light rich as that which glows on the canvas of Claude, suggested to our ancestors thoughts of murderous ambuscades and of bodies stripped, gashed, and abandoned to the birds of prey. The only path was narrow and rugged: two men could hardly walk abreast; and, in some places, the way ran so close by the precipice that the traveller had great need of a steady eye and foot." There are numerous sketches, too, taken in passing, as only the artist eye and artist hand can take them, of such scenery as that between Cambridge and the Wash, vast and desolate fens, "saturated with all the moisture of thirteen counties, and overhung during the greater part of the year by a low grey mist, high above which rose, visible many miles, the magnificent tower of Ely;" or of that in the south-western part of Kerry, with its mountains, and glens, and capes stretching far into the Atlantic, and crags on which the eagles build, and lakes overhung

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by groves in which the wild deer find covert—whose soil the myrtle loves, and where better than even on the sunny shore of Calabria the myrtle thrives—the turf showing a livelier hue than elsewhere, the hills glowing with a richer purple, the holly and ivy shining with a glossier varnish, and berries of a brighter red peeping through foliage of a brighter green.* Hampton Court is described, as William "improved" it—seeking to create there another Loo, that paradise on a sandy heath in Guelders, the admiration of all Holland and Westphalia, for its fish-ponds and orangeries, its cascades and grottoes; and nearly every place of note the historian touches at, he adorns ("nil *tetigit* quod non *ornavit*") with colouring after his own heart, and in his own "Canaletti" style.

These volumes contain about the average quantity of the author's characteristic mannerisms, tricks of composition, similes, and sarcasms. We have the usual recurrence of the phrases, "It was long remembered," "there were old men living who could remember," &c.; the usual interfusion of very short sentences; the usual plenitude of historical parallels,† and of argumentative illustrations.‡ Perhaps there is more than the average proportion of high colouring and *ex parte* pleading—of a fondness for upsetting standard opinions, and flooring established reputations, and making new readings of authorised texts, and shedding a new and strong (sometimes a too strong) light on what the world took to be clear as daylight before.

* Macaulay: iv. 191; iii. 41, 135, 352 sq.

† See, for instance, vol. iii. pp. 62, 95; vol. iv. pp. 115, 163, 409.

‡ Mr. Macaulay's knack of enlivening and elucidating his abstract argument by concrete illustrations, is perhaps unique, and certainly very noticeable among the *ad captanda* of his style. Where an ordinary historian would content himself with saying, for instance, in defence of the separate establishment of the English and Scottish churches, at the Union, that had there been an amalgamation of the hierarchies, there never would have been an amalgamation of the nations,—Mr. Macaulay furthermore teaches philosophy by example: "Successive Mitchells would have fired at successive Sharps. Five generations of Claverhouses would have butchered five generations of Camerons." So, where another historian would confine himself to recording the Tory complaint (when the Whigs sought to alter the law regulating trials for political offences) that the Whigs seemed to reserve all their compassion for those crimes which subvert government, and dissolve the whole frame of human society,—*he* supposes them to object, that "Guy Faux was to be treated with an indulgence which was not to be extended to a shoplifter," and Bradshaw to have "privileges which were refused to a boy who had robbed a hen-roost." So, again, where another would end with the reflection that party and sectarian spirit lead men to do what they would not do for personal and private ends,—*he* adds: "There is no reason to believe that Dominic would, for the best archbishopric in Christendom, have incited ferocious maranders to plunder and slaughter a peaceful and industrious population, that Everard Digby would for a dukedom have blown a large assembly of people into the air, or that Robespierre would have murdered for hire one of the thousands whom he murdered from philanthropy."—iii. 257; iv. 150, 199. See also, for examples of the same kind, varying in form, vol. iii. pp. 256, 611, 620; vol. iv. pp. 10, 307, 458, 626.

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As for the "subjects" Mr. Macaulay has read up, to bear upon and furnish pabulum for his History, the number or the names of them who shall rehearse? They are omnigenous, for he is omnivorous. He abstains in many instances (some will think too many) from citing authorities, simply because, in his own words, "my authorities are too numerous to cite." He tells us that his notions of the temper and relative position of political and religious parties in the reign of William the Third, have been derived, not from any single work, but from thousands of forgotten tracts, sermons, and satires; in fact, from a whole literature which is mouldering in old libraries. Broadsides, pamphlets, pasquinades of every description and party, he has used with liberal hand and to capital purpose. Of graver authorities, among his principal documents and *mémoires pour servir* may be named the Leven and Melville Papers, to which "most valuable collection" he is largely indebted,—the much neglected Archives of the House of Lords, the Carstairs and Nairne Papers, the Commons' Journals, the Scottish Parliament's Acts, Minutes, &c., that curious relic the "Macariæ Excidium," the despatches of Avaux, the correspondence of William, L'Hermitage, Melfort, Narcissus Luttrell's Diary, old maps by the mile measure and old coins by the hundred-weight. The memoir-writers have been duly put under contribution,—Berwick, and St. Simon, and Ruvigny, and Evelyn, and a goodly company besides, consulted in manuscript or in type, for the first time or for the thousandth. In a foot-note to his twenty-first chapter Mr. Macaulay writes (not in italics: *they* are our doing): "There is a noble, and, I suppose, unique Collection of the newspapers of William's reign in the British Museum. *I have turned over every page of that Collection.*" Very, very few are the Historians, of any land or any generation, who could have done *that*, and write a History that never tires, never flags, never shows trace of dry-as-dust researches, or inherited taint of dead-and-gone dulness. Mr. Macaulay embodies in fact the ideal somewhere sketched by Duclos: "L'historien doit chercher à s'instruire des moindres détails, parce qu'ils peuvent servir à l'éclairer, et qu'il doit examiner tout ce qui a rapport à son sujet; mais il doit les épargner au lecteur. Ce sont des instruments nécessaires à celui qui construit l'édifice, inutiles à celui qui l'habite. L'historien doit tout lire, et ne doit écrire que ce qui mérite d'être lu."

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THE DIFFERENCES WITH THE UNITED STATES.

It is very much to be regretted that any differences should have arisen to embitter the feelings of the people of the United States against this country. Any war that might arise from the obstinacy or imprudence of either party would be alike scandalous and unnatural. The very interests of the two nations are identical. Nor can this fact be better shown than in the excitement which manifested itself at New York, and the general rise which took place of all speculative securities, when the unexpected news arrived of the acceptance by Russia of the propositions of the Allies as the basis of peace negotiations.

These unfortunate differences have had their origin in a long-standing grievance—the contested claims of Nicaraguans and Mosquitos, of English and Americans, for the possession of Greytown, or San Juan de Nicaragua, on the river of same name. The claims of Great Britain date from a period anterior to that of the declaration of independence by the Spanish colonies, and are therefore of greater antiquity than the existing governments in Central America. The place was, indeed, first captured in 1779 by a force under Sir John Dalling, in retaliation for Spain having abetted the revolt of the British colonies in North America. A small garrison was at that time left in the fort. After the declaration of independence the Nicaraguans took forcible possession of the place, and held it till an expedition was sent, in 1848, to dispossess them. After some further prosecution of hostilities the Nicaraguans consented to a treaty, which provided that they should not disturb the English in their possession, or attempt to re-occupy the port. The place was then called Greytown, and a regular government was established. Steamers began next to ply between the port and the United States, and a considerable number of Americans established themselves there, and they gradually succeeded, in the words of one of their countrymen, "in suffocating British influence." They took the direction of affairs in their own hands, adopted a constitution, and organised a government of their own. This led to recriminations on the part of the English and Nicaraguans alike, and under circumstances which we have elsewhere alluded to, and which are described by another American writer, and one who is violently hostile to this country, in the very strongest possible terms of animadversion, the place was bombarded and totally destroyed by a United States flotilla. The error, however, having been acknowledged, the town rose up from its ashes, and was, it was supposed, protected from further calamities by the

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Clayton-Bulwer convention, by which it was agreed that neither of the two contracting powers "will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over" the proposed and now abandoned ship canal; "agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same, or in the vicinity thereof." The manner in which this convention has been carried out by our cousins across the Atlantic has been to send a filibustering expedition, under a Colonel Walker, to take possession of, hold, and fortify themselves in the place! It is true that Mr. Secretary Marcy disavows the transaction as one recognised by the United States government, and even repudiates it as a violent usurpation of power; but he adds, "Should the mass of the people of Nicaragua (that is, the Mosquitos, Sambos, Nicaraguans, and English and American settlers in Greytown) be unwilling or unable to repel this inroad, or shake off this usurpation, and ultimately submit to its rule, then it may become a *de facto* government."

Well may the government of Granada ask of the United States government how she is to distinguish filibusters from *bonâ fide* troops. The answer must be—According to their success. If they fail, they are filibusters: if they succeed, they become *bonâ fide* troops—the difference between a traitor and a hero.

The connexion between Great Britain and the Mosquitos, and the possession of Belize, or British Honduras, and of the Bay Islands, date from the same remote times as that of Greytown, that is to say, from the time of the Spanish rule, and before the declaration of independence and the adoption of the existing governments in Central America. Hence the force of Lord Clarendon's statement, that if the Clayton-Bulwer convention was intended to interfere with the state of things existing at the time of its conclusion, and to compel Great Britain to withdraw from portions of territory occupied by it, a similar obligation would be contracted by other states acceding to the convention, and the governments of the Central American states would, by the mere act of accession, sign away their rights to the territories in which they are situated.

But Mr. Clayton, co-contractor in the treaty, has distinctly stated, by memorandum and by letter, that he understood that British Honduras was not embraced in the treaty, and that it was not understood by either of the negotiators to include the British settlement in Honduras, nor the small islands in the neighbourhood of that settlement, and that the chairman of the committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate, the Hon. William R. King, informed him that "the Senate perfectly understood that the treaty did not include British Honduras."

Yet, in the face of such declarations, Mr. James Buchanan intimates to the British government, in the name of that of the

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United States, "that while the United States had no occupancy to abandon under the convention, Great Britain had extensive possessions to restore to the states of Guatemala, Honduras, and Nicaragua." In other words, Great Britain had to restore possessions, which she held before those states were in existence, to states which never had possession of them. Great Britain might hand over her possessions in Central America, but if she restored Belize and the Bay Islands it must be to Spain. As to the Mosquitos, they were never conquered by Spain or by the states alluded to. It is true that the treaty provides that neither the United States nor Great Britain "will occupy, or fortify, or colonise, or assume, or exercise any dominion over, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America;" but the protection afforded to the King of Mosquito implies none of these, nor does Great Britain wish it to do so; while, as to British Honduras and the islands, they were, by the acknowledgment of the co-contractor Mr. Clayton, and of the Hon. Mr. King, understood not to be included in the convention.

We have given elsewhere the history of our possessions in Central America, and of our relations with the Mosquito Indians. If any one will be at the trouble of perusing those details, they will be filled with astonishment on finding that a member of the United States Congress, Mr. Foote, should declare that the claims of England over Central America and the Bay Islands, being founded upon no right of discovery, conquest, purchase, or treaty, her occupation of the territory is consequently a clear case of forcible entry and detainer, and her right the same that a highwayman has to pursue an unarmed traveller! Such denunciations apply to the American occupation of Greytown, not to that of Belize by the British. Secretary Marcy himself acknowledges to the fact. Mr. Seward, on the other hand, proposes that a direct congressional declaration be made of the senatorial construction of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and of their purpose to enforce the obligations resulting from that construction. If this prove unavailing, official and formal notice must be given to England that she must withdraw from her Central American occupations by a given day. If then she holds out and disregards such summons, she must be removed by force of arms!

It has been justly remarked that it is not the love of Mosquitos, nor an abstract delight in the pestiferous isthmus of Central America, nor an opinion that the possession of Ruatan added any perceptible lustre to the diadem of the Queen of Great Britain and Canada, of India and Australia, that makes us vindicate our right in these miserable regions. It is simply that no man likes to be tricked or bullied out of anything, however contemptible in itself. The American version of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is, without

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doubt, the most extraordinary instance of Yankee smartness ever exhibited. No trick of Barnum's comes within a hundred miles of it. Imagine Great Britain having given by treaty all her possessions in Central America, merely to induce the Yankees, who have nothing to give up in return, not to establish themselves on the same territory. The thing is preposterous.*

In respect to the threats held out, we are not yet arrived at such a point of decadence as to be ready to follow Mr. Bright's advice and give up Central America merely because our Transatlantic cousins covet that land. Mr. Bright does not deny that the words of the treaty might be shown to be more in favour of the view taken by the English government than by the American government, yet he—one of the champions of arbitration as opposed to war—declares that this is not a case for arbitration, and that whether we go to war or not, our children would find that the whole of these countries were either in the actual possession or under the dominant influence of the United States of America, and nothing we could ever do could prevent it.

It is impossible to conceive a more humiliating manner of disposing of a serious question than that which is here propounded by a pseudo-British statesman. Two powerful nations make a treaty. At a subsequent period, one of the parties in the treaty chooses to put a different construction upon that convention. The other upholds the original version, and offers to refer the matter to the arbitration of a third power. Such an arbitration,

* Upon this point the *Boston Anglo-Saxon* remarks: "Had it been intended that Ruatan and other islands should be surrendered, would not such intention have been covenanted for in the instrument? In all suits at law, in all diplomatic discussions and treaties, where territory is concerned, possession is held to be of paramount importance. This being known to everybody, we have a right to know why such a usage was dispensed with in the present case. Can it really be contended for that a transfer or surrender of real property, or what is of higher value, national territory, is made obligatory by implication and inference? Certainly not. No surrender in such cases can be demanded, unless provided for and expressly stipulated in the papers signed." It is truly gratifying to find that there is one organ of publicity which takes up a moderate and pacific view of the "differences" on the other side of the Atlantic. The *Boston Anglo-Saxon* points out that were the plans of settling the Mosquito question proposed by Messrs. Crampton and Webster, and adopted by Lord John Russell, accepted, such protectorate would have been sent to the tomb of the Capulets long ago. Again, as to the question of the Bay Islands, the same paper justly remarks that Great Britain has here also made a concession. She has offered to abandon all argument, she will not insist upon adhering to the letter of the treaty, if a third party decide against her. "She is willing to put this question to any honourable and neutral power, and to abide by the answer. What is the real intent and meaning of the treaty, and what the fair and honest construction to put on its words? Can anything be fairer than this, or can England or any independent nation offer more?" If all parties in the United States entertained the same moderate and wise views, these "differences" would soon be things of the past.

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according to Mr. Bright, is of no use, because, if the view taken by the tergiversating party is not adopted, that party will abandon the treaty altogether! Is this political morality? First of all to make a convention, and then if a new version, which never could have been entertained for a moment by one of the parties, be not conceded, to repudiate the convention altogether! And to find an Englishman expounding such international turpitude!

As to the argument, that the United States being on the spot they would be pushing some way or other, and must ultimately obtain possession of the country, apart from the licence which would be connived at by allowing such proceedings to progress without even a protest, it is of some importance to remember that this is not merely an Anglo-United States question. There are other governments in occupation besides Great Britain and the United States. All the civilised nations of the world have also taken a deep interest in the question of the transit across the isthmus of Central America. The Prussian Humboldt was one of its most eloquent expounders. The French *savants* have long since interested themselves deeply in the feasibility of the undertaking. The present Emperor of the French, a learned and intelligent man, has studied the question thoroughly, and made himself master of all its bearings, as is shown by the work which he published when residing in this country—"Canal of Nicaragua," &c., by N. L. B. London, 1846. It is impossible that the civilised world can permit the United States to assume command of these territories, first by filibustering expeditions, secondly by repudiating a convention, and thirdly by forcibly expelling the English from their ancient possessions in the neighbourhood. Mr. Bright and his United States friends may be quite sure that whatever may be the results of the version given to the treaty, still the basis of the convention, that there shall be no monopoly of the transit of the isthmus, will be upheld at every risk, and by more than one European nation.

The vexed question of enlistment of Germans ought never to have been allowed to obtain the importance it has been made to assume. When the British government was first led to believe that the American government might take umbrage at such proceedings, they ordered their discontinuance. When an official representation was made by the government of America, complaining of the enlistment, the answer given was, that the British government expressed regret for anything which might have been done in violation of American laws, though they were disposed to think that no such violation had occurred; and they referred, as a proof of their sincerity, to the fact that they had of their own accord stopped the proceedings of which the American government complained.

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Ordinarily, when an apology is made for an unintentional error, there is an end of the dispute: but not so with the United States. The government of that country does not deem the apology of the British government sufficient atonement for the fault committed. It also demands that the English ambassador and consul should be recalled. If this is acceded to, what next? We long ago, on the occasion of the pusillanimous abandonment of the Oregon, made to American clamour, pronounced that any such concession would only entail further demands. This has now shown itself in the threatened expulsion of the English from their possessions in Central America. If the cession is peacefully made to the same reiterated clamour, our evacuation of Canada will be next insisted upon. It will only be carrying out the national conviction that "America exists for the Americans."

Luckily, although threats have been held out by some of the more violent members of Congress, which have met with no echo in this country, and war has been spoken of by all parties as a remote contingency, there is at present no possible chance of such an untoward result. The most bellicose of our enemies only propose such an alternative after all negotiation shall have been exhausted. It would argue little wisdom on the part of the existing governments of Great Britain and of the United States if those difficulties cannot be smoothed over. There is nothing in the protectorate of Mosquito that implies a breach of treaty. There are no possessions or fortifications there. Belize is declaredly without the convention. The Bay Islands may be made a matter of arbitration. The occupation of Greytown by the Americans can be compromised by a joint protectorate. If the Americans insist upon the recal of our ambassador being superadded to an apology, let the sacrifice be made to the American spirit of exaction. The indelicacy shown on insisting upon such a concession will not redound to the credit of the United States government throughout the civilised world.

In this country there is but one feeling entertained throughout the length and breadth of the land, and that is a sense of the calamities which would arise from a conflict between this country and the United States. Every one is prepared to make any extent of sacrifice short of national humiliation to ensure a continuance of friendly feeling and peace.

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THE SPENDTHRIFT.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.*

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

XXIV.

HOW MR. TIBBITS SOUGHT REVENGE UPON ARTHUR POYNINGS.

And now, in order to afford some needful explanations, we must revert to that period of the evening when we left Sir Hugh Poynings and his chaplain fast asleep in their chairs, completely overcome by the potent punch brewed for them by the wily Mr. Briscoe.

As soon as the landlord perceived that his guests were in this helpless condition, feeling satisfied that the sleeping draught he had administered would last till morning, he caused them to be transported to the coach-house where Sir Hugh's travelling-carriage had been placed, and deposited at full length on the seats of the roomy vehicle. The removal was accomplished without the slightest difficulty, for the pair of topers were too far gone to offer any resistance; and their wigs, cravats, and upper vestments being removed, and nightcaps, pillows, and blankets provided, they were left to their repose. As the cunning landlord locked the coach-house door, and put the key in his pocket, he chuckled at the success of his scheme.

But his precautions were defeated, as we shall now proceed to relate. About midnight, a man wrapped in a cloak, beneath which he concealed a lighted horn lantern, made his way to the coach-house, unlocked the door, and went in. This personage was no other than Mr. Tibbits, who, having registered a vow of vengeance against Arthur Poynings, to be fulfilled before the morrow, took the present opportunity of executing his threat. The mischievous valet had passed part of the evening in the society of his newly-restored wife, and learnt from her that her young lady and Mr. Arthur were about to disobey Sir Hugh's orders, and clandestinely attend the ball. Mrs. Pinchbeck wouldn't for worlds the old gentleman should know it. He would never forgive Mr. Arthur or her young lady the deception practised upon him—never, she was convinced! This was just what Tibbits wanted. Revenge was now in his power, and he inwardly rejoiced. With affected indifference he asked what costumes the young folks meant to wear,

* ☞ *The Author of this Tale reserves the right of translation.*

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and soon obtained from his communicative spouse all particulars likely to be serviceable to his design.

Later on, when the revel began, Tibbits hovered about the entrance-hall and passages until he had seen with his own eyes the Spanish hidalgo and his companions enter the ball-room. While he lingered for a few minutes, gazing at the motley assemblage inside, and envying the merriment he could not share, the second hidalgo and his companions arrived, filling him with astonishment at their exact resemblance to the previous party. Who could these be?—It would be vain to inquire. Nor did it much matter. Either the first Spaniard or the second must be Arthur. Both were in the ball-room. Of that he was assured; and though some confusion might arise, still young Poynings could not escape detection. He would now wake up Sir Hugh and communicate the pleasing intelligence to him.

A keen-witted fellow like Tibbits does not do business by halves. Thus we may be quite sure the knowing valet had made himself acquainted with the strange quarters in which the old baronet was lodged; and though Mr. Briscoe had secured the key of the coach-house, the clever rascal had found means of opening the lock. A crown piece bestowed on the ostler placed another key, as well as a lantern, at his disposal. But he was interrupted just as he was going forth on his errand. Mrs. Pinchbeck had been engaged for the last two hours in attiring her young lady for the ball, and being now at liberty, was on the look-out for him to take her to supper. Not to arouse her suspicions, Tibbits was forced to comply, and very reluctantly sat down with her in a back room appropriated to the servants, meaning to make a speedy escape. But he stayed longer than he expected, for Mrs. Pinchbeck excited his curiosity by repeating a conversation she had overheard between her young mistress and Clare Fairlie, from which it appeared that the latter had determined upon leaving her father that very night.

"And I'm sure I can't blame her," Mrs. Pinchbeck said, in conclusion, "if all I hear of Mr. Fairlie be true. Poor thing, she's dreadfully unhappy."

"I can't see any great cause for her affliction," Tibbits rejoined; "and as to Mr. Fairlie, he seems a very good kind of father, as fathers go. However, that's the young lady's affair, not mine. If she chooses to elope, I shan't hinder her. But I suppose she don't mean to go off alone. There's a lover in the case, I'll be sworn."

"No—no—she's half distracted, I tell you."

"She must be entirely so, to commit such folly," Tibbits rejoined, with a sneer. "I can't say I commiserate her. But I *am* rather concerned for old Fairlie, as I fancy he won't like it."

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"Your compassion is thrown away upon such a rascal. I feel no pity for him whatever, and should like to see him hanged at Tyburn."

"Hush! not so loud, my dear," Tibbits cried, looking round in alarm. "It's very well nobody heard you. You mustn't speak in such disrespectful terms of Mr. Fairlie. He's no worse than every other wealthy gentleman's steward, whose master is foolish enough to trust him," he added, lowering his tone.

"Perhaps not," Mrs. Pinchbeck rejoined; "but that's no excuse for his knavery. Why, he is doing his best to ruin Mr. Monthermer."

"I must again impress upon you the necessity of caution, my love. This is not the place where private matters can be discussed. Luckily all the household are absent just now. Listen to me," he added, sinking his voice to a whisper: "Mr. Monthermer is born to be a dupe—some men are so. Old Fairlie will profit most by him no doubt—but there are others I could mention who will come in for a share of the spoil. My own master, Mr. Freke, and Sir Randal will be large gainers—to say nothing of Mrs. Jenyns."

"Don't mention that horrid creature to me, Tibbits," Mrs. Pinchbeck cried, with a look of virtuous indignation. "I'm perfectly scandalised at such proceedings. I don't wonder at Miss Fairlie's determination to fly. I should fly too, if I were so circumstanced. My young lady approves of her design, and so does Mr. Arthur."

"Oh! Mr. Arthur approves of it, does he?" Mr. Tibbits cried. "Soh!—soh! I begin to see more clearly into the matter. Perhaps he will assist in the flight—eh?"

Mrs. Pinchbeck gave a slight nod in token of assent.

"Now it's out. I knew there must be a lover in the case," Tibbits cried. "When are they to meet?—and where?"

"Oh! I know nothing more than I've told you. But how's this?—surely, you're not going to leave me?" she said, with a look of tender reproach as her husband rose to depart.

"I must tear myself away, sweetheart," he replied. "I am obliged to wait on my master during supper. As soon as he sets me at liberty I'll return."

"You know where to find me, Tibbits," she said.

The valet replied that he did, and hurried away, fearful of further detention.

On gaining the inn-yard, he stood still to reflect, and after a moment's consideration, decided upon seeing Mr. Fairlie in the first instance, and acquainting him with his daughter's intended flight. With this purpose he shaped his course towards the ball-room, and having stated to Mr. Briscoe that he had a message of pressing importance to deliver to Mr. Fairlie, the landlord directed him to proceed to the card-room, where he would find

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the object of his search. Mr. Fairlie chanced to be engaged, and some little time elapsed before the valet could obtain speech with him. Greatly astounded by the communication, Mr. Fairlie took Tibbits aside, and questioned him sharply as to how he had gained his information. At first the steward seemed incredulous, but ere long his uneasiness became manifest. Promising the valet a reward proportionate to the service he had rendered, he enjoined silence, and dismissed him. Fairlie then commenced his investigations, which speedily resulted in the discovery that his daughter had disappeared—at all events, he ascertained that a Spanish señora and don had recently quitted the ball-room with so much haste as to attract attention. Further inquiry showed him that two ladies, whom he could not doubt to be Clare and Lucy, had changed dresses behind one of the screens in the ante-chamber. We have already seen what occurred to him in the supper-room, and shall leave him for the present to follow Mr. Tibbits.

Having succeeded in alarming Mr. Fairlie, the valet next betook himself to the coach-house, in order to go through a like process with Sir Hugh. On opening the door of the carriage he found its two occupants comfortably wrapped up in their blankets, and snoring away as if in emulation of each other. Holding the lantern to the old baronet's face, he gave him so vigorous a shake that he soon wakened him. Alarmed by the light, and not comprehending where he was, Sir Hugh roared out, "Thieves! thieves!" and at the same time endeavouring to spring from the seat, and becoming entangled in the blanket, he fell upon the still slumbering chaplain, whose outcries were instantly added to his own. Half suffocated by the weight imposed upon him, and fancying he was about to be murdered, Parson Chedworth, seized Sir Hugh by the ears, and buffeted him soundly. The old baronet replied in the same style, and the conflict might have been of some duration if the valet had not interposed, and by thrusting forward the lantern, enabled the combatants to distinguish each other's features. Great was the chaplain's surprise and dismay to find whom he had been cuffing so heartily; while Sir Hugh was no less amazed. However, the old baronet's wrath was speedily turned into another channel when he learnt from Tibbits that his son and daughter were actually present at the masked ball. The chaplain strove to pour oil on the troubled waters, but in vain. Sir Hugh got out of the coach, and without stopping to put on his coat, or remove his nightcap, went in search of some of his own servants, and proceeding to the inn-kitchen as the most likely place to hear of them, found his coachman there, playing at cribbage with Tom Maddocks, the head ostler, and a couple of grooms. Beccles stared at seeing his master in such a strange guise, and thought he must have become suddenly demented; and

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he was confirmed in the notion when he received peremptory orders to bring out the carriage and put to the horses without a moment's delay.

"What! at this time of night, Sir Hugh?" he remonstrated.

"Do as I bid you, Beccles," Sir Hugh rejoined, in an authoritative tone. "Be ready to start in half an hour's time, or you lose your place."

"Well, I'll do my best," the coachman replied, getting up sulkily. And followed by Tom Maddocks and the grooms, he repaired to the stables.

XXV.

UNDER WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES SIR HUGH POYNINGS'S TRAVELLING-CARRIAGE WAS DRIVEN OFF.

SHORTLY afterwards another extraordinary incident occurred, which led Beccles to conclude that his old master was not the only one of the family touched in the upper story.

Scarcely had the coachman and his assistants got out the carriage, and cleared it of the blankets and other things left inside it by its late occupants, when a tall Spaniard, with a lady under his arm of a noble presence, but rather singularly dressed as it appeared to Beccles, and whose features were concealed by a mask, came quickly up to him, and ordered him to open the door of the vehicle without an instant's delay. Greatly amazed, but recognising Arthur's voice, though the young gentleman's masquerade attire had puzzled him at first, Beccles complied, and the lady instantly sprang into the carriage, and retired to its furthest corner, as if anxious for concealment. Arthur bent forward for a moment, addressed a few words to her in an under tone, and then closing the door, took Beccles out of hearing of the ostler and the grooms, and told him to keep careful watch over the young lady, and see that she was not molested in any way.

"I have promised her protection, Beccles, and I put her under your charge, as I know I can rely on you. Search may possibly be made for her, but let no one look into the carriage—above all, Mr. Fairlie. Take your own way of inducing those fellows to hold their tongues," he added, pointing to Tom Maddocks and the grooms.

"But Sir Hugh has ordered me to put to the horses directly, Muster Arthur," Beccles remarked. "Must I do it?"

"Of course. Get ready for starting as quickly as you can, but on no account allow Sir Hugh to enter the carriage till you see me."

"Oons, Muster Arthur, that's easily said. But suppose he *will* get in, how am I to hinder him?"

"Oh! you'll find out a way of doing it. Make any excuse to gain time."

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"Lord lovee, Muster Arthur, I'd go through fire and water to serve you, but I daren't offend Sir Hugh. It's as much as my place be worth."

"Rest quite easy, Beccles. I'll hold you harmless, and reward you handsomely into the bargain. Attend to my orders."

"Very well, Muster Arthur, I suppose you must have your way. But it be sorely against my inclination to disobey Sir Hugh."

"I'll make it all right, I tell you," Arthur rejoined, walking quickly away.

"Dang me if I can understand what he'd be at!" Beccles thought. "It's my opinion both father and son be cracked. Well, I suppose I must side wi' young master."

With this self-communion he returned to the ostler and the grooms, and in pursuance of his instructions bound them over to secrecy in regard to the lady inside the carriage; and while the horses were put to, debated with himself what had best be done under the circumstances, the result of his cogitations being an order to Tom Maddocks to mount the box, and hold himself in readiness to drive off, when he, Beccles, should give him the hint. Maddocks had just got up, and taken the whip in hand, when Mr. Fairlie, accompanied by Bellairs, Chassemouche, and a link-boy, bearing a flambeau, suddenly burst into the inn-yard. The unusual spectacle at such an hour of a travelling-carriage, with horses attached to it, naturally attracted the steward's attention, and, addressing Beccles, he asked what was the meaning of his master's sudden departure. Receiving no very satisfactory answer to the inquiry, he ordered the coachman to open the carriage door.

"What for, sir?" Beccles demanded, sulkily.

"Because I suspect some one is concealed within. That's enough for you."

"No, it isn't. I'm sure Sir Hugh would never allow you to set foot in his carriage, and while I can raise a hand to prevent it you never shall."

"Ah, ma foi! dere is a lady in de coche—I see her quite plain," Chassemouche exclaimed. He had snatched the flambeau from the link-boy and run to the other side of the carriage.

"It's only Mrs. Pinchbeck," Beccles shouted. "I won't have her disturbed."

"You be off, you meddling hound," Maddocks cried, cutting at the Frenchman with his whip.

"Ah! sacrebleu! do you dare strike me!" Chassemouche cried. And he hurled the flambeau at the ostler, who luckily avoided the dangerous missile, and retaliated with a further application of the whip to the Frenchman's shoulders. The torch was extinguished in its fall, leaving all in darkness as before.

"Come, sirrah!" Fairlie cried, "I will be trifled with no longer.

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I am sure my daughter is in the carriage. You had better be reasonable. I have the means of enforcing obedience to my orders, and rely upon it I will use them."

"Once more I tell you, Muster Fairlie, you shall never set foot in my master's carriage—and now you're answered, sir."

At this juncture, a slight diversion was occasioned by the appearance of two other actors on the scene, the foremost of whom was Sir Hugh Poynings. The old baronet suddenly issued from the side-door of the hotel, and was followed by his chaplain.

"What's all this?" exclaimed Sir Hugh. "Oddslife! are you going to take my carriage by storm?"

"It may put an end to this unseemly altercation, Sir Hugh," Mr. Fairlie said, "if I inform you that I am in search of my daughter."

"Precisely my own case, sir—I am in search of mine. I saw her quit the ball just now with that young prodigal—Gage Monthermer, and I've lost all traces of her."

"I shall be happy to aid you in your quest, Sir Hugh, if you will first oblige me by a sight of the lady inside your carriage."

"I didn't know there was a lady inside it," the old baronet rejoined. "Who is she, Beccles?"

"I've already told Muster Fairlie it be Mrs. Pinchbeck, but he won't believe me, and wants to get in and satisfy himself. I know your honour won't permit it."

"Well, I don't know what to say," Sir Hugh rejoined. "If it be Mrs. Pinchbeck, there can be no harm in her getting out."

"Oons, your honour," Beccles exclaimed, "I didn't expect you to knock under to the like of Muster Fairlie."

"Knock under! rascal—I'd have you to know that a Poyning never yet knocked under."

"So I've always heard say, Sir Hugh; but this looks woundy like it."

"Really, Sir Hugh, the impertinence of this fellow is past all endurance, and I wonder you can tolerate it," Mr. Fairlie remarked, in a bland tone. "I am sorry to put you to any trouble, but I am sure you will excuse me under the circumstances. If you will get into the carriage, and assure me from your own observation that the person inside is not my daughter, I shall be perfectly satisfied. I think I may venture to ask thus much of your politeness."

"Well, I see no objection to that, sir," the old baronet replied.

And he approached the carriage, but Beccles planted himself sturdily before the door.

"Your honour don't do it," he said, doggedly.

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"Don't do what, rascal? Zounds! will you dare oppose me?"

"Your honour shan't demean yourself by obeying Muster Fairlie. I'm too trusty a servant to let my master be cajoled by his flummery. Let him and me settle it."

"You must be drunk, fellow, to act in this way," the old baronet roared.

"Your pardon, Sir Hugh," Fairlie interposed—"the man is sober enough, but is evidently bent on thwarting me, and takes this cunning means of doing so. But it shall not succeed. I am now satisfied that my suspicions are correct. Allow me to deal with him?"

"Hum!—I don't know exactly what to say to that."

"Will you listen to reason, sirrah?" Fairlie demanded, in a stern tone, of Beccles. "I ask you for the last time."

"My answer's the same as before," the coachman rejoined. "Now, Tom," he roared to Maddocks, "drive on."

The whip resounded, and in another instant the lumbering vehicle was in motion. As Mr. Fairlie saw it move off he uttered an exclamation of rage, and felt inclined to knock down his audacious opponent, but some fears of the consequences perhaps restrained him. As to Sir Hugh, in spite of his anger he could not help laughing at this unexpected termination of the dispute. No one doubted that the carriage would be speedily stopped, and most of the party followed it as it rolled out of the inn-yard.

By this time, a large portion of the assemblage which we have described as congregated in front of the Angel had dispersed. Still, there was a considerable crowd near the door of the hotel, while numerous carriages were drawn up on the opposite side of the square. Besides these, there were sedan-chairs in abundance, and around the latter were collected groups of footmen, chairmen, and link-boys, smoking, drinking, and otherwise amusing themselves. As Sir Hugh's enormous travelling-carriage came rumbling into the square it astonished all beholders. No one could conceive what had brought it out at that time of night. The shouts raised by Mr. Fairlie and the others of "Stop it!—stop it!" were echoed by a hundred voices, and even if Maddocks had intended going further, he could not have got beyond the portal of the hotel.

Just as he pulled up, half a dozen lacqueys, in the gorgeous Monthermer livery, rushed down the steps, and posted themselves on either side of the door of the vehicle. Mr. Briscoe followed them almost immediately, and ordered Maddocks to descend from the box. While Mr. Fairlie was struggling with the crowd, trying to get up to the carriage, and wondering what was about to happen, to his infinite astonishment he beheld Gage issue forth from the hotel, with a lady under his arm, masked and enveloped

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in a black domino. Behind them came a smart little page, whose white satin habiliments were partially concealed by a cloak. Unlike the other two, Monthermer wore no vizard, and his features were therefore fully distinguishable by the torchlight. A large roquelaure was thrown over his shoulders.

As Gage hastily descended the steps with his fair companion, the coach door was opened by the lacquey nearest it, and in another moment the lady and her page were inside, and the door closed upon them. All this was the work of a few seconds, but brief as was the space, it sufficed to show Fairlie that the coach was tenanted by another lady—most likely, his daughter. He redoubled his efforts to press through the throng, but in vain. As a last resource, he shouted to Gage, but the young gentleman took no notice of him, being otherwise occupied.

Mounting with unwonted activity to the seat lately vacated by Maddocks, Gage snatched up the reins and applied the whip to the horses with such good will, that they instantly started off at a gallop. Free course was now made for the rattling vehicle by the assemblage, who were greatly entertained, and amidst general laughter and cheering, it speedily disappeared. Sir Hugh came up just as the coach had started, and laughed as heartily as the rest of the bystanders, till Fairlie made him alter his tone.

"Are you aware that your daughter is gone, Sir Hugh?" Fairlie said. "She is inside the carriage—and so is mine."

"My daughter! What! has he dared to carry her off? 'Sblood! I must give chase instantly. A coach!—a coach!" But though there were plenty of vehicles at hand, not one stirred at the call.

"It's my fault that this has happened, sir," Arthur cried, coming up. "But I'll repair the error. As soon as my horse is saddled I'll follow them."

"You shan't go alone," Mr. Fairlie said. "A horse instantly, Briscoe."

"And another for me," Sir Hugh roared. "We'll all start in pursuit. But zounds! I must put on my coat, and get myself a little in order for the chase. If Gage should break his neck in going down that infernal hill without a drag, it would serve him right—but then what would become of poor Lucy?"

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THE DOCK WARRANTS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

By Dudley Costello.

CHAPTER IX.

STOLE AWAY.

It was to Lausanne, the nearest point on the lake of Geneva, that the fugitives directed their steps, and there Handyside dismissed the postilion with a "*pour boire*" so large as actually to leave him satisfied—a feat which no traveller had ever before performed. But the capital of the Canton de Vaud only detained them long enough to give Handyside time to write and post a letter to a very particular friend at Neufchâtel—you may be sure it was not Monsieur Pignon—to snatch a hasty meal, and lay in some cigars and a few bottles of *La Côte* for their voyage across the lake. They then got into one of the omnibuses that run between Lausanne and the port of Ouchy, and there a boatman was readily found, on the usual exorbitant terms, to convey them to Evian in Savoy.

It was a nuisance, they both agreed, to be turned out of their new quarters, where they were just beginning to make themselves comfortable, and where, moreover, they had intended to pass a very pleasant summer, such as tourists with unstained consciences and full purses usually do pass amidst the mountains and valleys of Switzerland. The short time they had remained at Neufchâtel had not been altogether thrown away, for in the course of their sojourn—so quickly do minds congenial understand each other—they had made some very profitable acquaintances, in the persons of two ladies, natives of the place, whom I may designate as Madame Fournachon and her daughter Ida, the former, *only* of "a certain age," the latter, young and handsome, and both sufficiently agreeable to offer them additional inducements for prolonging their stay. The confidence of Graysteel and Handyside in these ladies was, indeed, so great, that already a large part of their most valuable effects had been privately removed to the house of Madame Fournachon, about a mile from the town, and there, in all probability, they would have taken up their residence altogether, but for the well-grounded alarm which once more sent them on their travels.

However hard for them to resign their Swiss Capua, there was no help for it: the *mot d'ordre* was too imperative, and a fresh flight their only security. The main point with gentlemen whose code of morality was so easy was the fact of having money enough to carry them anywhere, and enable them, as they said, "to enjoy life wherever they went," regretting only that their new friends were left behind. But this, perhaps, was only a temporary regret, for the ladies had proved so accommodating, and had shown themselves so warmly attached to the interests of the fraudulent bankrupts, that a *réunion* of the whole party in some charming spot in

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sunny Italy might not hereafter be impossible. There were, at all events, many reasons for keeping up the connexion, and this will account for the letter which Handyside despatched from Lausanne, requesting Madame Fournachon to write to him at Genoa, whither they now were bound, informing him of everything that had occurred after the hasty departure of himself and partner from Neufchâtel.

Had Graysteel no thought for his only child, had Handyside none for his forsaken wife and family, as they crossed the tranquil lake with the bright eyes of Heaven shining down upon them? If such recollections obtruded they found at least no voice, for their discourse was of themselves alone. Having soon ascertained that the boatman spoke only his own *patois*, they discussed their plans without restraint.

"And how are we to reach Italy?" asked Graysteel.

"We must cross the mountains the best way we can," replied Handyside. "There are so many travellers at this season that we may easily get along without much observation, provided we keep clear of the principal towns."

"What passports have you got?"

"Two sets. That little Ida is a very clever girl. She altered a French one for me, which her uncle Böhme had brought from Paris last month; and the other, which I reserve for Italy, I manufactured myself. In the first, we are described as Hardy and Gray; in the other, you figure as my servant, and I call myself Hodding, a government messenger."

"If the worst comes to the worst," said Graysteel, with a gloomy air, taking out his revolver from under his cloak, "I'll make some use of this before I give up the money."

"You may depend upon it I won't be backward for that matter," returned Handyside, exhibiting a long dirk, the blade of which gleamed brightly in the moonlight. "I'm afraid, though, we shan't be able to negotiate the bills, and those railway shares are in the box at Madame Fournachon's."

"I'm sorry we left anything behind," said Graysteel.

"That couldn't be helped," replied his companion; "we had to cut it so uncommon quick. Besides, everything will be taken care of by Ida and her mother: there's no mistake about them! They are to write to me at Genoa."

"What address did you give?"

"Mr. Hodding, Poste Restante."

"Well; I wish we were there."

"You're out of spirits, Graysteel; try some *La Côte;* it's deuced good—only I wish it was brandy."

The wine answered its purpose; a couple of bottles were emptied, and, in smoking, drinking, and talking, the rest of the *traject* was consumed.

"C'est un trôle de chens que ces Anclais," said the boatman to himself, after pocketing his fare, and pushing off again from the shore. "Che n'aime pas contuire tes foyacheurs qui font frisques afec poignards et bistolets comm' ça!"

The travellers, however, were careful enough to make no display of their weapons at Evian. They arrived at a fortunate moment, just as

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the *diligence* from Martigny to Geneva was on the point of setting out; and there were places vacant. It was a question of saving time on the one hand, and running some risk on the other; but, considering the hour at which they should reach Geneva, and the uncertainty which must exist at Neufchâtel about their route, they decided upon taking the *diligence* in preference to crossing the mountains to Bonneville, which was their immediate destination, and for which town they straightway booked their places. There they arrived without molestation about the middle of the next day, glad enough to rest at the *Couronne* and refresh themselves, which both of them did to such an extent that if drunken men were not proverbially lucky their capture might have been easily effected. But with sobriety, after a night's sound sleep, came renewed vigilance and expedition, and again they set forward, taking the *diligence* to Annecy. To pursue the high road without a break, Handyside felt was imprudent, and at Annecy they turned off in the direction of Faverges, at which dirty, scrubby, goitrous collection of hovels they bade adieu to public conveyances, and consigned their precious persons for the next two days to *char-à-bancs*, mules, and the care of Savoyard guides. Across the Col de Tamie, where Handyside, having put his travelling-flask to his lips too often, was within an ace of breaking his neck; down the steep path that leads to Conflans; through the beautiful valley of the Isère to Montien-Tarentaise; onward by La Perrière and Bozel over the Col de Vanoise, and thence descending to Termignon, the fugitives performed as picturesque a journey as any summer tourist could possibly desire.

But little heed did Graysteel or Handyside give to rocks and *chalets* and *glaciers*, save to rejoice when they were left behind. Yet it was with fear and trembling that they again entered a public carriage at Lanslebourg, to carry them over Mont Cenis, for at that point they were once more within the mesh of the electric wires, more fatal to evil-doers than *avalanche* or *crevasse*. But these mute conveyancers of justice throbbed with no present danger for the two outcasts, who arrived at Susa without let or hindrance, and the *Strada Ferrata* carried them safely, in the first instance, to Turin, and, after a couple of days, which they coolly gave to the sights of the capital of Piedmont, to the proud city of Genoa, where for a short time I leave them to return to their indefatigable pursuers.

CHAPTER X.

ANOTHER RUN FOR IT.

When Messrs. Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper found that "the men of Belial" (as the House now called its former discountees) had been "too many" for them, and all through their own neglect, they transmitted the most formal instructions to Mr. Woodman, desiring him, after making what arrangements he could with their correspondents, to follow the delinquents to the verge of civilisation, or further, if he thought fit.

Mr. Woodman was one of those energetic characters to whom such a commission was "nuts:" he was always most in his element when "after" anybody, and hated nothing so much as having no fox to run to earth. To recover the scent was the difficulty just now, but armed with

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full power to act he did not despair of success. The way he went to work, and what he did, may, perhaps, be best exemplified by occasional extracts from a Diary which he kept of his long and adventurous chase.

I open it at Neufchâtel, three days after the sudden flitting of Graysteel and Handyside.

"*June* 29, 1854.—Went with little Jack (by reason of the langwidge) to see the chief of the police, at what they call 'the castle,' that's to say, the head-station. Interdooced myself (by means of Jack), and put him up to who I was. Chief jabbered a good deal in his tongue, a sight more than any dozen of our fellers would have done, and said that G. and H. was not far off. Promised to tellygraft to all parts of Swisserland. What did he do as soon as my back was turned? Went somewheres into the country to wisit his friends, and did nothin' at all; so got no information in that quarter. Found out in the course of the day by conwersin' with other parties that G. and H. had been on werry friendly terms with this here police: always a dining of 'em at a cabbery outside the town. Saw the inspector, and told *him* what I'd heard. 'Ah,' says he, quite unconcerned, 'the highest has their prices.'

"30*th*.—Heard from Mr. Pig-non, a watchmaker, the only chap I've met that seems in earnest, that G. and H. was exceeding thick with a Madam Funnysong (or some such name), who lives in a shatto about a mile off. Got an order, after some trouble, from the Tri-bu-nal of Commerce to search Madam's house. Went with little Jack and three officers to effect this. Madam shammed ill as soon as she saw us, and went off in a faint. Finding that was no go she come to, and at it she went like a clapper in a cherry-tree; never heard a woman talk so fast in all my life! Searched about notwithstanding. Found two portmantoes full of gents' linning and clothes, and a French dixonary and grammer with Handyside's name in it. While the Swiss officers was taking a inventory of the things, I made a move to go up-stairs, when out bounced a tall, handsome gal from a side room, where she was setting, and caught me by the coat-tails. 'Non monty dong my chamber,' says she; as much as to say I wasn't to go there; and Jack he spoke to one of the officers, and *he* said the law was against me, and somethin' about the sanity of feemale apartments and they being defended; and all the while Madam's daughter, that was what they said *she* was, kept hold of my tails with a face like scarlet, and her tongue going nineteen to the dozen, so I come down. It turned out, Jack told me, that Madam owned to knowing G. and H., but said they was gone some days before back to Germany, and had took all their valluables with 'em. It's true enough they hadn't left any at the hotel, for the police had rummaged there before we went to Madam's. 'And they haven't left no papers?' says one of the Swiss officers. 'Oh, papers!' says Madam, 'that's another thing; I'll give you them and welcome.' And then she opens a booffy and takes out a parcel of English newspapers, and busts out a larfin' in the officers' faces. But for all her imperdence I could see by the twitching of her mouth that she wasn't quite easy when the papers was first mentioned, and says I to the principal officer—(by means of Jack)—'We must go through with this here; she's a hiding somethink;' and I was right. In a cupboard as she kept standing in front of he found

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another parcel, not newspapers this time, but quite a different sort: 'actions,' which means 'shares,' in a Prooshan *shammingdefer* or railroad, worth about a thousand pounds. 'How come these here?' says the officer to Madam; 'they ain't yours.' 'Yes,' says she, quite bold, 'they are. The gents was in want of ready money to travel with; I lent them all I had and they gave me these actions as a security.' 'Walker!' says I, when little Jack translated this; 'them shares is the property of my employers.' So the officer he grabbed 'em and away we all went to the *greff* as they call it, a sort of a public office, where the capture was lodged.

"*July 1st.*—Little Jack come to my room before I was up to say he had just fallen in with a postilion from a place called 'Everdone' at the other end of this here lake, who drove G. and H. in a carriage to Lawsann, but didn't know nothing further. I wanted to be off at once, but had to wait to make over the property seized, and couldn't get the business done because it was our lawyer's birthday. He gave a dinner, and inwited me and little Jack, which I'm bound to admit it was uncommon good, but dredfle tantlising on account of time lost.

"*2nd.*—Law papers not signed till afternoon; then started with Jack by steamer for Everdone. Slept there.

"*3rd.*—Railroad making to Lawsann. 'Able to travel on it next summer,' says waiter at hotel, thinking, perhaps, we was going to wait till then. Dillygence full. Started for Lawsann by extra-post, which means a crazy cab, with a rip of a horse that no London policeman would shut up in the green-yard. Got to Lawsann notwithstanding."

At Lausanne Mr. Woodman was fortunate enough to find a very intelligent and active police magistrate, who lent him every assistance, and by his means he at last discovered the boatman who had taken Graysteel and Handyside across the lake to Evian, and who described, with no small amount of exaggeration, the formidable appearance which the fugitives made with their dirks and revolvers. The route which they had subsequently taken was ascertained by sending an agent of the police to Evian, and then Mr. Woodman and his trusty follower departed by the steamboat for Geneva, and made the best of their way to Bonneville. Here they encountered the landlord of the *Couronne*, whose heart Mr. Woodman opened by a bottle of the best wine in his own cellar, and this individual related how two "voyageurs Anglais," calling themselves Hardy and Gray, had passed a day and night there; how he had been greatly scandalised by their drinking so much wine (not scandalised, however, at his having made them pay double for it); how Monsieur Hardy had a passport signed in Paris, and the other Monsieur also, dated from the same place, though he could not swear to it, as he had not seen it; how they had proceeded to Annecy, exactly eight days before; and how, finally, he did not think it at all likely that Mr. Woodman would ever catch them.

The Detective, however, was of a different opinion, for he now arrived at the conclusion that Italy, and very likely the remotest part of it, was the object of "the parties," but before he again set off in pursuit, he resolved to put the wires in motion. To do this it was necessary to return to Geneva, and telegraphing from thence to Turin and Genoa, he learnt from the former place that two persons answering to the descriptions of

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Graysteel and Handyside had arrived there on the 1st of July, had "descended" at the Hotel Feder, and left again on the 4th, their destination being unknown. But it was something to know that they had passed through Turin, and, taking two places in the diligence for that city, the Detective and Jacques pushed their journey. I do not find anything in Mr. Woodman's Diary at this time more remarkable than an entry to the effect that he obtained "no information" at Turin, and that the bread in Piedmont is made in the shape of "walking-sticks," alluding, I suppose, to the "pane grisino," which certainly bears that resemblance. He appears, however, to have had good reason for supposing that Graysteel and Handyside had pushed on for Genoa, where the double advantage existed of evasion by sea and land.

At Genoa, Mr. Woodman found that he had made a right cast. Still keeping seven or eight days in advance, he learnt that the persons he was in quest of had put up at the Hotel Feder (a branch of the Turin establishment), intending, as it seemed, to stay there some time, their first inquiry being for a teacher of Italian to learn the language; they, however, only took one lesson, and for some unknown cause suddenly left on the second afternoon, stating that they were going direct to Milan. But that this was a ruse was evident, a *facchino* of the hotel having seen them two days afterwards, as they entered the Croce di Malta in another part of the city, not far from the port. Here is another extract from the Detective's Diary:

"*July 14th.*—These Ittalians call their commissioner of police 'the Intendenty.' Saw him and the head of the passpot-office—another queer name—'the Questory.' Supposing G. and H. to be still here, had the registers of all the hotels and lodging-houses examined. Me and Jack went about disguised. I sported barnacles, and wore a false black beard and moustarshers—shouldn't have known myself from a Frenchman. Tellygrafted to all parts. Searched the registers of all the steam-boats and dillygences. No good came of it. Found out a reading-room at last where G. and H. used to go to; pro-prietor's name Gammonio, or something like it. Couldn't get nothing out of him, though it was plain he was in the secret. Had Mr. Gammonio up before the Intendenty; only my trouble for my pains. No news of any sort for three days.

"*19th.*—Went with Jack to the post-office. He told me of an uncommon good dodge. In this here Ittaly there ain't one of the clerks can read English names, and they give you a bundle of letters to pick and choose from. Saw one with the London postmark, addressed to Gray. Paid for and took it. Writer, a lawyer in the City; sharp feller, know him well. He says: 'Got counsel's opinion; no use attempting to come back; a long voyage the only safe thing; go to Naples by all means, or as much further as you like; never send your address forward at any place, but give instructions for all letters to be sent to ——,' meaning a clerk in his own office. When I'd read this letter I had it sealed up and put in the post again, leaving Jack to watch who came for it. No success.

"*20th.*—Got acquainted at the *table dote* with a very pleasant gent, a shevvaleer who spoke quite good English. Told him all about the scamps, and how I was after 'em. He presented me, as he called it, to

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the top-sawyer of the messages—the coach-office that is—who said that G. and H. had been there ever so many times asking for a package from Nocchattle—but he hadn't seen 'em now for five or six days. Two letters had since come for Mr. Hardy. I persuaded him to let me have 'em. One was from the young lady that got hold of my coat-tails at Madam's, telling him of the search we made there, and describing little Jack as a Jew, which he's not unlike one. Uncle Tomm and Uncle John was the names she gave to G. and H., and said how the trunks had been sealed up and the shammingdefer shares taken, and a good deal more that was very sweet, and showed pretty clearly how matters stood in that quarter. This letter was signed 'Cristine Idalette'—a dodge for her own name. The other letter was from Madam, and said what a lot of crying they had had since their friends had been forced to cut."

By dint of further inquiry a more direct clue to the movements of "the Firm" was obtained. From the *Croce di Malta* they had removed to the *Hotel d'Italie*, where they had entered themselves on the books as "Jones, of Canada," and "Brown, of Scotland;" and, as the landlord remarked, the Signori Jones and Brown drank "molto, molto, eccessivamente!" From him also Mr. Woodman gathered that five days previously they had left the hotel, carrying their own luggage, refusing to have a porter, and saying that they were going to Turin. Another search was then made of all the *diligences* and steam-boats leaving on the day adverted to above, but no likely names appeared. The only English inscribed were "Henry William Hodding and servant," on the boat for Leghorn. As a last resort, the boatmen at the port were tried, and one was discovered who had conveyed two strangers on board. The same steamer happened, luckily, to be in port on her return voyage, and the steward having his price, like the "great men" at Neufchâtel and elsewhere, Mr. Woodman was informed that the two friends had embarked as a gentleman and his valet, but that when the boat was at sea the latter had given him a five-franc piece to be allowed the same accommodation as his master. "Per Bacco!" exclaimed the maritime functionary, "érano galantuomini! Bevérono sempre il rhum!"

The track of "The Firm" being so far revealed, their only chance of escape consisted now in the celerity of their movements and the profit they made of the time gained. Any further change of passports in Italy was impossible, as each step on the route was sure to be marked. Away then Mr. Woodman and Jacques steamed for Leghorn. Graysteel and Handyside, as "Mr. Hodding and servant," had slept there two nights, employed the interim in a trip by the rail to Florence, and returning to Leghorn had taken the boat to Civita Vecchia, whither the Detective and his henchman followed. Combining as much pleasure as the exigencies of their flight allowed, "The Firm" had visited Rome; so far they were traced, but in the Eternal City they had not taken up their rest, neither had they resumed their progress by sea. By the employment of a handsome fee, it was ascertained from the police that a travelling-carriage, in which were an "Eccellenza Inglese e su servo," had passed out at the Porta di San Giovanni, on the high road to Naples, and from the description given, the Detective entertained no doubt that these were Graysteel and Handyside. As "little Jack" was terribly afraid of briganda, and Mr. Woodman himself had no particular desire to fall into the hands of

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those gentry, the pursuit was renewed in the steamer, and four-and-twenty hours after leaving Civita Vecchia the indefatigable pair were landed on the Chiaja at Naples. But here I must let Mr. Woodman speak for himself, in a letter which he addressed to Messrs. Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper.

"Hotel de Russia, Naples.

"HONOURED SIRS,—Me and my companion got here on the 28th. Hired a Sesillian Comissioner and went right off to the Brittish Em-bass-y. Saw one of the Attashies, who stood me out that G. and H. couldn't be here because they hadn't waited on the Brittish Plenipo, Sir Willum Neverstir; and what was more, he refused to send a messenger with me to the passpot-office to inquire after the parties. When we left the Attashy my Sesillian told me that He knowd they'd been here four days. And so they had, and where was they staying do you think? Why at the Ho-tel de Rome, right oppersite to this very house! I went at once and took and hired two lazzeroneys to watch 'em, and then set off again to the Em-bass-y. I arst to see Sir Willum Neverstir, and a porter six foot high, drest like a Lord Mare's footman, swore he wasn't at home. I slipt what they call a Scoodo, wuth about four bob, into his hand, and then Sir Willum was at home di-rectly. Well, I saw his Hiness and arst him to arest the two coves, which he said there was many difficulties. I told him I knew that, and hadn't come all this way for information on that pint, but what I wanted was for him to help me to get over the difficulties; whereupon his Hiness turned short round and said he couldn't do it. It was amost dark when I come out of the Em-bass-y, and my Sesillian he says that he knowd where G. and H. used to take a walk every evening on a piece of wast grownd near the bay, and he took me and my companion there, and we see 'em both a walkin' up and down smokin' quite comfertable. I told the Sesillian to stand still with little Jack—that's my companion—while I took a close look at 'em, but the Sesillian he said I should be murdered if I went any nigher, as they always carried durks and pistles; howsever I did get a good squint, and recognised the parties. Watched 'em to the ho-tel, put the two lazzeroneys on gard all nite, and bribed the waiter and boots to give me any information if they tried to escape.

"I hadn't been roming abroad so long without finding out that nothin's to be done without a bribe, so I made up a good 'un next day for the head of the passpot-shop. I give him a matter of fifty pee-asters, pretty much the same as a ten-pun' note, and he set to work at once like a reglar brick. The fust thing as he did was to send for G. and H., and arsted 'em why they hadn't taken up their cart de soger, a sort of a ticket-of-leave, and then he wanted to see their passpots, which he said they was to take 'em to the Em-bass-y to get veesied. Then I went with my Sesillian to the chief of police to have G. and H. arested, but he was afeard to hact without the authority of Sir Willum Neverstir, and *he* couldn't be got to do nothin'. Adwised them to go before our consol and take an affidavy that 'W. H. Hodding and servant' was G. and H., leastways H. and G., and that their passpots was false. Did so, and served the affidavy at the Em-bass-y. Passpots stopped. Hodding applied for 'em; was refused; went and complained at passpot-office;

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was arst what he'd been a doing of as was wrong; he said 'Nothin,' just as if he was afore a London Beak, and said his name was Hodding. The Chief he said, in his lingo, 'that warn't correct, for his real name was Handyside,' and my Sesillian, who was by at that time, said he thought H. would have fainted; and when he come to his-self he offered any money for another passpot, which they refused it him.

"Still there they was at large, nobody aresting of 'em, nothin' doing, only the two lazzeroneys followin' of 'em about, and one day Graysteel he turns round and showing of his rewolver swore he'd blow out their branes if they didn't walk their chalks. They come to me and complaned, and I thought I had 'em this time for it's against the law in Naples to carry fire-arms, and subjects them as does it to imprisonment, but when the police was told, they said they couldn't take the word of lazzeroneys, so that cock wouldn't fite.

"I was amost mad with vexation by this time, and finding that Sir Willum Neverstir continued to object to have G. and H. took up, I rote home to the Forrin Office and begged for orders to that effect. While this was a doing of, information was give me that G. and H. was trying to get away in a Yankee ship, and then I went to Sir Willum, and Sir Willum, says I, now or never, and he seed I was in earnest, and spoke to the au-thorities, and they put G. and H. under sore-villains, that's to say, set two policemen over 'em to keep 'em in vew day and nite, just like my lazzeroneys, only they was wuss looking. It was a queer game altogether. There was G. and H. walking about seeing all the sites, and me and little Jack dooing the same thing and meeting of 'em everywhere, and he reddy to bust with rage whenever he set eyes on G., which he owes him an old grudge. You'll hardly beleeve it, but a hole munth went by in this here fashun. At last I got tired out, and I told Sir Willum I must go back to England and get my lord's orders at home for doing of the job rite out of hand. Sir Willum didn't much like this, and said I'd better wait a bit, and I told him I'd give him three days longer. Wether he'd got the order in his pocket at that very time, or wether it was true as I heerd that it had been sent round to Malter by way of shortness, I don't pretend to say; as all I know is that next day the Attashy come to me and said Sir Willum ment to do his dooty like a man, which he did it this afternoon, and G. and H. was quodded at last, and to-morrow me and my companion takes 'em in the steamer to be tried at Malter."

CHAPTER XI.

AT BAY.

The run from Naples to Malta, beneath a summer sky and over azure seas, is a delightful excursion in itself, but under the peculiar circumstances of the voyage neither Archibald Graysteel nor William Handyside particularly enjoyed it. Having overcome so many difficulties and reached what seemed so secure a haven, it was inexpressibly vexatious to find that Sir William Neverstir, whose proverbial indolence had been the sheet-anchor of their hope and one of the principal inducements to take up their abode in Naples, should have been roused at last. They submitted, however, to their fate with as good a grace as they could, merely

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requesting that they might be arrested "quietly;" and Mr. John Woodman was far too experienced an officer, and had moved too much in high circles—of swindling—to do his spiriting otherwise than genteely. If little Jack had had the ordering of the matter, the case would have been different, he being all for violent demonstrations, his "great revenge" having stomach for inflicting any amount of indiguity, to compensate him for the sense of injury which he still felt so keenly. As it was, he was obliged to content himself with shaking his fist at the prisoners—whenever their backs were turned—and indulging, *sotto voce*, in all the maledictions of his polyglot vocabulary.

The "impressions de voyage" of Mr. Woodman were not much more to the purpose than other "Diaries" in Mediterranean waters which have lately issued from the press, but as he had got into the habit of jotting down things as they occurred, I may as well give a brief extract from his log:

"*August* 25.—On board the *Capital* steamer. Not a bad name for it, if the state-cabin was only a trifle cleaner; but somehow swabs and dustpans don't seem able to do their duty in these parts. Queer sort of a place this Bay of Naples, everything so uncommon blue; look which way you will, up or down, it's all the same. G. and H. is blue enough likewise; not quite at home yet. Keeps my eye on 'em, and so does little Jack. No fear, however, of *their* jumping overboard. Capten of the wessel and officers French, crew a mixture—French, Maltees, and English—that's to say, engineer and stokers: there's a couple of munks, too, both Sesillians, drest in bedgowns made of old blankets, with bald heads, bare feet, and ropes round their waistes; raythor advisable to keep to windard of these here gentry. One of 'em spoke to me just now. 'Non capisco,' says I, which that's good Ittalian for not understanding: them's the best two words for any forriner to learn, let him go where he will; saves him a deal of trouble. Had some conwersation with an English gent, a passenger for Malter like ourselves. He'd been this way afore, and told me the names of all the places we come in sight of. First there was the mountaneous little island of Capery, so called because once inhabited by goats—now famous for quails and cock-shootin'; it must take the wind out of a feller to get up to 'em. Then there was Mount Wesuvious on the other side, always a smokin'; nobody can put *his* pipe out. No end to wolcannoes in this here sea: first one, then another breaks out; if it ain't Wesuvious it's Strongbowling, and if Strongbowling ain't at it, why then it's Hetner, the biggest among 'em. Hetner, they say, is where the D—v—l lives when he wisits these parts; leastways it was up and down that mounting he was seen a floggin' of Old Booty, drest all in black. If he was to try his hand upon G. and H. I shouldn't mind landing of 'em for a little of the hexercise; 'twouldn't do 'em any harm. They've begun to pick up a bit; they're a talkin' together, and H. is a larfin', and there sets little Jack a watchin' of 'em with eyes like fire-coals; he is oncommon fearce for his higth. Meals is pleasant times on board of ship. The smell of the cookin', the sea hair, and nothing to do—except mindin' of my prisners—makes eatin' and drinkin' werry agreeble. G. and H. thinks so too, pertickerly H. He takes mostly to brandy-and-water; raythor disposed to make up to me after dinner, which I declines the honner.

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"*August* 26.—On deck at six; prisners quite safe below; little Jack just turned in, by reason of standing sentry at their cabbing door all nite. Passes through the Strates of Myseener; English gent informs me that we're goin' between the rock of Silly and the werlpool of Cribdice; don't see much in 'em to talk about. Comes full in sight of Mount Hetner. Sees nothin' of Old Harry nor Old Booty neither. G. and H. seems quite cumfertable. Wonder what dodge they're up to now! Arsts the English gent about Malter. Werry glarey sort of a place, he says; sun always a shinin' on it—like Brighton—only ten times hotter; enuff to scotch your eyes out of your head. I arsts him how about the police, which he tells me they're all Maltee, but there's interpreters. Not sorry to hear that, for Maltee wasn't taught at my school. Non capisco, as we say at Naples. Day got through pretty much like the first. Told little Jack he'd no need to watch again at nite.

"*August* 27.—Everybody turned out early, Malter being in sight. A hill right in front, somebody said was Mount Benjamin: if there's Jews in Malter suppose they lives there. Speaks to G. and H. for the first time. Says it's my dooty to conway them to the lock-up, but wishes not to hurt their feelins, and hopes they bears no mallice. G. makes no arnser, but H. speaks out, and says, 'Not at all, Mr. Woodman; much obleeged; wherever you likes to take us to we're agreeble.' 'Well,' says I, 'Mr. H., it's a good deal better than if you kicked up a bobbery: them as does that is always sure to come to grief.' And then H. he smiles in a rum sort of manner, and so, for a wunder, does G., and so do I; we all of us smiles, except little Jack; he still looks wicked, but we all lands quite pleasant."

The preliminaries of a criminal process present no greater difficulty in Malta than in any other civilised place. To give a prisoner in custody is "as easy as lying," and the accommodating landlord of "Dunsford's Hotel," to which the fugitives were in the first instance conducted, put Mr. Woodman at once in the way of accomplishing his purpose. As the streets of Valetta are very steep and the *scirocco* wind was blowing, Mr. Woodman might very well say that the walk to the police-court was "warmish," and perhaps no redder-faced individual than he ever appeared before the seat of justice. The presiding magistrate, though a native, understood English very well, and listened to the Detective's statement with great attention.

The prisoners, he said, as soon as he had well mopped his face, were two Englishmen, merchants of London, formerly in a very large way of business, whom he charged with fraudulent evasion after a *fiat* of bankruptcy had gone forth against them, and also with having secreted for their own purposes large sums of money which rightfully belonged to their creditors. He recounted the steps he had taken to secure their persons; how he had tracked them all the way from Antwerp to Naples; what obstacles he had encountered; how he had finally effected a capture; and how he now appeared before "his worship" to demand that Messrs. Graysteel and Handyside be forthwith committed.

All this was very plain-sailing, and nothing appeared wanting to complete the case but the magistrate's assent to Mr. Woodman's proposition. But of course, before he gave it, he asked the prisoners if they had anything to say in their defence?

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"Anything?" replied Handyside, who, in the position which he had last occupied, undertook to speak for both. "Anything?" he repeated, and then, with the same sort of smile which Mr. Woodman had noticed shortly before, added: "Everything."

"Explain yourself, sir, at greater length," said the magistrate, gravely.

"In the first place," observed Handyside, "I object altogether to the circumstances of the arrest."

"No doubt on it," muttered Mr. Woodman; "prisners always does."

"For what reason?" asked the magistrate.

"Because neither I, nor my servant"—pointing to Graysteel—"are the individuals of whom he is in search."

Mr. Woodman whistled, very gently, twittering to himself like some extremely small bird.

"Can you give me any proof of that?"

"It will be quite sufficient, I presume, if I produce my passport?"

The magistrate paused for a moment. He then said:

"If properly signed and *visé* it will be important evidence in your favour. Be so good as to let me see it."

Handyside put his hand in his breast-pocket and drew forth a red-morocco case, profusely gilt and made up in the form of a pocket-book, with the cyphers "H. W. H." and a coat-of-arms stamped on it in gold, and the word "Passe-port" across the tongue-strap. He handed it with a bow to the magistrate, who opened it and began to read.

"This passport," he said, after a close examination, "has been delivered from the Foreign Office to a gentleman named Hodding and his servant, whose name is not stated, and bears the signature of Lord Clarendon, with which I am myself sufficiently familiar. But it purports to have been issued fifteen months back"—Mr. Woodman opened his eyes—"and bears on it several *visas*, none of which, except two or three of the latest, correspond in any degree with places where *you*"—addressing Mr. Woodman—"allege these persons to have recently been. It begins, I perceive, at Ostend, in May last year"—Mr. Woodman imitated the small bird rather more audibly than before—"in June, the bearers seem to have left Brussels——"

"Last June!" said Mr. Woodman, steadily.

"No,—the year before," observed the magistrate. "Then I find it *visé* at Verviers—at Spa—where two months appear to have been passed; next comes Berlin, quite late in the year, Dresden in February, Vienna in April, Venice in June, and Genoa in July—the only point at which your statement and these particulars assimilate."

Mr. Woodman's face was by this time the colour of beetroot. A Frenchman seeing him at that moment would have cut him up for a salad.

"Every one on 'em's lies," he exclaimed, "except that 'ere last."

"It is your turn," said the magistrate, "to make this apparent."

"Well," replied Mr. Woodman, "here's my companion, little Jack,—he can swear he seed 'em at Antwerp and Axleychapel only two months ago. We both on us seed 'em at Nooshattle, when they give us the slip. I've heerd of 'em in dozens of places only just a week a head, and lastly

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we comes right down upon 'em in Naples, and brings 'em to a stand-still. He never thought of denying of it *there!*"

"Permit me," said Handyside, calmly, "to remind you that I entered a protest against false imprisonment. I did not object to make the voyage to Malta, because it was my intention to proceed to Egypt; besides, I had another reason for acquiescing; namely, that I felt sure of receiving justice at the enlightened tribunal before which I have the honour—however unpleasantly—to stand. I have no desire to be hard on this person, who doubtless believes he is doing his duty, but I owe it to myself, as well as to my faithful servant, to observe that it is altogether a case—and a very extraordinary one—of mistaken identity."

"Werry indeed!" ejaculated Mr. Woodman.

"What!" interposed the Belgian commissioner, who had for the last ten minutes been bursting with suppressed rage—"what! will that *schelm* there deny that he knocked me into the mud on the Quay Vandyke at Antwerp, because I wanted to carry his great-coat to the hotel St. Antoine! Myn God, what for a liar he must be! Ah, do you think, sir, I could forget so beastly a man?"

The magistrate was evidently perplexed. There was the steadfast assertion of Mr. Woodman, and the fiery accusation of his companion, on the one hand, and on the other, the resolute denial of the English gentleman, supported by the evidence of his passport, which had every appearance of being quite correct. He had noticed, however, that the second prisoner, who was called the other's servant, had bitten his lip and manifested considerable confusion when the Belgian suddenly spoke—as if some forgotten occurrence had suddenly flashed across his mind—and the thought moreover occurred that the passport, genuine enough in itself, might have been stolen. But these suspicions, the magistrate felt, were not strong enough to warrant him in pronouncing against the accused. Still, he was called upon to decide. Mr. Woodman pressed for a formal committal, the order from the Foreign Office being only one of detention, until an examination of a strictly legal character could be gone into. In his difficulty, he took a middle course.

Addressing the pseudo Mr. Hodding, he said:

"You deny, then, altogether, sir, that your name is Handyside, and that you are quite unacquainted with the transactions in which, it is stated, yourself and your attendant are implicated?"

"If I had the opportunity," replied Handyside, with the greatest ease, "I could furnish you with a thousand satisfactory proofs that I am Henry William Hodding, of Hodding Hall, in the county of Norfolk; and that my servant here—Aaron Gratwicke, whom I admit to be my own foster-brother—is the son of one of my late revered father's oldest tenants."

"What opportunity do you desire?"

"The presence of friends who have known me from infancy."

"Do you happen to have any acquaintances in Malta?"

"I believe—in fact, I am pretty sure—I have not."

"Where then are they to be found?"

"At home and in London there are hundreds who——"

But before Handyside could finish the sentence, Graysteel, who guessed the magistrate's drift, put his hand before his partner's mouth. "I ask

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your pardon, sir," he said, hastily, "but my master is subject to fits: he can't bear any excitement—and I see an attack coming on. I'll answer anything else you may please to want to know."

"Very good," said the magistrate, "but I think I shall not have occasion to trouble you. I see my way pretty clearly now. Mr. Hodding," he continued, turning to Handyside, who, taking Graysteel's hint, had staggered to a seat and fallen heavily into it as if about to swoon—"Mr. Hodding"—the magistrate raised his voice—"as you have so many friends in London, and as I am perfectly aware that the honour of an English gentleman is dearer to him than any other earthly consideration, my only course is to direct that you immediately proceed to England by the first steamer, and at once exculpate yourself from the grave charges which have here been brought against you."

Mr. Hodding revived at these words as if by electricity.

"What, sir!" he exclaimed, "is my word then to be weighed in the balance against that of a common police agent—if really he does belong to the police? This is a conspiracy, and an outrage on the liberty of the subject! I shall appeal to the governor of the island."

"*If* I belongs to the police?" said Mr. Woodman; "come, that's a good 'un. You knows what I belongs to fast enough. Not so common neither! Them as is familiar with John Woodman considers him uncommon!"

"With respect to the appeal of which you speak," said the magistrate, calmly, "you are perfectly at liberty to make it if you think proper. I apprehend, however, that the governor will come to the same conclusion as myself, and his advice will be—observe, there is no coercion intended—that you *must* return to England."

Handyside and Graysteel were both silent for a few moments; they looked round them savagely, as if they could gladly have annihilated the magistrate, the Detective, little Jack, and every one present; they were fairly at bay; driven to their last shift; nothing, indeed, remained but to put the best face on the matter; and at last Handyside spoke.

"Well, sir," he said, "if you take upon yourself, in violation of all right, to impede my journey eastward, the consequences will rest on your head, for you may depend upon it, as sure as you are sitting there, that four-and-twenty hours will not have passed after I arrive in London without my bringing the subject before the British House of Commons."

"As you please," said the magistrate, quietly.

"Before the 'Ouse o' Commons!" ejaculated Mr. Woodman. "In less time than that you'll be before the Beak."

"I hope, sir," resumed Handyside, "that I shall experience no further molestation while I remain in Malta."

"Certainly not," replied the magistrate; "but your stay in the island will be brief—for I perceive that the *Indus* steamer leaves for Southampton this evening."

Back again to Dunsford's Hotel the whole party accordingly went, and I should say that Mr. Woodman and little Jack ate a far better dinner that day than Archibald Graysteel and William Handyside.

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CHAPTER XII.

IN AT THE DEATH.

THE *Indus* left Malta with her freight, homeward-bound. What a home for the fraudulent bankrupts! Was it possible even yet, they asked each other, to avoid their fate? Only one opportunity of evasion presented itself: the steamer would touch at Gibraltar, and then—if they could reach *terra firma*—all Spain lay open before them.

It was worth while, at all events, to make the attempt; and when the *Indus* had blown off her steam and lowered her boats, Graysteel and Handyside stepped into the first that pushed off for shore. In the second boat, however, were Mr. Woodman and little Jack, and both parties landed at the same time.

The Detective, who had entirely recovered his temper, which had been slightly ruffled in the police-court at Valetta, saluted the Fugitives with the utmost politeness.

"Morning, gents," he said: "curos to have a look at 'the Rock' and give your baggage a hairing? Well, me and my companion is curos too! I'm told the munkeys is wonderful. Extremely like convicts. I suppose, gents, as you're acquainted with the fact that nobody as once enters this here bristly-fied fortification ever leaves it without a pass from the governor? Well, I'm a going to call upon his lordship, and perhaps it may be a convenience if I arsts for passes for you two! What's to be the names this time?"

"Infernal luck!" exclaimed Graysteel, "foiled again!"

As he spoke, he drew a revolver from beneath his cloak and levelled it at Mr. Woodman's head. But little Jack, whose eyes had never quitted Graysteel since he left the steamer, sprang forward at the same moment like a wild cat, and dashed the pistol out of his hand: it fell harmlessly into the water.

"Much obleeged to you, Jack," said the Detective; then, turning to Graysteel: "I suppose, Mr. G., that this here's about your last dodge! It ain't a handsum way of doing business, yours aint; and if we was anywheres else, perhaps the darbies might have come into play. But I'm above revenge! And now, gents," he added, in a sharper tone, "the long and the short of it is this: you're known here; the capten of the *Indus* signalled you, and got an answer before you left the wessel; if you walk in that direction," pointing to the town, "you'll find yourselves in ten minutes in the common gaol—for the governor of this town don't stand no nonsense. So my advice is, that you just hand your traps into the boat again and go back to the steamer along of me and little Jack—your werry perticler friend, Mr. G."

Sullenly the Fugitives turned away and seated themselves in the boat; discontentedly the porters threw in the baggage they had seized; and most methodically, as if all *coups de théâtre* were alike to him, Mr. Woodman followed with the inseparable Jacques.

But desperate as the case now appeared, all hope had not abandoned Handyside: there was still the last resource of the law. With money in his possession, with unscrupulous solicitors and clever counsel, consequently, at his command, much might still be done on the day of trial; and this view of their situation he at last succeeded in impressing on Graysteel, who, naturally of a gloomy habit, had meditated a briefer

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solution of the difficulty—a plunge overboard and an end of all! With their minds thus finally made up to abide the issue, no further effort was made by either to escape from it.

Though baffled in his immediate purpose at Malta, Mr. Woodman's professional foresight never abandoned him. On the same day that he left Valetta, a French steamer took her departure for Marseilles, and by her the Detective wrote to his employers, informing them of all that had occurred, and advising them to be on the look-out for the arrival of the *Indus* at Southampton. The advice was too good to be neglected. Armed with a warrant of indefeasible authority, two fellow-labourers in the vineyard which Mr. Woodman tilled so successfully boarded the vessel before she had well taken up her berth in the harbour, and took Messrs. Graysteel and Handyside into custody.

The shifting game of flight and pursuit was at an end. More specious wiles—the advocacy of acknowledged wrong, the quirks and subtleties of tortuous ingenuity—were the means now to be employed, and none of them were spared. The indictments against the prisoners were numerous: misdemeanour, embezzlement, fraud, felony, were severally arrayed by those engaged in the prosecution, but, owing to a flaw here, a technicality there, defective evidence in this case, and a point reserved in that for the judicial wisdom of the whole Bench, it was a moot question for several months whether any conviction would ensue. It was a dirty business altogether, and the respectable house of Godsend, Stiff, and Soaper, who, as they stated in court, had remained "passive" after being aware that the Dock Warrants in circulation were forged, did not come out of it altogether with flying colours; the drab in their escutcheon was a little soiled.

In the city of London, in the absence of "briskness" in the money market, bets are laid upon everything that wears, in the slightest degree, a commercial complexion. Our old acquaintances, Ruddle, of Turnbull-alley, and Honeyball, of Cateating-street, were always foremost in this sort of transaction. Ruddle offered Honeyball a thousand guineas down to receive back ten per diem until Graysteel and Handyside were convicted. A hundred days went by, and Ruddle pocketed his principal; a hundred more, and Honeyball had been mulcted in the original sum. What was almost worse to Honeyball than the loss of the money, was the insufferable chuckle of Ruddle as he held out his palm for the daily payment surrounded by a circle of grinning stockbrokers, who had all heard of the bargain. At last, Honeyball began to fear that he never should see the end of his unlucky speculation; but one day the tide turned, and the long-withheld blow fell: it was bruited on 'Change, and soon known to be true, that Graysteel and Handyside were "in for it at last."

The judgment recorded against them was:

"PENAL SERVITUDE FOR FOUR YEARS."

* * * * * *

"They've been let off easy," said Mr. Woodman to little Jack, as he handed him a twenty-pound note to take back to Antwerp; "I've known the day when Mr. Calcraft would have had something to do with this here affair: but times is werry considerably changed—and I don't much think for the better."

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BELL'S CHAUCER.*

LET us hope the reader will as readily agree with us, that to sum up in a comprehensive *éloge* all the merits of Geoffrey Chaucer would take up pages on pages, as he will excuse our not attempting anything of the kind. And yet there are those,—Englishmen, too, and of taste, and of undoubted genius, and themselves poets, acknowledged to be such by acclamation all the world over, who have limited the merits of Chaucer to a single one. This one merit is, the equivocal one of being a very old fellow. He was an antique. Therein, they say, lies, and thereto is confined, the sum and substance of his renown. As he did not himself fix his time of birth, or decide on his incarnation taking place no later on any account than the fourteenth century, even *this* merit is very open to question, and in fact will not stand two minutes' investigation. Besides that, allowing it to *be* a merit, it is one in which Dan Chaucer is beaten hollow by other less known but far older fellows, who had the start of him by lustres, and decades, and centuries,—which nobody can deny.

Lord Byron, for instance, says of him: "Chaucer, notwithstanding the praises bestowed on him, I think obscene and contemptible: he owes his celebrity merely to his antiquity, which he does not deserve so well as Pierce Plowman, or Thomas of Ercildoune."† After this, one reads with relative comfort what else is read with absolute confusion, his lordship's opinion of Shakspeare: "What," he asked Thomas Moore—"what do you think of Shakspeare, Moore? *I* think him a d——d humbug."‡ The said Thomas Moore, whatever he may have thought of Shakspeare, seems to have approximated scandalously close to his noble friend in the matter of Chaucer. "Chaucer, for instance," he writes, in his Diary (1819), "in what terms some speak of him! while I confess I find him unreadable. Lord Lansdowne said he was so glad to hear me say so, as he had always in silence felt the same."§

The "Canterbury Tales" are, says Berington,‖ "in every one's hands; but I would willingly learn by how many they have been read, and particularly by how many with the feeling of delight." The Reverend Joseph is certain, not only that Chaucer has been immoderately extolled by writers of old time, who "were satisfied to pronounce an undiscriminating panegyric," but that, at the present time, if we would speak the truth, he is read (with the exception of some passages) not as a poet, who delights by the richness of his imagery, or the harmony of his numbers, but simply as a writer who has portrayed with truth the manners, customs, and habits of the age.¶ Berington does, however, allow Chaucer to

* Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited by Robert Bell. Eight Volumes. John W. Parker and Son. 1855-6. (Annotated Edition of the English Poets.)

† Moore's Life of Byron.

‡ Lord John Russell's Memoirs of Thomas Moore, vol. iii. Mr. Rogers corroborates the report of Byron's heresy hereanent.

§ Ibid. vol. ii.

‖ Berington's Literary History of the Middle Ages, book vi.

¶ "Such, I recollect, was my own judgment at least, when, some years ago, I was prevailed upon to peruse him."—*Ibid.* "Prevailed upon," quotha? Constrained by outward pressure, by importunate friends or what not, to the ungrate-

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take the first rank among our early English poets. This is something. Chaucer's admirers must take what they can get in his favour, from Chaucer's detractors, who have ears but hear not aught inspired or heaven-born in the strains so

> ———long ago
> Sung by the Morning Star of song, who made
> His music heard below:
>
> Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
> Preluded those melodious bursts, that fill
> The spacious times of great Elizabeth
> With sounds that echo still.*

Gladly we suppose with Charles Knight that Shakspeare was the pupil of Chaucer, and that the "fine bright folio of 1542," as he calls it, whose bold black letter seems the proper dress for the rich antique thought, was his closest companion. Infallibly, with him, we believe, that the Warwickshire boy would delight in Chaucer's romance, and would learn what stores lay hidden of old traditions and fables—legends that had travelled from one nation to another, gathering new circumstances as they became clothed with a new language, the property of every people, related in the peasant's cabin, studied in the scholar's cell,—and that Chaucer would teach him to select these as the best materials for a poet to work upon, their universality proving them akin to man's inmost nature and feelings. "The time would arrive when, in his solitary walks, unbidden tears would come into his eyes as he recollected some passage of matchless pathos; or irresistible laughter arise at those touches of genial humour which glance like sunbeams over the page."† And as with Shakspeare, so with many and many another poet, Elizabethan, præ-Elizabethan, and post-Elizabethan,—own children of the Sire of English verse.

His claim to that title—"the Father of English Poetry"—has been recognised far and wide. Mr. Bell, his latest, and not least accomplished and genial editor, asserts his right to it, not only because he was our earliest true poet, but because the foundations he laid still support the fabric of our poetical literature, and will outlast the vicissitudes of taste and language. And as witnesses to this right are summoned such authorities as Lydgate, who calls him the "chief poete of Bretayne;" and the "lode-sterre" of our language, and says that he was the first to distil and rain the gold dewdrops of speech and eloquence into our tongue,—and Occleve, who styles him "the fynder of our fayre langage,"—and Roger Ascham, who dubs him the "English Homer," and attributes to "his sayinges" as much "authority as eyther Sophocles or Euripides in Greke,"—and Spenser, who speaks of him as the "pure well-head of poetry," "the well of English undefiled," and who is himself ranked by

ful toil of "perusing" that PREVAILING POET! The Reverend Joseph is evidently ashamed of himself for having read Chaucer: but he indirectly pleads, in mitigation, that he was as good as bullied into it, and, secondly, that it was "years ago," implying that he had never repeated the offence, and could therefore be styled an old offender in an indulgent sense only.

* Tennyson: "A Dream of Fair Women."

† Knight's "William Shakspere: a Biography," book i. chap. ix.

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Denham* next in chronological order to this Sire of national song, in the succession of poets great and glorious. But has there come at last a new generation which knows not Chaucer, and votes him obsolete? We trow not. But at any rate the edition now before us, and the measure of its acceptance by the public, will go far to settle that point. For here we have him, not in modernised gear, but in his habit as he lived. Mr. Bell has well and wisely done in allowing him the use of his own tongue, while furnishing the reader with every means of making him thoroughly intelligible. It is, courteous reader, we must discourteously say, eminently and exclusively thine own fault, if, with this edition before thee, thou failest to scan with ease the meanings as well as metres of Dan Chaucer. Mr. Bell declares his paramount aim throughout to have been to render this edition popular in a legitimate sense; while he has not overlooked any of the projects, or experiments, which have been suggested from time to time to facilitate the convenience of the general reader. He reviews the attempts to popularise Chaucer, by modernising his orthography, made by Dryden and Pope, whose versions, however, are, in fact, "very elaborate paraphrases, in which the idiomatic forms and colours of the old writer vanish in the process of adaptation;" and which "bear no closer resemblance, in spirit or expression, to Chaucer, than Pope's translation bears to Homer." The experiment made in our own time by R. H. Horne, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and others,—amongst them Mr. Bell himself,—was a failure, its purpose considered. Mr. Bell's present report on the subject is that the result was satisfactory, as finally determining all doubts thereupon; for, while some of these versions are distinguished by as much fidelity as it is perhaps possible to attain in the transfusion of an ancient author into modern language, and are otherwise admirable specimens of skilful treatment, they are, nevertheless, as unlike Chaucer as they are unlike each other. "In proportion as they preserve strictly his exact phraseology, they become formal and cumbrous; for that which is perfectly easy and natural in its antique garb and associations, acquires an obsolete and heavy air when it is transplanted amongst more familiar forms. When they deviate, on the other hand, which the necessities of structure and metre† frequently render

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far.
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades;
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows, &c.

DENHAM'S *Elegy on Cowley.*

† For, as Wilson remarked, ten syllables must be kept, and rhyme must be kept; and in the experiment it results, generally, that whilst the rehabiting of Chaucer is undertaken under a necessity which lies wholly in the obscurity of his dialect—the proposed ground or motive of modernisation—far the greater part of the actual changes are made for the sake of that which beforehand you might not think of, namely, the verse. This it is that puts the translators to the strangest shifts and fetches, and begets the version, in spite of their best skill, with anti-Chaucerisms as thick as blackberries.—NORTH'S *Specimens of the British Critics.* Part VI.

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unavoidable, it is always at a loss of some subtle trait of expression, or some complexional peculiarity essential to the truthful presentation of the original. Between the new and the old styles which, notwithstanding the utmost care, thus become insensibly mingled, the spirit of Chaucer escapes, and nothing remains, so to speak, but the letter of his work."* Mr. Bell also refers to another danger inseparable from all such experiments,—proved to be inseparable by the best of these versions,—namely, the colouring imparted to each version by the special manner of each modern versifier. Wordsworth's Chaucer Wordsworthises. Leigh Hunt's Chaucer is Leigh Huntish. Mrs. Browning's Chaucer indulges in Elizabeth Barrettisms. A reader acquainted with the Lyrical Ballads, with the Story of Rimini, and with the Vision of Poets, has little difficulty, when conning these several versions of the old bard, to discriminate between this and that "eminent hand," and distribute unhesitatingly *suum cuique*.

Mr. Bell's hope and essay, then, it is, in the present most welcome and meritorious edition, to make Chaucer's language and metre easy to the million without tampering with its forms. He has Coleridge's opinion in his favour that this is practicable. "I cannot in the least allow," said Coleridge, "any necessity for Chaucer's poetry, especially the 'Canterbury Tales,' being considered obsolete. Let a plain rule be given for sounding the final *e* of syllables, and for expressing the terminations of such words as *ocean*, *nation*, &c. as dissyllables; or let the syllables to be sounded in such cases be marked by a competent metrist."† This simple expedient, he was convinced, would, with a very few trifling exceptions, where the errors are inveterate, enable any reader to feel the perfect smoothness and harmony of Chaucer's verse. As for the latter suggestion, the accentuating system, it is justly objected that, in order to carry out a thoroughly effective system of the kind, it would be necessary to employ two or three distinctive signs to intimate the varieties of accent, and that the unavoidable frequency of their recurrence, and the obligation thus created of scanning the lines, would so sensibly interrupt the pleasure of the reader, that, it may be taken for granted, a book scarred over by such scholastic marks would never find its way into general circulation.‡ The present editor's conclusion on the whole matter was, that the best plan would be the supplying the reader with a few plain rules for pronunciation, which should embrace the principal structural peculiarities, leaving him to apply them for himself. His metrical analysis of the opening lines of the Canterbury Tales, will of itself suffice to enable his readers to understand most of the peculiarities of inflexion and accentuation. Here is the manner of it:

* Bell's Chaucer, I. 65.

† Coleridge's Table-Talk.

‡ For the purpose of testing the experiment practically, Mr. Bell actually accented the whole of the Canterbury Tales in the first instance for this edition, nor relinquished the design of printing them in that manner till the labour had been completed. But relinquish it he *did*, because of the necessity these accents imposed, in a vast number of instances, of deciding doubtful questions affecting the resolution of quantities, and the differences of opinion they would inevitably generate on points for which no arbitrary laws can possibly be laid down.—See BELL'S *Chaucer*, I. 69.

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Whăn thăt | Aprĭl | lĕ with | hĭs sehōw | rĕs swēōte
Thĕ drōught | ŏf Mārche | hăth pĕr | cĕd tō | thĕ rōōte,
And bā | thŭd ēve | rў vēyne | ĭn swich | lĭcōūr,
Of whĭch | vĕrtūē | ĕngēn | drĕd ĭs | thĕ flōūr;
Whăn Zē | phўrŭs | ĕek with | hĭs swē | tĕ brēēth
Enspī | rūd hăth | ĭn ēve | rў hōlte | ănd hēēth
Thĕ tēn | drĕ crōp | pēs, ānd | thĕ yōn | gĕ sōnne
Hăth ĭn | thĕ Rām | hĭs hāl | fĕ cōurs | ĭ-rōnne
And smā | lĕ fōw | lĕs mā | kĕn mē | lŏdĭē,
Thăt alē | pĕn al | thĕ nĭght | with ō | pĕn yhe,
Sŏ prĭk | ĕth hēm | năture | ĭn hēre | cŏrages:—
Thănne lōn | gĕn fōlk | tŏ gōn | ŏn pĭl | grĭmāges, &c.

Here, as Mr. Bell points out, the final *e* in *Aprille, swete, halfe, yonge, smale*, is pronounced; while in *Marche, veyne, nature*, it is quiescent, because in these cases it is followed by a word beginning with a vowel, or with the letter *h*, according to the rule in French poetry. "The final *es* is pronounced in *croppes, fowles*, as in German. The French words *licour, nature, corages*, are accented on the last syllable of the root, as in French. The reader will also remark the old forms of *hem* and *here*, for them and their; and *slepen, maken*, the Anglo-Saxon inflexion of the infinitive and plural verb; *i-ronne* is also the pret. part. of *rennen*, to run, as in German, *gelobt*, from *loben*." With ordinary attention to this analysis at the beginning, and to the ample glossary at the end, of Mr. Bell's edition, no one with a care to be thought *compos mentis* will henceforth complain of Chaucer's metre or matter as past finding out.

After all, there exists a great delusion, as Mr. de Quincey years ago observed,* as to the character of Chaucer's *diction:* some ninety or one hundred words that are now obsolete, certainly not many more, he maintains, vein the whole surface of Chaucer; and thus a *prima facie* impression is conveyed that Chaucer is difficult to understand; whereas a very slight practice familiarises his language. And one half the difficulties, it has been urged by another critic,† are local, for the people north of the Humber and south of the Tay, would understand Chaucer without much labour, speaking as they do a language still rich in Saxon words, and using to this day many of his expressions, for the meaning of which Surrey and Middlesex turn to a glossary.

Having mastered, with such slight expenditure of time and trouble, these preliminary "difficulties,"—having cracked the "rough shell that encloses the sweet kernel,"—what a reward awaits the novice in the freshness, freedom, narrative liveliness, dramatic energy, picturesque description, practical philosophy, tender pathos, and racy humour of the Sire of English Verse!

Breezes are blowing in old Chaucer's verse,

says Alexander Smith—and every reader who has a *mind* (we say it advisedly, though perhaps ambiguously) may verify this for himself. "And look at dear old Chaucer," exclaims a thoughtful essayist of our day, "how the fresh air of the Kentish hills, over which he rode four hundred years ago, breathes in his verses still. They have a perfume

* "Homer and the Homeridæ." Part III.
† See *Athenæum*, No. 693 (1841).

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like fine old hay, that will not lose its sweetness, having been cut and carried so fresh."* We are reminded of Camden's ridicule of the "smattering poetasters," whom, trying to keep up with him, Chaucer left by many leagues behind him,

Jam monte potitus
Ridet anhelantem dura ad fastigia turbam—

which being Englished by old Camden himself, signifieth that

When once himself the steep-top hill had won,
At all the sort of them he laugh'd anon,
To see how they, the pitch thereof to gain,
Puffing and blowing do climbe up in vain.

So sound was Master Geoffrey of wind and limb, so blithe his song, and so springy his step on hill-sides and hill-tops, whither *anhelans turba*, a panting throng, toiled after him in vain.

"C'est l'effet de tout style vieilli de paraître naïf et enfant," says a commentator on the good Bishop Amyot. But Chaucer is *naïf et enfant* after an exceptional kind, and in an exceptional degree. In Mrs. Browning's procession of bards he is characterised as

Chaucer, with his infantine
Familiar clasp of things divine—
(That mark upon his lips is wine).†

He had a nature "embrowdid" like the complexion of his own "yong Squyer,"

——— as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, white and reede.
Syngynge he was, or flowtynge, al the day;
He was as fressh as is the moneth of May.‡

"I take unceasing delight in Chaucer," said Coleridge, when aged, languishing, and dying out: "his manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping!"§ The lonely invalid, confined to one narrow chamber, finds it peopled by Chaucer with the moving, speaking, acting forms of many-coloured life. Forms how distinct, definite, individualised! Well might Dryden declare he could see the pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales, their humours, their features, and their very dress, as distinctly as if he had supped with them at the Tabard, in Southwark. And well has glorious John noted‖ how clearly all the pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other—not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons,¶ insomuch that "Baptista Porta could not have

* "Euphranor."
† "Vision of Poets."
‡ Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.
§ Coleridge's Table Talk.
‖ Dryden's Preface to the Fables.
¶ Chaucer, says Mr. Leigh Hunt, is "as studious of physiognomy as Lavater, and far truer. Observe, too, the poetry that accompanies it—the imaginative sympathy in the matter of fact. His yeoman, who is a forester, has a head like a nut. His miller is as brisk and healthy as the air of the hill on which he lives, and as hardy and cross-grained as his conscience. We know, as well as if we had ridden with them, his oily-faced monk; his lisping friar (who was to make confession easy to the ladies); his carbuncled summoner or church-bailiff, the

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described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them"—each pilgrim's tale, and manner of telling it, being so aptly suited to their several educations, humours, and callings, that it would be improper in any other mouth—the grave and serious characters being distinguished* each by his own *specific* gravity, and the ribaldry of the low characters differing according to their natures,—the Reeve being as sharply discriminated from the Miller, and the Miller from the Cook, as either of them from the mincing Lady Prioress, and the broad-speaking gap-toothed Wife of Bath. No age, it has been said, has been so variously or so minutely depicted in any author, either in prose or in rhyme, as that of Edward the Third, and his successor, in the works of Chaucer. For, if, in the orations of Thucydides, or of Demosthenes, we have the Knights of Athens,—if, in the comedies of Aristophanes, we have their opponents, the Churls; if, in the Latinised versions of Menander, and others, Terence and Plautus show up the follies and vices of the middle classes; if, in the characters of Theophrastus, mixed up with much general satire, we have many traits of manners peculiarly Athenian; and if, in Ben Jonson, we see every possible variety of the black-guard of his day; in Chaucer, we have all these, and more, from the hand of the same master. "As portraying the habits, and as participating in the sentiments of the middle classes of his day, Chaucer affords a marked contrast to his contemporary, Froissart. Froissart, throughout his whole life, writes only for princes. In his poems and romances, he treats of the favourite courtly topic, the all-engrossing subject of love. In his Chronicles, as in the Iliad, we have but a variety of the Knight; and that, rather the hero of poetical chivalry, than the true historical Knight of Chaucer."† Chaucer's Knight is "true historical," cap-a-pie, inside and out. But the same verisimilitude belongs to the lowest of his associates in that Canterbury pilgrimage: it marks as well the Cook, so knowing in the matter of London ale, as the Prioress, Madame Englentyne, who could intone the service so divinely (albeit with a nasal‡ accent); the Shipman from Dartmouth, of the bark *Magdalen*, embrowned by summer suns off Carthage and Cape Finisterre, as well as the young Squire, that accomplished horseman, dancer, carver, and lusty bachelor; the Ploughman in his smock-frock upon his mare, as well as the Merchant clad in motley and mounted

grossest form of ecclesiastical sensuality; and his irritable money-getting Reve, or steward, with his cropped head and calfless legs, who shaves his beard as closely as he reckons with his master's tenants."—LEIGH HUNT'S *Wit and Humour*.

* From Chaucer, says Mr. Charles Knight, the "matured judgment" of Shakspeare would learn the "possibility of delineating individual character with the minutest accuracy, without separating the individual from the permanent and the universal."—KNIGHT'S *Shakspere: a Biography*.

† "In Chaucer we find depicted the rural dwelling of the Reve, and the lonely cottage of the 'poure widowe,' who is described as a 'maner dey,' the lowest class of labourers: 'ful sooty was hire hall, and eke hire bower.' But Froissart never condescends to smoky rafters; he dwells always in the tapestried halls of princes, and delights to describe their unlimited power and their costly magnificence."—HIPPISLEY'S *Chapters on Early English Literature*.

‡ Speght reads *voice* for *nose* ("Entuned in hire nose ful semyly;")—but the latter is surely not un-Chaucer-like, nor out of keeping with the general description (veined with gentle irony) of the Lady Prioress.

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high on horse; the stout Miller, brawny and big-boned, broad-shouldered, red-bearded, with that bristly wart on his nose, and that mouth as wide as a great furnace, as well as the Oxford Clerk, lean of person and threadbare of garb, slow of speech till called upon, and rapid of speech then; the Summoner, with his fire-red pate, and narrow eyes, and black brows, and his passion for leeks and garlic and strong drink, as well as the poor parish priest, rich in good works and holy thoughts, true successor to the apostles in life and doctrine; the studious money-making Doctor of Physic, and the jovial, ambler-mounted, sharp-spurred, gaily-shawled, cape-hooded, scarlet-hosed Wife of Bath.

Next to the "Canterbury Tales," "Troylus and Cryseyde" appears to have been for three or four centuries the most popular of Chaucer's works. It is indeed demonstrably a free version of Boccaccio's "Filostrato," from which, however, it differs sufficiently to be accounted "in a great measure an original work;" the conclusion which forces itself upon the mind on comparing the two poems being, Mr. Bell says, that while Boccaccio excels in elegance of diction and ornament, Chaucer is immeasurably superior in depth of feeling and delineation of the passions, while his characters are painted with more vigour and individuality, and he everywhere displays a closer knowledge of life.* These excellences are fewer and farther between in the allegorical poems "The Boke of the Duchesse," "Chaucer's Dreme," and "The House of Fame," though the last is considered to outdo all the poet's other writings as a display of extensive knowledge and diversified imagery: his present editor refers to the Arabic system of numeration, then lately introduced into Europe, and the theory of sound, as examples of the topics so largely introduced,—and alludes also to the intimate acquaintance with classical authors, exhibited in Chaucer's felicitous judgments on their works. "For instance, what can be more happy than the distinction he indicates between Homer and Virgil, by placing each on a pillar of iron, characteristic of their warlike themes, but at the same time covering Virgil's iron with tin."†

The seventh volume of this edition contains "The Romaunt of the Rose," Chaucer's translation, and a pretty close one, as far as it goes, of the famous poem begun by the skilful, inventive, and pictorial William de Lorris, and completed by the less imaginative, more satirical and pugnacious John de Meun, that democrat and communist of the thirteenth century. The present text is printed, not from Speght, as all previous editions have been, but from a "probably unique" MS. in the library of the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow, the existence of which was not known until recently. Speght's "corrupt and half-modernised" text has necessarily been had recourse to, when, as is now and then the case, a leaf is missing in the MS. Mr. Bell's industry and diligence in editing the poet deserve public recognition. In his notes, scattered through eight volumes, we might occasionally find something to suggest "Notes and Queries" of our own; but taking the edition as a whole, it enhances our interest in, and speeds our best wishes for, the admirable series in which it occupies so conspicuous a place.

* Bell's Chaucer, vol. v. † Ibid. vol. vi.

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CENTRAL AMERICA.*

CENTRAL AMERICA, a distinguished statesman has lately remarked, is a term of modern invention, and can only appropriately apply to those states at one time united under the name of the Central American Republic, and now existing as five separate republics. Others have opined that the term must be taken rather in a geographical than a political sense; but such a view of the subject would be very objectionable, for then Central America would comprise several provinces of Mexico, as also Panama and Darien, belonging to the Republic of New Granada. Guatemala, or the Federal Republic of Central America, as it was called in its constitutional acts, was formerly a division of the viceroyalty of Mexico. It raised the standard of independence on the 24th of June, 1823; and the union formed under that title embraced the five now independent states of Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and San Salvador.

It is difficult, however, to state the precise relations which the Central American States bear to each other at the present time, on account of the frequent revolutions which occur. Yucatan formed part of the Mexican States till 1841, when it revolted, and constituted a new republic. The tract of territory known as British Honduras was ceded to its present possessors long before the declaration of independence of any of the states, and the claim of Great Britain to such territory is therefore of greater antiquity and repute than even that of any of the governments of Central America. Spanish Honduras, southward of Belize, first detached itself from the other republics, against some of which it has lately waged war. The Mosquito and Poyaise territories were never conquered by Spain. The former is now governed by native kings, under the protection of Great Britain. Lastly, within Central America itself the native Indians have been enabled, within the last few years, to raise the standard of revolt, and to claim independence in that beautiful country, dotted with the mysterious remains of a by-gone civilisation which gave them birth, and over which they once enjoyed undisputed sway.

The Toltec, or Tulteca Indians, the most powerful and civilised of all the nations of Central America, came originally from the neighbourhood of Tula, in the kingdom of Mexico. This emigration took place by direction of an oracle, in consequence of the great increase of the population, in the reign of Nimaquiche, the fifth king of the Tultecas. In performing this journey, they expended many years, suffered extraordinary hardships, and wandered over an immense tract of country, until

* Notes on Central America; particularly the States of Honduras and San Salvador: their Geography, Topography, Climate, Population, Resources, Productions, &c., &c.; and the proposed Honduras Inter-Oceanic Railway. By E. G. Squier, formerly Chargé d'Affaires of the United States to the Republics of Central America. Harper and Brothers, New York.

Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan. By the late John Lloyd Stephens. Revised from the latest American Edition, with Additions. By Frederick Catherwood. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

The Clayton and Bulwer Convention of the 19th April, 1850, between the British and American Governments concerning Central America. Trübner and Co.

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they discovered a large lake (the lake of Atitan), where they resolved to fix their habitations, and which they called Quiche, in commemoration of their king, Nimaquiche (Quiche the Great), who died during their peregrination. The time of this emigration it is of course impossible to ascertain with precision. Nimaquiche was succeeded by his son Aexopil, from whom Kicab Tanub, the contemporary of Montezuma II., was the fourteenth in succession who reigned in Utatlan, the capital of Quiche. The principal part of Guatemala was conquered in 1524 by Pedro de Alvarado. It is said that no Spanish colony was established with less effusion of blood than that of Guatemala, and the praise of this is due to the celebrated Dominican, Las Casas, who accompanied the conquerors in their expedition against this country. Most of the Indian tribes were ultimately persuaded to embrace the profession of Christianity; but the Mosquitos and Poyers, or Poyaise, adhered to the religion of their forefathers. In the 16th and 17th centuries, Guatemala was greatly harassed by English and Dutch privateers, and by the inroads of the Mosquitos and Poyaise. These fierce aboriginals maintained an unrelenting struggle with their Spanish neighbours, while they freely permitted the English to form settlements upon their coast. The present condition of the Mosquito territory has been described elsewhere; it was with the object of controlling the inroads of the natives, that, after the fall of Iturbide and the declaration of Guatemalan independence, the English assumed the protectorate of the Mosquito territory. The celebrated Poyaise scheme of the pseudo-cacique MacGregor, and its melancholy results, are yet fresh in the memory of many.

The new political aspect of the country, and its multifarious and valuable productions, first invited the attention of travellers and of the commercial world. To such we are indebted for the ever-important travels of Humboldt and Bonpland in these countries. The discovery made in the neighbourhood of Palenque, of the ruins of a town nearly eighteen miles in circumference, with innumerable monuments of a by-gone civilisation, served very much to exalt the interest felt in these little-known regions. Probably the best, certainly the most accessible and richly illustrated, work on the antiquities of Central America, is that of Stephens and Catherwood. In contemplating these memorials of Toltec and Aztec civilisation, although we find abundant indications of existing or pre-existing relations with the known nations of antiquity, more especially the Egyptian, still do we also find traces of a social and political system, and of religious and philosophical theories, and of an art perfectly original, and enveloped in the same mysterious obscurity as is the origin and descent of the aborigines themselves.

The projected establishment of an inter-oceanic communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific has attached in modern times still greater interest and higher importance to these regions, and has been the source of some rivalry and no inconsiderable jealousy between the United States and England. The central chain of Guatemala forms the division between the great basins of the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific, and were such a work, as cutting through that barrier, executed on an adequate scale, the benefit to the whole commercial world would be immense; not only would the coast navigation of the American continent be prodigiously facilitated, but a new line of transit, attended with so many advantages

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as would give it a decided superiority over the present line (but not over the projected new overland route), would be opened betwixt Europe and India.

As far back as in 1779, Spain having joined France in abetting the revolt of the British colonies in North America, measures of retaliation were adopted against the colonies of that nation. An expedition was sent in the first place to the Bay of Honduras, and military possession was taken of Fort Omao and of the island of Rumtan. After this the expedition directed itself upon the river San Juan, the object proposed being to ascend that river to the lake of Nicaragua. It was upon this occasion that Captain, afterwards Lord, Nelson carried the battery of San Bartholmeo, sword in hand. In two days more they came in sight of the castle of San Juan, sixty-nine miles from the harbour. This place surrendered to the English, but the climate proved so unhealthy that they got no farther, but returned thence to Jamaica, leaving a small garrison in the fort.

Lieut.-General Dixon, who accompanied the expedition, afterwards published some "Remarks on Free Trade," in which he clearly propounded the difficulties which were presented to the establishment of a ship canal in this direction, and which have been found to be insuperable in our own times. He however felt disinclined to abandon altogether a project of so much importance to the commercial world, and proposed that it should be supplanted by the more feasible establishment of three great lines of road for carriages. One of these he proposed to open across the isthmus of Darien, between Chagres and Panama—the site of the existing line brought into operation by the discovery of gold in California; a second from the Gulf of Dulce to Guatemala; and a third from the Gulf of Mexico to that of Tehuan-tepec.

A subject of so much interest and importance naturally commanded the attention of a physical geographer like De Humboldt, and that eminent traveller has enumerated no fewer than nine different places at which the attempt might be made of establishing a communication between the two oceans, and five of these have been considered practicable by Mr. Pitman in his "Succinct View," published in 1825. A joint-stock company was formed in New York in 1827, for the purpose of executing a grand junction canal by Nicaragua, with the consent of the Guatemala government, but the scheme was given up on account of the immense expense attendant upon it. Colonel Lloyd, who surveyed the isthmus of Panama in the years 1826 to 1829, has laid down, in his map of the survey, two lines for a railroad across the isthmus, both commencing at a point near the junction of the Trinidad river with the Chagre, and running across the intervening plain in opposite directions, the one to Cheerera on the Atlantic side, and the other to Panama on the Pacific, so that by means of these two lines of railroad a communication may be effected with perfect ease across the isthmus.

Mr. Stephens, although a zealous explorer of the antiquities of Central America, was by no means inaccessible to subjects of a political or commercial nature. He was United States minister to the Republic of Guatemala, and, as Mr. Catherwood quaintly remarks, he contrived "to combine the chase after a government with a successful hunt for ruined

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cities;* which would appear to indicate that a government was difficult to find. Mr. Stephens also explored the country with an eye to its practicability for inter-oceanic communication, and the result of his researches were of a sound, practical character, for he subsequently became the president of the company, which obtained a concession from the government of New Granada for a line of railway across the isthmus of Panama. The works were begun in 1850, and Mr. Stephens lost his life in forwarding the interests of the company in 1852.

In 1852-53 great interest was excited by the discovery of a new line in the isthmus of Darien, between the Gulf of San Miguel and the almost classical locality formerly named by Paterson (who founded the Scotch colony on the isthmus and the bank of England), Caledonian Harbour. Captain Fitzroy, who had advocated before the Royal Geographical Society in 1850 a line between Atrato and Cupica, gave in his adhesion to the new project, and a company was formed to carry out the project, which included Sir Charles Fox, Messrs. Henderson and Brassey, and the original explorers, Messrs. Cullen and Osborne.

We next come to the project of Mr. Squier. This gentleman, while occupying the position of diplomatic representative of the United States in Central America in 1850-52, conceived the project of an inter-oceanic railway from the port of Caballos in the Bay of Honduras on the one side, to the Bay of Fonseca on the other. Mr. Squier was assisted in his explorations of the intervening country by the officers of an expedition which sailed from the United States in the month of February, 1853. A line of barometrical admeasurements was carried completely across the continent by Lieut. Jeffers, U.S.N. A similar line was carried from Leon de Nicaragua to the city of Comayagua, in Honduras, by Dr. Woodhouse; and another by Mr. Squier, from Comayagua to the town of Santa Rosa, in the extreme western border of Honduras, thence to the city of San Salvador, in the state of the same name, and afterwards through the length of that state, from Sonsonate to the port of La Union, the point of departure. The result of these explorations has been the production of a very interesting and important statistical report upon the topography and resources of the regions through which they were carried; and if no other results flowed from these surveys, that report would fully repay the expenses and the labour incurred in carrying them out.

As the question of Belize or Balize, or British Honduras, and the Bay Islands, is of the greatest interest (far exceeding in importance that of the Mosquito territory) at the present moment, we shall confine ourselves to its consideration. A succinct account of the progress of the settlement of the British on the coast of Honduras will be found in the "History of the Discoveries and Settlements made by the English in different parts of America, from the reign of Henry VII. to the close of that of Queen Elizabeth" (Harris, ii. 189; and Pinkerton, xii. 156). This history, if it does not comprise the progress made in modern times, serves at least to establish the antiquity of the possession.

At the time when the English privateers and logwood cutters first settled at Cape Catoche in Yucatan, the Spaniards possessed only the town of Campeche, or Campeachy, and two more small places in all that

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part of America. In 1667 a treaty of peace was concluded between Great Britain and Spain, and thereupon the privateers of Jamaica, who used to disturb the Spanish trade, being obliged to quit that way of life, became logwood cutters, and settled with others of their countrymen at Trist and on the shores of the Laguna de Terminos, in the Bay of Campeachy.

Sir Thomas Lynch, governor of Jamaica in the year 1671, gave his Majesty King Charles II. a statement, embodying the various reasons for encouraging this trade. Sir Thomas Modyford, his successor, informed the lords of the privy council in the year 1672 that the English logwood cutters had used that trade for three years, and that they had planted corn and built houses for their convenience; and though they frequently hunted deer in the country, they had never seen a single Spaniard, or any other man in that part of the country, in all the time they had been there; and concludes, that their felling of wood, building of houses, and clearing and planting the ground, was such a possession as in the West Indies gave them an undoubted right to the countries they thus occupied.

In 1680 the Spaniards, jealous of the idea of the English obtaining a footing on the continent of Central America, although they themselves did not occupy the territory in question, proceeded to dislodge the logwood cutters from Trist, and even from the Island of Providence, a British plantation, which was not on the mainland, and to which they could set up no pretence. But the English soon repossessed themselves of these settlements, and the logwood trade kept increasing in extent; the settlers removing to other points of the coast as the trees began to fail, and more particularly in the direction of the territory of Belize, between Yucatan and Honduras. The Spaniards, alarmed at this rapid spreading of colonisation, endeavoured to prevent the English from obtaining further footing in that part of the American continent by negotiation, and to that effect set forth the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, by which it was stipulated that such places should be restored to the Spaniards as had been taken during the preceding war in the reign of Queen Anne; among which Trist and Belize could not be reckoned, because the English were in possession of those settlements many years before that war commenced. The Spaniards continued, nevertheless, to prosecute hostilities against the English; but, after struggling in vain for more than a century, the disasters of an unsuccessful war extorted, in 1763, a reluctant consent from the court of Madrid to tolerate the settlement of foreigners on the continent of Central America. This privilege was further confirmed by the definitive treaty of 1783; by which, however, it was stipulated, among other things, that the English should confine themselves within a certain district lying between the rivers Wallis or Belize and Rio Honda, taking the course of the two rivers for boundaries. But by a convention signed in 1786 these limits were extended; the English line, beginning from the sea, was to take the centre of the river Sibun, or Jabon, and continue up to the source of the said river; thence to cross, in a straight line, the intermediate land, till it intersected the river Wallis, and by the centre of the same river the said line was to descend to the point where it would meet the line already settled in 1783. The English were by the same treaty likewise per-

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mitted to occupy the small island called Casina, where Fort George has been since established, principally from the ballast from shipping, every vessel being obliged to leave a portion, thus affording the settlers an opportunity of boasting that the first is not only a British possession, but that it actually stands on British soil. In 1790 an act of parliament conferred all the privileges of a British colony to Belize, or British Honduras.

The chief place in the colony, Belise or Balize itself, has since then greatly improved in appearance. The town, which contains a population of between three and four thousand souls, is immediately open to the sea, standing on a low flat shore, guarded by numerous small islands, which are densely covered with trees and shrubs, and so very similar as to render the navigation extremely difficult. It is further divided into two parts by the river, which is crossed by a substantial wooden bridge of two hundred and twenty feet span and twenty feet in width. The streets are regular, and intersect each other at right angles. Many of the houses are convenient, well built, spacious, and even elegant, but they are constructed entirely of wood, and raised eight or ten feet from the ground on pillars of mahogany. The public buildings consist of a government-house, a church, an hospital, and barracks. Belise is attached to the See of Jamaica. There are also Wesleyan and Baptist establishments. The groups of lofty cocoa-nut trees, interspersed with the foliage of the tamarind, give a pleasing and picturesque appearance to the dwellings, independent of the agreeable shade they afford.

The islands of the Bay of Honduras, of which Ruatan and Guanaja, now called Bonacca, are the largest, were first taken possession of by the English as far back as 1642. These islands have safe and excellent harbours and a fine climate. Ruatan is from forty to fifty miles in length, by from six to ten in breadth. Guanaja derives some interest from being the point from whence Columbus first saw the mainland of America. There is no doubt that these islands were thus taken possession of by buccaneers or privateers; and Mr. Squier indulges, upon such a retrospect, in querulous disappointment that these freebooters were Englishmen, not Malays or Bornese, and that there was no fleet, or self-constituted neighbouring rajah ready, with British officers and seamen, to inflict a terrible chastisement upon them by wholesale butcheries, as in the case of the Saribas Dyaks. On the contrary, he acknowledges that they were openly aided by the English of Jamaica, who, with scarcely an exception, were either pirates or the accessories of pirates!

Such virtuous indignation at the occupation of the islands in the Bay of Honduras by British buccaneers, when they were not held by the Spaniards, although discovered by them, and which did not belong to the mainland which was claimed by Spain, comes with bad grace from those who uphold buccaneering, privateering, and freebooting to the present day under its new American designation of filibustering. Laying aside all discussion regarding filibustering expeditions in Cuba and California, let us turn to that directed against the British settlement at Greytown.

"Was it not enough that"—to quote the words of an American writer, Mr. Bard—"under a misrepresentation of facts, and the grossest perversions of truth, inspired by unscrupulous personal hostility, the United States

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government was induced to issue such orders in respect to that settlement, to a naval officer of more zeal and ambition of notoriety than either wisdom or discretion, as resulted in its bombardment and total destruction?" No, it was not enough. After such an act—than which a more flagrant violation of the common laws of humanity does not exist upon record—after the formal promulgation of the Convention of Washington of July 4, 1850 (known as the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty), a so-called filibustering expedition, under Colonel Walker, made a descent upon the place and entered into possession, and that with the tacit and secret connivance of the government of the United States! What says the letter of Mr. Secretary Marcy addressed to Mr. Wheeler, and bearing date the 8th of November, 1855? It says that "the overthrow of the previously existing government appears to be no more than a violent usurpation of power brought about by an irregular, self-organized military force, as yet unsanctioned by the will or acquiescence of the people of Nicaragua;" that "it has more the appearance of a successful marauding expedition than a change of government rulers;" but it also insinuates, in a manner and language not to be misunderstood, that "should the mass of the people of Nicaragua be unwilling or *unable* to repel this inroad, or shake off this usurpation, and ultimately submit to its rule, then it may become *de facto* a government." So that which in the eyes of the political economists and moralists of the United States gives right to robbery, is the incapability of the inhabitants to repel the inroad or shake off the usurpation! Mr. Squier should really have hesitated a moment before he designated the buccaneers of the eighteenth century as "cut-throat rovers." Are there no buccaneers in the nineteenth century?

The fortunes of the Bay Islands have been most chequered, but still, amid all kinds of disasters and reverses, the star of Great Britain remained in the ascendant. A first expedition, under Francisco Villalva y Toledo, failed in an attempt to surprise the possessors, but, having subsequently returned with reinforcements, he succeeded, in March, 1650, in establishing the supremacy of Spain. The Spaniards, however, did not retain possession of the islands; on the contrary, they induced what few inhabitants there were in them to emigrate to the mainland, where they allotted them lands. The islands thus abandoned remained deserted until 1742, when the English again took possession of them, and fortified Ruatan. Upon the occasion of the expedition against San Juan de Nicaragua, in 1779, in which Nelson, then captain of the *Hinchinbrook*, co-operated, a corps was formed of the British settlers in the Bay Islands, and a party of Indians was collected, with their craft, on the Mosquito shore. This proceeding, however, had the effect of leaving the islands at the mercy of the first comer, and the Guatemalans took advantage of it to gain possession, which they retained till the war of 1796, when the English once more occupied them. The tenure was, however, destined to be of brief duration, for in May, 1797, the inhabitants were compelled to surrender to an expedition sent under Don José Rossi y Rubia.

After the declaration of Central American independence all claims of Spain upon the Central Islands ceased; but they do not appear to have been thought worthy of notice by the new Federal Republic till, in 1838,

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the permission to settle there having been refused by one Don Juan Lonstrelet, at that time commandant of Port Royal, to a party of liberated slaves from the Grand Cayman Islands, Colonel Alexander Macdonald sent the British sloop *Rover* to re-establish authority in the place. The Cayman islanders who settled in the Bay Islands being British subjects, lived under the protection of the superintendents of Belize; but having in the course of a few years, by increase and emigration, got to number some thousand, they organised a kind of council, and elected its members among themselves. Disorganisation in their system having, however, been brought about by the interference of a Mr. Fitzgibbon, a native of the United States, the now prosperous islanders appealed to Colonel Fancourt, at that time superintendent of Belize, to establish a regular form of government in the island. "How far," says Mr. Squier, "this application was brought about by the English agents, it is not necessary to inquire; it was certainly a very adroit and plausible way of consummating the violence of Macdonald."

Be this as it may, certain it is that the inhabitants of the Bay Islands, who had at that time increased to some 1500 or 2000 in number, were in 1850 especially taken under Queen Victoria's protection. For a time they appointed their own magistrates, but this also not answering, the inhabitants drew up a petition, soliciting the appointment of a stipendiary magistrate; and at last Sir Charles Grey, colonial secretary, agreed to appoint such an officer, if the inhabitants would consent to pay a land-tax of a shilling an acre to the British crown.

The Clayton and Bulwer Convention of the 19th of April, 1850, having determined that, for the future, neither the government of the United States nor of Great Britain shall occupy, fortify, or colonise, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua (where a party of filibusters are established at this very moment), Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America, or make use of any *protection* which either affords to any state or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, it became necessary to confirm the past by establishing the same upon a legal and regular footing. The protectorate of the Mosquito territory having been virtually acknowledged by implication in the convention, it was scarcely necessary to show that her Majesty has never held possessions or fortifications in that country. Mr. James Buchanan, in his "Statement for the Earl of Clarendon," having, however, declared that the government of the United States, not satisfied with the terms of the convention, which concerns occupation, fortification, and colonisation, also contest and resist, and have always contested and resisted, the right of Great Britain to the protectorate, it became incumbent upon the British minister to show that this protectorate has existed for a great number of years, that its existence is not only implied by the convention, but that it is especially provided that such protectorate shall not be made the ground of occupation; and that further, supposing that that were not the case, the United States government could scarcely expect that Great Britain should enter into any explanation or defence of her conduct with respect to acts committed by her nearly forty years ago, in a matter in which no right or possession of the United States was involved. The government of the United States would, it is conceived,

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be much and justly surprised if the government of Great Britain were now to question the propriety of any of its long past acts, by which no territorial right of Great Britain had been affected; nor would the American people consider any justification or explanation of such acts to foreign states consistent with the dignity and independent position of the United States. The government of the United States, therefore, will not be surprised if the government of Great Britain abstains on this occasion from entering into anything which might appear an explanation or defence of its conduct with regard to its long-established protectorate of the Mosquitos.

In that which regards the question of British Honduras, the town of Belize, and the colony of the Bay Islands, Mr. Clayton, the co-contractor of the Clayton-Bulwer Convention, with Mr. Henry L. Bulwer, in his Memorandum of July 5, 1850, in reply to a declaration made by the latter to the effect that he had received her Majesty's instructions to declare that her Majesty does not understand the engagements of that convention to apply to her Majesty's settlement at Honduras, or to its dependencies, states distinctly, "I understood British Honduras was not embraced in the treaty of the 19th of April last." And in a further communication, dated July 4, 1850, Mr. Clayton states of the treaty, that "it was neither understood by them nor by either of us (the negotiators) to include the British settlement in Honduras nor the small islands in the neighbourhood of that settlement, which may be known as its dependencies. To this settlement and these islands the treaty we negotiated was not intended by either of us to apply."

Proceeding then upon the good faith of the convention thus concluded, Colonel P. E. Wodehouse, the superintendent of Belize (who qualified himself, Mr. Squier says, for his position as the accomplice of Torrington in Ceylon), called a general meeting of the inhabitants of the Bay Islands on the 10th day of August, and formally declared that her Majesty had been pleased to constitute and make the islands of Ruatan, Bonacca, Utilla, Barbaretta, Helena, and Morat, to be a colony, to be known and designated as the colony of the Bay Islands.

This act reveals to Mr. Squier's fiery vision "a system of aggression on the rights and sovereignty of Honduras unparalleled for its persistency, and terminating in a series of frauds which approach the sublime of effrontery. The brutal force of Macdonald was consummated by the frauds of Wodehouse; and these splendid islands are at this day held by Great Britain in disregard of treaty obligations, and on pretexts so bald and fallacious, that they serve only to render conspicuous the crimes which they were designed to conceal."

Mr. Buchanan, with more diplomatic courteousness, expresses his surprise, in the face of Mr. Clayton's explanatory letter and memorandum, that Great Britain has not retired from the island of Ruatan in obedience to the convention! And further, in allusion to the colony of the Bay Islands, he intimates that "public sentiment is quite unanimous in the United States that the establishment of this colony is a palpable violation of both the letter and the spirit of the Clayton and Bulwer Convention. To this Lord Clarendon replied by an appeal to Mr. Clayton's own memoranda, by pointing out that whenever Ruatan had been permanently

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occupied, either in remote or in recent times, by anything more than a military guard or a flag-staff, the occupation had been by British subjects and as island dependencies of Belize, and that if the United States government did not consider them as such, it behoved her to have made such an exception. Mr. Buchanan retorted, that by the small islands in the neighbourhood of Belize was meant the Cayo Casina and other coral reefs immediately off that coast! The British government, perceiving at once that a discussion carried on upon such a system could come to no satisfactory conclusion, declined prosecuting such any further, and contented itself with a statement to the effect that, looking to the object which the contracting parties had in view at the conclusion of the convention—namely, the security of the proposed and now abandoned ship canal—the British government considers that the design of the contracting parties was not to disturb any state of things then existing, but to guard against the future creation of a state of things which might by possibility interfere with the security of the proposed canal. That such was the true design of the convention is obvious from the provision in the sixth article, by which the contracting parties engaged to invite every state to enter into stipulations with them similar to those contained in the convention. But if the position of the United States government were sound, and the convention was intended to interfere with the state of things existing at the time of its conclusion, and to impose upon Great Britain to withdraw from portions of territory occupied by it, a similar obligation would be contracted by other states acceding to the convention, and the government of the Central American States would, by the mere act of accession, sign away their rights to the territories in which they are situated!

Notwithstanding this conclusive way of putting the question, the American government persists in viewing the convention as having a retrospective operation, and, what is more invidious, a retrospective operation affecting Great Britain only. In the interest of the two countries, and the desire to maintain existing friendly relations, which ought alike to inspire each party with a conciliatory spirit, the British government, having neither the wish to extend the limits of its possessions or the sphere of its influence in that quarter, but not being prepared to make concessions in pursuance of the interpretation of a convention, to which interpretation it cannot subscribe, has offered to refer the matter to a third party, and the solution of the difficulty to an arbitrator. It is manifest that to decline such a mode of proceeding would be, on the part of the United States government, to acknowledge that it is in error.

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HOW WE TREAT OUR HEROES.

(BEING AN INTERCEPTED LETTER FROM KITTY CLOVER TO HER LOVING AND CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND SUSAN PERKINS.)

I PROMISED, you know, my dear Susan, to send you all particulars of the visit of our great man and naval hero to this "the county of his birth and the town of his boyish reminiscences." I find, however, that the *Darkshire Chronicle* has entirely superseded me. There, set forth in capital letters, and flaunting a lengthy supplement for that express purpose, we read how the "gallant gentleman" was met and welcomed by the inhabitants; how they took the horses out of his carriage; and how a whole set of jolly tars drew him up the High-street. "Almost too much honour," as Miss Prim whispered me, confidentially, "to be shown to one man." How, when arrived there at a platform erected for that purpose, and already crowded with blue and pink bonnets, he was met and escorted up the steps by our great man, the Honourable Curzon de Curzon; and how, when arrived there, he was instantly attacked and made to stand and listen for the better part of an hour to a long address got up for him by the citizens, and which, beginning at the time that he was a very small boy, enumerated all his shining graces and acts of valour up to the very present moment. I need not recapitulate any further, however, after this fashion, for of course you have seen the *Darkshire Chronicle*, which went through two editions, supplements and all, and is now labouring under some elaborate sketches of this "interesting event," which it threatens to bring forth during the next week. Perhaps, dear Susan, you would rather hear how I fared during this exciting period. Having always been of opinion that discretion is the best part of valour, and that it was not impossible we might be run over in the crowd, to say nothing of the indelicacy of two unprotected females obtruding themselves without a male escort on the platform, I persuaded my friend Miss Bell to avail herself with me of Mrs. Mitten's obliging offer of seeing the "show" from the top of her house; and so, like all aspirants, we obtained our object after a good deal of difficulty. It is true it was rather a trial getting out on the roof, as the hole we had to squeeze through for that purpose was about three feet from the top of the landing, and so small that, though our heads and waists struggled through with some exertion, yet our skirts and Scotch petticoats were not nearly so obliging, and, indeed, without help from behind, I do not think we should ever have accomplished it. When we returned, I adopted the plan of coming back head-foremost, which was far better, though the position was on the whole precarious, as well as peculiar, and I am afraid Miss Bell has not yet recovered it. To tell you all that we saw from the top of that roof would be quite impossible. What with the tiles that slanted so much that we were always slipping down in spite of the cushions stuffed under us; and that wretched cold-water gutter in the leads at our feet; and the two cats that were scrambling and making love on the top of the tiles; and that

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wretched young journeyman painter who would try to climb up over our heads, and was always falling down back upon us; and the little blacks from the chimneys that came drifting into our faces,—we got our senses somewhat confused to begin with. There was a terrible little girl there, too, who, whenever she was not eating gingerbread-nuts, would lean so far over the narrow stone balustrade, which was our only support to look down into the street below, that Miss Bell and I fully expected every moment would be her last. Indeed, I secretly got hold of her skirts behind, the only return for which kindness was, that she "stickied" all my best French gloves in her vigorous efforts to get them out of my hands. Then the noise and hurrahing from below was very deafening and confusing; and as for hearing a word of the long address, of course that was quite out of the question. It was thickly buttered, we knew, with the flowers of rhetoric—such as "admiration of the nation," "sympathy of the people," "your heroic actions which will ever live in our hearts," "honoured by your visit," &c.—for, of course, we had been in the secret of the committee that was held beforehand, and we knew all about it, even to the naval band that was invited down to do our hero honour; only, unfortunately, some one in their zeal asked the band for their services, and forgot to ask the leave of the band's captain, for which they got an answer that was perhaps more short than pleasant. These flowers of rhetoric were, however, quite thrown away upon us in our elevated position, though it was plain to see when they took place, as the speaker held the roll in his hand, and from the distance where we were, appeared to be either threatening or expounding the law to the gallant officer who stood next him. Whenever his gestures grew most energetic, then we knew that he was delivered of one of his most flowery sentences; and whenever he stopped for breath, and glanced round him on the sea of heads beneath, that we found was the signal for caps thrown in the air, voices shouting out "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue," and other popular demonstrations of the mob's approval. When the roll was finished, the speaker still went on with some dumb pantomime, which we took to be his own peculiar and original rhetoric, and finished by presenting the roll to the gallant officer and solemnly shaking hands with him, which sign of manual approbation was followed up again by the Honourable Curzon de Curzon, who then spoke for himself, and in a loud, clear, commanding voice, so as to be heard even where we stood, gave us a short summary of the gallant officer's life, and all the good services he had rendered to queen and country. After this they all shook hands again, as though they had signed a treaty of peace; and then the hero of the day stood forward and thanked the people in a few feeling, kind, and appropriate words. He seemed really touched by the honour they had shown him; and there was something very affecting in seeing that grey head bared before the populace that had pushed on so nobly within range of the bristling shots from Sebastopol, and had now come to enjoy his triumphs in England in the hard-won glory that had bowed the heads of so many good and brave, amongst the noblest of whom his own son might be reckoned. There was a hush for one expressive moment after he had done speaking, and then an unhappy-looking baby set up a shriek, which was the signal for loud and repeated cheers that burst yet and

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again from the ranks of the people. The jolly-looking tars might be seen forcing their way again through the crowd; the carriage was dragged forward; once more they yoked themselves to it; and so, borne forward almost on the shoulders of the people, standing up in the carriage, bowing right and left to the waving of handkerchiefs and the tumultuous applause, with his kindly smile and his well-earned laurels, the gallant old man was escorted to the door of the hotel, where a large and sumptuous luncheon had been provided for his entertainment. We hurried on with the rest, but the descent from the house-top had been too mighty for us, and we only came in for another sight of our loyal linen-draper's three children still seated on their stools in the shop-window, with their little grave Sunday faces and Sunday dresses, all of the cleanest and newest, in red, white, and blue. But I am forgetting, we came in also for the ragged finish of a large assembly—men somewhat the worse for liquor—women with screaming, slobbering babies, and children dragging after them by the skirts of their dresses—boys with crackers that they were sportively letting off at people's feet—and donkey and bakers' carts that were trying, all in vain, to force a passage through the crowd. There were groups of children, too, in the yet opened windows, picking the berries and flowers from off the laurel decorations in that true spirit of mischief which is inherent in all children, and pitching them down slyly on people's heads and noses as they passed by; but the hero of the day had himself vanished from us. We heard, indeed, of the speech that he afterwards made at the luncheon, where everybody complimented everybody, and all were accordingly in the highest possible good humour. There was, too, a ball got up in the town in the evening, at which he was fully expected to lead off with the prettiest girl, only he was suddenly and hastily recalled to London, which was, perhaps, after all, just as well, as the excitement there reached even to the very height of *spirits*; indeed, we were credibly informed of one lodging-house, where a stranger begging for assistance about eleven in the evening to be put across the usual ferry, was told it was quite impossible, as ALL the inmates had come home drunk, and were gone to bed." And now, my dear Susan, having favoured you with my personal reminiscences of this eventful day, for all other full and particular descriptions I must refer you to the *Darkshire Chronicle* (with plates), which I hope to send you next week, and will only remain your affectionate friend,

KITTY CLOVER.

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GOING TO THE SHOWS.

Nobody need envy me, or anybody else that keeps a school. What with the wearing labour of instructing so many hours daily, the din of the schoolroom, the crosses and vexations sure to arise with the pupils or the parents, and the worry sometimes caused by the teachers, it is anything but an easy life. I must tell you about one teacher we had, a Miss Powis, who was recommended to us as being particularly likely to suit. A younger sister of hers was at the school as day scholar, the parents living near in a small cottage. They had moved in a very respectable sphere of life, but had been unfortunate, and the father had obtained some employment in the City, to and from which he walked every morning and evening. Miss Powis, when she came to us, was about two-and-twenty, an accomplished, handsome girl, but somewhat wild and random, leading the pupils into mischief, instead of keeping them out of it. Though I cannot but say I liked her, for she had a kind heart, and was ever ready to do a good turn for others. Once, when the fair was being held in the neighbourhood—a great nuisance it was, every summer, the noise of the drums and fifes of the show-people reaching even into our schoolroom, to our annoyance and the school's delight, obliging us to sit with the windows closed. No good was ever done while that fair lasted; lessons were not learnt, and copies were blotted; the usual close attention being entirely abstracted by those sounds in the fields at the back. Well, during the holding of this fair, Miss Powis—it was the second half-year she had been with us—went out one evening after tea to take the pupils for their walk. I hope nobody will think that it was our custom to entrust them out with a young teacher. I or my sister always went with them, but this evening, as ill-luck would have it, Lucy was in bed with a sick headache, and a lady dropped in unexpectedly to drink tea with us, having come down by one of the City omnibuses. Of course I could not go out and leave her, so I told Miss Powis she should take the young ladies that evening. "Go up the Plover-road opposite," I said to her, when they were ready, "as far as Ringfence-field, which will be a pleasant, quiet, rural walk; but be sure don't go within sight or hearing of that disreputable fair."

"Oh no, ma'am," she replied, "not for the world;" and away they filed, out at the gate.

Now what did that Miss Powis do? As soon as they had got beyond view of the house she turned round—for she was walking first, in her place, mine and Lucy's being at the rear—and said, coming to a standstill, "Girls, suppose we go down Dogfight-lane" (a narrow place leading to the fair; dirty cottages on one side, trees and a ditch on the other), "just a little way, and have a peep from the distance at the pictures outside the shows? Can you all undertake to keep the secret indoors? I'm sure there's no harm in looking at shows half a mile off: and in that Plover-road we shan't see a soul but the yellow cow in Ringfence-field and our own shadows." Of course the schoolgirls would not have been schoolgirls had they said "No" to any mischief where a teacher led, and they went half frantic with delight, vowing, one and all,

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that the tortures of the Inquisition should not wring the secret from them —the said tortures having been the subject of their morning's theme.

Half-way down Dogfight-lane they came in view of the still distant shows, and could have halted there and admired the painted scenes. But, goodness me! this did not satisfy them—one bite of an apple rarely does, anybody—and on they went down the lane, and burst right into the confusion of the fair. They visited the selling-stalls first, where some bought gingerbread, some unripe plums and rotten cherries, some—how I did fret when I heard of it!—raffled for cakes and shot at pincushions, some drank down bottles of trash and fizz called ginger-beer, and some bought fortune-telling cards; indeed, it is impossible to say what they did not buy. Then they went round to the shows to stare at the pictures. Ugly booths decorated with play-acting scenery, dandy men in tight-fitting white garments, with red-paint eyebrows; harlequins turning summersets, and laughing at their own coarse jokes; young women in meretricious costume of glazed calico and spangles, reaching no lower than their knees, who walked about with their arms a-kimbo, and waltzed with the harlequins—good Heavens, that a ladies' boarding-school should have been seen in front of anything so low-lived and demoralising!

It was seven o'clock, and the performances were about to commence, drums were beating, fifes were piping, the companies were dancing, and the cries "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, we are just going to begin," were echoing above the din. The young ladies stood gazing on all this, longing to see further, for if the outside was so attractive what must the inside be? and—well, well, I must not reflect too harshly on them—it is hard, especially for the young and light-hearted, to resist temptation. They went in—they really did—some into the "wax-work," and the rest into this theatre affair where the harlequins were. When they came to club their money together it was found deficient, but the showmen took them for what they could muster. Very considerate of them! All particulars came out to me afterwards—else how could I have related this—and I was ready to go out of my mind with vexation. But it was not their fault, it was Miss Powis's; and I have scarcely, I fear, excused her in my heart for her imprudence that night. But I do believe there is no act of deliberate disobedience but brings its own punishment sooner or later. I have remarked it many times in the course of my life; and this did with her.

Meanwhile, when my visitor departed and I had been up-stairs to see if Lucy wanted anything, I sat on at the parlour window, beginning to think the girls late, but concluding that the beauty of the summer's night made them linger, when Sarah, our servant, came in, and said Mrs. Nash wanted me.

Mrs. Nash was our lodger, a very grand lady in purse and dress. Her husband had made a mint of money at something in London, a retail shop I heard, and lately he had given it up and bought mines, and they had now taken a villa in our neighbourhood. Mr. Nash was in Cornwall, and his wife had engaged our drawing-room and bedroom for a month, that she might be on the spot to superintend the fitting up of her new house. She was certainly not a gentlewoman—though I do not say it in any ill-natured spirit, or because I heard that their shop had been a receptacle for rusty iron and old ropes, and such like; but I judged

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from her speech and manners. So I went up-stairs, when Sarah said Mrs. Nash wanted to see me.

"Have the goodness to shut the door behind you," she said, when I entered, without rising from her own seat, which I thought not very polite. She always did speak as if we were her inferiors, though I am sure, in birth and education—but that has nothing to do with the matter just now.

"I thought you might have liked the door open this warm evening," I civilly answered, after turning back to shut it.

"So I might, for it's close enough in this room," she rejoined. "But I've got to say something that I don't want everybody to hear. Won't you sit down?"

I drew a chair forward and sat down near her, waiting for her to continue.

"That servant of yours," she abruptly began—"I want to ask a few questions about her. Is she honest?"

"Honest? Sarah?" For I was too much surprised to say more.

"The question's plain enough," repeated Mrs. Nash, in an impatient tone. "Have you never had no cause to doubt her honesty?"

"She is as honest as the day," I replied, warmly. "She has been with us two years, and is above suspicion. I could trust the girl with untold gold."

"It's very odd," continued Mrs. Nash. "It was this day week—this is Friday, ain't it?—I came in from the villa, tired to death; for I had been a standing over them painters and paperers, and telling 'em a bit of my mind about their laziness. I was as hungry as a hunter besides, and after I had took off my things I went down to the kitchen to see if Sarah was a getting forward with my dinner. She had got the steak on the fire, and I went up and looked at the taters, for fear she should be doing 'em too much, for young ones is good for nothing when they are soft. That I had my pocket-handkerchief in my hand then I'll swear to, for I lifted the lid of the saucepan with it, and Sarah saw me, but when I got back to the drawing-room here, it was gone."

"You may have put it on the kitchen table, and forgotten it," I replied.

"That's just my own opinion, that I did leave it there. I came straight up-stairs, and as I was a coming in at this door I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief, for the current of air had made me sneeze, but no handkerchief was there. That teacher of yours was a standing here, waiting for me: you had sent her up with a book. But she couldn't have touched it."

"Miss Powis? Oh dear, no."

"Don't I say she couldn't? She was at the end there, by the window, and I missed my handkerchief coming in at the door. I took the book from her, and she went down, and I after her."

"Did you go back to the kitchen? Did you ask Sarah?" I inquired.

"I went back at once, I tell you, following on Miss Powis's steps, and of course I asked Sarah; and what first raised my suspicions against her was, her saying she saw me put the handkerchief in my pocket as I left the kitchen. Now this could not have been the case, for if I had put

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it in my pocket at the bottom of the stairs, there it would have been when I got to the top, as I told her. But she was as obstinate as a mule over it, and persisted to my face that I had put it in."

"I hope you will find it," I said; "it cannot be lost."

"I shan't find it now," she answered. "But it was a nice new cambric handkerchief, a large size, none of your trumpery things only fit for dolls. I gave four-and-sixpence for it: twenty-seven shillings the half dozen."

"Ma'am," I suggested, "could you have intended to put it into your pocket and let it slip beside, on to the ground?"

"I don't let things slip beside my pocket," she tartly answered; "but if I had, there it would have been, in the hall or on the stairs. Nobody had been there to pick it up in that minute, and both your teacher and myself can certify that it was not there. No, that servant has got it."

"Indeed she has not, Mrs. Nash, I will be answerable for her. But why did you not tell me this at the time?"

"Why the notion came into my mind that I'd make no fuss, but lay a trap for Sarah. So I have left handkerchiefs about these rooms since, and other things. I put a brooch in a corner of the floor on Monday, and last night I clapped a sixpence under the hearth-rug, knowing she took it up every morning to shake."

"And the results?" I cried, feeling that I should blush to lay such "traps."

"I like my rights," responded Mrs. Nash, "and nobody will stand up in defence of their own stouter than I will; but to accuse a person without reason ain't in my nature. So I am free to confess that the baits I have laid about have been left untouched. The girl found and brought me the brooch, saying she supposed it had fallen from my dress; and this morning the sixpence was laid on the mantelpiece."

"Yes, Sarah is strictly honest," I affirmed, "and wherever the handkerchief can have gone to, she has not got it. Will you allow me to mention it to her?"

"Oh law yes, if you like. And I'm sure if between you my property can be brought to light, I shall be glad, and rejoice over it."

"Fidgety, pompous old cat!" uttered Sarah, irreverently, when I went down and spoke to her. "She put the handkercher into her pocket as she left the kitchen; I saw her a cramming of it in, with these two blessed eyes. She's been and mislaid it somewhere; in her bedroom, I'll be bound, for the things lie about there at sixes and sevens. She'll find it, ma'am, when she's not looking for it, never fear."

"Sarah, what in the world can have become of the young ladies?"

"The young ladies!" echoed Sarah, "aren't they come in?" For the girl had been out on an errand for Mrs. Nash, and did not know to the contrary.

"Indeed they are not."

"I'm sure I thought nothing but what they were in, and in bed. Why, ma'am, it's twenty minutes past nine!"

"Where *can* they be? What is Miss Powis thinking of?"

"There's that noise again!" uttered Sarah, banging down her kitchen window, as the sound of the drums and trumpets broke forth suddenly from the fair. "They are a letting the folks out of the shows."

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"Why, this is early to give over."

"Give over! Law bless you, ma'am. There's another repetition of the performance about to begin now: them tambourines and horns is to 'tice folks up. It won't be over till just upon eleven o'clock; as you'd know, if you slept back."

It may have been ten minutes after that, when we heard the side-door open stealthily, and the young ladies come creeping in. I sprang towards them.

"Whatever has been the matter? Where have you been?" I reiterated.

"We missed our way, and walked too far," uttered a voice from amongst them, though whose it was I did not recognise then, and nobody will own to it since.

"Very careless indeed, Miss Powis," I uttered—"very wrong. The young ladies must be tired to death, walking all this time, especially the little ones."

Nobody gave me any answer, and they all made for the staircase and bounded up it, Miss Powis after them, certainly not as if they were tired, more as if they wanted to get out of my sight. Young legs are indeed elastic, I said to myself, little dreaming that those legs had been at rest for the last two or three hours, the knees cramped between hard benches, and the feet buried in sawdust.

Several days passed on, and nothing occurred to arouse my suspicions about this fair escapade. On the Wednesday afternoon, our half-holiday, Mrs. Nash (some fit of condescension must have come over her) sent down an invitation for me, my sister, and Miss Powis to drink tea with her. As we could not all leave the young ladies, and we thought it might appear selfish if we went up ourselves and excluded Miss Powis, Lucy said she would be the one to remain with the children.

A very good cup of tea she gave us, with water-cresses and shrimps, which Sarah had bought from the people who went by, crying them. Whilst we were eating, Mrs. Nash entertained us with visions of her future greatness. The handsome fittings-up of her new villa, the servants they intended to keep, the new open carriage about to be purchased, and the extensive wardrobe she both had and meant to have. "What do you think I gave for this?" she said, suddenly holding out her pocket-handkerchief. "Ain't it lovely, and I've got four of them."

"It is, in truth, a beautiful handkerchief," I said, examining its fine embroidery, and its trimming of broad Valenciennes lace. "It is unfit for common use."

"Yes it is," answered Mrs. Nash. "But I used it at the horticultural show yesterday, so thought I'd finish it up to-day. I gave eight-and-twenty shilling for that, at Swan and Edgar's, without the lace."

After tea we got out our work. I proceeded to darn a lace collar, which was beginning to drop into holes, and Miss Powis to go on with her head purse. Mrs. Nash said she could afford to put work out, and never did any. It happened that this collar had belonged to my mother, and we were comparing its lace, which was old point, with the Valenciennes round the handkerchief, when at that moment the gate bell rang, and Sarah came up and said a lady wanted me. So I laid my collar on the table and went down into the parlour.

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It was Mrs. Watkinson, who came to pay the quarter's bill for her niece's schooling. She sat talking some little time, and when she left I returned up-stairs again, meeting, on my way, Miss Powis, who was running down them.

"I have worked up all my beads," she remarked to me, in passing, "and am going to fetch some more." Making some trifling answer, I entered the drawing-room. Mrs. Nash was standing at the window, watching two omnibuses which were galloping past.

"How them omnibuses do race, one again another!" she exclaimed. "If I was a magistrate I'd have every omnibus driver in London before me, and put 'em all to gaol in a body, endangering people's lives as they do! As soon as I have got a trap of my own, I shan't want to trouble 'em much, think the stars!"

I stood for a moment by her side, looking at the clouds of dust the flying omnibuses raised behind them, and Mrs. Nash returned to her seat.

"Where's my handkerchief gone?" she suddenly exclaimed.

I looked round. She was standing by the table, turning about all that was lying upon it, newspapers, my work, Miss Powis's work-box, and other things. No handkerchief was there, and then she looked about the room. "Where can it be?"

"Are you speaking of the handkerchief you had in use, that beautiful one?" I inquired.

"Yes I am. It was on the table by me, by your work, I'm sure of that. That makes two gone. What an odd thing!"

I quite laughed at her. "It cannot be gone," I said, "it is impossible."

"Well, where is it, then? It can't have sunk through the floor."

That was clear. "Perhaps you have left it in the bedroom," I suggested.

"I have not been in the bedroom," returned Mrs. Nash, all in a fume. "I have never stirred from my seat since tea, till I got up to look at them wicked omnibuses. As I turned from the window I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief and couldn't feel it, then I remembered I had left it on the table, and I looked, and it wasn't there, and it wasn't on my chair, and it isn't anywhere—as you see, Miss Halliwell. One would say you had got fairies in the house."

Just then Miss Powis returned. "What can I have done with my paper of beads?" she exclaimed, going up to her work-box, and examining its contents. "Why here they are, after all! How could I have overlooked them?"

"I have lost something worse than beads," interposed Mrs. Nash, "my beautiful worked handkerchief. It's spirited away somewhere."

Miss Powis laughed. "It was lying on the table for ever so long," she said to Mrs. Nash. "You took it up, ma'am, and pressed it on your mouth, saying one of your lips was sore. After that I think you put it in your pocket."

"Are you sure it is not in your pocket now?" I eagerly inquired.

"Goodness me, do you think I should say I had not got the handkerchief if I had?" uttered Mrs. Nash, in a passion. "Look for yourselves." She whipped up her gown—a handsome green satin one, which she

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frequently wore—as she spoke, and displayed a white jean pocket resting on a corded petticoat. And by the same token, I may mention that that was the first corded petticoat I had seen, for they had just come up. Rapidly emptying her pocket of its contents, she turned it inside out.

It certainly was not in her pocket, and she proceeded to shake her petticoats as if she were shaking for a wager. "It's not about me, I wish it was. Do you think either of you ladies can have put it into your pockets by mistake?"

"It is impossible that I can have done so," I answered, "because I was not in the room."

"And equally impossible for me," added Miss Powis, "for I was each on that side of the table, and could only have taken it by purposely reaching over for it." Nevertheless, we both, following the example of Mrs. Nash, proceeded to turn out our pockets—my great sensible one, full of a curious medley of things, and Miss Powis's baby affair, made in her dress. No signs of the handkerchief.

A regular hunt ensued. I bagged Mrs. Nash to sit still, called up Sarah, and we proceeded to the search, even taking up the carpet round the borders; though had it got underneath there, in defiance of the stair, it would have been nothing short of a miracle. Mrs. Nash's bedroom was also submitted to the ordeal, but she protested that if found there, it must have flown through the keyhole. She offered the keys of her drawers, and of the cupboard—if we liked to look, she said—and was evidently very much put out, and as much puzzled as we were. Later in the evening Miss Powis retired to take the children to bed, and Lucy came in.

"Now, what is your opinion of this little bit of mystery?" asked Mrs. Nash, looking at me.

"I cannot give one," I said; "I am unable to fathom it. It is to me perfectly unaccountable."

"Your suspicions don't yet point to the thief?"

"The thief! Oh, Mrs. Nash, pray do not distress me by talking in that way. The handkerchief will come to light, it *must* come to light: I assure you Sarah is no thief."

"Oh, I don't suspect Sarah now," returned the lady. "It's a moral impossibility that she could have had anything to do with the business this evening, and I am sorry to have accused her to you before. You are on the wrong scent, Miss Halliwell."

I felt my face flush all over. Did she suspect ME?

"Ah, I see, light is dawning upon you," she added.

"Indeed—indeed, it is not," I retorted, warmly. "We have no thief in this house: we never have had one yet."

"Well, you are certainly as unsuspicious as a child," she said. "Who has got it, do you suppose—got both—but Miss Powis?"

"Miss Powis!" I and Lucy uttered together. "Impossible!"

"We have none of us got it—have we? and the room has not got it—has it? it can't have vanished into the earth or soared up to the skies, and I suppose none of us eat it. Then who can have got it, but Miss Powis? The thing is as plain as a pikestaff. What made her rush out of the room on a sudden, pretending to go for her beads, when they were here all the while?"

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"Miss Powis is quite a gentlewoman; the family are so very respectable, only reduced," broke in Lucy, indignantly. "She would be no more capable of it than we should be."

"Oh, bother to family gentility," retorted Mrs. Nash, "that doesn't fill young girls' pockets with pocket-money. I suppose she was hard up, and thought my handkerchiefs would help her to some."

I felt too vexed to speak. Lucy began a warm reply, but was interrupted by Mrs. Nash.

"I should like to know how she disposed of the first: I'll stop her disposing of the last, for I'll have her up before the Lord Mayor to-morrow morning. This comes of her going gallivanting, as she did, to them shows at the fair."

"What a dreadful calumny!" uttered Lucy.

"She didn't only go herself, but she took all the school," coolly persisted Mrs. Nash, "and they never got home till half-past nine at night. You two ladies, for schoolmistresses, are rather innocent to what's going on around you."

A sharp recollection, bringing its own pain, flashed across me, of the night when the young ladies terrified me by remaining out so late. *Could* they have been to the fair? I was unable to offer a word.

"Have some of the girls in, and ask 'em, if you don't believe me," continued Mrs. Nash. "Not Miss Powis, she'll deny it."

Lucy, full of indignant disbelief, flew up-stairs and brought down some of the elder girls: they had begun to undress, and had to reapparel themselves again. I addressed them kindly, and begged them to speak the truth fearlessly: Did they go to the shows at the fair, or not?

A dead silence, and then a very long-drawn-out "Yes" from a faint voice. Lucy clapped her hands to her face: she was more excitable than I.

"That's right, children," cried Mrs. Nash; "never speak nothing but the truth, and then you'll not get into trouble. And if—goodness save us, they are beginning to cry! Why, you have got nothing to be frightened at. There's no great harm in going to shows: I have gone to 'em myself, hundreds of times."

"And what did you see?" groaned Lucy. "Speak up. I insist upon knowing. Everything."

"Lady Jane Grey, in wax-work, going to execution, in a black shroud, and Protestant Prayer-book; and Henry the Eighth and his six wives, in white veils and silver fringe, one of them with a baby in three ostrich feathers; and the young Queen Victoria being crowned, with her hair let down, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, in a grey mitre and green whiskers, pouring oil on her—no, the mitre was green and the whiskers were grey; and Earl Rochester with a sword and an eye-glass, looking through it at Nell Gwynne; and King William in a pilot-coat drinking coffee with his queen; and Jane Shore in a white sheet, and—oh, dear! we can't recollect all," was the answer Lucy received, with a burst of sobs between every sentence.

"Oh, you unhappy children!" responded Lucy. "And did all of you go into this wax-work?"

"N——o. Some went into the theatre."

"The theatre! What did you see there?"

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"A play—very beautiful. About a princess who wanted to marry somebody, and her father wanted her to marry somebody else, and she died right off on the stage for love, amongst the wax-lights."

"Wax-lights!" uttered Mrs. Nash, with a hearty laugh. "Why, you innocents! they'd be nothing but halfpenny dips. Was there plenty of dancing and singing?"

"Y—es, ma'am. The dancers were from the Opera in London, they said; stars, condescendingly come there because the season was over." And Mrs. Nash laughed again, but Lucy looked all the graver.

"Young ladies," I interposed, "I believe you have told me the truth: tell me a little more. How came you to go? Who proposed it, or induced you?"

"It was Miss Powis. Oh indeed, ma'am"—with a very genuine burst of sobs—"we should never have gone of ourselves."

"I told you so," cried Mrs. Nash, triumphantly; and Lucy left the room with the children. "I heard of it the next day from one of the workmen at my wills, who was there and saw them. But of course it was no business of mine—till now."

The scene in our house the following morning was beyond everything. Mrs. Nash called in a policeman and gave Miss Powis into custody for stealing her two handkerchiefs. The latter, in tears and the extreme of agitation, protested that she had never touched either. There was an air of indignant truth about her, impossible, I thought, to be assumed. I am a great reader of countenances and manner, have some penetration, and thought, then, that I could have staked my life upon the girl's innocence. The policeman a little disenchanted me. "When you have had the experience we have, ma'am," he said, "you'll let assertions of innocence and aspects of truth go for what they are worth, and that's moonshine." Miss Powis offered the keys of her boxes, and insisted on their being searched, and that her clothes should be examined. I thought she would have gone out of her senses, such was her excitement, especially after her father came.

"Confess where the property is, and then I'll let you off," said Mrs. Nash, in answer to her impassioned appeals.

"I have not got it—I never had it. I swear it, before Heaven."

"Policeman, get a fly. We'll go up to the police-court."

"Be ye merciful, even as your Father which is in Heaven is merciful," broke in the pleading voice of Mr. Powis, a quiet, gentlemanly man, with a sad amount of care in his pale face. "I am sure, madam, my daughter is innocent: subject her not to this dreadful disgrace. The property may yet be found to have been mislaid."

"Moonshine, sir! as that policeman have just said about looks. Where can it have been mislaid to, up the chimbley, or into the fire—when there was none in the grate?"

"I beseech you show a little mercy. Give time. Think what your feelings would be if a child of your own was accused!"

"I never had no child, but one, and that died before it came to life," responded Mrs. Nash. "The fact is, sir, when young women get a propensity for dancing off to fair-shows and donkey-racing, it's no wonder if they help themselves to things, not their own, to pay for it."

"But Caroline has not been to such places," uttered the astonished Mr. Powis.

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"Hasn't she though! Policeman, what are you standing there for, doing nothing? If you don't choose to get a fly, I'll call in some other officer."

The sight we must have made, driving away from our gate and up to London in that fly! Mrs. Nash, myself, Mr. Powis and his daughter inside, the latter sobbing hysterically, and the policeman on the box, beside the driver. Mr. Powis had already offered to pay the value of the handkerchiefs, for which the magistrate, afterwards, accused him of a wish to compound a felony; and I am sure I would have paid it twice over, rather than have had such a scandal emanating from my house. But Mrs. Nash would not listen: she said she did not want the value, she wanted the property.

It appeared to me that the sitting magistrate was a great brute, or else that he was, that morning, in a dreadful temper. He is no longer a magistrate now, at least in this world, so it is of no consequence my recording my opinion. I have no clear recollection of the scene now, and never did have, I was too much bewildered and annoyed. I know that the court appeared to me a Babel of staring eyes and confusion, and I felt thoroughly ashamed at being inside it.

"What's your name?" growled the magistrate, when the case was called on.

"Caroline Frances Powis, sir," said her father.

"Can't she answer for herself, sir?" was the surly rejoinder. "Ever here before, officer?"

"No, your worship. Not unfavourably known. In fact, not known at all."

I need not give the particulars of the examination, the reader being already in possession of the facts. I know I was called as evidence, and the gracious goodness knows how I gave it. I dare say the court thought I was a born natural.

"Now, young woman," snapped the magistrate, "what have you got to say to this?"

She was a deal too hysterical to say anything: and I must remark that his manner was enough to terrify the most innocent prisoner into an appearance of guilt. The old—I was going to write fool, but I'll put magistrate—committed her for trial. I thought I should have gone off in a fit when I heard it. And to have witnessed the graceless crowd, assembled there, bursting into a titter, when it came out that our young ladies had gone to the show-booths on the sly! My cheeks are tingling with the recollection now.

He said he would admit her to bail; and while Mr. Powis went out to get it, we were put into a dark, dirty room of the court—locked in, I dare say. After that—it was a long while—we rode home again, but Mrs. Nash was not with us then. People may ask why I remained when the examination was over, but I could not find in my heart to leave the poor thing alone: I should never afterwards have reconciled it to my conscience.

"She must go to your house, Mr. Powis," I whispered to him, as the fly was nearing home. "I may not take her again to mine."

"You do not believe her guilty?" he rejoined.

I was puzzled what to answer. That morning I would have heartily

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said No; but the thought had been imperceptibly insinuating itself into my mind in the atmosphere of that police-court—if she did not take the handkerchiefs, where were they? That going to the fair had its bias on my judgment: it had weighed heavily with the magistrate, *and I saw it was beginning to do so with her father.* Disobedience, as I told you, is sure to bring its own punishment.

Now it was a strange thing, but, some days afterwards, she was attacked with measles. Perhaps she caught the disease in the court, for we were brought in contact with sundry poverty-stricken, ghastly-looking people, and there was not a single case of it in our neighbourhood. She had never had the disorder, and was extremely ill, the doctor, at one time, giving no hopes of her. But she grew better, and when all danger of my carrying the infection back to the school was past, I went to see her. She was lying in bed, looking thin and white, but a hectic flush soon spread over her cheeks.

"I am sorry to see you here, my dear," I said. "I hoped you were up long since."

"I hope I shall never get up again," she eagerly answered; "I do not wish to. All the world believes me guilty."

"Not all the world," I said, soothingly. Poor thing! whether culpable or not, I was grieved to see her lying there, so lonely and woebegone.

"Yes, they do. My father, my brothers and sisters, even my mother, all believe it now. I am sure you do, Miss Halliwell. They harp so much upon my having gone to the shows, and say if I did the one I might have done the other. I hope I shall never get up from here again. And the thought of the trial terrifies me night and day. It comes over me as a dreadful nightmare, from which I try to escape and cannot, and then I scream with terror."

"That is true," Mrs. Powis said to me, when we went down stairs. "If she suddenly wakes up in the night, her terror is so great that I have to run from my room to hold and soothe her. She asserts that she shall never get up from her bed again, and I do not think she will. The dread of this disgrace, of her standing in public to be tried as a common criminal, seems to be literally killing her by inches. Caroline was always so sensitive."

My recollection is not clear upon one point: whether she ought to have been tried before the long vacation, or whether the trial was originally fixed for after the assembling of the courts in November. I think the former, and that it was postponed on account of her illness. At any rate, November came in and she had not been tried. Oh, those long, weary months to her! Poor girl!

The week of the trial came; it was to be on a Thursday, and on the Monday evening previously Mrs. Powis called at our house. It was quite late, had struck eight o'clock, and Lucy and I were just sitting down to our supper of bread and cheese. I pressed her to take some. She would not, but drank a drop of beer.

"Poor Caroline wants to see you, Miss Halliwell," she said to me. "She has been harping upon it these many days, but more than ever this afternoon."

"How is she?" I and Lucy eagerly asked.

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"I think she is dying," was the answer. "I do not believe she will be alive on Thursday—the day she has so much dreaded. Of course the trial will be put off again, for she could not be moved from her bed to attend it."

The words shocked me greatly, and Lucy let fall her knife upon the cheese-plate in her lap, and chipped a piece out of it.

"To tell you the truth," continued poor Mrs. Powis, bursting into tears, "I have held back from asking you to come, but her urgency this evening has been so great I could refuse no longer. I do so fear," she hesitated, dropping her voice to a whisper, "that she may be going to *confess* to you, as she thinks she is about to die; and to know that she has acknowledged her guilt would almost kill me. Though her father has been inclined to judge her harshly, I have unconsciously clung with hope to her assertions of innocence."

"Do you wish me to come to-night?"

"Oh no. I had a minute's leisure this evening, and so ran out. Come to-morrow, if that will suit you."

"But to be dying," interposed Lucy, "it seems so strange! What complaint has she? What is she dying of?"

"A galloping consumption, as the doctor says, and as I believe," returned Mrs. Powis. "My father went off in the same way, and my only sister. They were both well, and ill, and dead in two months, and —unlike her—had no grief to oppress them. Caroline might not have lived even if this unhappy business had never occurred, the measles seemed to take such hold upon her constitution. Then I may tell her, Miss Halliwell, you will come?"

"Yes, indeed. I will come as soon as I can after morning school."

Mrs. Powis left, and I and Lucy sat over the fire, talking. "I would give something," she said, in a musing manner, "to know whether Caroline Powis was really guilty. I fear she was: but if it had not been for that show-going, my belief in it would have been more difficult."

"Lucy, she was certainly guilty. What else could have become of the pocket-handkerchiefs? And her conduct since, this excessive prostration and grief, is scarcely consistent with conscious innocence."

May the blessed angels, who heard that uncharitable opinion of mine, blot out its record! Cause of repentance, for having uttered it, came to me very shortly, proving how chary we ought to be in condemning others, even when appearances and report are against them. "*Who art thou that presumest to judge another?*"

After twelve the next morning I put on my bonnet and shawl, and was going out at the door, when Lucy ran after me, calling out:

"Hester, you may as well step in to the dressmaker's, as you will pass her door. Ask her whether she means to let us have our new dresses home or not, and when?" Upon what trifling circumstances great events turn!

I went into the dressmaker's on my way. Her assistant and the two apprentices were in the workroom, but not herself.

"Miss Smith won't be two minutes, ma'am," said one of them; "she is only up-stairs trying on a mantle. Or shall we give her any message?"

No, I determined to wait and see her myself, for I had sent her

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messages without end, and she had had these dresses of ours nearly a month. So I sat down. One of the young women was busy over a green satin dress, unpicking the lining from the skirt. I knew it at once.

"Is not that Mrs. Nash's?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the assistant. "She has got the bottom of the skirt jagged out and dirty, and in a regular mess, so we are going to let it down from the top and take the bad in. There's plenty turned in at the top, a good three inches. She says she always has her gowns made so. It's not a bad plan."

Miss Smith came in, and I was talking to her, when the young person who was unpicking the dress suddenly exclaimed, "My stars! what's this?"

We both turned round. She was drawing something from between the lining and the satin skirt, and we all pressed round to look. *It was an embroidered handkerchief.*

"As sure as fate it is the one the rumpus was about!" uttered Miss Smith, in excitement; "the one poor Miss Powis was accused of stealing. What a providential coincidence that you stepped in, ma'am, and were here to witness it!"

"Look if there's another," I said to the young girl; "there were two lost." And she bent down her face, and looked in between the lining and the dress.

"Here's something else," she said. "Yes, sure enough, it is another handkerchief. But this is a plain one."

It was even so. After months of agitation to many, and of more than agitation to Caroline Powis, the two lost handkerchiefs were brought to light in this mysterious manner. It appeared that the sewing of the pocket-hole, the thread which attached the lining to the satin, had come undone, and when Mrs. Nash had put, as she thought and intended, the handkerchiefs into her pocket, each had slipped down between the lining and the dress. The truth might have been detected earlier, but she had scarcely had the gown on since leaving my house: in its present "jagged" state it was deemed too shabby for the splendours of the new villa.

When I went out of Miss Smith's door, I stopped and hesitated. Should I go to Caroline Powis, or should I go to Mrs. Nash? That I would visit both, I fully determined on. Better ease *her* mind first.

I was shocked at the alteration in her appearance when I entered her chamber: the attenuated features, their hectic flush, and the wandering eye. She struggled up in bed when she saw me.

"Oh, Miss Halliwell," she eagerly exclaimed, "I thought you were never coming. I am going to die—even the doctor admits that there is no hope. I have wanted to tell you, once again, that I am innocent of that dreadful thing—and you will not think I would utter anything but truth in dying."

"Dear child," I said, "I have news for you. Your innocence is proved to me, to your mother—for I have just told her, there she stands, sobbing with joy—and it will soon be proved to all the neighbourhood. The handkerchiefs are found, and you are exculpated. Providence, who

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is ever merciful, has brought the truth to light in his own mysterious way."

It affected her so much less than I had anticipated! There was no burst of excitement, no fainting, very little increase of the hectic colour. She sank back upon her pillow, and clasped her hands upon her bosom. It may be that she was too near the portals of another world for the joys or sorrows of this one violently to affect her.

"I have had but one prayer since I lay here," she whispered, at length: "that God would make manifest my innocence; if not before my death, after it. Dear mamma"—holding out her hand—"my father will not be ashamed of me now. And for the going to the shows—that surely may be forgiven me, for I have suffered deeply for it. Tell the truth to all the schoolgirls, Miss Halliwell."

When I went to Mrs. Nash's, which I did at once, that lady was seated in great state in her dining-room, eating her luncheon, for she had taken to fashionable hours, now. It was served on an elegant service of Worcester china, and consisted of pork chops and pickles, mashed potatoes, apple tart and cheese, with wine and ale. She did not invite me to partake of it, which compliment I thought would have been but polite, as there was great plenty. Not that I should have done so. But, in her new grandeur, we schoolmistresses were deemed very far beneath her.

"Well," she said, "have you come about this bothering trial? Take a seat; there, by the fire if you like. I hear it is to be put off again."

"Put off for good, I think, Mrs. Nash."

"Put off for good! What do you mean? If the judges think to grant a reprieve or pardon, or whatever it's called, and so squash the affair before it comes on, my husband shall show 'em up in the courts for it. I don't say but what I'm sorry for the girl and her long illness, but then she shouldn't have been obstinate and refused to confess. I can't help fancying, too, that the illness is part sham, a dodge to escape the trial altogether."

"You talk about her confessing, Mrs. Nash, but suppose she had nothing to confess, that she was really innocent, what else could she have done than deny it?"

"Suppose the world's made of soft soap," broke forth Mrs. Nash, scornfully. "How can you be such a gaby, Miss Halliwell? Why, you are a'most as old as I am—oh yes you are. Not quite, maybe; but when one dies from old age, t'other will be quaking. If Caroline Powis did not steal the handkerchiefs, where did they go to, pray? Stuff!"

"They are found," I said.

She was carrying the tumbler of ale to her mouth, for she had continued her luncheon without heed to my presence, but she stared at me, and put it down untasted.

"The handkerchiefs are found, Mrs. Nash, and I have seen them."

"Where were they? Who found them? Who took them?" she asked, reiterating question upon question. "Has she given them up, thinking I'll let her off from being tried?"

"Do you remember, ma'am, that the day you lost the handkerchiefs you had on your green satin gown? Both days."

"Green satin gown! For all I know, I had. What has that got to do with it?"

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"They were unpicking the gown this morning at Miss Smith's, and inside the lining——"

"What are you going to tell me?" screamed forth Mrs. Nash, as if a foreshadowing of the truth had flashed upon her, whilst she threw down her knife and fork on the table and pushed her chair away from it. "I declare you quite frighten me, with your satin gowns, and your unpicking, and your long, mysterious face. Don't go and say I have accused the girl unjustly!"

"Between the lining and the dress they found the two handkerchiefs," I quietly proceeded. "They must have fallen in there, the hemming of the pocket-hole being unsewn, when you thought you were putting them in your pocket. Sarah persisted, if you remember, that she saw you putting the first in a few minutes before you missed it."

I never saw such a countenance as hers, at that moment. She turned as red as fire, and her mouth gradually opened, and stopped so. Presently she started up, speaking in much excitement.

"Come along, Miss Halliwell. I'll go to the dressmaker's, and have this out at once; confirmed or denied. Lawk-a-mercy! what reparation can I make to Carry Powis?"

There was no reparation to be made. In vain Mrs. Nash sent jellies and blancmanges, and wings of chicken, and fiery port wine, to tempt the invalid back to life; in vain she drove daily up in her own carriage, with her own liveried coachman (such an honour for the like of that little cottage of the Powises!), and sat by Caroline's bedside, and made all sorts of magnificent promises to her, if she would but get well; in vain she sent Mr. Powis a cheque for his quarter's rent, hearing there was some little difficulty about its payment, for Caroline's illness had been very expensive, and had run away with all the ready money; and in vain she put the youngest child, a boy rising nine, into the Bluecoat School, through an influential butcher, who was a common councilman, and very great in his own ward, and her husband's particular friend. Nothing recalled poor Caroline. "But don't grieve," she said to Mrs. Nash, on the eve of her departure, "I am going to another and a better world."

Now it is quite possible, and indeed probable, that Caroline Powis would have died, whether this disgrace had fallen on her or not, for consumption, very rapid consumption, was hereditary in her family. But the effect the unpleasant circumstances had upon me was lasting, and I made a resolve, that if I lost all the pocket-handkerchiefs I possessed in the world, and had not so much as half a one left for use, I would never prosecute anybody for stealing them.

I hope none will question this little episode in my domestic experience, for it is strictly true, and occurred exactly as I have related it. If Mrs. Nash is indignant with me for telling it, though so many years since have now gone by, I cannot help it; and I am under no obligations to her. She still occupies the villa close by, and has now two horses to her carriage instead of one, and a footman to match the coachman, and herself and her appurtenances are on a larger scale, and altogether she is grander than ever. While Carry Powis's tomb rests in a quiet corner of the neighbouring churchyard, and her father and mother both lie by her now.

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THE EXPEDITION TO THE AMUR.*

THERE are many spots on the globe which still remain to be explored by the geographer; such are, for example, certain more or less central portions of Australia, Africa, and Arabia. These are regions difficult of access, and still more difficult to travel. It would, however, scarcely be believed that, till lately, the very extent of the easily accessible possessions, the nature of the establishments, and the means of offence and defence possessed by so powerful a rival as Russia in the Pacific; even the knowledge of the entrance into the river Amur, whether from the south by the Gulf of Tartary, or from the north by the sea of Okhotsk, have not been deemed worthy of inquiry or examination. The self-complacency of wealthy insulars must be appreciated to understand how those in authority could remain happy under such ignorance.

The disastrous repulse at Petropaulski came like a thunderbolt to arouse the nation to a sense of the power acquired by Russia in regions till then not deemed worthy of notice by our torpid Admiralty Board, and the hydrographer must have been somewhat humiliated and confounded when the fleet, no one knew how, made its escape within the shelter of a Tartarian Dnieper—the utterly unknown and unexplored Amur—yet in point of length the eighth river of the world, having a course of 2740 miles, and watering an area of 800,000 miles in temperate regions which have not as yet been marked on the maps as Russian, yet which are so to all intents and purposes. The Amur has, to what we know to the contrary, its Kinburns and Otchakofs at its entrance, and it certainly has its Nicholauski within—the representative in the east of Nicholaief in the west.

Captain Bernard Whittingham was on the eve of relinquishing the command of the Royal Engineers at Hong Kong in March, 1855, when he received an invitation from Commodore the Honourable C. Elliot to take a cruise with him in an attempt to discover the progress of Russian aggrandisement in North-Eastern Asia, and to ascertain how far the reports of her successful encroachment on the sea-frontiers of China and Japan were true. The *Sibylle* started on the 7th of April, accompanied by the steam-corvette *Hornet*, and the brig *Bittern*. Emerging from the China Sea, southerly breezes on the Pacific, with a strong northerly current, wafted them pleasantly along the ever-beautiful coast of Formosa, and on the 29th they dropped anchor in the capacious harbour of Hakodadi in Yezo, the central island of Japan, and one of the ports chosen by America to be opened to the world by that mysterious and inhospitable population.

Here they remained till the 7th of May, by which time every one was glad to hear the order given to weigh the anchor, and to see the sails set again for the campaign in the north. On the 12th, the snowy ranges of Sagalien came in view. As to how much of this remarkable land was claimed or had been conquered by Russia, the expedition knew nothing;

* Notes on the late Expedition against the Russian Settlements in Eastern Siberia; and of a Visit to Japan and to the Shores of Tartary and of the Sea of Okhotsk. By Captain Bernard Whittingham, Royal Engineers.

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yet, as Captain Whittingham justly remarks, it was a question which a very hurried visit to these waters might have solved at any time during the past five years.

A landing was soon effected, the first time at a deserted village, the second with greater success amid a population of Ainos, with long black hair flying in the wind, seal-skin jackets, kilts, and boots. These poor people fell on their hands and knees and repeatedly touched the earth with their foreheads at the approach of their visitors. The extent of their mental degradation may be imagined when it is mentioned that they kept bears in log cages, not as zoological curiosities, but as creatures to which to make votive offerings, if not actually to worship. At the picturesque bight called Baie de la Jonquière by La Perouse, a still larger village was met with, but the inhabitants were, for some reason or other, less accessible.

At daylight of the 20th, the small squadron weighed and stood across the Gulf of Tartary, only about forty miles in width at this point, for the bay of De Castries, situate on the coast of Chinese Tartary, not very far to the south of the mouths of the river Amur. The shores of Sagalien and Chinese Tartary were made in existing charts and maps to approach so closely about forty miles to the north, as to leave only a narrow passage for boats into the estuary of the Amur, but this was afterwards shown to be a wondrous error. Matters of import presented themselves on approaching the bay of De Castries to rivet their interest and attention.

That ever thought-inspiring and touching scene of a ship's company at prayers at sea, surrounded by the instruments of destruction, ready in a few moments "to thunder along the deep," whilst listening to the mild teachings of our holy faith, had just ended; and groups of officers and men were proudly watching the *Sibylle's* speedy sailing before the fast-freshening breeze, which was already too much for the smaller vessels following her, when "a sail under the land" was reported. All glasses were instantly in requisition, and pointed towards the direction indicated. "I see one—two—three," the experienced master murmured to me; and, as his telescope still bore on the bay before us, "Yes, there are four, five, and, I think, a sixth," he added.

The excitement was intense, though subdued by discipline; and when, in a few minutes, the Russian ensigns were discovered floating in the strong breeze, at a distance of seven or eight miles, the order and signal was given "to prepare for action;" and whilst we steadily pursued our progress, the cabins and their furniture were hurried below, and shot and shell brought up. Officers came on the deck with their swords on, and armed, as fortune willed, with pistols, single, double, or Colt-barrelled. The doctors and chaplain were quickly in the already-prepared cockpit, where medical instruments, bandages, and lint were lying in admirable order.

Ere many minutes had elapsed the noble main-deck of the *Sibylle* displayed its fine proportions; and perhaps at that moment ship-builders—if placed on board—might have acknowledged the folly of cutting seven immense ornamental and yacht-like windows in a frigate's stern, instead of four or five useful and ordinarily-sized gunports.

The brig was ordered by signal to examine the enemy's force. In her usual well-handled style, and to the muttered admiration of the *Sibylle's* crew, she approached the outer bay, and off it "signalled a large frigate, three corvettes, a brig, and a steamer," as the composition of the enemy's force.

The *Hornet* steam-corvette was directed by signal to enter the outer

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harbour and reconnoitre, and she returned in the afternoon, with the report that there were six vessels. Further examination showed that the inner harbour was protected by three small islands. Rocks, shoals, or grounded ice obstructed the passages between. A Russian frigate was moored, with her broadside to the impracticable-looking passage to the southern island, and a long corvette, mounting eighteen or twenty guns, was moored also, with her broadside bearing on the channel between the southern and middle islets. Two other corvettes were similarly moored in an inner line; a brig, or brigantine, was placed further back; and a small steamer was half hidden behind a projecting point still further up the harbour. Russia had been five years busily laying the foundations of a settlement in this bay, as the nearest and earliest open harbour for her possessions in the Amur; and it was to this bay that the vessels which had eluded pursuit after the declaration of war were directed to proceed; and the same place of refuge saved the Petropaulski ships.

There yet remained nearly two hours of daylight, and the commodore gratified the eagerness of the boyish crew of the *Hornet* by giving orders to hoist the red ensign and to try the range of the long thirty-two pound gun in the bow, which, as the furthest ranging gun in the service, ought to have reached the corvette at 2000 yards. We watched the flight of a shell, and were disappointed in seeing it fall short of the island. The Russians cheered and returned the compliment from a broadside gun, whose shot fell likewise short, amidst the cheers of our crew. The long gun was again pointed, and a second shell dropped some distance from the mark. A longer cheer from the Russians, who brought the bow of their corvette to bear on us, was followed by a well-directed shot which fell between three or four hundred yards short, and was greeted by another cheer. This practice was, I assume, thought a waste of time, and we steamed back to the frigate and brig, which were still outside.

The following day the three vessels "stood on and off" the entrance to the harbour, with a view to entice the enemy's squadron to leave their strong position. The day passed without this object being attained; the Russians employing it in active measures to strengthen themselves.

Three alternatives presented themselves to the little British squadron. One which we cannot help thinking that some would have been glad to avail themselves of, was to attack at once. But the auxiliary steam-corvette having barely power of self-propulsion for herself alone, still less to act as a tug, this plan was rejected. A nation which boasts of her naval supremacy seems always to lack the means of preserving that ascendancy when the time comes to give it practical application. A second alternative was to blockade the Russian squadron; this was also negatived. A third and last was to blockade the port, by keeping the sea with two vessels, and to despatch the smallest for assistance. This alternative was acted on at once; the three vessels stood out to sea, and during the two following days sailed slowly to the south till the 23rd, continuing to cruise in a narrow part of the Gulf of Tartary until the 27th, when they bore up again for De Castries Bay. If they had sailed away on purpose to give the enemy time to escape, they could not have adopted a more effectual means.

The next morning, as we skirted the well-known bluff, every glass was turned towards the bay, and long before it was possible to see them, masts were descried by anxious and eager eyes. A nearer approach revealed that the Russian ships had evidently changed their positions, though where they had moved to

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could not be discovered; and slowly and disagreeably the conviction came to every mind that the enemy's squadron had escaped. Still to the last some hopes yet remained, until we got into the outer harbour, and found that the inner anchorage was unoccupied.

Regrets and disappointment were unbounded, and felt by none so deeply, though silently, as by the commander, who had, I am sure, sacrificed the quick impulses of his nature, and the honourable promptings of ambition, for the caution which his judgment dictated to him was his duty.

A landing was effected in De Castries Bay, and some rough log buildings explored, in which were found boxes, beds, clothes, books, papers, flour, and even bread still warm, but no inhabitants. To add to the climax of disaster, the *Bittern* arrived off Hakodadi on the 29th of May, but the reinforcements only reached the Baie de la Jonquière on the 25th of June, and never looked into De Castries Bay, nor bent a sail, until a rare northerly wind tempted a speedy return to the south!

On the 29th of May the little squadron stood out to sea again, and after being run into by an American whaler, were joined on the 7th of June by the *Winchester* and *Spartan* frigates. From that time till the 15th they continued under easy sail near the same spot, and it was not till the 16th that, being further reinforced by the *Styx* and *Tartar*, they once more turned their bows to the north! This time Captain Whittingham entertained sanguine hopes of being one amongst the first to solve a geographical question, rather mysteriously evaded by Russian surveyors, and unauthoritatively discussed by the great German physicists, that is, if, in contradiction to the statements made upon very insufficient data by La Perouse and Broughton, there exists a passage for ships at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Tartary into the Gulf of Amur.

The auxiliary steam-corvette hoisted the commodore's broad pendant on the afternoon of the 27th, and proceeded to sea. Rumours were rife that she was ordered to look into De Castries Bay at daylight, and then, if no enemy was seen there, to search the bays and inlets to the northward. The next morning broke with heavy rain and thick mist, and hopes were again buoyant that the boats of the squadron would be sent, on the return of the *Hornet*, to discover the enemy's position, the frigates advancing as far as practicable, probably thirty or even possibly forty miles, and the smaller vessels much further, to cover and protect the boats; and as the corvette steamed in at the early summer dawn of this latitude, the fresh northerly breeze and bright clear sky seemed to lessen the chances of getting ashore, and diminish the risks of accidents. Risks! how often that fatal word is used as a shelter for imbecility and indecision! As if war was a certain game at each move, even with the immense preponderance of the allied squadrons! It was soon known to all that no enemy's vessels had been seen, and the alacrity of getting the ships under weigh promised a speedy settlement of the much-canvassed passage to the north. Alas! in a few minutes each vessel, with every sail set—an unknown spectacle in our progress to the north—was flying to the south before the pleasant breeze!

We have since learnt from Russian prisoners, that at that time, late as it was, only half their vessels had got through the passage never even reconnoitred by us!

The officers of the squadron engaged in ferreting out the Russian fleet in the Gulf of Tartary must wish the landsman, who thus details their proceedings, in that Tartary, where, according to poets familiar to them in their youth, the most impious and guilty among mankind were punished.

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The English were joined at Cape Crillon by two French frigates, and the allied squadron sailed on the 10th of July, with the exception of the French frigate *La Sibylle*, whose crew was suffering from scurvy, to the Sea of Okhotsk. Here they were enveloped in dense fogs for a week, and on the 17th were joined off Cape Elizabeth, the most northern point of Sagalien, by her Majesty's ship *Barracouta*. At this point they were within the current of the Amur, although upwards of a hundred miles from its mouth. On the 22nd the squadron anchored off Obman Bay, where, besides the innumerable water-fowl, a Russian officer and a few men were observed to be posted on every available projecting point. It was in vain, however, that attempts were made by the steamer to force its way up the estuary of the Amur; in the absence of charts, the difficulties proved to be insurmountable. The boats were, however, sent to cut off an armed trader of six or eight guns, and they succeeded in capturing, after a long and hard chase, two boats and fifteen men, the trader herself having been fired and abandoned. These men declared that there existed no passage for ships into the river Amur from the north, and that the only passage was by the Gulf of Tartary, precisely that followed by the Russian squadron, and left unexplored by the British!

From the northern mouths of the Amur the squadron sailed to Aian, an important Russian settlement on the Sea of Okhotsk. It was with much difficulty, owing to a persevering fog, which left a dreary prospect of a sea horizon of two or three hundred yards, that the place was found; but at length it was made out on the 2nd of August by the *Sibylle* running daringly in, until a rocky, iron-bound coast presented itself, rising clearly with a bright sun shining over it.

It is a shallow and narrow inlet, broken by projecting points, or rocks, into three small basins—the exterior being a roadstead, and the innermost only fit for steamers and small vessels: indeed the whole aspect of the harbour resembled more an artist's study of Highland lake scenery than the proud emporium of Siberian trade, for the defence of which all the resources of Russian engineering had been lavished! The latter was represented by three slight earthen batteries *en banquette*, which a steam-corvette ought to have silenced successively in a quarter of an hour if the neighbouring heights had not been occupied; and yet it was before similar batteries constructed by the Russian seamen of a frigate and a transport, designed by naval officers, and built under their superintendence, that the allied squadron suffered the ignominious repulse of Petropaulski!

No wonder that the Russians are proud! The war found the professions dedicated to war ready for war; and whether at Sebastopol or at the extremities of the empire in the East, professional talent and command were found combined; whilst Cronstadt has defied menace, and Sveabourg has only been bombarded at a distance. Dare any English officer of reputation prophesy the same of Gibraltar or of Malta? The enemy has taught us a lesson; I trust that professional bigotry will allow us to benefit by it.

The *Barracouta*, *Amphitrite*, and *Pique* frigates had visited this place in April, and found it deserted. An American whale-ship was now at anchor in the inner harbour, and her master came off and informed them that, since the departure of the first English squadron, nothing had changed in the port, and that it was still deserted.

Aian, in which a few Yakuts were also met with, is described as being a dreadful place of exile, sad, dreary, and unhealthy. Children of European parents, however healthy and pure their blood, born there, are

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invariably scrofulous. The summer is a four months' fog, to which winter, with its intense cold but bright weather, is a relief. Attempts were made to discover where the guns which manned the batteries had been buried, but without success. One opening made exposed to view large quantities of English and German china, glasses, and flower-vases. A neighbouring row, apparently of potatoes, on being dug up, exhibited hundreds of walrus' teeth.

On the 3rd of August the *Barracouta* steamed in with the crew of the wrecked Russian frigate *Diana*, two hundred and eighty in number, and was glad enough to be relieved of some of the prisoners, who much more than doubled the number of able-bodied men in her crew. On the 13th of August the squadron left these inhospitable shores; and, "disappointed as were all the high hopes of entering the Amur by the northern channel, and of encountering the enemy in their own waters and under the cover of their batteries, still a sense of proximate relief from wet fogs and cheerless cold days served to mitigate the bitter feelings which frustrated zeal, inaction, desultory plans, and ill success had gradually sown in breasts glowing with the 'noblest longing for the strife' a *leader* could desire. Silently and dully the ships proceeded southwards, a damp veil often hiding them from each other; but a momentary rising of the fog usually proved how perfect the discipline was which, for so many weeks, had kept the squadron together in unknown and mist-covered seas."

Such is the history of one of the most extraordinary and grievous mistakes on record. The enemy's squadron was allowed to escape into the river Amur by a south passage between Sagalien and Chinese Tartary, within a few miles of the British squadron,—this passage never having been explored, while the enemy was still detained there by the ice. To crown all, the English ships sailed round Sagalien into the Sea of Okhotsk to get into the Amur by the north, where there was no passage. The tale would be almost laughable, if there were not such serious reflections connected with it.

BEAUMARCHAIS AND HIS TIMES.

We left Beaumarchais, after encountering the Jew Angelucci in the forest of Neustadt, and being wounded in a singular affray with banditti, wending his way to the court of Maria Theresa, to lay his case before the empress.

My first care (he writes in his report to Louis XVI., dated 15th October, 1774), on arriving at Vienna, was to write to the empress herself. The apprehension that the letter might be perused by any other person prevented my explaining the motive of the audience which I solicited. I sought simply to awaken her curiosity. Having, however, no means of access, I appealed to the Baron de Neny, her secretary; but he, upon my declining to tell him what I wanted, and seeing the wounds on my face, took me for an Irish officer or wounded adventurer, who wished to extort a few ducats from the empress, and he refused, in bluff terms, to take charge of my letter, unless I would tell him my secret; he would indeed have turned me out of the room, if I had not assumed as haughty a manner as himself, and assured him that I should make him responsible before the

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empress of all the mischief that might accrue in a most important affair by his refusal, unless he at once undertook to bear my letter to his sovereign.

Still more surprised at my manner than he had even been at my appearance, he reluctantly took the letter, saying that I must not on that account expect that the empress would consent to see me. "Sir," I said, "do not let that cause you any anxiety. If the empress refuses to grant me an audience, you and I shall have done our duty: the rest remains with fortune."

The next day the empress sent the Comte de Seilern to me, and he, upon my statement that I was commissioned by the King of France upon duties which I reserved to myself to explain to her majesty in person, offered to conduct me forthwith to Schœnbrunn, where her majesty was at that moment. I accordingly repaired thither, although the fatigue of the previous evening had much aggravated my sufferings.

I in the first place presented to the empress your majesty's order, sire, and she acknowledged the writing, adding that I might speak openly before the Comte de Seilern, from whom her majesty assured me that she had no secrets, and that she derived great benefit from his counsels.

"Madame," I said, "the matter which I have to lay before you does not so much relate to affairs of state, properly so called, as to dark intrigues which are being concocted to destroy the queen's reputation and affect the king's happiness." I then related the circumstances as they had occurred.

At this recital, the empress, lifting up her hands with surprise, said, "But, sir, what ever has induced you to show so much zeal in the interest of my son-in-law, and especially of my daughter?"

"Madame, I have been one of the most unfortunate men in France at the end of the last reign. The queen, under such trying circumstances, did not disdain to show some sympathy for all the sufferings that had been accumulated on me. In serving her in the present matter, without hope that she will even ever be made acquainted with my exertions, I only liquidate a heavy debt that I owe her; the more difficult my enterprise, the greater excitement I find in it. The queen condescended to say openly that I manifested in my defence too much courage and mind to have committed the wrongs that have been attributed to me; what would she now say, madame, if, in an affair which equally interests herself and the king, she found me wanting in that courage which she admired, and that character which she called mind? She would say that I was deficient in zeal. 'That man,' she would say, 'succeeded in a week's time in destroying a libel which outraged the person of the late king and his mistress, when the English and French ministers had made vain efforts for eighteen months to bring about the same results. In the present case, entrusted with a mission in which we take the greatest interest, he meets with nothing but failures. Either he is a traitor or a fool, and in both cases he is equally unworthy of the confidence that has been placed in him.' Such, madame, are the motives that have induced me to brave danger, despise pain and suffering, and surmount all obstacles."

"But, sir, why did you change your name?"

"Madame, I am unfortunately too well known under my own name in the European world of letters, and the published defence of my last affair has so excited people in my favour, that wherever I appear under the name of Beaumarchais, whether it is that I awaken the interest of friendship, or that of compassion, or mere curiosity, they call upon me, invite me, and surround me so, that I am no longer at liberty to work as secretly as it is necessary to do in so delicate an affair as that which has been entrusted to me. That is why I begged of the king to allow me to travel with the name of Ronac, which is in my passport."

The empress testified the greatest curiosity to read the libel, to obtain possession of which had cost me so much trouble. Its perusal followed immediately upon my explanation. Her majesty condescended to enter upon the most intimate details of the subject, and she listened to me for a considerable

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length of time. I remained with her for more than three hours and a half; I several times renewed my request, with much earnestness, that she would lose a moment in sending to Nuremberg.

"But would the man have dared to show himself there, knowing you were going to that place yourself?" inquired the empress.

"Madame, in order the more to induce him to go there I deceived him, by leading him to believe that I was going to retrace my steps and should return to France. At all events, he is there or he is not. In the first case, by having him sent to France, your majesty will render an essential service to the king and to the queen; in the second, it would be at the most only a fruitless inquiry, as would also that which I should beg your majesty to have effected, by causing due inquiries to be made at all the printing establishments in Nuremberg, so that the libel may not issue from thence to the world, for by the precautions that I have taken elsewhere I can answer for England and Holland."

The empress condescended so far as to thank me for the zeal which I manifested; she requested me to leave the manuscript till the next morning, giving me her word of honour that it should be restored to me by M. de Seilern.

"You had better," she said, with expressions of sympathy, "go to bed, and have yourself bled. We ought never to forget here or in France how much you have suffered in this cause for the benefit of your masters."

I only enter upon these details, sire, in order that you may feel the more strongly the contrast which they present with the conduct afterwards pursued towards me. I went back to Vienna, my mind still excited with the conference. I sat down to put on paper several suggestions which had presented themselves to my mind as being calculated to strengthen my case, and addressed them to the empress. M. de Seilern promised to deliver them. Nevertheless, the manuscript was not restored to me, and the same day, at nine o'clock in the evening, a secretary of the regency presented himself in my apartment, accompanied by two officers with drawn swords and eight grenadiers with fixed bayonets. He was bearer of a note from M. de Seilern, in which that nobleman requested me to allow myself to be arrested, reserving to himself, he said, the explanation by word of mouth of the reasons for this line of conduct, which I should certainly approve of.

"No resistance," said the secretary to me.

"Sir," I quietly answered, "I sometimes resist bandits, but never emperors."

All my papers were then sealed. I requested permission to write to the empress, but was refused. Everything was taken from me, my knife, scissors, even the buckles of my shoes—and I was left in my room with this numerous guard, where it remained for thirty-one days, or forty-four thousand six hundred and forty minutes; for, while the hours pass away so rapidly for those who are happy that they scarcely perceive their flight, the unfortunate mark the time of their suffering by minutes and by seconds, and find them very long when each is taken separately. During the whole of this time one of the grenadiers, each in his turn, had his eyes upon me, with his bayonet fixed, whether I was asleep or awake.

Imagine my surprise, the extent of my indignation! To think of my wounds at such a time was out of the question. The person who had arrested me came the next day to tranquillise me.

"Sir," I said, "there is no repose for me till I have written to the empress. That which happens to me is altogether incomprehensible. Let me have pen and paper, or you will have to chain me, for I shall go mad."

At last I was allowed to write. M. de Sartines has all my letters; they have been sent to him: let them be read, and the extent of the grief that was killing me will then be understood. I was utterly indifferent to all that concerned myself; my despair was concentrated upon the horrible mistake that was made in Vienna, and the injury done thereby to your majesty's interests. "Only let

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the generally admitted version of the mystery, "Why should a king, to prevent a scandal or to stifle a quarrel, make a captain of dragoons assume the garb of a woman? How did it happen, also, that the chevalier continued to wear female's apparel after the death of Louis XV. and Louis XVI.?"

M. Gaillardet, who has written a work in two volumes on the life of the Chevalier d'Eon, founded, he says, on authentic documents deposited among the archives of Foreign Affairs, affirms that if the famous Chevalier d'Eon consented to pass for a woman, it was not for the sake of the Guerchy family, but in the interests of the Queen of England, Sophia Charlotte, wife of George III. He pretends that D'Eon, having been discovered by the king in the queen's company, a medical man, a friend of the queen and D'Eon, hastened to declare that the chevalier was a woman. George III. made inquiries to ascertain if this was really the case from Louis XV., who, to preserve the tranquillity of his royal brother, assured him it was so. But from that time D'Eon was ordered to resume his male attire, with the consolation of having given a king to England, for the author of the work in question does not hesitate to say that he is persuaded that the pretended woman was the father of George IV.

M. de Loménie remarks very justly, that before so scandalous an attack upon the character of a most exemplary woman and virtuous queen could be tolerated for a moment, some satisfactory proofs of the truth of the charge should be adduced. Now this is precisely that in which M. Gaillardet's work is most wanting. There is a letter from the Duc d'Aiguillon to the chevalier, which, if authentic, lends some colouring to a scandal, but it does not designate the queen; nor is anything to be found in the whole work beyond rash assertions, and conclusions not borne out by facts or details; but by narratives, scenes, and imaginary dialogues, which give to the whole the character of a romance, and deprive it of all and any pretensions whatsoever to authenticity.

Whilst Beaumarchais was engaged on this singular mission, the Parlement Maupeou was broken up by the king, and shortly afterwards the author of the "Barber of Seville" was restored to all his lost rights and privileges. His missions, which had hitherto partaken more of the character of intrigues than of recognisable services, were destined at the same time to assume a more reputable aspect. By dint of rendering such services to the state, Beaumarchais had so far succeeded in gaining the confidence of Louis XVI., of M. de Maurepas, and of M. de Vergennes, as to overcome their scruples and political hesitations in the American question. It was from the influence of his ardent solicitations that the French government resolved upon tendering a secret aid to the insurgent colonies, and to charge Beaumarchais with a very important and delicate service. On the 16th of June, 1776, he obtained from the king the grant of a million of francs, with which he was to equip a fleet of forty sail, and to carry out an operation which would seem to be little in accordance with the usual habits of the man, and that at the very moment that he was bringing out his first successful play.

First performed in February, 1775, the "Barber of Seville" had been composed in 1772; it was at first an opera-comique, adapted to the then

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prevalent taste. The failure of the "Deux Amis" had driven its author from one extreme to the other, from excessive sentimentality to buffoonery. Beaumarchais was, under its first form, not only author of the words, but also, to a certain extent, of the music, which he had adapted from the *tonadillas* of the Spanish theatre; but, as thus arranged, the "Barber of Seville" was rejected in 1772 by the Comédie Italienne, at that time privileged to play pieces of that description. The loss was probably a gain to its author. Rejected as an adapter of Spanish music, Beaumarchais ultimately transformed his opera into a comedy for the Théâtre-Français, and it was luckily reserved to Mozart and Rossini to grace the inspirations of the author with the charms of music. It was even then presented as it had been originally to the Comédie Italienne, in four acts, to which he subsequently added a fifth. The whole of the play, altered as it was three times by its author, at different epochs in his life, is so full of allusions to his chequered career, more especially to the persecutions and trials which he had undergone, that it is impossible to understand many of the points without some knowledge of the private history of its author.

Beaumarchais' position in the world had now undergone a great change; he was restored to his civil rights, was a successful author, in the intimate confidence of government, well received at court, and popular on town. Yet he was not without his troubles: his lawsuit with the Comte de la Blache was not definitively settled; his best friend, the Prince de Conti, was taken from him by death; and his biographer gives the author of the "Barber of Seville" the credit of having succeeded where the Archbishop of Paris failed, in reconciling the prince with the Church at his last hours! The progress of his lawsuit obliged him to go to Aix, in Provence, at the very moment that he was despatching his two first ships from Marseilles to America. At Aix he adopted the same tactics that had served him so well in the Goëzman affair; he inundated the town with pamphlets, and won over the opinion of the public in his favour. His triumph was complete, and a final verdict disembarrassed him for ever of his vindictive enemy. The unfortunate Gudin, who was always in the wrong box, was the only sufferer by this happy conclusion of a tedious lawsuit. Wishing to celebrate his friend's triumph, he published some verses, in which Goëzman was alluded to as *un vil sénateur*. The *Courrier de l'Europe*, in which the verses appeared, was published in London, and the words were there transformed into *sénat profane*. The senate, justly irritated by the frequent attacks of Beaumarchais, resolved to take vengeance for them on his friend, and they issued a warrant for his arrest. Gudin, like Beaumarchais, appears, however, to have been befriended by the fair sex, and it is not a little characteristic of the times, that he was informed of the projected arrest by the wife of a senator, in time to take refuge in the asylum of the Temple, and where he was received, and allowed to "partager avec la belle Madame de Goodville, sa chambre, sa table et ses meubles pendant sa clôture. 'Ce fut en effet,' Gudin wrote himself of his place of refuge, 'chez elle que je trouvai l'asile le plus doux que jamais homme décrété ait rencontré dans le monde; elle était au Temple pour ses dettes, et nous ne cessions de rire en pensant que nous logieons ensemble, elle par décret du Châtelet, et moi par décret du grand conseil.'"

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It is needless to follow such a man as Beaumarchais in his long labours in the cause of the American patriots. In such a cause his principal associates were Wilkes, Arthur Lee, and Silas Deane, from whom he obtained the information with which he argued the cause of the patriots with the king and his ministers.

Beaumarchais, whether watchmaker, courtier, financier, merchant, or secret agent, persecuted or triumphant, equipping fleets in the service of the American patriots, or agent of the Committee of Public Safety, is still to the world only the gay Beaumarchais, author of the "Barber of Seville" and of the "Marriage of Figaro."

The "Marriage of Figaro," which had been read and summarily and decisively condemned by the king in 1782, was not played for the first time till the 27th of April, 1784. Beaumarchais' biographer labours hard to show by the position attained at that period by the author in society, the large fortune he had accumulated, and the impossibility there was at that time to foresee the events that followed, that no such revolutionary intentions were entertained by him as have been generally admitted since those events have taken place. Beaumarchais, he would have us believe, only sought by the ridicule which he heaped upon the laws, the authorities, and the upper classes, to revenge himself for the humiliations and injustices to which he had for so many years been subjected. Certain it is, however, that the king foresaw the revolutionary tendencies of the piece. Madame Campan has preserved in her "Memoirs" the account of a scene in which Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette had the "Marriage of Figaro" read to them. At the conclusion of the famous monologue of the fifth act, the king exclaimed: "It is detestable; it never shall be played. It would require that the Bastille should be destroyed before that play could be enacted without entailing evil consequences. That man laughs at everything which ought to be respected in a government." "It will not be played, then?" said the queen, in a tone which seemed to imply a latent inclination in favour of the drama. "No, certainly not," replied the king; "you may be quite sure it will not."

Beaumarchais' perseverance was as remarkable, however, if not more so than his genius. He never allowed himself to be daunted by difficulties either of time or opposition. He began with the same tactics that he had employed in his lawsuits to struggle against what he called *la proscription de la cour*, by awakening and exciting the curiosity of the public, by reading the play himself before a select few. The anxiety to hear the condemned play soon became a perfect furor. The copy used for this purpose was very neatly written, the pages held together by rose-coloured ribbons, and it was enclosed in a pasteboard cover, on which was inscribed *Opuscule Comique*. He used to precede the reading of the play by a preface, which has not been made public before:

Before proceeding with my reading, ladies, I must relate to you a fact which took place in my presence.

A young author supping at a house was requested to read one of his works, which was highly spoken of by all who had read it. He was much pressed, but continued to refuse. At length one of the persons, present being a little vexed, said, "Vous ressemblez, monsieur, à la fine coquette, refusant à chacun ce qu'au fond vous brûlez d'accorder à tous."

"Coquette à part," replied the author, "your comparison is more just than you think; les belles et nous ayant souvent le même sort, d'être oubliés après

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le sacrifice. The lively curiosity inspired by the announcement of a new work resembles somewhat the impetuous desires of love. But when you have obtained the wished-for object, you find yourself blushing at having met with charms insufficient to bind you. Do you be more just or ask for nothing. Our portion is toil; as for you, you have nought but enjoyment, and nothing can disarm you. And when your injustice breaks out, what a painful relation is there then established between us and the fair one! Everywhere the guilty one is timid: here it is the offended one who dares not lift up his eyes. But," added the young author, "in order that nothing shall be wanting to the parallel, after having foreseen the consequences of the step that I am about to take, changeable and weak as one of the fair sex, I yield to your requests, and shall read to you my work."

He read it and they criticised it. I am going to do the same thing; you also.

Beaumarchais succeeded so effectually in arousing curiosity by this system, that the piece was at length ordered to be performed in the Hôtel des Menus Plaisirs; but after all the preparations had been made, and at the very moment that the performance was about to commence, an order came from the king to interdict it. So general was the disappointment, that the words *oppression* and *tyranny* were pronounced with a vehemence that anticipated the fatal days that followed. Apparently by the queen's intervention the piece was, however, played at Gennevilliers, and Beaumarchais had to return from England, whither he had gone after the first disappointment, to prepare it for the stage. The very next morning the author formally demanded its production on the public stage, the king resisted for a long time, the play was successively submitted to five different censors, but Beaumarchais' wondrous perseverance triumphed at last, and the "Marriage of Figaro" was brought out.

The memory of that first performance is an event in the eighteenth century. The highest classes of society went to the theatre in the morning, great ladies dined in their boxes, the guards were dispersed, the railings torn up, the doors broken in, and three persons were stifled to death. Beaumarchais himself "assisted" at that first representation, seated *au fond d'une loge grillée*, between two abbés with whom he had just before enjoyed a *joyeux dîner*, and whose presence appeared to him indispensable, in order, as he declared, that, in case of his death, he should have administered to him *des secours très spirituels*.

By one of those strange vicissitudes which appear to be inseparable from Beaumarchais' career, the very success of the "Marriage of Figaro" was destined to be a cause of annoyance to him. It had reached its sixty-eighth representation, notwithstanding the opposition of conscientious, as well as of envious persons. The Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., was at the head of the enemies, who selected the *Journal de Paris* as the organ for their incessant attacks upon the successful dramatist. At first Beaumarchais answered them good-humouredly, but losing at length his temper, he declined further discussion, upon the ground that the very success of his piece rendered such unnecessary. "Quand j'ai dû vaincre," he wrote, "lions et tigres pour faire jouer une comédie, pensez-vous, après son succès, me réduire, ainsi qu'une servante hollandaise, à battre l'osier tous les matins sur l'insecte vil de la nuit?"

Unfortunately the Comte de Provence took the allusion to a vile insect

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of the night to himself, and he had little difficulty in persuading the king that lions and tigers, although evidently only used as an antithesis by Beaumarchais, applied to himself and the queen. Louis XVI. was already annoyed that a comedy, to the performance of which he had always been strenuously opposed, should have been so successful, and he wrote, according to the author of the "Souvenirs d'un Sexagénaire," M. Arnault, upon a seven of spades, without leaving the card-table, an order for Beaumarchais' arrest, and adding insult to injury, that he should be imprisoned at Saint Lazare, a place devoted to the seclusion only of depraved young people.

Such an act of despotism gave rise to a general feeling of discontent. Every one felt that his liberty was at the mercy of a personal pique. So great was the effervescence that the king was obliged to entreat Beaumarchais to come out of prison, for he insisted at first staying there till he was subjected to an open trial; and he afterwards lavished all kinds of favours upon him, to indemnify him for the injury that had been done to his reputation.

There was, however, no peace for Beaumarchais. He was destined at this very moment, when fifty-three years of age, to be thrown into controversy with a younger and even less scrupulous man than himself. Beaumarchais had taken an active part in a new speculation to supply Paris with water; Mirabeau, who was opposed to its success, wrote a pamphlet to show that the enterprise was a foolish one. Beaumarchais answered what he pleased to term the *Mirabelles* of the pamphleteer. Mirabeau, in a second retort, laying the question of the waters on one side, grappled his antagonist by the throat, challenged his whole career, and assailed him in the name of public order and morality. "Mirabeau, the dissolute," says Beaumarchais' biographer, "defending the cause of good manners against Beaumarchais; Mirabeau, who from his dungeon at Vincennes used to write and sell publications of the most reprehensible character, reproaching Beaumarchais for the licence of his pen; Mirabeau, the future orator, who was to invoke the Gracchi and Marius, challenging Beaumarchais for his attacks against the state, has always appeared to me as presenting a spectacle much more amusing than affecting."

In the midst of these accumulated contests Beaumarchais brought forth a successful opera, "Tarare;" and in 1789 he commenced erecting that fragment of the Boulevards near the Bastille, which still bears his name. On the 14th of July he was destined to witness, from his own house, still in course of construction, the fall of the Bastille. The part which the author of the "Marriage of Figaro" took at the first step of the revolution, was to act as president of the district des Blancs-Manteaux, in favour of order in his own quarter, and he was soon afterwards named by the electors of his district member of the municipal body. The restless spirit of the man, however, turned even the revolution to his disadvantage. Shortly after the production of his "Mère Coupable," the last of his dramas, he embarked in a patriotic and commercial speculation—the purchasing of 60,000 muskets from the Dutch—a speculation which entailed the loss of his fortune and involved him in great difficulties. The Convention succeeded, in the midst of the negotiation, to the Legislative Assembly, and on the 1st of December, 1792, Beaumarchais was

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accused of conspiracy and of a secret correspondence with Louis XVI., and the seals were for a third time placed upon his house. Luckily he himself was at the moment in Holland, and he hastened to take refuge in England. A London merchant who had advanced money in the musket speculation, finding that the adversary of Goëzman and Mirabeau was bent upon vindicating his cause in person before the Convention, and having little faith in the judicial integrity of that body, caused his creditor to be confined, for safety sake, within the rules of the Queen's Bench.

So resolute, however, was the now old man of sixty to fight his own battle, that he raised the money to pay off his debt, returned to Paris, and, adopting his old style of defence, distributed 6000 copies of a printed vindication. The author of the "Marriage of Figaro" would certainly have lost his head for his imprudence had it not so happened that the Convention was in want of muskets, and they gave him the alternative of selecting between a condemnation or a mission to Holland, at that time in open hostility with France, in search of the 60,000 muskets. Luckily for Beaumarchais, he was helped out of this dilemma by the English, who claimed the muskets, and, says his biographer, "le respect de la légalité qui distingue et honore le gouvernement anglais entre tous les gouvernements," preserved the arms in safety at Tervère. Beaumarchais was, however, not the less obliged to carry out the orders of the Convention, and during his absence he was placed on the list of emigrants, his property was confiscated, and his family imprisoned. The fall of the Convention and the rise of the Directory enabled him once more to return to his native country; but he was no longer the affluent man he had been, poverty stared him in the face, and care and anxiety combined to hasten the termination of his most eccentric and chequered life. It has been said that he committed suicide, but his biographer proves this not to have been the case. He was, as an old man, still of a bluff, sanguine temperament. His last passport had qualified him as "un bon vieillard, grand, gris, gros, gras," and he was carried off by what our neighbours call expressively *une apoplexie foudroyante*, on the 18th of May, 1799. The repose denied to him during life was sought equally in vain after death. He had had a bower prepared for a mausoleum in his own garden, and there his last remains were duly deposited, in accordance with strict revolutionary disregard of consecrated ground or religious rites; but that bower is now a street, and the bones of the author of the "Barber of Seville" and of the "Marriage of Figaro" were nominally transported to a cemetery—very possibly scattered to the wind.

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A WEEK IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY LASCELLES WRAXALL.

Kertch, February, 1856.

After a very quick and agreeable passage from London, the good ship which bore me and my fortunes to the seat of war cast anchor at eight in the morning off Seraski Point, and, as you may suppose, the decks and paddle-boxes were soon crowded with spectators, anxious for the first glance of a city which will ever exercise a magic influence over our minds, despite the disillusionising to which it has recently been subjected. It was late in the month of December when we arrived, and yet the weather was as mild and warm as a September day at home. The sun shone cheerily on the gilded minarets and cupolas of Stamboul, and the waters glistened with hundreds of gaily-painted kaiks, which really walked them like things of life. The prospect from the deck of our steamer was really magnificent: to the right was Scutari, rising upon the Asiatic hills in a dark setting of cypress-trees, indicating the celebrated Muhammedan cemeteries; below these, again, the enormous barracks; at the base, the charming Kadi-Koi, built on the classic soil where Chalcedon once stood. In the rear of this landscape we could distinguish the mountains of Bulgurlu and Kassi Dagh; while at their base lay slumbering the Sea of Marmora and the Princes' Islands. In front of us frowned Seraglio Point, with its countless historical reminiscences; a little to the left, again, the steep ascent through Galata and Tophaneh indicated the way to Pera and the Frankish quarter. In short, the effect of my first aspect of Constantinople will never be erased from my memory.

It was only natural that we should feel a desire at once to subject all these wonders to a closer inspection; so, after donning our uniform and getting ourselves up to a very considerable extent, three of us hailed a kaik, and commenced our first experiences of Oriental life. It requires a very considerable amount of practice to enter these gondola-shaped boats; as they have no keel, the slightest oscillation would be apt to upset them, and hence the greatest caution is requisite, if the passenger feel no particular inclination to come to grief. However, we managed to make the traject from the ship to the Admiralty Wharf in safety, and a few moments saw us in Galata. But how fearful was the change produced by only a few minutes! At the first glance it seemed an utter impossibility even to move from the spot, so dense was the crowd, so gluey was the mud into which we were compelled to wade. The houses which, when seen from a distance, appeared to have been built by fairy hands, were in reality not worth one farthing more than those I had inspected at the miserable village of Dardanelles the previous day; the gaily-dressed and picturesque forms which the traveller sees wandering about the quays, and is disposed from a distance to regard as pachas and beys *pur sang*, are converted, on a closer approach, into ragged vagabonds—Turkish hammals, Greek scoundrels, and Maltese robbers. It was a pity that my fair dream was so soon dispersed, and I was more than ever disposed to admire the Englishman who—so the story runs—

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was told that he must not attempt to land in Stamboul if he desired to keep up the illusion; so he hired one of the small Greek peril-boats, sailed in it for a week along the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Golden Horn, and then returned home by the next mail steamer, without having once set foot on land.

But it was of no use giving way to such unpleasant thoughts. It is true that the quay on which I stood was a rotten edifice, into which I sank ankle deep; instead of the perfume of roses, a stench of fish, cucumbers, and garlic pervaded my nostrils; but for all that I was in for it, and the only plan was to go on. Our first halting-point was Missuri's hotel, the best in the place, and that in all conscience was bad enough; for a bottle of wretched Bass they had the impudence to charge two francs, for a mouthful of bread and cheese five more, and then the waiter was highly indignant because we declined to give anything *pour le service*. Of a verity, with such prices, Madame Missuri can very well afford to pay her own waiters. Strange to say, this house is always crammed with English officers, who quietly allow themselves to be cheated, thinking it beneath their dignity to expostulate. The only thing note-worthy about Pera is the view to be enjoyed from the summit of the hill; but whether that be a fair compensation for the amount of actual misery undergone in obtaining it, I should not like to decide. For my own part, I went there once, and—never went again.

As for Galata, I dare not describe it to you: this entire suburb, from the Golden Horn as far as the Tower, is, with its filthy streets, its evil-smelling fish and vegetable stalls, its old clo'men, wool-carders, Christians, Jews, Greeks, Armenians, and German tailors, nothing better than one huge Circean sty; and it is a neck-breaking job to descend the street leading down from Pera after nightfall. In fact, I never could fully realise Muhammed's notion of not allowing his followers to drink wine or spirits until I had seen this city, for I am convinced that any drunken man, unless specially guarded by that Providence which is supposed to have charge of him, would inevitably break his neck before he reached his home. On both sides of the road are miserable huts, dignified by the name of houses, whose roofs extend so far that neither sun nor moon can penetrate, and these have been converted into shops for the special object of swindling strangers. There is, however, one green spot on my memory with reference to this street, namely, the London Tavern, where you can procure a very decent glass of Bordeaux; any one clambering up from Galata requires a strengthening dose, owing to the heat, and I would advise him not to leave this house unvisited. In truth, there are so few public-houses in Constantinople which a man can visit who has any regard for his character, or any old-fashioned notions about morality, that I think this honourable exception deserves to be immortalised in the pages of *Bentley*.

Let us suppose ourselves safely arrived in Pera. But how shall I attempt to describe a town which is renewed every eight to ten years, owing to the devastating fires that continually occur? The careless manner the Turks go about with fire and charcoal is quite characteristic of the nation. If a fire breaks out, in the Turk's fatalist view of matters, it is God's will, and nothing can be done. In such cases he gene-

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rally carries off his wife and children from the haremlik, and leaves the house a prey to the flames. A short account of a fire at which I was present, in Galata, will give a good idea of the way the Bono Johnnies manage things at home. We had just finished dinner, when our attention was attracted by the firing of cannon and the appearance of lanterns on the Galata Tower, a sure sign that there was a fire somewhere. We immediately pulled on land, and found ourselves speedily in the centre of a dense mob of firemen, cavasas, and soldiers, all shouting "Janjin var" at the top of their lungs, and attempting to stop the spread of the flames with the most primitive instruments that can be conceived. They consisted of an upright brass tube, resembling a field-gun, forming the cylinder of the pumping machine. Each of these machines is borne along by at least eight firemen, on two thick poles. All shouted "Janjin var," and sought to reach the place of the fire. But then came the question, Where was water to be procured? It had to be carried up with great difficulty in tubs and bags, perhaps even purchased from the water-carriers; and so, before they had succeeded in getting one squirt into working order, the fire had converted a street into a heap of ashes. Formerly, the want of water was felt still worse, and it is even said that all sorts of scoundrels used to bring up squirts filled with oil, with which they threatened to sprinkle the neighbouring houses unless their owners consented to ransom themselves. The next morning after a fire has taken place curious gazers may be seen wandering about over an immense heap of smoking wood ashes. The Turks congregate, hundreds of "Mashallahs" and "Inshallahs" may be heard, and they puff away at their chibuks in rivalry with the cinders. The next morning, when the ashes have grown cold, you will notice on the spot a number of huts or tents being erected; the owner of the spot has taken possession of it again, and lives on in his tent till he can scrape up enough to build a new house. If he cannot do so, the spot remains empty; and so you may find at the present day whole streets desolate which were afflicted some ten or twelve years back by a fire. A curious preservation against fire may be noticed in Constantinople before the windows of the houses, namely, a pair of slippers and a bundle of onions; houses which are provided with these means of protection are generally found, however, to burn as fast as the rest.

Suppose now, my dear reader, that you accompany me to a Turkish bath;—but no, I should not like to practise such cruelty upon you; you had better stay at home, and let me describe it to you. The person desirous of bathing enters the hamam, and finds himself in a large hall, round the walls of which a gallery runs. You then go up a flight of wooden stairs, where an hamamji takes off the clothes of the visitor, then wraps him in several large blankets, and puts a pair of massive *sabots* on his feet, in which he descends the stairs. As a general rule, however, the shoes reach the bottom long before the wearer. From this hall the bather is led into another, out of which a considerable degree of heat pours forth to meet him. While the first chamber is lighted by large windows in the walls and cupola, the second apartment is found to be somewhat darker. The floor is formed of very fine marble, and a fountain is usually to be noticed in the centre; round the room are cushions, on which the visitor reclines for a few moments, to prepare himself for the

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bath. The Turks sit here in undisturbed, blessed rest, wrapped up in their blankets, and trying to acquire the proper state of mind for the impending performance. The visitor is allowed some ten minutes for the requisite transpiration, and all sorts of reflections about what he is about to undergo, and is then conducted by a servant into the sidjahlik, or hot room, where he finds a heat of about 130° Fahrenheit, and gasps for air like a fish pulled out of the water on to land. This apartment is also elegantly paved with marble, and the ground slopes towards the wall, so that the water may run off; the condensed steam keeps dropping down from the dome, where the only light penetrates through convex panes of glass. Round the bath-room are open cabinets, in which small marble benches are attached to the walls; above these are two brass taps, from which hot and cold water can be drawn, and there is usually a brass basin upon these benches.

The naked hamamji, generally a boy, who receives us here, intimates to you that you must lie down on a large plate of marble, about two feet high, in the centre of the room: for what purpose will be soon discovered. The stranger reclines on his back, the marble plate, like the whole floor, being heated from below, but not so much as to be unendurable. This second period of reflection lasts another five minutes. You perspire all you can; the dome, too, perspires above us, and huge drops fall on your face. On the marble plate there are usually five or six persons reclining, all motionless and perspiring with great assiduity. Then comes the hamamji, dressed only in a short apron, and the fun waxes fast and furious. He begins belabouring the bather with both hands; rubs, rolls, and kneads every limb; cracks all his joints, with the exception of his neck, strikes them with his flat hand till it sounds like the beating of a drum; and, as several other hamamjis are performing the same process simultaneously on other persons, the noise becomes slightly monotonous, to say the least of it. At last the bathman plants his knees on your chest, and gives you various other *coups de grâce*, making you feel as if your limbs were scattered about the bath-room. While this process was going on with me, and the hamamji had belaboured me in a most Vandalic manner, he ended by seizing my right arm, in which I had been nursing a pet rheumatism for several years. My blood boiled at such ill-treatment: following a very natural impulse, I liberated my arm, and was on the point of giving the hamamji a box on the ears, but reflected in time, and drew back my hand. The same circumstance must have frequently happened to him before with Franks, for he laughed and bade me get up. With a "Lord be praised!" I collected my limbs on the marble plate, and carried them, following the lad, into the side-room, where I seated myself near the water-taps. Here I had to decide what degree of warmth I would have my bath; the hamamji then produced the required temperature, by means of the two taps, poured the water over me, then put on a glove made of coarse, hard felt, with the effect of a currycomb, and began to rub me till he peeled the outer skin from my body. He then beat up some sweet-scented soap-suds in the bowl, poured them over me, and the bathing operations were concluded. I was finally wrapped up quite wet in new cloths, one of which the boy fastened round my head like a turban, and was led back again to the gallery, where I reclined on

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one of a row of mattresses; a chibuk was stuck in my mouth, coffee was brought me, and I gradually dried. This lasted an hour, during which I conversed, as well as I could, with a thorough-bred Turk lying next me, who asserted, with all possible earnestness, that such a bath was the most splendid and beneficial thing to be had under the sun. Other persons have already stated this on authority of the Turks, but as I have a special regard for my limbs, I cannot assent to the proposition.

One of the prettiest objects I saw in the streets of Pera was the carriage in which the Turkish ladies make their excursions to the Sweet Waters of Europe and Asia. It consists of a long quadrangular frame, on which some six persons find room; round it runs a back about two feet high, generally painted a very bright red. At each corner of the carriage are poles of a spear-like form, supporting a snow-white canvas roof, as protection against the sun; along this run gold cords with large tassels. This carriage is drawn by two grey or perfectly white oxen, which are decked with very gay harness, and driven by a richly-attired cavass. When an araba of this sort is laden with half a dozen half-veiled and fantastically attired Oriental beauties, and you see them drive past, sitting crossed-legged in the Turkish fashion, it is quite impossible to pass by with indifference, or look in another direction. I for my part always ventured to have a thorough good look at the odalisks when they passed me, although I had been warned against rousing the fury of the people; and I never came to grief, though now and then a Turk would mutter a "Giaour!" between his teeth, and the way he spits it out is what the Americans would call a caution to any nervous man. A great change, by the way, appears to have taken place with the Turkish women: formerly the yashmaks were so thick that no mortal eye could penetrate them, but at present even the veils have had to yield to the onward movement. Once on a time the veil covered the whole of the face, so that only the eyes were free, and the poor women did not even use a pocket-handkerchief, because they could not find the way to their noses; but now *nous avons changé tout cela:* the veils are so thin and gossamer-like in texture, that the features can be clearly seen through them, and, in addition, they only cover the forehead and the lower part of the face, while the eyes and nose are emancipated. A friend of mine, who has resided some time in Pera, tells me, too, that the Turkish ladies appear to have an especial fancy for the Franks and Giaours; and they cannot be blamed if they try to play their jealous husbands a trick, which is indeed the case now and then. They visit Pera in large parties, lounge about in their wide mantles and huge boots, under which they generally wear neat little slippers, and let the Franks gaze their fill of them, which evidently causes them great amusement. They look with great interest after any elegantly dressed European woman who may pass them: and what a difference exists between the wasp-like waists of the strangers and the clumsy cloak of the natives! Nor must you look at the feet of a Turkish lady, unless you wish utterly to destroy the advantageous effect which their interesting, even pretty faces may have produced: all the Turkish women waddle like ducks; all turn their feet in, probably a result of their way of sitting; and their walk is rendered still more clumsy by the immense yellow boots

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in which they wade through the mud. Generally, however, they are pretty—I saw very few who were ill-looking, at least. On the other hand, their faces are generally pale and sickly, which is rendered still more unearthly, almost spectral, by the yashmak. Their continual washing, and the use of all sorts of essences, render the skin flabby, and take away all its freshness; and the prison life in the harems is not adapted to give them a blooming complexion; but the shape of the nose, the mouth, and the sparkling eyes are generally very fine. An unpleasant effect is produced by the elder women, when they waddle along the street with a species of patriarchal dignity, bearing a chibuk and parasol under their arms.

We will now quit Pera and proceed to the adjoining Tophaneh, a not less interesting suburb. My first visit was naturally paid to the institution whence this quarter derives its name—the immense cannon foundry, situated at the confluence of the Bosphorus with the Sea of Marmora. This building is one of the handsomest of the sort I have ever seen, not merely for its splendid situation, but also for the cleanliness to be witnessed within it; such a rarity in Turkey, that any instance of it produces a marvellous effect. Any one who examines this foundry can quickly form an idea of the excellent condition of the Turkish artillery. In the large court-yard I saw a great number of guns parked: some of them were trophies of the earlier Turkish wars, and had been taken from the Christians; among others I noticed old French guns with the lilies, others bore the papal arms. I also noticed here four Russian guns, taken at Slatina from the advanced posts, and which the Turks pointed out with a very pardonable degree of pride.

In Tophaneh is the large and splendid mosque which the padishah is in the habit of visiting; here, too, are the head-quarters of the Tcherkess, who bring their pretty daughters for sale to Stamboul. These free sons of the Caucasus may be seen at any time in the streets and coffee-houses of Tophaneh, and always have a supply of their fair wares on hand. It has been calculated that, up to the present time, about five hundred Circassian and Georgian women were imported annually into Constantinople; but the trade has fallen away considerably lately, for the Turks appear to have given up their partiality for these daughters of the mountain, and describe the Circassian women as obstinate, extravagant, and sulky, the Georgians as stolid and awkward. A curious race of men these Circassians!—on one hand they defend their liberty to the last drop of blood, on the other they carry their own daughters to the slave-market! The friend to whom I have already alluded, and to whom I am indebted for a great deal of my information, described to me a visit he paid to a Circassian young lady, and it is so *piquant* that I venture to repeat it. He formed the acquaintance of a Circassian slave-dealer, and went with him to his quarters. They entered a small and comfortable apartment, in which he saw a girl, not more than thirteen at most, with light hair and most classical features. The poor little thing was playing carelessly with a water-melon, and regarded her visitor with kind glances, for the only desire of these poor girls is to be bought and make their fortunes. My friend, though not the most bashful of men, positively felt uncomfortable at the sight, and ashamed of the part he was playing through mere curiosity, so he rose and quitted the house. The Circassian fol-

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lowed him, and he heard the poor deceived girl utter some words of regret. As they would not let him go, he was forced to go to a coffee-house, and ask the price demanded for the child. Six thousand piastres was the reply. He promised to consider the matter over, and so escaped; but he could not get rid of his uncomfortable feelings for some days after.

Like Galata, Tophaneh is built against the side of Pera Hill, and consists of dirty streets, in which fever reigns with undisputed sway. The air is pestilential in both suburbs, but more especially in Galata, and it is excessively dangerous to pass through them at night, owing to the vicinity of the Maltese street, where a motley mass of ruffians is congregated, ready to put any one out of the way for the miserable sum of sixty piastres. By great efforts the police have succeeded in preventing murders by daylight, but all their exertions are unavailing to prevent horrid scenes at night. Even in Pera, Englishmen have been recently attacked while going home to their quarters; and one night, when I was at the Opera, a major of the German Legion was stabbed in four places, just after he had left the coffee-house. But our countrymen run very foolish risks, more especially in the low drinking-houses near the bridge; many a man is hocussed and murdered for the sake of his clothing or money, and the Turk very quietly ejaculates his "Allah Kerim!" and goes on his way, probably rejoicing that there is one infidel the less in the world. One thing I forgot to mention to the credit of the Turks, namely, that although the city, and more especially Pera, swarms with beggars, you rarely find among these highwaymen any Muhammedans—they are generally Greeks and Armenians—although you find in Galata Tower-street, and on the stone steps leading to the Austrian Embassy, a quantity of old women lying down, who begin to lament directly they see a stranger, and even go so far as to seize him by the coat-tail. When the Turk begs, he generally does so in a droll and, consequently, successful manner, by calling you his kuzum, or lamb, and mentioning various pressing emergencies which compel him to become your suppliant. Generally, however, the Turk only takes to the trade when blind or a cripple. The real Turkish beggars take up their quarters on the Yeni Kupri (new bridge), leading from Galata to Stamboul, over the Golden Horn, whither I now propose my reader shall accompany me. This bridge is one of the largest wooden bridges in the world, I should think, although I cannot say much for its architectural beauty. It is currently supposed that you pay to cross it, but I fancy it is optional. If you happen to have any change, you give two pacas; if not, you let it alone, and no one seems to bother himself on the score. The first object generally sought for on entering Stamboul is the bazaar, one of the largest buildings in the place, and well meriting the celebrity it has acquired. Even during the greatest heat you feel as if in an ice-cellar when within it, for not a single ray of blessed sunshine ever penetrates into this labyrinth of broad-arched corridors. But before reaching the bazaar you are sure to have had your temper soured for days by the infamous interpreters, who stick to you like leeches, and can only be driven off by a hunting-whip. They are all rogues without exception, and if you employ one of them, you not only have to pay him twenty to thirty piastres for his services, but you find that your purchases cost you

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on an average one-third more than they should have done. "Capitaine," or "Signor Capitaine," greets the stranger's ear from every shop; one hands you a handsome tobacco-box, another a shawl, another the Lord knows what—you positively run the gauntlet. Your money is the article required; and since the presence of the Allies in the East, the English have behaved with such liberality that prices are nearly doubled for everything. This bazaar is immeasurable: in one street we find the tailors, then the shoemakers, then again the shawl, silk, and carpet dealers; a whole quarter is occupied by the goldsmiths' shops, the bazarlan, or bazaar for arms, &c. There is indubitably an immense amount of wealth collected in this covered market-place; but as a semi-obscurity always prevails in it, you can only see on returning to daylight what it is you have bought, and not unfrequently you have sold yourself in the bargain. On quitting the bazaar you generally feel inclined for a rest; so you go into the nearest Turkish coffee-house, drink your cup of coffee, and smoke your pipe. But those are luxuries I intend to describe presently, when I tell you about the Sweet Waters.

The Serai and the Aya Sofia possess even more attraction than the Bazaar, and away you clamber up the hill to the Seraglio, which may be reached from different sides. However, it was another illusion dispelled. The Serai, on closer inspection, consisted of a gloomy court-yard, surrounded by a high wall, in which all I had to admire was a magnificent palm-tree, occupying the whole of one corner. In addition, I saw the fountain near which the pachas used to be beheaded, and the iron hooks on which their heads were fixed; but that is nothing in a country like Turkey, where every inch of ground has some sanguinary reminiscence attached to it. From the court of the Serai I proceeded to the "Sublime Porte," which I had imagined a colossal gateway, but found it to be only a narrow one, to which a fictitious height is given by the contracted nature of the arch. Inside this door I saw on either side two glass-cases, in which were muskets with ornamented barrels, probably to pay honour to the padishah, for the guard carried the ordinary muskets. Two pretty marble pillars ornament the entrance; near them are two niches; above the arch numerous verses from the Koran are painted; while a row of wired, unglazed orifices above the Sublime Porte serve to disfigure its white-painted frontage. The prettiest object I saw was a small fountain, just in front of the gate, covered with numerous ornaments, gold and silver bas-reliefs, &c. All those Oriental ceremonies which formerly took place in the Seraglio are neglected; the building itself has lost its importance, for it is only inhabited by servants; the padishah himself now resides at his new palace on the Bosphorus.

Just opposite the Sublime Porte is the Aya Sofia, which, though not so elegant in form and construction as the Achmetji and the Suleymanyeh, still is rendered interesting by the numerous historical reminiscences attaching to it. Formerly no Christian dared to enter it; but at the present time any European officer or soldier is allowed to go in if he will go through the ceremony of putting slippers on over his boots. There is nothing, however, to be seen inside, save mats and carpets on the floor, as well as long strings suspended from the ceiling, to which ostrich eggs and flowers are attached, and the lengthy verses from the Koran inscribed on the wall.

The most memorable of all the public places in Stamboul is indubitably

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the Atmeidan or Hippodrome. Unfortunately, this square was sadly injured by the erection of the Achmet Mosque, and it is now limited to about one-third of its former space. To the north of this mosque, with its six graceful minarets, we find three monuments of antiquity, the only ones preserved in the whole of Stamboul out of the countless artistic treasures which once adorned the Rome of the East. Though of less importance, one of the most prominent objects in Stamboul is the "Burnt Pillar." This monument stands isolated, in the midst of Turkish vegetable stalls, cook-shops, and coffee-houses, which have collected so closely around this column that it appears to be growing out of one of these houses. At the first glance it might be taken for a huge smoke-blackened chimney, but it is supposed to have had a much higher mission, for folks say that it once supported a statue of Constantine. Its name it indubitably owes to the countless fires to which it has been exposed; it is beginning to look in a very tottering condition, and is surrounded by iron rings, which, however, afford it but scanty support, as they are perfectly rust-eaten.

One of the things to be seen in perfection in Stamboul is the out-door life of the Osmanli. They appear to perform every domestic duty in the streets, and all the artisans and mechanics work in the open air. This leads to a considerable amount of gossip, and were the work performed proportionate to the amount of chattering, the Turks would be the most industrious nation in the world. Indeed, the preconceived notions of the Osmanli which we bring out with us are utterly knocked on the head after a close inspection of the Turks at home. They possess a very considerable amount of humour, and are fond of practical jokes, which they carry on utterly regardless of the annoyance they may cause. Thus, for instance, the other day in Kertch I saw some of the Contingent amusing themselves with an exquisite game, which consisted in their picking up a dead dog and throwing it at each other. But, hold! I have not yet finished with Constantinople; we have first to go to Scutari and the Sweet Waters, and then through the Bosphorus, so I am doubtful whether I can reach Kertch before next month.

It was at eight in the morning that I stood with three friends on the great bridge, and awaited the return of the Turkish steam-boat which was to carry us across to Scutari. A number of Turkish ladies, in the most variegated feridjis, or cloaks, were also waiting for the vapour, and had seated themselves with the greatest calmness on the rotten planks of the bridge while we were gazing down on the blue waters at our feet. At length the vessel arrived. Thanks to the Turkish carelessness in all matters relating to public comfort, there is not even an opening in the railing of this bridge, from which all the local boats ply. The passengers arriving from Scutari—chiefly women—performed wondrous feats of balancing on the narrow plank laid from the vessel to the bridge, and crept under the balustrades, while we followed the same course, and had three things to guard against simultaneously—not to come into collision with the Turkish fair ones, hit our heads against the railing, or get our feet entrapped in the holes upon the bridge. Half an hour later we landed on the equally wretched wooden bridge at Scutari, and found on the quay a numerous party of horse-litters already assembled. Each of us hired a horse for the day at twenty piastres, and we then commenced our ride in the direction of the Kassi Dagh, the highest mountain on

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the Asiatic coast, whence a magnificent view may be enjoyed. I should recommend this ride in preference to that up the Bulgurlu, for though the distance to be travelled is greater, there is no comparison between the two views.

In the interior of Scutari there is nothing remarkable—the only objects to be visited are the barracks, hospital, and burial-ground, which we proposed to do on our return—and we continued our ride across the plateau to the Kassi Dagh. After passing the sacred fountain at the base of the hill, whence the water is carried for miles, we had half an hour's climbing over the rocks and through the bushes ere we reached the summit. Most magnificent was the panorama which here lay extended before us. To the left, Constantinople, with the Castle of the Seven Towers; to the right, the entrance to the Bosphorus; between the two, the Turkish city, Pera, Galata, and Tophaneh. To our extreme right we saw the mirrored surface of the Black Sea, at our feet the Sea of Marmora, about five hundred paces from us, washed by the sea, the Princes' Islands; to the left, on the Asiatic side, the snow-capped Olympus, veiled in light mist—an indescribably lovely tableau!

We soon found ourselves in Kadi-Koi, and hastened off, as evening was closing in apace, to visit the mighty burial-grounds of Scutari: an immense forest of gloomy cypresses, the twittering of millions of birds, and a thickly-strewn field of narrow Turkish gravestones, announced the kingdom of the dead. Here and there a couple of Turks were seated, with their chibuks and nargilehs, on the tombs; they had probably been there since the morning, so motionless did they appear. The Turk is very fond, by the way, of enjoying his kef in a churchyard, for gloomy death possesses no terrors for him. I attempted to climb up the steep road on horseback, and commenced picking my way through the countless gravestones, scarcely a foot apart. The road was fatiguing, and my exertions were fruitless: my horse was continually sinking in up to his fetlocks in the graves, or stumbling over upturned tombstones. I could find no monuments worthy of inspection—all the tombstones were equally insignificant—but I could not refrain from admiring the permanent brilliancy of the colours and gold fresco work with which the Easterns are so fond of ornamenting their graves.

On reaching Scutari we returned our horses, and had to hasten off, as it is difficult to procure a kaik after dark. Fortunately we succeeded in obtaining one, and after the usual amount of bullying the kaikji, who demanded about six times his proper fare, we reached our ship in time for a late dinner. I much regret that the length of our excursion prevented our having an opportunity to visit the hospital, and add my tribute of gratitude to Miss Nightingale for the devotion with which she has laboured to promote the comfort of our suffering soldiers. Others, however, among our passengers were more fortunate, and amply bore out the laudatory remarks which have already been published about this lady. She has succeeded in raising for herself a monument more enduring than brass, and the name of Florence Nightingale will be remembered when those of our heroes are forgotten.

Sunday, the last day of our stay in Constantinople, was devoted to an excursion to the Sweet Waters of Europe, for which purpose half a dozen of us took the ship's boat, and set off for a long pull. For some very considerable distance we proceeded up the Golden Horn, underneath the

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two bridges, and passed the few Turkish men-of-war still in existence, which have been removed for protection as high as the water will allow. Those we saw were built on fine models, but suffered from the all-prevailing want of cleanliness. After a while the river narrowed perceptibly, and the mountains grew higher; but one great charm was wanting—namely, that the country was almost utterly devoid of vegetation or trees. Here and there a clump of gloomy cypresses revealed the presence of a Turkish graveyard; but, with this exception, the general aspect of the country was monotonous in the extreme. At length we arrived at the termination of our voyage, for we were stopped by a Turkish sentry, who intimated that we could go no further in that direction. It was impossible that we had arrived at the celebrated European Sweet Waters. All we saw was a half-decayed palace, situated on the banks of a muddy canal, and very much resembling Hornsey Wood House, near London. Our disgust was excessive, and to cure our spleen we started off for a long walk over the hills to gain some idea of the general aspect of the country. The walk was pleasant enough, as far as it went, but would have been much more so had it not been that our olfactory nerves were being continually offended by dead oxen and sheep, off which countless lean and savage-looking dogs were making evidently a dainty meal. Here and there we came across a shepherd carrying a walking arsenal in his belt, and armed with a long spiked stick, forming a very formidable weapon. He would look savagely at us, mutter something, evidently not a blessing, between his clenched teeth, and retire slowly. After a while we grew tired of our ramble, and returned to our boat, when, after strengthening the inner man, we determined on making one supreme effort to discover the Sweet Waters. For this purpose we pulled to the other side of the river, and proceeded along a severely strait path, whence a view of a stagnant piece of water, about half a mile in length, could be obtained. At the end of about half an hour's walking, in mud up to our knees, we at length reached a village, and discovered, to our unmitigated disgust, that we had not been mistaken: we had visited the Sweet Waters, about which so many authors had joined in a conspiracy to humbug us. We turned into the only coffee-house the village possessed, and called for coffee and pipes. The operation of making the coffee took place before our eyes; the man took a little brass cup with a long handle, into which he put the coffee, very coarsely ground, sugar, and water. After a few minutes' boiling over the charcoal the beverage was ready, and handed to us in some porcelain cups, but I cannot say that I enjoyed it particularly. It may be habit, it is true, but I prefer keeping the coffee and the grouts separate; but here you had to eat them both with a spoon. Such a thing as drinking a cup of coffee must be unknown to the Turks. Nor did I have any much greater amount of success on trying the nargileh, or Turkish hubble-bubble, which requires the lungs of a horse before any smoke can be drawn from it. Now, as I particularly dislike making a toil of a pleasure, I was glad to exchange for the chibuk, which better responded to my English notions. The only thing I can honestly say in favour of the coffee-house was the excessive cheapness, for we only paid one piastre and a half for eight cups of coffee and pipes to match.

On our return to the ship, we were highly gratified to find that all the preparations were completed, and that we should positively sail on the

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next morning. Everybody was tired of Constantinople; tired of the diet, the stench, the noise, the cheating—in a word, we were tired of barbarism, and longed once more to be among civilised beings. Nor were we disappointed in our expectations: the captain kept his word like a man, and the next morning found us steaming up the Bosphorus, and fully prepared to admire its beauties, for we knew that every rotation of the paddles carried us further and further from that sink of iniquity, the mere aspect of which is sufficient to prove the utter worthlessness of the cause for which so much of our best blood has been shed.

It is almost impossible to give any description of the Bosphorus: words are too weak to describe the beauties which are developed almost without interruption from Scutari as far as the entrance to the Black Sea. Fortunately, too, we should not have to land anywhere and dispel the illusion, so we sailed along in the brightest possible spirits, and were prepared to admire anything. The whole of the Bosphorus is so sown with cannon, that a mouse, one would think, could scarcely get through, and yet, at the commencement of the war, a Russian frigate ran the gauntlet, and escaped into the Black Sea. I was anxious to see Buyukderé, interesting to me as the spot where the Contingent had lain so long idly, and to the bitter discontent of the officers and men. But such good fortune was not granted me; a rattling shower of rain, such as can only be met with in Turkey, drove us below, and we were not released until our good ship was heaving merrily on the Black Sea.

After an excellent passage we reached Kertch in safety, but a description of that place does not lie within the limits of my present paper. Next month I hope to meet my kind friends again, and have a gossip with them about the Turkish Contingent, of which very little is as yet known in England, and that little is incorrect.

But before quitting my present subject, I may be permitted to offer a few speculations as to the future fate of Turkey. That the Osmanli are predestined before long to be utterly removed from Europe admits not the slightest doubt; at least, if anybody is disinclined to believe it, let him just come out and see what the French have done, and are doing. He will find it a matter of public congratulation among the French soldiers that they have achieved the greatest victory of the whole war, and that without a blow—namely, the capture of Constantinople. Why is it that the Turks detest the French? Because they are fully aware of this fact, and know that they cannot possibly bear up against the energetic and enterprising Gaul, who has taken possession of their European home, and is fully determined not to resign it again. Such, at least, is the opinion I have been enabled to form from close observation, and I think it will be borne out. Not that I would assert for a moment the Turks have not fully deserved their fate; they were for a time a menace to Europe, now they have become an insult, and the greatest misfortune that could ever have occurred to nations calling themselves civilised, was that they offered to support such a set of ruffians, as personal inspection compels me to brand the Turks.

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New-Book Notes by Monkshood.

MILMAN'S LATIN CHRISTIANITY.*

DEAN MILMAN has here brought to a conclusion, wherein very much is concluded, a truly valuable and scholar-like work—one of those

—— enterprises of great pith and moment,

which the magnificent dreams of scholarship love to plan, but which, dream-hours over and working-days at hand, usually fade in the light of common day, and, like what they are, the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a rack behind. Such enterprises are dear to studious minds, imbued with letters, and of imaginative tendency, though not of imagination all compact; but to condense these "insubstantial pageants" of design, a gorgeous cloud-land of promise, into the prosaic performance of some six thick volumes, demy octavo—*hic labor, hoc opus est:* and one after another, such enterprises, like those of Coleridge, are found to look well only on paper, not in paper and print; and one after another, they all, from the designer's indolence, or incompetence, or growing indifference, or broken health, or unforeseen obstacle, or some other

—— respect, their current turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

The Dean of St. Paul's has most successfully, and at the cost of time, industry, and persistent study known only to himself, but self-implied in his every chapter, brought to a close this most important history. Its scope and treatment fairly considered, we have probably nothing to compete with it in our ecclesiological literature. The Dean shows himself an "approved good master" of his subject, large and lofty as it is, and complex as are its ramifications. His erudition is copious and diversified. His tone is a very model of candour, liberality, and impartial fairness. His portraiture of character is often felicitous and vivid, never one-sided or extravagant. He is happy in redeeming from mere monotony the dry chronicles of acts and monuments, which his theme requires him to record, by the generally sustained force and emphasis of his narration. His diction is terse, animated, and graphic; if sometimes apparently unfinished, and even incorrect, the cause probably lies with the writer's solicitude to be pithy and concise—which he is to an almost whimsical degree, in the condensation of sentences, and the more than decimation, the all but excision, of conjunctive

* History of Latin Christianity; including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V. By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. Vols. IV., V., VI. Murray.

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particles. As in the former volumes, Gibbonian forms and mannerisms abound.

A large portion of the first of these volumes is devoted to the exhibition of the Papal power rising to its utmost height, under Innocent III. Some of his successors might go greater lengths in the claims of spiritual despotism, in arrogating to themselves, *ex officio*,

> A ghostly domination, unconfined
> As that by dreaming bards to Love assigned;*

but, as Dean Milman shows, the full sovereignty of the Popedom had already taken possession of the minds of the Popes themselves, and had been submitted to by great part of Christendom. From the days of Hildebrand, that "mighty magician"† in spell-binding principalities and powers, Christendom had, we are reminded, become familiarised with the assertion of those claims, which, in their latent significance, amounted to an absolute irresponsible autocracy. "The essential inherent supremacy of the spiritual over the temporal power, as of the soul over the body, as of eternity over time, as of Christ over Cæsar, as of God over man, was now," in the thirteenth century, an integral part of Christianity. At the beginning of this century, Innocent III. "calmly exercised as his right, and handed down strengthened and almost irresistible to his successors, that which, at its close, Boniface [the Eighth] asserted with repulsive and ill-timed arrogance, endangered, undermined, and shook to its base." In his philosophical examination of the *rationale* of this great fact, the Papal supremacy, Dr. Milman observes with a truth not the less to be noted because it may be a truism, that ideas obtain authority and dominion, not altogether from their "intrinsic truth," but rather from the "constant asseveration" of them—the dinning them into the ears of us susceptible and pliable creatures of habit—especially when they fall in with our natural hopes and fears, wants and necessities. "The mass of mankind have neither leisure nor ability to examine them; they fatigue, and so compel the world into their acceptance; more particularly if it is the duty, the passion, and the interest of one great associated body to perpetuate them, while it is neither the peculiar function, nor the manifest advantage of any large class or order to refute them." The ambiguous terms in which the might and right of Papal dominion were advocated, were of special advantage to their cause.

* Wordsworth: Ecclesiastical Sonnets. XXXIX.

† Those ancient men, what were they, who achieved
A sway beyond the greatest conquerors;
Setting their feet upon the necks of kings,
And, through the world, subduing, chaining down
The free, immortal spirit? Were they not
Mighty magicians? ROGERS: *Italy*.

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The fallacy upon which was reared the ideal Church government of Gregory and his disciples, may well be called "splendid." It fell in with that yearning for heaven's first law, Order, which the heart of man, troubled by anarchy within and without, feels, cherishes, and expresses. "The unity of the vast Christian republic was an imposing conception, which, even now that history has shown its hopeless impossibility, still infatuates lofty minds; its impossibility, since it demands for its Head not merely that infallibility in doctrine so boldly claimed in later times, but absolute impeccability in every one of its possessors; more than impeccability, an all-commanding, indefeasible, unquestionable majesty of virtue, holiness, and wisdom." Without this, as the author adds, it is in effect a baseless tyranny, a senseless usurpation. This condition is practically a postulate; a *conditio sine quâ non.*

Innocent III., of all the Popes, is shown to have advanced the most exorbitant pretensions, and in an age the most disposed to accept them with humble deference. With characteristic fairness, Dr. Milman brings out whatever there was of "high and blameless," of "wise and gentle," in this energetic pontiff; in whom he recognises qualities, which might seem to advance him more nearly than any one in the whole succession of Roman bishops, to the ideal height of Papal supremacy. "In him, if ever, might seem to be realised the churchman's highest conception of the Vicar of Christ." For, about Hildebrand, who initiated the colossal system of Papal aggression, and Boniface VIII., and Gregory IX., there was majesty of a more worldly sort; they were distinguished by a "personal sternness," a "contemptuous haughtiness;" and the spiritual greatness of the first two was alloyed and thrust back by their secular policy. They might, indeed, endure with a loftier firmness than Innocent the calamities which came upon them, and wince still less sensibly before the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune; yet in those personal calamities there is "a kind of desecration of the unapproachable sanctity of their office." The ark may suffer in the estimate of Israel if too grossly abused by the Philistines. Proud Innocent might be, as proud as Gregory or Boniface; but his pride was "calmer, more self-possessed;" the star of his unconquered will* twinkled less, as, in "bright particular" sheen, it dwelt apart; more than they he seemed to know himself, and able to make others

> Know how sublime a thing it is
> To suffer and be strong.

* Longfellow gives to "the red planet Mars," the "first watch of the night," and says, or sings:

> "The star of the unconquered will
> He rises in my breast,
> Serene, and resolute, and still,
> And calm, and self-possess'd."—*Voices of the Night.*

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He escaped the more damaging insults to which they were subjected. "His dignity was less disturbed by degrading collisions with rude adversaries; he died on his unshaken throne, in the plenitude of his seemingly unquestioned power." Nevertheless, with all the grandeur of his views, with all the persevering energy of his measures, Innocent's reign is here seen to have been marred throughout by failure, discomfiture, and disaster.

The details of that reign are minutely and methodically supplied. In one chapter we have Innocent and the Empire; in another, Innocent and Philip Augustus of France; in a third, Innocent and England under John Lackland—the man to whom Shakspeare lent the only popularity (however brief) he ever enjoyed in these realms, by the "brave words, brave words" he puts into his mouth, in hasty and hastily-recanted defiance of this same Innocent;* in a fourth, Innocent and Spain—with a glance at his dealings with Bohemia, Hungary, Poland, and those other "lesser kingdoms" on the Baltic, which were not beyond the sphere of his "all-embracing watchfulness;" in a fifth, Innocent and the East—fully particularising the history of the Crusade for which he was so urgent—the triumphant career of Fulk of Neuilly, whose burning words kindled to "obedience to the cross," nobles, knights, citizens, serfs, though to no lasting purpose—the diplomacy and daring of blind old Dandolo—the taking of Constantinople, and establishment in the East of Latin Christianity; in a sixth, Innocent and the Anti-Sacerdotalists—including the wars in Languedoc, and the lives and deaths of Simon de Montfort and Raymond of Toulouse.

As to the result of Innocent's exertions in this last and notorious instance, Dean Milman, while he owns that "the success was indeed complete," adds that this success, the extirpation of Albigensian heresy, was ensured by means of which Innocent disapproved in his heart. "He had let loose a terrible force, which he could neither arrest nor control. The Pope can do everything but show mercy or moderation. He could not shake off, the Papacy has never shaken off the burden of its complicity in the remorseless carnage perpetrated by the Crusaders in Languedoc, in the crimes

* *King John* [to Pandulph,
"of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here"]:
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions, &c.
* * * * *
King Philip. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.
K. John. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out
. . . . Yet I, alone, alone, do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.
King John, Act III. Sc. 1.

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and cruelties of Simon de Montfort. A dark and ineffaceable stain of fraud and dissimulation too has gathered around the fame of Innocent himself. Heresy was quenched in blood; but the earth sooner or later gives out the terrible cry of blood for vengeance against murderers and oppressors." Hurter, who catches at every opportunity for magnifying the "equity and gentleness" of his "hero and saint," makes the very most of Innocent's indecisive and yielding behaviour at the Fourth Lateran Council—not perceiving, in his Papal zeal, what Dean Milman points out—the humiliation of Innocent, when thus reduced, by the implacable Fulks and Arnolds of that congress, to become the "tame instrument" of *their* bigotry and rapacious greed. "Innocent, the haughty Innocent, appears in the midst; mild, but wavering; seeing clearly that which was just, humane, merciful, and disposed to the better course; but overborne by the violence of the adverse party, and weakly yielding to that of which his mind and heart equally disapproved."

To Innocent succeeded Honorius III., a temporising Pope, whose "natural gentleness of character" bordered on timidity. He is described as not having energy of mind either to take the loftier line, or to resist the high churchmen who urged him towards it; following a temporising policy, which could only avert for a time the inevitable conflict with the Empire—inevitable if only because the Emperor was Frederick II. "And yet a Pope who could assume as his maxim to act with gentleness rather than by compulsion, by influence rather than anathema; nevertheless, to make no surrender of the overweening pretensions of his function, must have had a mind of force and vigour of its own, not unworthy of admiration: a moderate Pope is so rare in these times, that he may demand some homage for his moderation." A large part of his moderation may perhaps be ascribed to his physical weakness—for he was *corpore infirmis, et ultra modum debilis*—although neither this, nor the burden of extreme old age has sufficed, in repeated instances, to tame the heyday blood of Papal energy. Witness the successor of Honorius.

This was Gregory IX. Cardinal Ugolino had attained that age when strength is but labour and sorrow, fourscore years, when called to the pontificate. At fourscore years he was to enter upon that fearful strife with Frederick, which spread havoc and desolation so far and wide. Frederick little anticipated the history that awaited them twain, as Cæsar and Pope, when he once said of the cardinal: "He is a man of spotless reputation, of blameless morals, renowned for piety, erudition, and eloquence. He shines among the rest like a brilliant star." It was only the cardinal's due. But what was the Pope's due, in after years, by the estimate of the same imperial arbitrator?

The contest between the Empire and the Papacy could not have begun, Dr. Milman remarks, under men more strongly contrasted

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than Gregory IX. and Frederick II. Gregory, at the age of eighty, "retained the ambition, the vigour, almost the activity of youth, with the stubborn obstinacy, and something of the irritable petulance of old age. He was still master of all his powerful faculties; his knowledge of affairs, of mankind, of the peculiar interests of almost all the nations in Christendom, acquired by long employment in the most important negotiations both by Innocent III. and by Honorius III.; eloquence which his own age compared to that of Tully; profound erudition in that learning which, in the mediæval churchman, commanded the highest admiration." On the other hand, Frederick is fairly portrayed with many of the noblest qualities which could captivate the times he lived in: a brilliant prince, who, having crowded into his youth adventures, perils, successes, almost unparalleled in history, was now (A.D. 1227) only expanding into the prime of manhood. After having, as a parentless orphan, struggled upward to the throne of his hereditary Sicily—after crossing the Alps a boyish adventurer, and winning, almost *proprio marte*, the imperial crown,*—he was now beginning to be at once the Magnificent Sovereign, the gallant Knight, and troubadour Poet ("not forbidding himself those amorous indulgences which were the reward of chivalrous valour, and of the 'gay science'"), the far-seeing, comprehensive, enlightened Lawgiver, and the patron of literature and the arts. It is impossible to conceive a contrast more strong or more irreconcilable than that which the historian here draws between the octogenarian Gregory, in his cloister palace,† in his conclave of stern ascetics, with all but severe imprisonment within conventual walls, completely monastic in manners, habits, views, in corporate spirit, celibacy, in rigid seclusion from the rest of mankind, in the conscientious determination to enslave, if possible, all Christendom to its inviolable unity of faith, and to the least possible latitude of discipline; and the gay, and yet youthful Frederick, with his mingled assemblage of knights and ladies, of Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans, of poets and men of science, met, as it were, to enjoy and minister to enjoyment; to cultivate the pure intellect: where too, it is freely admitted, "if not the restraints of religion, at least the awful authority of churchmen, was examined with freedom, sometimes ridiculed with sportive wit." The exciting vicissitudes in the great contest which ensued, between two chiefs in some respects so equally, in others so unequally matched, are narrated with unflagging spirit and with copious particulars in the tenth‡ book of this history.

Though eighty years of age when elected to the chair of St.

* See Latin Christianity, vol. iv. 313 *sqq.*

† Ibid. 321.

‡ The heading "Book IX." being, by right (or wrong), an *erratum*. See Preface to vol. iv.

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Peter, Gregory IX. reigned, and warred, and excommunicated, and endured, for twice seven years. The stout old priest was not far from a hundred when, cast down but not destroyed, he defied bonds and degradation, and issued his mandate to the faithful, not to let themselves be dispirited by momentary adversity: "The bark of St. Peter is for a time tossed by tempests, and dashed against breakers; but soon it emerges unexpectedly from the foaming billows, and sails in uninjured majesty over the glassy surface." This was just before his death in 1241; a death by some attributed to vexation, but as Dean Milman says, extreme age, with the hot and unwholesome air of Rome in August, might well break the stubborn frame of Gregory. In September was elected as his successor, Celestine IV., "a prelate of gentle character and profound learning." In October, Celestine IV. was dead. For nearly two years the Papal throne was unoccupied, to the scandal of the faithful, and the reproach of Frederick, on whom the blame was cast. Frederick might well retard, if he could, the election of another anti-Ghibelline chieftain. In 1243, however, a friend of his became Pope, taking the name of Innocent IV. Frederick was congratulated. But Frederick knew there was no cause for congratulation. "In the Cardinal," he forebodingly murmured, "I have lost my best friend; in the Pope I shall find my worst enemy. No Pope can be a Ghibelline." His quondam friend fully justified the Emperor's prognostications.

Innocent IV. wore the tiara for some eleven years. He aspired to become fully, what his immediate predecessors *were* progressively becoming, absolute in monarchical sway; his "haughty demeanour," "immoderate pretensions," and "insatiable rapacity," offended many, but impeded not the advance of his power. He asserted the Papal claims with "a kind of ostentatious intrepidity." There was a "personal arrogance in his demeanour, and an implacability which revolted even the most awe-struck worshippers of the Papal power." His name was odious to the last degree in England, the most profitable of his spiritual estates, and which he taxed to an "incredible" extent. After his death in 1254, wild tales were rife in England, of his last hours,* tales which showed that even the Pope could not with impunity set at nought the moral sense, and natural emotions, of subjects who were not only churchmen but men.

Alexander IV. follows; "a gentle and religious man, not of strong or independent character," but, according to Matthew Paris, too open to flattery and to the suggestions of interested and avaricious courtiers. Forced to adopt the policy of Innocent IV., he was maladroit and ill at ease in its principles and practice. The son of a cobbler succeeded him in 1261, Urban IV.; followed by that Clement IV. whose praise is, that he did not exalt his kindred

* See vol. iv. pp. 466 *sqq.*

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—that he left in obscurity the husbands of his daughters; then by that Gregory X. whose soul was possessed by one great religious passion, a crusade, to re-christianise and redeem the Holy Land, which, with "its afflictions and disasters, and its ineffaceable sanctity, had sunk into the depth of his affections"—and with whom expired (in 1276) the Crusades, and after whose time the Pope began to sink into an Italian prince, or into the servant of one of the great monarchies of Europe: the last convulsive effort of the Popedom for the dominion of the world, under Boniface VIII. ending in the disastrous death of that Pope, and the captivity of the Papacy at Avignon.*

Between Gregory X. and Celestine V. there is a space of nearly twenty years, during which the pontificate is exercised by an Innocent, a Hadrian, a (nineteenth) John, two Nicolases, and an Honorius—none of them very note-worthy. But Celestine V. was that Peter Morrone, whom multitudes had tracked out in swarms from desert to desert, "some to wonder at, some to join his devout seclusion." The ascetics of old were worthily rivalled by this low-born anchorite, whose dress was "hair-cloth, with an iron cuirass; his food bread and water, with a few herbs on Sunday." At the age of twenty he had gone into the desert; and there "visions of angels were ever round him, sometimes showering roses over him. God showed him a great stone, under which he dug a hole, in which he could neither stand upright, nor stretch his limbs, and there he dwelt in all the luxury of self-torture among lizards, serpents, and toads." Woe worth the day to Peter Morrone when, by unanimous acclamation, he was declared supreme Pontiff, and summoned from his hermitage, in a wild mountain cave, to assume the sovereignty of the Church militant here on earth. The ambassadors who bore the summons had difficulty in procuring guides to direct their steps to his rugged retreat. "The cave, in which the saint could neither sit upright nor stretch himself out, had a grated window with iron bars, through which he uttered his oracular responses to the wondering people. None even of the brethren of the order might penetrate into the dark sanctuary of his austerities. The ambassadors of the Conclave found an old man with a long shaggy beard, sunken eyes overhung with heavy brows, and lids swollen with perpetual weeping, pale hollow cheeks, and limbs meagre with fasting: they fell on their knees before him, and he before them." In vain was his fervently iterated, tearfully reiterated *nolo episcopari*. *Nolens volens* he must obey the *sic volo sic jubeo* of the Conclave. Never was there a more popular inauguration. But the Cardinals soon saw reason to repent; not sooner than this ex-Peter the Hermit wished to abdicate. His abdication was accepted. Celestine was no longer Celestine. Peter was himself again. The abdication was indeed

* Latin Christianity, vol. v. pp. 24, 53-4, 62, 81, 86, 93-4.

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an event "unprecedented in the annals of the church,"—a confession of mere humanity, calculated to stagger and scandalise a large part of thinking and believing Christendom. It was differently viewed in different quarters. For this act the monkish writers exalted and glorified Celestine's holy name, as the *beau idéal* of Christian perfection. But in spite of his celestial name, Dante sent him to hell for it—and to that part of hell where were gathered those on whom, in uttermost scorn, the poet would not condescend to look.

A living antithesis to the character of Celestine appears in the person of his successor, Boniface VIII. (Benedetto Gaetani). "Of all the Roman pontiffs, Boniface has left the darkest name for craft, arrogance, ambition, even for avarice and cruelty." The historian explains how this pontiff's own acts laid the foundation of the "sempiternal hatred," with which his memory was regarded, not only by individual foes, but by houses, factions, orders, classes, professions, and even kingdoms: how, in his own day, his harsh treatment of Celestine and the Celestinians, afterwards confounded with the wide-spread Fraticelli (the extreme and democratic Franciscans), laid up a deep store of aversion in the popular mind; while, in the higher orders, his terrible determination to crush the old and powerful family of the Colonnas, and the stern hand with which he repressed others of the Italian nobles, together with his resolute Guelfism, and his invitations of Charles of Valois into Italy, involved him in the hatefulness of all Charles's tyranny and oppression. "This, with his own exile, goaded the Guelf-born Dante into a relentless Ghibelline, and doomed Pope Boniface to an earthly immortality of shame and torment in the hell of the poet." Add to this the odium he incurred in his conflict with Philip of France, and "the lawyers, his fatal foes." Hardly was Boniface dead, when Christendom heard without protest that epitaph "which no time can erase"—though in later days it has been protested against, by Cardinal Wiseman* and others,—"He came in like a fox, he ruled like a lion, he died like a dog." The Ghibellines would have it, that in an access of fury, either from poison or wounded pride, Boniface sat gnawing the top of his staff, and at length either beat out his brains against the wall or smothered himself with his pillows. Dr. Milman accepts as "probably more trustworthy," the "more friendly" accounts which describe him as sadly, but quietly breathing his last, surrounded by

* Speaking of the leaders in the forlorn hope of securing respect and admiration for Boniface VIII., Dean Milman observes, that Cardinal Wiseman has embarked in this desperate cause with considerable learning and more ingenuity. More recently have appeared Tosti's "panegyrical, but not very successful biography," and the more impartial, the conscientious and "painful," but far from satisfactory life by Drumann. See vol. v. 144 *n*.

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eight cardinals, having confessed the faith and received the consoling offices of the Church—

> —— fassusque fidem, curamque professus
> Romanæ Ecclesiæ, Christo tunc redditus almus
> Spiritus.

The next Pope was Benedict XI., a man of exemplary life and gentle manners, who for some time was enabled to pursue a course of conciliation and "dispassionate dignity," and died suddenly just as he was turning over a new leaf. Clement V. represents the opening of the "Babylonish captivity" in the Book of the Chronicles of the Popes of Rome—that period during which Rome was no longer the metropolis of Christendom, and the Pope declined into a nominee of France. To the interval between Clement's accession and death, viz., from 1305 to 1314, belongs the tragedy of the abolition of the Templars, recounted by Dean Milman with admirable impartiality, completeness, and effect. Du Molay's dying citation of Clement is well known: "Clement, iniquitous and cruel judge, I summon thee within forty days to meet me before the throne of the Most High." It was more than a year from that time when Clement's death actually took place. But it is worthy of notice, that the earliest allusion to this dread summons does not contain the limitation clause, the "within forty days," which, if part of it, would cancel its prophetic character.

To the "shamefully rich" and sensual Clement succeeded another cobbler's son,—the deformed and stunted John XXII., who enjoyed the reputation of profound learning in theology, and the canonical and civil law. A very worldly head of the Church he proved. He shocked the Mendicant Orders by his avarice and his secular pursuits. Of all the Pontiffs, not one, according to the historian, was more deeply involved in temporal affairs, or employed his spiritual weapons, censures, excommunications, interdicts, more prodigally for political ends. Moreover, "his worldliness wanted the dignity of motive which might dazzle or bewilder the strong minds of his predecessors," such as Gregory VII., Innocent III., or Boniface VIII. Yet this Pope, who was notoriously and pre-eminently rapacious, harsh, relentless, intolerant, and vindictive, "had a great fame for piety as well as learning, arose every night to pray and to study, and every morning attended Mass." He died at ninety, and left behind him, Böhmer admiringly informs us, *einen Schatz von* no less than *fünf und zwanzig Millionen gold gulden.*

The shrewd and sagacious Benedict XII. comes next, the too pliant minister of French counsels, and the too easy lover of wine and persiflage.* It is said that the proverb, "As drunk as a

* A stinging epitaph brands Benedict in a very *male*dictory manner:

> "Ille fuit Nero, laicis mors, vipera clero,
> Devius à vero, cuppa repleta mero."

Pope," is due to his "bottle tricks." Clement VI. (1342-52) was another pleasure-loving Pope, under whom the Court at Avignon became "the most splendid, perhaps the gayest, in Christendom," and whose life was a constant succession of ecclesiastical pomps, and gorgeous receptions, and luxurious banquets. It required the terrible Black Plague to startle into seriousness such a Pope and such a Court. Innocent VI. reigned also for ten years (1352-62), "the most powerful and most prudent of the Avignonese Pontiffs," though the fame of the most pious he must cede to his successor, Urban V. (1362-70), whose virtues are commemorated by Petrarch in glowing terms. Gregory XI. assumed the tiara "with sincere reluctance"—a man of blameless morals, "singularly apt, easy, and agreeable in the despatch of business;" his reign was confused; his death led to confusion worse confounded—its date (1378) being that of the close of the Babylonish captivity of the Popedom, only to be replaced by the great schism which "threatened to divide Latin Christianity in perpetuity between two lines of successors of St. Peter, finally to establish a Transalpine and a Cisalpine Pope." Of the Popes and Anti-Popes who "flourished" and faded between the death of Gregory XI. and the election of the notable Thomas of Sarzana (Nicolas V.) in 1447, we can only allude to the studious, austere Urban VI., who "did the harshest things in the harshest way," and was guilty of acts of most revolting cruelty, such as might "seem almost to confirm the charge of madness;" Martin V., who as the Cardinal Otto Colonna had a reputation for temperate views, and a strict and even ostentatious love of justice, which his papal career failed to increase; Eugenius IV., who to the narrow virtues of a monk, austere morals, and rigorous discharge of the offices of devotion, joined monkish stubbornness and self-sufficiency, together with a keen relish for war—always provided that the war be against heretics, and, as such, exterminating, unconditional, without quarter; and Felix V., whose election was something more than a nine days' wonder to Christendom, his Holiness being none other than that Amadeus of Savoy, widower, paterfamilias, and ex-sovereign, who, weary of his temporal crown, had retired to a "kind of villa-convent on the beautiful shores of the Lake of Geneva," but was not over coy of accepting the summons to the Papal See, though he *did* stickle about the loss of his hermit's beard, which it went to his heart to part with, each particular hair almost standing on end, and feeling "cut to the quick," when the depilatory decree went forth.

With the Pontificate of Nicolas V., this History of Latin Christianity concludes. The choice of such a man as Thomas of Sarzana, at such a time, was rarely felicitous. Within three short years of his election, "the Pope had become again a great Italian Potentate;" and this, not so much in the strength of the Roman See as a temporal Sovereignty, as in the "admiration and

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gratitude of Italy, which was rapidly reported over the whole of Christendom." To Nicolas V., Italy, "or rather Latin Christianity, mainly owes her age of learning;" under him Rome was to resume her rank as the centre of Art, to be as of old the Lawgiver of Civilisation, to be "at once the strong citadel, and the noblest sanctuary in the world, unassailable by her enemies both without and within from her fortifications; commanding the world to awe by the unrivalled majesty of her churches." The ecclesiastical *ædificia Nicolai Papæ* were the delight and the wonder of contemporaries.

With him closes the series of Popes chronicled in the thirteen Books of "Latin Christianity." The Fourteenth Book, however, will be to many readers the most precious of the whole; surveying as it so admirably does the faith, the literature, the Teutonic languages, the Christian Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, of the entire period under review. The theology of the great Schoolmen, the hymnologies of the devout, the theosophy of the mystics, Chaucer and Wycliffe, Petrarch and Boccaccio, Giotto and Fra Angelico, all are discussed, with an ability and critical acumen that must make this final volume very widely and specially attractive. Unhappily, we have no space left for illustration of this section of the work; nor have we been able to notice as they deserve the very numerous episodes, so to call them, in the course of its variegated pages, which relate the crises or catastrophes in the career of many a famous king and rebel, reformer and adventurer, man of peace and man of blood. Let us, however, bestow a page or two on one celebrity out of this throng, on Coli di Rienzi.

Dr. Milman does justice to the "wonderful courage, address, and resolution," with which that remarkable man pursued his design of reawakening the old Roman spirit of liberty—submitting, for this purpose, to every kind of indignity, and assuming every disguise which might serve his end—playing the buffoon to amuse the haughty nobles in the Colonna palace—making himself, in the words of his autobiography, "a simpleton and a stage-player, and by turns serious or silly, cunning, earnest, and timid, as occasion required." Dr. Milman does justice, too, in graphic words, to the early rule of the Tribune, when there lay prostrate at his feet, and swearing obedience to his decrees, those nobles whom hitherto no Pope nor Emperor could expel from Rome—but whom Rienzi had expelled and recalled at will; whom Rienzi's "open, patient, inexorable justice" now delighted to humiliate: when financial reforms were planned and carried, military organisation controlled by constitutional authority, and not only the city, but all the country around blessed by a sudden and unwonted relief from disorder, violence, and general distrust. "The woods rejoiced that they concealed no robbers; the oxen ploughed the field undisturbed; the pilgrims crowded without fear to the shrines of

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the saints and the apostles; the traders might leave their precious wares by the roadside in perfect safety; tyrants trembled; good men rejoiced at their emancipation from slavery." The "glorious ends" of the Tribune's ambition are seen in the stress he lays upon the moral as well as civil revolution he had wrought, in his letters to the Emperor and elsewhere: had he not restored peace, he asks, among the cities which were distracted by faction? had he not decreed the readmission of exiled citizens? had he not begun to extinguish the party names of Guelf and Ghibelline, and to reduce Rome and all Italy into one harmonious, peaceful, holy confederacy? Had he not, too, been honoured by flattering advances from Christendom eastern and western—by solemn embassies and letters from the Emperor of Constantinople and the King of England? Had not the Queen of Naples submitted herself and her realm to his protection, and the King of Hungary urgently pressed upon his hearing the case against that fair defendant? But while Dr. Milman does justice to the good points in the character and the career, both so chequered with dark and bright, good and evil, of Rienzi, he is not a whit dazzled by the glare of his name and cause, nor fails to see what there was in him of hollowness, extravagance, and vanity. The Dean reckons it impossible to determine whether, as Rienzi himself in one place admits, it was mere vanity or a vague and not impolitic desire to gather round his own name all the glorious reminiscences of every period of Roman history, and so to rivet his power on the minds of men, which induced Rienzi to accumulate on himself so many lofty but discordant appellations*—blending together in the strange pomp of his ceremonies and the splendid array of his titles, the Roman Republic, the Roman Empire in its periods of grandeur and of decline, the Church, and the chivalry of the middle ages. "He was the Tribune of the people, to remind them of the days of their liberty. He called himself Augustus, and chose to be crowned in the month of August, because that month was called after the 'great Emperor, the conqueror of Cleopatra.' He called himself Severe, not merely to awe the noble malcontents with the stern terrors of his justice, but in respect to the philosopher, the last of the Romans, Severinus Boethius. He was knighted according to the full ceremonial of chivalry, having bathed in the porphyry vessel in which, according to the legend, Pope Silvester cleansed Constantine the Great of his leprosy." At the height of his power and splendour, in the August of 1347, proclamations were made in his name as Nicholas, the Severe and Merciful, the Deliverer of the City, the Zealot for the freedom of Italy, the Friend of the World, the August Tribune. Seven dignitaries, civil and ecclesiastical, placed seven crowns on the head of the August Tribune—crowns of oak, ivy, myrtle, laurel, olive, silver, and gold; the seven together symbo-

* Latin Christianity, vol. v. pp. 523 *sq.*

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lising the sevenfold gift of the Holy Spirit (*scil.* απο των επτα πνευματων, α εστιν ενωπιον του θρονου). Then it was that Rienzi, with great swelling words of vanity, made that profane, not to call it blasphemous, comparison of himself to the Saviour of men, which shocked the wise, and foreshadowed the speaker's fall. His head swam at the elevation he had reached. He had reared an imposing edifice of power; but there needed only that the waves should surge against its base, that the rains descend, and the winds rise and beat upon it, and it must fall, for it was founded on the sand. Rome was not built in a day, the Rome of ancient days and everlasting renown. But Rienzi's Rome was. Rienzi's Romans had little in common with the Romans of *the* Republic. They were quick to cast down and quick to build up: we know what such building up is worth. "Still, as for centuries, the Romans were a fierce, fickle populace. Nor was Rienzi himself, though his morals were blameless, though he incurred no charge of avarice or rapacity, a model of the sterner republican virtues. He wanted simplicity, solidity, self-command. His ostentation, in some respects politic, became puerile. His processions, of which himself was still the centre, at first excited, at length palled on the popular feeling. His luxury—for his table became sumptuous, his dress, his habits splendid—was costly, burdensome to the people, as well as offensive and invidious. The advancement of his family, the rock on which demagogues constantly split, unwise." As to his religion, "the indispensable, dominant influence in such times," is fully proved to have been "showy and theatrical," and wanting that depth and fervour which spreads by contagion, hurries away, and binds to blind obedience its unthinking partisans.* The chronicle of Rienzi's rise and progress fully prepares us for that of his decline and fall.

He was unequal to cope with adversity when it fairly measured its strength against his. It was as though some strange thing had happened unto him—ως ξενου αντῳ συμβαινοντος. He lacked defiant strength to stem the tide when it turned against him; he wanted stamina to breast the billows when they threatened to engulf him. "He had no military skill; he had not even the courage of a soldier." At the close of that memorable year, we see him stripped of power; we follow his fugitive track, as a lonely exile; we note his retreat in the wild Apennines, among deep ravines where dwell "the austerest of the austere Franciscans,"—exchanging his pomp and luxury for the single coarse gown and cord of these stern Spiritualists; his life a perpetual fast, broken only by the hard fare of a mendicant: here he couches unknown for two years and upwards, years of terror and anguish in the great world without—during which the Black Plague was desolating Europe, and earthquakes shaking its capitals; Rienzi, the Roman Tribune cherishing meanwhile heavenward thoughts in his sombre seclu-

* Latin Christianity, vol. v. p. 527.

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sion ("O angels' life," he calls it, "which the fiends of Satan alone could disturb!")—and Clement, the Roman Pope, shutting himself up in his palace at Avignon, and burning large fires to keep out the black death. Yet a while, and Rienzi emerges from his retreat; we trace him to Prague, in conference with the Emperor, whom he seeks to dazzle by "mad apocalyptic visions,"—to Avignon, where, imprisoned and fettered, he has "his Bible and his Livy," and perhaps "yet unexhausted visions of future distinction," strangely destined to come true,—and again to Rome, that the visions may be fulfilled, and the history of reformers have one name the more "to point a moral or adorn a tale"—to Rome, whither he wends his way in gorgeous apparel, to resume as Senator the power he had won and lost as Tribune.

But monastic austerities, and prison endurances, had alike failed to teach him practical wisdom. Dr. Milman again exhibits* him bewildered by the intoxication of power, returning to his old pomp and his fatal luxury—extorting the restoration of his confiscated property, only to waste it in idle expenditure. "He was constantly encircled by his armed guard; he passed his time in noisy drunken banquets. His person became gross, hateful, and repulsive. Again called on to show his military prowess against the refractory Colonnas, he was again found wanting." Add to which, that the stern and equal power which had before given a commanding majesty to his wild justice, now seemed to turn to caprice and wantonness of power; while ingratitude and treachery sullied the proscriptive severities he, this time, enforced against his foes. He had shrunk from politic repression before; he was impolitic in vengeance and extermination now. The Tribune would not strike hard, and had to flee. The Senator struck too hard, and must die. "Tyrant!" was the word in the streets; that word begat insurrection; and anon the "Romans" slew the "last of Romans,"† amid shouts of "The People for ever!" and "Death to the traitor Rienzi!"—exhausting upon the poor battered corpse the last resources of that most lawless of things, mob-law; of that most vindictive of things, mob-vengeance.

* Latin Christianity, vol. v. p. 552.

† Byron's phrase, in the well-known apostrophe—

> ". . . . Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
> The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
> Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree
> Of Freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,
> Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
> The forum's champion, and the people's chief—
> Her new-born Numa thou—with reign, alas! too brief."
>
> *Childe Harold.* Canto IV.

Devout or sentimental Rienzi-ites, who have been made such by an exclusive faith in Byron and Bulwer, will not perhaps bless the opportunity *audire alteram partem*, when that other "party," however salutary a counter-agent to their *ex parte* impressions, is so unprepossessed (and therefore to them unprepossessing) an authority as the Dean of St. Paul's.

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PEACE AND THE IMPERIAL DYNASTY.

THE proclamation of peace has, through the good fortune of the Emperor of the French, been heralded by an event still more auspicious to the existing Government of France than even the proximate close of hostilities. The same good fortune which has raised Louis Napoleon from an exile to a sovereign has presented him with an heir on whom may devolve his vast acquisitions, and who will, at any rate, have as good a claim as any other Frenchman to the throne of the first nation of the Continent. For upwards of two centuries in no one of the dynasties to which France has been subjected has the son succeeded to the throne of the father. That the child now born should live to fulfil the bright anticipations indulged in at its birth, is a blessing almost too unprecedented to be entertained without misgiving; but it is in that very circumstance, in the misfortunes of the French throne and the French nation, in those defaults of lineage which have conspired so long and so miserably with the characteristic caprice of that excitable people, that now lies the reality and the earnest of the prayers addressed by all the different bodies of the State, and re-echoed by so many in this country, for the welfare and prosperity of the Imperial Prince.

The Legislative Body, alluding to hopes similar to those which are now entertained on all sides having been conceived at other periods and not realised, attested as to why those to which they so cordially gave vent upon this occasion inspired them with so much confidence: "It is, sire, because the two dangers which have upset thrones—revolutions at home and coalition abroad—have been averted by you; you overcame revolution by force, diverted it by labour, calmed it by clemency; you have conciliated foreign states with France, because your armies have only reaped glory in the maintenance of justice and of right, and because you have known how to add to the greatness of France without humiliating Europe."

The Emperor acknowledged that the unanimous acclamations which have hailed the birth of a son have not prevented him from reflecting upon the fate of those born in the same place, and under similar circumstances. But he added: "If I hope that his fate may be a happier one, it is that, first of all, confiding in Providence, I cannot doubt of its protection when I see it restore again by an extraordinary combination of circumstances what it was pleased to overthrow forty years since, as if it wished to mature by martyrdom and misfortune a new dynasty issuing from the

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ranks of the people. History has, moreover, lessons which I shall not forget. It tells me, on the one hand, that we should never abuse the favours of fortune; on the other, that a dynasty has only then a chance of stability when it remains faithful to its origin, and when it occupies itself solely with the popular interests for which it was created."

The European Congress, by a happy coincidence, assembled in the very palace where the event took place, also attested, in the name of Europe, to the sentiments, the hopes, the joy inspired on all sides by the happy event with which it had pleased Providence to bless the Emperor, and which, by assuring and consolidating the Napoleon dynasty, becomes a new pledge of safety and confidence to the whole world.

The Emperor's answer to this European expression of sympathy and of confidence will be for ever memorable—as much so as the words spoken on his advent in one of the first commercial cities of France. "I thank the Congress," he replied, "for the well-wishes and congratulations addressed to me through you. I am happy that Providence has granted me a son at a moment when a new era of general reconciliation dawns upon Europe. I will bring him up imbued with the idea that nations must not be egotistical, and that the peace of Europe depends upon the prosperity of each nation."

Such a reply, deeply marked with the lesson of a hard-earned experience, presents in its tone a striking contrast to that adopted by a great Transatlantic state, which in its youth and vigour, in the vastness of its territory, the increase of its population, and, above all, its unbounded egotism, defies fate to do its worst, and dares friend and foe alike. The imperial father gravely and wisely undertakes to imbue his son with the idea that nations must not exist for themselves alone, and that the peace of the world depends upon the prosperity of each nation. What a contrast to the doctrines entertained in the United States of an intangible sovereignty of a people which is above all law and all reason, to which the world must bow as Indians do to the great unseen spirit, which none must approach or hold communion with on terms of international sympathy or equality, and which abrogates to itself the right of usurping the New World to the utter and contemptuous exclusion of the Old! As the system of international jealousies, and of religious, commercial, and philosophical differences, seems to be dying away in the Old World—at a time when an Emperor is placing himself at the head of the crusaders against old national prejudices—the New World appears to be concentrating its whole vigour and energies into one great centre of human arrogance and national egotism.

The Senate having testified to the apparent fact that Providence has gifts in store for those princes who devote themselves to the greatness and prosperity of their people, the Emperor, in answer,

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declared, that when an heir is born destined to perpetuate a national system, that child is not only the offspring of a family, an Imperial Prince, but he is truly, also, the son of the whole country—a child of France.

The Council of State also stated, with equal truth, that "Divine Providence, which since the accession of your Majesty has showered so many blessings upon this Empire, which after crowning our arms with victory, seems to be preparing so many glorious results to your policy, could not have given you, sire, a more striking proof of its protection than by granting to your wishes and to ours the birth of an Imperial Prince."

The Imperial Court of Orleans likewise observed, that it would appear that Providence wished this happy event should precede the signature of peace in order to teach attentive Europe that the best guarantee of that peace is the consolidation on the throne of the family of him whom France has placed on it. Lyons declared that during nearly a century it has never been completely exempt from civil disturbances except when under the shield of a Napoleon. That great manufacturing city, therefore, accepts as a blessing from Heaven everything that consolidates and perpetuates the power of the family. Bordeaux declares that the Emperor has saved France. He has directed her strength towards industry, commerce, and the arts—he has added by war a noble gem to a crown of glory, and the wisdom of his policy, by removing old national prejudices, will have re-established the balance of power in Europe. Providence, in giving to the Emperor a son, rewards him for all the good he has effected.

Indeed, in the peans sung from one extremity of France to another, peace abroad and tranquillity at home were unanimously associated with the idea of the perpetuation of the Napoleon dynasty. And the European Congress expressed with rare felicity the sentiments entertained by most other governments and peoples, when they declared that in the stability of that dynasty all united to see a pledge given to the security and to the confidence of the whole world.

Peace will in all probability be proclaimed ere these pages meet the public eye. It was not only that the birth of an Imperial Prince had to be suitably inaugurated, but the armistice in the Crimea would expire on the 31st, and it was desirable to avoid the necessity of a renewal. The official announcement that war is at an end comes at an opportune moment for France. Russia, it is reported, concedes almost everything that has been asked of her —the neutralisation of the Black Sea, the disarmament of forts (even to Nicholaief), the independence of the Principalities, and territorial rectification to a certain extent. Peace is made, but whether in the meaning of the *mot* attributed to one of the plenipotentiaries—"Une paix, et non la paix!"—time alone can tell.

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Peace is declared, but whether the men who have assembled together to discuss and sign it will repair to their respective homes enamoured of each other, is another question. If reports are to be even remotely trusted, Russia has made no secret of the irritation and annoyance which she has experienced at being forced to accept terms at the hands of Austria, who was indebted to her for the very preservation of her existence in the hour of trial. Prussia, who was also admitted to the Conferences, not to take part in the discussion, but to have the results imposed upon her, did not find her position an enviable one, and the latent sparks of jealousy even now may be smothered only one day or other to break out into a destructive flame. It were no doubt much better that these Powers had taken a more decided part in the war, than hang aloof as they did; the terms of peace would then have come from them with better grace, and have been more acceptable to all parties. If anything is left incomplete, it will be those Powers that will be the first to suffer from the next difficulty that arises, and how changed may then be the position of affairs in the East, and in what a different aspect may the Powers of Europe stand towards one another! Austria had a great opportunity, which she allowed to escape her: it is little probable that such an one will ever present itself again!

But if peace is proclaimed, after a long period of discussion, kept secret with jealous care, it is not likely that all the results of the Paris Conferences will be given at an early period to the world. A sub-committee was formed to draw up the terms of the treaty, composed of Lord Cowley, Baron Bourqueney, Count Buol, Count Cavour, Aali Pasha, and Baron Brunow, being one representative for each of the negotiating Powers. Peace being signed, the Conference will be dissolved, but a committee is to be left sitting, to carry out the details which there has not been time to come to a complete understanding upon. Some of these questions were but very lately deemed of so great importance, that peace or war hung upon the answers given. The questions of the Principalities and of the Turkish Christians remain, for example, open. Such is now the impetus on the incline of peace, that they are not even considered as obstacles in the way of a satisfactory arrangement. It is also, we believe, determined that the proceedings of the Conferences shall not be published; hence the details of what has taken place, and of the diplomatic struggles that occurred, will probably either remain unknown, or only escape into publicity gradually and after a long interval.

In all probability, England, represented by Lord Clarendon, and Russia by Count Orloff, had to bear the brunt of the struggle. France had declared herself for peace, and the indiscreet and somewhat unworthy rejoicing with which the first news of a pacification was received in that country, by no means tended to

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enhance the satisfactory character of the terms to be obtained. The different position of the two nations in the Conferences has been well put by two different writers, one a Pole—M. Joseph Reitzenheim—in a pamphlet called "Les Conférences de 1856 et les Nationalités."

The difference between the two nations, the author remarks, on the subject of the war, is evident to every one. In France it is the government which up to the present moment has led on the population, usually so warlike, but in the present instance so little roused. It is a matter of astonishment that France should be opposed to a war undertaken in a noble cause, in one which should win all its sympathies, as well by its principle as by the causes which have provoked it. Yet the war has not been popular from the commencement, and a large portion of the press and of the public have been consistently opposed to it, and that in the face of the military glory won by France and the great political influence gained thereby. M. Reitzenheim attributes this indifference, if not overt opposition to the war, to the reminiscences which still influence many of the French against accepting the English alliance without a certain reserve, and to the evil influence of certain parties whose rule of conduct is to oppose everything, however salutary, that they do not originate. "Neither can I forget," he adds, "the numerous foreign agents who act in a thousand ways on public opinion."

England presents a spectacle of a contrary kind. There it is public opinion, representing the mass of the nation, which roused the government to the war against the Czar. The English people understood perfectly the great importance of the war, both in a moral and a material point of view. Hence it was also that public opinion has declared itself all along in England against a peace brought to a hasty and unsatisfactory conclusion.

"Great Britain," says an energetic writer, "is at this moment both able and willing to carry on a great war. Although she entered this contest after forty years' neglect of military armaments, she now possesses the largest forces of any state in Europe. Her fleets in the Baltic and the Black Sea will in any future campaign count many hundred pendants. Her army is in perfect condition, is continually reinforced, and is probably the largest which now occupies the shores of the Crimea. The financial state of the country is all that could be wished, and any sums necessary to uphold its honour and interest will be voted with readiness by the Legislature. On the other hand, Russia, by the admission of her own statesmen, has lost upwards of 400,000 men, is in want of money and material, and can continue the war only by the most unheard-of sacrifices."

There certainly seems reason to doubt whether the terms that have been agreed to are such as will satisfy all the expectations entertained in this country. Some of those expectations were, however, unquestionably larger—sometimes, as in the case of a pro-

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posed reconstruction of Poland, preposterously so—than were warranted by the state of affairs; being so, the disappointment must be borne. The lesson which Russia has received will probably make it long before she again disturbs the peace of Europe. It may be said, therefore, that the object of the war will be attained, and the exertions of the Western Powers fully rewarded. Turkey has also not only been relieved from the incessant pressure of an all-powerful antagonist, but the Christian races will be emancipated, and the country itself opened to colonisation and civilisation.

It is but natural (says M. Reitzenheim), that the French people should wish to end this war. They have played a high part in Europe—they have gained a reputation with which they may rest content. But these great successes have been bought by no small sacrifices. The finances of France have been strained by war, and may be deranged by its continuance. The call for men may before long interfere with the new-born industry of the country. Hostilities have interrupted those speculations for the rapid gain of wealth which occupy so much the attention of modern French society. The French people, therefore, are less anxious for the stipulations of a treaty than for its immediate result. The Emperor is but the representative of his subjects when he proclaims and proves his desire for a pacification. We can well understand his wish, that the birth of an imperial heir should be announced together with the advent of tranquillity. But we cannot but think that in the future men will discriminate between a well-grounded and an unstable peace. It will be no advantage to a child that its birth is commemorated by an Amiens or a Tilsit. We trust that it is not too late to insist on all that the voice of Europe has proclaimed essential to the common safety, and that Russia may not, after an almost unbroken series of defeats, retain practically all that she possessed before the war.

After all, our countrymen must bear in mind that they are but a member of an alliance constituted for the attainment of a great end. They have, therefore, to some extent surrendered the right of individual and separate action. The nation has fully proved its good faith during two years of trying war. The successes of France have been made possible by the disinterested support of England, a country always more desirous of its object than of mere display in attaining it. We have, therefore, a claim on those by whose side we have fought, and to whose capital we have helped to bring the common enemy confessing his defeat. Although it may thus be beyond the present right of this country to refuse assent to the conditions which her allies may declare sufficient, still it is impossible not to feel that the union which a great crisis has established between France and England will be more enduring if our countrymen find that it has not failed to accomplish the objects for which they have sacrificed so much; and this they will not fail to do if, Russia humbled, they now set to work unitedly to fructify the results of the war, to open new lines of communication, and to toil together in a great labour of love—that of the colonisation and civilisation of the East.

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THE SPENDTHRIFT.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.*

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

XXVI.

THE DEBT OF HONOUR, AND HOW IT WAS PAID.

THREE MONTHS have elapsed. A long term in the life of our fast-going hero. In three months he could squander away as much money, and commit as many follies, as other and slower folk could contrive to do in as many years. In three months, by a lucky hit, some people *have* made a fortune: in the same space of time Gage found it equally easy to spend one.

Three months then have gone by: three months of unheard-of extravagance and waste—of riot, profligacy, exhaustion.

These three months have been passed in town, in the society of rakes, gamblers, and other ministers to so-called pleasure. They have been passed in an eternal round of dissipation. No pause—no restraint—ever onwards at the same headlong pace.

Each day has brought some fresh amusement—some new excitement. Each day has been marked by some act of folly or profusion—by some mad frolic, unbridled excess, or piece of scarcely-conceivable prodigality.

Each night has been spent in debasing orgies—in the gambling ordinaries, in scouring the streets, in conflicts with the watch.

The cup of pleasure has been drained to the very dregs. The supposed inexhaustible purse of Fortunatus is almost emptied. The race is nearly run.

At first view, it seems scarcely credible that any person in his senses should be guilty of the outrageous follies and vicious excesses we have imputed to our hero: the more so, as we have always affirmed that he was not destitute of good qualities. But the good in him was now overmastered by evil. Yielding to temptations of all kinds, he had fallen. His wealth, which, properly used, would have given him a proud position, and enabled him to perform a thousand beneficent and worthy actions, had proved a bane instead of a blessing. It served to enervate his nature and corrupt his principles; rendering him a mark for the parasite, the sharper, and their harpy train. Indolent, luxurious, profuse, he was content at first to purchase pleasures; but as these palled, from repetition and over-indulgence, he sought excitement in play, and what in the commencement had been mere distraction, became in the end an all-engrossing passion. He could not exist without cards and dice—and though his immense losses at the gaming-table might have

* ☞ *The Author of this Tale reserves the right of translation.*

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operated as a check, they incited him to go on. He was not without moments of compunction—indeed of remorse—but he banished these feelings as quickly as they arose. Of late, he had begun to drink deeply, and when inflamed with wine, he committed frantic excesses. By such a course of conduct, if he accomplished nothing else, he fully achieved the grand point of his ambition, which was to be accounted the greatest rake of the day. His unbounded extravagances had long been the talk of the town; and his wild freaks gained him an unenviable notoriety. Still, though his speedy downfal was predicted on all hands, he maintained his position, for his debts of honour were duly discharged. Whether his less honourable debts were paid with equal punctuality was of small concern—except to his creditors.

With the fair syren, whose charms had enslaved him, and whose extravagance had contributed in no slight degree to his ruin, Gage continued wildly infatuated as ever; more so, perhaps, for since he had been unable to gratify her caprices to the same extent as formerly, she made it evident that she cared little for him, and her manifest indifference, so far from diminishing his passion, increased it almost to frenzy. He became furiously jealous of her, and as she frequently, from the mere pleasure of tormenting him, encouraged the attentions of some presumptuous coxcomb, more than one duel resulted from her heartless conduct. Little recked Mrs. Jenyns that her lover thus jeopardised his life on her account. She laughed when told of the hostile meetings in which he had been engaged, and vowed they gave her éclat. Gage now made the discovery—but too late to profit by it—that the beautiful actress was totally without heart. Not only did she not love him now, but she had never loved him. This he understood; yet his insane passion remained incurable. The Circe had thoroughly bewitched him. Once, and once only, since he had been first entangled, had an opportunity occurred to him of breaking the fetters of the enchantress. This was immediately after the memorable masked ball at Bury Saint Edmund's, when for a few days he regained his freedom, and yielding to better influences, shunned her baneful society. But ere a week had gone by, he was again at her feet; and though the fair conqueror was willing to forgive, she took care that her clemency should not be too easily obtained, and exacted pledges for future obedience. It is possible that Gage might at this time have succeeded in wholly estranging himself from her, if she had not had a secret and powerful ally in Fairlie. It was chiefly owing to his instrumentality that the ill-starred reconciliation was effected. Thenceforward the syren maintained her sway.

Hitherto, Mr. Fairlie had answered all his reckless employer's pecuniary demands upon him—not without feigned remonstrances, certainly—nor without cent. per cent. interest for the advances, and sufficient security for repayment; but he had already begun to

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debate with himself how soon matters ought to be brought to an end. The mine was ready to explode, and the train had but to be fired. The steward waited for the fitting moment to apply the match, and meanwhile, like a skilful engineer, took every precaution to ensure himself from damage.

By this time the position of the two had become reversed. Fairlie was the master; Monthermer the dependent. Gage's estates in Suffolk were all mortgaged—mortgaged, it would seem, past redemption—and the real owner of Monthermer Castle, though he had not as yet asserted his claim to it, was Felix Fairlie. More than this, all Monthermer's sumptuous furniture, magnificent plate, pictures, equipages, stud of horses, everything, in short, of value, once belonging to him, had been pledged to Fairlie, and could be seized by the rapacious steward whenever he chose.

Still Gage went on recklessly as ever, and kept up the same gay and gallant exterior. His horses and equipages were still the admiration of all who beheld them in Piccadilly or the Park; and not one of the fops to be met on the Mall or in Saint James's-street was distinguished by greater richness or taste of apparel. His entertainments at his mansion in Dover-street were still magnificent, and of his numerous retinue of attendants not one had been discharged. Most of these, seeing how matters were going on, had taken good care of themselves. It is true that some of the tradesmen whom our prodigal hero honoured with his custom, having received private information as to the state of his affairs, had become rather clamorous for payment, but Mr. Fairlie had hitherto taken care that Gage should not be personally annoyed by duns.

Having thus shown how the last three months had been spent by our hero, we shall proceed with his history.

One morning, towards the end of July, a party of young men, most of them richly attired, but of very dissolute appearance, were breakfasting at a rather late hour in the large room of White's Chocolate House, in Saint James's-street. Some few, while sipping their chocolate, glanced at the journals of the day, not for the purpose of ascertaining what was going on in the political world—for they cared little about such information—but in order to pick up a scandalous anecdote or story with which they might subsequently divert their acquaintance. Others, and these were the noisiest of the company, were recounting their adventures overnight in the streets and gambling-houses—telling how they had scoured High Holborn and Chancery-lane, and broken the windows of those old rogues the lawyers abiding in or near that thoroughfare; how they had bravely battled with the watch, what tremendous blows they had given and received—in proof of which latter assertion the plaisters on their pates were exhibited; how they had been captured, and rescued as they were being haled by the constables and their myrmidons to the round-house;

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and how in the end they had come off victoriously, with a vast quantity of trophies in the shape of smashed lanterns, disabled rattles, and splintered constables' staves.

The person to whom these roystering blades owed their deliverance from the minions of the law was no other than Gage Monthermer, who came up most opportunely with another band of scourers from Long-acre and Drury-lane, and speedily put the watchmen to rout. Gage, it appeared, had been drinking deeply and "roaring handsomely"—in other words, he had been creating terrible disturbances in the quarters which he and his inebriate companions had visited.

And here we may as well explain, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that the young bloods of the time, after a hard drinking-bout, were wont to amuse themselves and cool their heated brains by scouring the streets, and insulting and maltreating every decent person they encountered. Occasionally, with frantic yells, which they termed "roaring," they would burst into the taverns, clear them of their guests, and then proceed to trounce and kick the waiters. Daubing over signs, wrenching off knockers, breaking windows, extinguishing street-lamps, and tripping up chairmen, were among the mildest frolics of these jovial gentlemen. Long ere this, Gage had earned so much distinction amongst the scourers, or Mohocks, as they delighted to be called, that by common consent he had been elected their chief. Gage was proud of the title, and naturally enough attributed his election to his eminent merits as a scourer; but there was another reason, though this was not put forward, which had influenced the Mohocks in their choice of a leader. Such pranks as they played were not to be committed altogether with impunity. Some one must pay the piper, and who so able to do it as Gage? Our hero soon discovered, that if it was a fine thing (as surely it was) to be chief of the scourers, it was rather expensive work to maintain the position; and that to mend all the windows broken by his followers, re-gild and re-paint the signs they had disfigured, and find new knockers for the doors they had injured—to say nothing of fees to watchmen and others, as well as plaisters for broken heads—he soon discovered, we say, that these things, when of constant recurrence, and coming upon himself alone, cost a trifle.

Many of Gage's nocturnal exploits were recounted with infinite zest by the young bloods we have described, and great admiration was expressed at his courage and skill; all agreeing that he well deserved to be their leader, and only regretting that he could not hold the post much longer.

Seated at a table, somewhat removed from the rest of the company, were four personages whom we first met at Monthermer Castle, and who at that time professed the strongest regard for its then wealthy owner. To listen to their present discourse, the warmth of their friendship had considerably abated. As to as-

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sisting Gage in his hour of need, such an idea never for a moment entered their heads: if it had, they would have scouted it at once, as errant folly. From the time when we first encountered them up to the present moment, these ingrates had never lost sight of their dupe. It was not their fault that, towards the end of his career, Gage had fallen into the hands of a lower grade of cheats. They had warned him, but he would not take counsel. When he could lose his money like a gentleman—lose it *to* gentlemen—why should he play with common rooks at a gaming-ordinary—knaves who used false dice and cramped boxes? Was there ever such a bubble!

These four personages, it will be guessed, were Sir Randal de Meschines, Beau Freke, Lord Melton, and Brice Bunbury. Let us listen to their discourse.

"Then you think it is all up with our friend, eh, Sir Randal?" Brice Bunbury remarked.

"I am quite sure of it," the young baronet replied. "He lost five hundred pounds to me, two nights ago, at hazard, and when I applied to Fairlie for the money yesterday, it was refused."

"Humph! that looks suspicious indeed!" Brice exclaimed. "Hitherto all his debts of honour have been paid."

"He paid me a thousand pounds last week," Beau Freke observed, with a smile. "I have not played with him since. Old Fairlie gave me a hint when he handed over the money, and I have acted upon it."

"Fairlie cautioned me at the same time," Sir Randal said.

"Then you must put up with the loss with patience," Brice remarked. "You should not have played under such circumstances."

"I don't mean to lose the money. He *must* pay me."

"How the deuce is he to manage it, if Fairlie has stopped the supplies?" Lord Melton said. "He owes me a small bet of a few hundreds, but I consider it gone."

"Your lordship will act as you think proper," Sir Randal rejoined; "but I mean to be paid."

"Again, I ask—how?" Lord Melton said.

"You will see, if you remain here till two o'clock," Sir Randal returned, with a laugh. Then taking out his watch, he added, "You won't have to wait long. It only wants a quarter of an hour of the time."

As these words were uttered, a young gentleman at an adjoining table, who up to this moment had been apparently occupied with a newspaper, looked up, and glanced at the speaker. He did not, however, attract Sir Randal's notice.

"I will tell you what I have done, and you will then judge what is likely to occur," pursued the young baronet, coldly. "I have despatched a note to Gage acquainting him with the failure of my application to Fairlie—and reminding him that the debt is a

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debt of honour. I have told him I shall be here at the hour I have just named, and expect to receive the money."

"He will send an excuse," Brice said.

"No, he will not," Sir Randal rejoined. "He knows I will take no excuses. Were he to fail me, I would publicly proclaim him a defaulter, and then his reputation as a man of honour would be for ever blasted."

"Scoundrel!" ejaculated the listener, under his breath.

"My opinion therefore is, that the money will be forthcoming," Sir Randal continued. "Notwithstanding old Fairlie's protestations to the contrary, I am sure this small sum may be screwed out of him."

"Egad, I don't consider five hundred pounds a small sum," Brice remarked. "I wish to goodness I possessed as much. But I hope you won't proceed to extremities with Gage. Recollect how much you have got out of him—and how often you have feasted with him."

"I don't care," the young baronet rejoined. "I must be paid. Let me see," he added, again consulting his watch—"ten minutes to two."

"By Jove! I begin to feel quite uneasy," Brice observed, rising. "I shall be off."

"Sit down," Sir Randal cried, authoritatively. "I want you to be present at the interview."

"Interview!" Brice exclaimed, reluctantly complying with the injunction. "Do you think he will come in person?"

"Not a doubt of it."

"The best thing Gage can do to repair his fallen fortunes will be to marry a rich heiress," Beau Freke remarked.

"Where is he to find her?" Lord Melton laughed.

"Fairlie's daughter, if she would have him, would be the thing just now."

"Poh! poh! old Fairlie would not now consent to the match—much as he once desired it," Brice said.

"A truce to jesting on this subject, gentlemen, if you please," Sir Randal interposed. "Fairlie has promised me his daughter in marriage."

"You!" the beau ejaculated. "Why, he has given me a like promise."

"With the view of sowing discord between you," Brice said; "but don't let him succeed in his purpose. For my part, I wish Gage could win her. It would set him on his legs again."

"I tell you he has no chance," Sir Randal cried, impatiently. "Fairlie knows too well what he is about to wed her to such an irreclaimable spendthrift."

"Well, then, there is Lucy Poynings," Brice suggested—"a charming girl—far prettier, to my fancy, than Clare Fairlie. If he

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will promise to reform, and retire to the country, he may persuade her to accept him."

"Pshaw, she has been long cured of her silly attachment to him," Sir Randal replied. "Gage and myself have often met her at Ranelagh, Marylebone Gardens, and other places, and she would not even look at him."

"Apropos of Clare and Lucy, do you remember how he drove off with them both in Sir Hugh Poynings's travelling carriage, after the masquerade at Bury?" Beau Freke observed.

"Ha! ha! ha!" Brice roared, "what a laugh we had at that droll adventure! It might have been no laughing matter, though, to Gage. Ten to one he had broken his neck when he upset the coach in galloping down that steep hill. It was lucky the poor girls inside were uninjured. But they must have been confoundedly frightened, as well as terribly shaken. Do you recollect the woeful appearance they all presented when they were brought back to the Angel? The only lively one amongst them was little Lettice Rougham, and she had lost none of her spirit. It was an odd thing that her father should come up just in time to rescue them all from their peril, and get Gage from under the horses' feet, or most assuredly he would have had his brains dashed out."

"Supposing him to have any, which may admit of a doubt," laughed Sir Randal.

"Well, I fancied that night's adventure had wrought a great change in his character," Brice continued. "For a few days, on his return to town, he seemed disposed to turn over a new leaf, and not to be over fond of *our* society. Things, however, soon came round, and he resumed his old habits."

"For that we have chiefly to thank Mr. Fairlie," Lord Melton remarked.

"Yes—because we were necessary to him," Beau Freke rejoined. "I shall never forget his alarm when, for a brief space, he *really* believed that Gage was about to reform. He thought his prize would be snatched from him. Mrs. Jenyns, who had been cast off, had to be reinstated without delay."

"That was to counteract a purer influence which had begun to tell upon the dupe," Brice said. "If Gage had been left alone for another week he would have married Lucy Poynings—that is, if she would have had him—and then he would have bidden adieu for ever to Mr. Fairlie, and to some other of his obliging friends."

"Not so loud," Beau Freke said; "I fancy the person at that table, who appears to be a stranger here, is listening to us."

"Well, unless he is a friend of Monthermer's he can have heard nothing to interest him," Lord Melton laughed. "We have been talking of no one else."

More than once, the young man referred to had cast an angry glance at the speakers, and seemed about to interrupt their dis-

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course. But he now took up the newspaper again, and seemed occupied with it.

"It is two o'clock!" Sir Randal exclaimed. "He will not come."

"You are wrong,—he is here," Brice Bunbury cried. "I wish I could vanish," he added to himself.

As the exclamations were uttered, Gage entered the room, and after returning the salutations of such of the company as greeted him, he passed on towards Sir Randal. His habiliments, though rich, were slightly disordered, and he looked more rakish than heretofore. His laced cravat was carelessly arranged, his peruke was dishevelled, and his features haggard and worn by debauchery; while, despite his efforts to conceal it, there was a visible embarrassment in his manner. As he approached the table at which his quondam friends were seated, Brice sprang forward to meet him, and pressed his hand with affected warmth. Beau Freke and Lord Melton were cordial enough in manner—but Sir Randal made no advance, and merely bowed stiffly.

"I knew you would be punctual, Monthermer," he said. "I told our friends so."

"I must beg you to accept my apology, Sir Randal," Gage replied. "I am extremely sorry to disappoint you, but Fairlie will not make the required advance. However, such a paltry sum can be of no consequence to you. I will pay you in a few days."

"You will pardon me, Mr. Monthermer," Sir Randal replied, "if I remind you of what I intimated in my letter, that this is a debt of honour, and must be repaid on pain of forfeiture of your character as a gentleman."

"Oh! yes,—that is quite understood. I will pay it—I mean to pay it—only give me a few days. I am a good deal harassed at this moment."

"Your perplexities are not likely to decrease, sir, and I cannot therefore grant you further delay."

"But 'sdeath! what am I to do, Sir Randal?" Gage cried. "How am I to raise the money?"

"Ay, that's just it—that's precisely what Lord Melton said," Brice interposed. "What the deuce is he to do to raise the money?"

"You should have thought of this before," Sir Randal said.

"Will you lend me the amount for a few days, Freke?" Gage said to the beau, who, however, shook his head, and expressed his regrets at being compelled to decline. "Will you oblige me, my lord?" Monthermer added, appealing with equal ill-success to the sporting nobleman. "I suppose it is in vain to ask you?" he concluded, addressing Brice Bunbury.

"You shouldn't need to ask twice, if I had the money, Monthermer," Brice replied. "I'd lend it you with all the pleasure in life."

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"Then I must positively throw myself upon your good nature to hold me excused for a few days longer, Sir Randal," Gage said to the young baronet. "You must take my word, as a gentleman, for the payment of the money."

"I will *not* take it," Sir Randal rejoined, insolently.

"How!" Gage exclaimed, starting, and involuntarily laying his hand upon his sword. "This is the first time I have been doubted. I must have satisfaction for this affront."

"Pay me the money, and I will give you satisfaction, Mr. Monthermer. But do not imagine I will cross swords with any man of tarnished honour—and such you will be held when once I proclaim you a defaulter."

"Tarnished honour!" Gage cried, in a voice of anguish. "Can such an opprobrious term be applied to me? Have I no friend left?"

"Apparently not," said the young man described as seated at an adjoining table, and who, as he came forward, proved to be Arthur Poynings. "I will lend you the money you require," he added, placing a pocket-book in Gage's hands. "Pay this *honourable* gentleman," he cried, with scornful emphasis, and regarding Sir Randal with supreme contempt.

"I will not take the money thus offered," Sir Randal exclaimed.

"By Heaven! you *shall* take it," Gage cried, opening the pocket-book, and forcing the bank-notes it contained upon the young baronet. "Count them, sir—count them in the presence of these gentlemen, for I will not trust your word. Huzza! my honour is saved. Arthur, I am for ever beholden to you."

"Gratitude is all your friend is likely to get, Monthermer, so it is well to be lavish of it," Sir Randal said. "Mr. Arthur Poynings, you will have an account to settle with me. It is not the first time we have met—but if you will afford me another opportunity, I promise you it shall be the last."

"I refuse your challenge, Sir Randal," Arthur said.

"Refuse it, sir!"

"Ay, utterly refuse it—on the ground that you are a sharper—and as such I will everywhere denounce you."

Scarcely were these words out of Arthur's mouth, than Sir Randal's sword sprang from its sheath, and he would have attacked young Poynings if Gage had not seized him by the throat, and hurled him forcibly backwards.

In an instant the whole room was in confusion. All the rest of the company arose, and rushed to the scene of strife. Sir Randal was so furiously exasperated, that, fearful of mischief ensuing, Beau Freke and Lord Melton judged it prudent to get him away, and with difficulty succeeded in removing him. When order was at last restored, Gage looked about for Arthur, to renew his thanks to him for his opportune assistance, but the young man had disappeared.

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THE JOINT-STOCK BANKER.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

By Dudley Costello.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

It was the middle of July; the summer was intensely hot; and Aber-Pandy had gone mad!

Not, however, because of the Dog-star, now fast approaching its zenith, but on account of a local event which had no less influence than Sirius over the minds of the excitable inhabitants of the little Welsh borough just named.

An election was going to take place, and "The Man of the People" was about to be returned.

Ah! such a man! Not since the days of Howell Dha had there been one like him! If King Arthur himself—the enchanted royal raven—had returned to Cwmry, his presence at Aber-Pandy would not have caused one half the sensation!

And there were very good reasons why "The Man of the People" should be more welcome than the hero of romance.

King Arthur, in the simplicity of the age to which he belonged—if ever he belonged to any—would once more have kept his court at Camelot, have again put faith in the fair and false Queen Guenever, have revived the Round Table, have held tournaments, have fought with Paynim Kings, and have flourished without ceasing "his good sword Escalàbar;" but for all this, and extravagantly as the good folks of Aber-Pandy—when deep in their cups—might have extolled the heroic deeds of their mythic monarch, the question would have been asked, "What will King Arthur do for *us?* Will he double our wages in the pit and mine? Will he make house-rent cheaper? Will he increase the value of our cattle, and send our ponies, and pigs, and salmons, to a better market?" And if King Arthur could not conscientiously have promised any of these benefits, the townsmen of Aber-Pandy knew somebody who could;—at least, they thought they did, and that very often amounts to much the same thing.

For a people like the Welsh, credulous only in matters of legendary lore, quick in their suspicions, shrewd in their dealings, and not so heart-and-soul devoted to the goddess whose favourite abode is at the bottom of a well as, unnecessarily, to make themselves martyrs in her cause—for such a people it was wonderful the amount of faith they put in the professions of the candidate for the representation of Aber-Pandy.

It was true that he also was a native of the Principality, but their patriotism would hardly have been awakened in his favour if a belief in his enormous wealth had not been widely entertained. Who but a great

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capitalist could have purchased the vast district of the Bryn-Mawr with the immediate intention of reopening the extensive lead-mines abandoned since the time of the Romans, and getting them into full work again, with the avowed object of making a rapid fortune for every shareholder in the undertaking? Who but a person of extensive influence amongst the magnates of the London money-market—that shining centre of opulence and power—could, like "The Man of the People," have gratified them with plans for converting the small, maritime, trading town of Aber-Pandy into a rival of ancient Tyre or modern Liverpool, "only just let him have their confidence, and give him time enough to do it?" Was there not proof, moreover, that "The Man of the People" was rich—evidently richer than his neighbours? Was there not Ty-Gwyn, the large white house that he had lately built at Pen-y-Crûg, at the top of the hill, where he meant to pass the shooting-season? And was there not Plas-y-Jones itself, to which he had just added two wings, new stables, and a golden weathercock, and where he had set up a flagstaff, bearing the proud escutcheon of the Joneses, which blew out in the breeze when he visited his ancestral-hall and feasted his friends of the four adjoining counties?

Sufficient reasons these why Meredyth Powell Jones should, in his turn, become "The Man of the People."

The day breaks early on the hills that environ the town of Aber-Pandy, but earlier than daylight itself were those who dwelt amongst the hills, on the bright July morning that was to herald the election of Meredyth Powell Jones. From the steep mountain slope, from the hollow valley, from the broad meadow, from the margin of the deep lake, from the banks of the rushing torrent, from the shelter of the woodside, from the edge of the sea-marsh, man, woman, and child were astir before the sun began to shine, to go down to Aber-Pandy to vote for "The Man of the People," —or, at all events, to see him voted for, and share in the excitement of the hour.

And a curious sight it was, to a stranger in the land, to see them come streaming into the whitewashed, low-roofed, crooked-streeted, badly-paved, dirty little town: the women astride their shaggy ponies, with their black eyes, rosy cheeks, sturdy figures, flaunting ribbons and masculine hats; the wild-looking men afoot, with stout sticks in their hands, and wearing long coats of bright blue with large, white, metal buttons, red waistcoats, corduroy breeches, stockings brighter of blue than their coats, and stout shoes which—unlike their Celtic relations in Scotland and Ireland—they actually wore on their feet; as for the children, some were carried, some were led, some ran before, some lingered behind; but all, in every group, in every file, male and female, man, woman, and child, were vociferating in a dialect which the natives of the Principality vow to be the most musical on earth, but which an unprejudiced Saxon inwardly denounces as the most frightful jargon that ever tortured mortal ears. Their voices, however, would be sweet enough by-and-by, at least to one individual, had he even been less of a Welshman than he was, when the returning officer should declare him the elected member for the incorruptible borough of Aber-Pandy.

He was sure of that fact some time before the election took place, no opposition being offered. For five-and-thirty years the place

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had been represented—if you like to say so—by Watkyn Watkyn, Esquire, of Castell-Watkyn and Glâs-Fynnon, the head of one of the oldest families in the county. But like most heads of old families, accustomed to representation, Mr. Watkyn Watkyn had troubled himself very little about the material interests of his constituents. He presented a petition now and then, but generally fell asleep before the clerk of the House had read it through; and once in the course of his long parliamentary career he was known to have had something to do with a private bill for diverting the high-road that led from Castell-Watkyn to a neighbouring market-town, because it did not go near enough to certain quarries of which he was the owner; but with these exceptions the legislative efforts of Mr. Watkyn Watkyn might with safety be termed null and of no effect, and when he died, without a son to inherit his seat, and the Glâs-Fynnon fox-hounds were thrown as a subscription-pack upon the county, everybody—gentle as well as simple—who had a share in the franchise, thought it advisable to look out for some one whose habits of business were more fully developed than those of their late respected member.

With an eye to such a contingency, Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones had for the last four or five years been carefully probing the state of public feeling in the borough of Aber-Pandy. Those four or five years had been the most eventful of his life, for they had witnessed his rise from the position of an obscure but sharp-practising attorney, at first in his native town, but afterwards in London, to that of an omnivorous man of business, a director in half a dozen profitable commercial schemes, a speculator in shares on which his support conferred a premium—and which he always profited by when they were at the highest—and finally to that of one whose alleged resources passed current for real, downright, substantial, and almost inexhaustible wealth.

To regild the name of Jones, if perchance it had been smirched in its transmission through a hundred ancestors—to change into a spacious mansion the humble farm-house in which he first saw the light—to buy up all the land that was saleable, far and near—to subscribe liberally towards the erection of new Dissenting Chapels—to impress the inhabitants of Aber-Pandy and the country gentlemen round about with the idea that his was the influence which alone could bring the railroad there, improving their town, river, harbour—in a word, creating their commerce: these were amongst his acts and endeavours, and they had not failed of success.

If the feeling has not entirely subsided in Wales, which makes it rather uphill work for a *nouveau riche* to establish himself on equal terms with the ancient proprietors of the soil, it is chiefly in those parts where nature has hemmed them in by barriers which levelling traffic has not yet pierced. But this was not the case in the vale of Aber-Pandy. Some inkling of the widely-diffused belief that to make money—and a good deal of it—is the great aim and object of existence, had found its way down there, and "the old families," as they style themselves, *par excellence*, thought they might as well put their pride in their pockets, when there was a prospect of filling those pockets with something more serviceable than pride. Besides, who could deny the antiquity of the name of Jones? Wasn't it Welsh enough? Didn't Jones of Spytty-

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Evan drive a four-in-hand, the distinctive sign of a real Welsh squire? Wasn't Jones of Eglwys-Monad chairman of quarter-sessions? Hadn't Jones of Gwern-Gwaelod attested upon oath — though the value of his oath was not very highly rated, he being in the habit of taking it on light occasions—had he not, however, sworn that he possessed a family parchment, emblazoned with the arms granted to his house by Llywarch Hên—a goat with golden horns browsing on a field *vert*,—and wasn't this an armorial distinction for any Jones to be proud of? To sum up the matter—no argument being necessary when you are once determined on doing a thing—Meredyth Powell Jones of Plas-y-Jones—a Powell by the mother's side, and a Meredyth by that of his maternal grandmother, so they found out—was recognised by "the old families," and universally supported.

Great was the gathering in the nubbly market-place, which was to be the scene of the election; long was the procession that crossed the bridge called Pont-y-Pandy, in the centre of which rode the candidate for popular favour, in a carriage and four, electorally-bedecked; shrill were the screams of the rosy-cheeked, hat-wearing females, when the aforesaid carriage came in sight; and Discord herself must have been startled when the hubbub of Cambrian gratulation arose, greeting "The Man of the People," as he stepped upon the hustings.

Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones was proposed by Mr. Thomas Evans of "The Castle,"—there is always a castle in these Welsh towns—and seconded by Mr. Thomas Evans of Llys-y-Mynydd—a place which magnificently means "The Palace on the Mountain." Neither of these gentlemen, notwithstanding the grandeur of their abodes, were feudal of aspect or regal of address, but what they said was said with a will, in a manner which the Welsh call "heart-y," with the first syllable of that word very strongly accentuated. It is well that people should sometimes seem to be in earnest, and both proposer and seconder were cheered, as if from their lips flowed not merely the honey of rhetoric but the intoxicating *metheglin* of strongest oratory. At last the tumult of approbation ceased, the mayor—who was also a Mr. Thomas Evans—put the question to the multitude, and no other candidate presenting himself, Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones of Plas-y-Jones was declared duly elected.

"The Man of the People" then stepped forward, amidst an uproar compared with which the confusion of Babel was no louder than the gadfly's sultry horn, and addressed the enlightened constituency of Aber-Pandy.

He possessed a good many of the external attributes of the people, a fraction of whom he now represented.

His appearance was not the most prepossessing, and, as he stood silently waiting for the subsidence of the din, but for the quick glances of his dark, restless eye, you might have fancied, as you looked upon the heavy brow, the wide face, the thick, foreshortened nose, the flat, leaden-hued lips, the adust complexion, and the square, massive, exaggerated chin, that a huge daguerreotype was before you, instead of a combination of human lineaments vitally endowed and instinct with human passions and desires. When he spoke, however, all that was previously devoid of animation vanished at once: his features became plastic and expressive, his gestures vehement, his language eloquent.

A political candidate making promises to an eager audience has no great

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need to restrict himself to logical statements: an appeal to the imagination, then, goes ten times as far as the soundest reasoning. *Au reste*, who ever heard of reason on the hustings? The orator's object there, when not engaged in controversy, is to send every one away in good humour, and how can people be better pleased than by the assurance that all he seeks is their particular advantage?

It was wholly on topics of this nature that "The Man of the People" dilated. He knew his hearers too well to trouble them much about politics. That theme would have been appropriate enough had any rival existed with whom to contest their votes, but after walking over the course without an opponent, it was scarcely worth while to put commonplace ideas into people's heads when he had something better to fill them with. Having told them, for decency's sake, that they might rely upon him for advocating every practical reform that should not break down the great dyke of the constitution, which they, he felt secure, were as anxious as himself to preserve in its unimpaired solidity, he changed the subject to local interests, not a moment too soon for those who listened, and applauded.

There are those—I believe them to be mostly painstaking, delving antiquarians, enamoured of their own pursuits—who assure the world that the Welsh tongue is the most expressive that ever was invented,—that every Welsh word has at least twenty different meanings, and that every inflection conveys some separate association. If this be true, nobody will deny that it is the very best for the purposes of a parliamentary speaker. "The Man of the People" seemed to cleave to this opinion—at any rate, he made use of Welsh as if he really thought so. How he crowded the wharfs not yet built with workmen paid in golden wages,—how he filled the empty harbour with the mercantile fleets of all nations,—how he raised public edifices in Aber-Pandy that should be the envy of metropolitan cities,—how he threw a network of railways over Wales, of which Aber-Pandy should be the true and only nucleus,—how he brought to light mineral treasures from the concealed depths of the mountains that there looked down upon them,—and how at last he carried plenty and prosperity to every man's door,—were points in his artfully adapted though seemingly impulsive harangue which, at every purposed pause, drew forth shouts and screams of frenzied delight from the greedy listeners by whom he was surrounded.

Oh, there wasn't a living soul there, they swore—in Welsh—that wouldn't lay down his life for Squire Jones that instant.

"Oh, their hearts to goodness,—yes—indeed, indeed!"

And then they shouted "Jones y-beth-y-bydd, Orŏian! Orŏian!" And they drank *Crw dha* at the expense of "The Man of the People;" and they got furiously drunk, and rolled about the streets in glorification of "The Man of the People;" and if their brains had not been topsy-turvy already they would have stood upon their heads for "The Man of the People," and have crawled on their hands and knees to worship "The Man of the People." Let us suppose, for their own sakes, that the electors of Aber-Pandy had, like their Member, a competent knowledge of the capabilities of the Welsh language.

At the grand dinner which Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones gave that day, at Plas-y-Jones, to about thirty of the squires, expectant leading share-

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holders in the magnificent mines of Bryn-Mawr, he tried, as he circulated the magnums of old port which the Cambrian squirearchy still fondly cling to, what effect plain English, dealing with sums of the greatest magnitude, would have upon *their* imaginations; and neither the cunning Davieses, the astute Griffithses, the worldly-wise Hugheses, nor the abundantly-clever Joneses, his own namesakes, were proof against the prospect of a *bonâ fide* two hundred per cent. for the money they then and there consented to fork out; and when Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones laid his head on his pillow that night he felt that he had made his mark in the Principality and done a pretty good stroke of business.

CHAPTER II.

MODERN SPECULATION.

THERE used to be a theory in days of yore, when probity in commercial transactions was the rule and not the exception, that in whatever speculations a man embarked he ought always to be master of sufficient resources to "bring himself home again."

It is true that, in nine cases out of ten, the wealthiest amongst the merchants, our ancestors, began the world with nothing: they took down the shutters, they swept out the office, they mounted the high stool, they plodded at the inky desk, they served a long and laborious apprenticeship; but they were honest and industrious, and, in due time, came their reward — partnership, headship, and an ample fortune. Although "nothing" was the point they set out from, their progress had not continued long before "a little" appeared; that "little" accumulated, and each accumulation helped to form the substantial foundation on which to build eventual prosperity.

Modern speculation, however, goes to work in a different way. The original "nothing" is the only feature of resemblance between the Fenchurch-street of the past and the Capel-court of the present. There is no taking down of shutters now-a-days, no office sweeping, no drudgery, no plodding; a face of brass, a heart of iron, impudence that nothing can daunt, recklessness that nothing can restrain—these are the qualities taken to the mart, the substitutes for integrity and upright dealing. The idea of pausing to inquire whether an engagement entered into can be met when its hour arrives, never for an instant troubles the mind of modern speculation. To "do business" is the first thing; ingenuity and daring accomplish the rest.

He was a clever fellow who invented the calling of the "Parliamentary Agent," though perhaps the inventor himself never foresaw how many occupations it was destined to include. There is no necessity for being brought up to anything in particular in order to shine in this line. You may have run the gauntlet through every ordeal, and have issued from all, more or less scathed; it is of no consequence; you are in want of an ostensible position; parliamentary agency opens its arms to your embrace.

Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones commenced *his* London career as a parliamentary agent. His previous practice as an attorney at Aber-Pandy had put him up to a variety of useful dodges, and business very

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soon came in. Irregular, marauding, Algerine that business might be: so much the better; the world was so bad, he said, that a good, wholesome scourge was the great thing needful; you might call him "The Cholera" if you liked—he cared nothing about names so long as he got plenty of clients. It is a curious fact that rogues always hunt in couples—providentially, it may be, for their mutual undoing. Be this as it may, like will to like, and Meredyth Powell Jones was not long before he discovered the necessary affinity between himself and a gentleman named Mr. Rigby Nicks.

It would be difficult to say when and where Mr. Rigby Nicks first turned up in a public capacity, but that he had been pretty well schooled *somewhere*, was plain enough to all who had the luck—good or bad as it might happen to be—to come into contact with him. The ostensible business of his life was pleasure, but beneath the shining surface the current ran deep, dark, and strong in the direction of profit. He had many personal qualities to fit him for society. Of good appearance, easy manners, fluent of speech, ready-witted, full of anecdote, and with spirits that never flagged, Rigby Nicks was the life and soul of every circle which he graced by his presence.

Nothing, however, in this world is absolutely given away. We are all barterers: in return for what we offer, an equivalent is, in some shape, required. The exchange which Rigby Nicks preferred may be gathered from the following anecdote.

When Brummell was at the height of his glory, he had no more devoted worshipper than the wealthy Motteux. To be honoured by the countenance of the Dandy Autocrat was the sole end and aim of the millionnaire's existence. It was in the month of June, all the world was in town, and Motteux met Brummell in Pall Mall. Would the great leader of fashion come and dine with him,—would he fix his own day,—would he name the people he should like to meet? "My good fellow, Motteux," said Brummell, with the greatest kindness of manner—"my good fellow, if you wish to show me any attention—*at this time of the year*,—let it be—*in money!*"

And "money" was the thing which Rigby Nicks generally contrived to elicit, in one way or other, from his admirers. He had a great many strings to his bow—a tolerably long one, as may be imagined—and a great many arrows in his quiver—not such as the Psalmist sings of, but of the kind that usually hit the mark. Whether he backed horses on single or double events, whether he sat or stood behind painted pasteboard, whether he speculated with a friend's credit or his cash, the result was always the same: he pocketed something by the transaction. The friend might suffer—indeed, that was as safe to happen as when an author "shares profits" with a publisher—but Rigby Nicks got well out of it.

So lucky a fellow ought quickly to have become rich, but a proverb stood in his way. The money got over the back of a certain personage, is spent—we all know how. Thus it befel with Rigby Nicks. He had been "in" for most of the best things going, but the proceeds disappeared as rapidly as they were acquired: in what "lower deep" none but himself could tell. Enough that he was still a speculator when he met with Meredyth Powell Jones.

It was a general election, and the general corruption attendant on it,

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which first drew these two worthies together. Rigby Nicks possessed a large acquaintance amongst moneyed candidates; Meredyth Powell Jones had felt the pulse of numerous constituencies, and knew their respective values. The man of pleasure and the attorney soon understood each other, and from that time forth their interests were united. They did not set up a firm, keep a stock purse, or trade invariably on the same bottom; but the paths trodden by them, however circuitous or wide apart, always led to the same goal.

Still, the consequences were not the same to each. Rigby Nicks, at the close of every successful project, remained—for the reason already assigned—precisely where he was when he started. Meredyth Powell Jones, on the contrary,—whose personal habits were the reverse of expensive—constantly improved his position. Their mutual relations, therefore, gradually altered: the man of pleasure became daily more and more dependent on the man of business, until, with all his cleverness, the former eventually became his associate's tool.

Of all the men who have flourished in these shifting, adventurous times, when the courted Crœsus of to-day is a fugitive or a felon to-morrow, none were less open to the reproach of not taking the tide at the flood than Meredyth Powell Jones. We have seen the result in the enthusiastic reception he met with at Aber-Pandy.

It was late in the session when he took his seat; all the great Parliamentary battles had been fought, accusations against Ministers were almost at an end (till the House met again), and support was not quite so anxiously sought by gentlemen on the Treasury benches; nevertheless, the Ministerial whipper-in, always the politest of men, shook hands with the new senator, and trusted he should always find him voting on the right side. It was easy enough to give a promise the fulfilment of which was not immediately to be exacted, and till the opportunity arrived for making it worth his while to sell his services, the honourable member for Aber-Pandy took up "an independent position."

But to be idle was no part of his nature; he had too many irons in the fire for that. There were mines of all metals to be worked; railways in all countries to be kept in motion; companies of all kinds to be carried out. The Limited Liability Act had passed, and every man with a shilling was ready to rush into partnership. Until this opportunity offered, the philanthropic depths of human nature had never been sufficiently sounded. It was amazing how suddenly the discovery took place that—if money were to be made by them—schemes for universal improvement were the simplest things in the world. Nothing, it was now found out, had ever gone right before. Adulteration, abuse, deception, insufficiency, alone characterised the past; plenty, reality, and the genuine article—no matter what was wanted, or how much—were to mark the future. A mercantile millennium had at length arrived. Virtue was henceforward to be the motive power of the machinery of commercial speculation. To do good to the community at large was reward enough for any toil—after dividing profits of ten or twenty per cent. All shareholders were brothers, and all the world was an oyster, containing one inestimable pearl, which everybody wanted to sell—for his brother's benefit, of course.

Foremost amongst these ardent lovers of their kind was Mr. Meredyth

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Powell Jones, and zealously as he had always laboured for the good of his species, his past exertions were thrown entirely into the shade by the efforts he made when, to the weight of his former position, he was able to add that which he derived from a seat in Parliament.

The recess came opportunely to assist him in maturing further schemes of social advantage. To cement the bonds of friendship there is nothing like keeping open house, with good shooting and a good cook. The Ty-Gwyn property afforded the first; Rigby Nicks secured the second; and a score of influential Members, Chairmen, and Directors, went down from London to revel in Welsh hospitality. The grouse fell fast on the moors, the *entrées* vanished from the board; never were heard such stories as those told by Rigby Nicks; never was seen such a host as the member for Aber-Pandy; never were such plans dreamt of as those which he developed. The life the Londoners led amongst the Cambrian squires was perfectly delightful; but there is something more delightful even than present enjoyment!

What that was Meredyth Powell Jones promised to realise for them when winter came, and one and all of the guests were glad when the murky fogs once more shrouded their dearly-beloved city, and the money-making season again set in.

CHAPTER III.

AN INVENTOR.

In the front room, on the second floor of a house in one of the streets belonging to the region of Soho-square, two women sat at work.

Though the weather was cold—November having set in—they had seated themselves close to one of the windows, in order to profit by the dim afternoon light as long as it lasted.

Had they been nearer to the fireplace their position would not have increased their comfort, for although the fire was laid it was not lit, and the hearth that does not blaze is one of the most cheerless things on earth.

It is probable that neither of these women at that moment gave the subject a thought, the occupation on which they were engaged entirely engrossing their attention. It was a pattern of many-coloured flowers on dark velvet, designed apparently to form the border of some rich robe; but it was equally clear, from the appearance of the room and other unmistakable signs, that the robe when finished was not to be worn by either of the busy needlewomen.

Yet, however sumptuous the fabric and brilliant its adornment, it could not, as a dress, have had a more appropriate destination than that of decorating the person of one of the two embroideresses—at least, if beauty alone has a claim to splendour of attire.

She was, at a guess, about two-and-twenty years of age; younger, perhaps, in reality, but looking as much, in consequence of the complete maturity which French girls, in general, attain at an earlier period than our own. Of the nation to which she belonged no one at all skilled in continental physiognomy could entertain a doubt, for though many of

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the attributes of her beauty were common to southern countries, the expression which informed it was quite distinct from that which animates the features of the women of Italy, of Germany, or of Spain. It was the brighter hue of her cheek and the greater brilliancy of her complexion that constituted the external difference, but a wider separation lay in the constant play of her countenance, which, even when she was silent, revealed the vivacity of her disposition, and more surely declared her origin.

Her companion, too, a woman past fifty, with still some remnant of good looks, but no remains of a fine figure—being, in fact, a mere bundle of clothes—was no less evidently a native of France.

There was a third "party"—so to speak—in the room; but as Nature had only endowed him with a voice wherewith to bark—a faculty he very frequently exercised—he took no share in the conversation which arose as soon as it became positively too dark for the elder of the workwomen to see to thread her needle. Yet he was by no means without importance, or a sense of it—what little French dog is?—nor was he at any time neglected by his mistress as he lay curled up in the folds of the ample skirt which depended from the aforesaid bundle.

As a matter of course, the language spoken was French, but, with the exception of a few pet phrases, and here and there a characteristic expletive or epithet, I shall faithfully—if not literally—translate it.

"Mon Dieu, Léonie," said she who had ceased to work, "it tries the eyes to use them in this way. It is already dark in this gloomy country at four in the afternoon; now, at Bordeaux, at this season of the year, I could always see till six!"

"Ah, yes, aunt," replied Léonie, with a smile, "there is a great difference, no doubt; but our apartment in the Cours d'Aquitaine was a good deal nearer to the sky, and then the sun shone every day."

"And here," said Léonie's aunt, who bore the name of Brochart—"here, on the contrary, the sun shines never!"

"Oh, no, aunt, you are wrong there. Remember, only two months ago, we saw it very beautifully from the hill at Richmond, that pleasant day we passed there. The river, too, looked as bright and blue as the Garonne!"

"You are right to make the most of that day, Léonie, for it is the only pleasant one we have seen since we came to England."

"It is all the same, aunt; we did not make our appearance here with the swallows, so we could not expect much. Besides, winter comes in all countries, and it was dark and dreary enough in Paris last year."

"Dark and dreary, perhaps! But then, what a different atmosphere! Ah! who would give themselves the trouble to think of the weather in France! It was not the clouds, had they been twice as heavy, that made us feel as we did."

"It is never the clouds that can do that, aunt, let us be where we may. I am more gay at heart here than when we lived in better rooms, amongst our own countrymen, even in beautiful Paris."

"And yet you have to work—we both of us have to work—hard—for our livelihood."

"Yes, that is true. But, on the other hand, my father is at liberty.

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At least, he is not in prison in London. Here we can see him every day, and feel sure that, though an exile from home, he is not, like many others of his party, a *déporté*."

"I know that," said Madame Brochart, rather peevishly; "and I know also, as I meant to say just now, that what made us feel uncomfortable last winter was the situation your father was in. From the time he took up those ideas of M. Cabet nothing has prospered with him. Seven years ago, when he and M. Brochart—whose tomb I shall never crown with another wreath—were partners at Bordeaux, no two vine-growers in the city were in better circumstances. It is the folly of politics that has ruined all, and brought us to what we now are!"

"Still, it might have been a great deal worse, dear aunt. Suppose my father had not succeeded in effecting his escape; suppose, at the trial, he had been found guilty——"

"As most certainly he would have been," interrupted Madame Brochart; "no Icarian, as he calls himself, ever escaped."

"In that case," continued Léonie, "instead of reaching England safely, he might by this time have died in Cayenne! Ah! then indeed I should have known what grief really is!"

"As far as we are concerned, Léonie, it appears to me not to matter greatly whether we starve in one place or another."

"Starve, aunt! Such is not the fact. See—we continue to live on, hoping—naturally—to do better. It is true we are not so much at our ease as we have been; this is a poor, a very poor apartment—and we, too, are poor who inhabit it. But when I discovered that the great merchant in Regent-street wanted the very work which I am capable of executing—which you taught me, dear aunt—then I felt as if I had found out a Californian mine. He has promised to pay for it not less than two English pounds, that is fifty of our francs, the *mètre*."

"And all we can do in a day—observe the breadth of the pattern—is only the length of a *décimètre*—just the value of five francs. And every day the light grows less and less, and we are forced to burn our candle sooner. Yes, I was quite right to denounce this dark climate."

"I must agree with you now, dear aunt, in wishing it were a little clearer, for I can no longer distinguish between these shades of green. After all, the merchant's two pounds are well earned; but if there were no merchant and no money the brightest sunshine would be of little use."

"These English people—these *millionnaires*," said Madame Brochart, after a pause, "live in great luxury. What is this robe, now, that you are working your fine eyes to death with, but the dressing-gown of some rich *milord!*"

"Yes, I believe that is the case. I heard one of the merchant's shopmen say it was for a great personage, but his name I cannot remember."

"You remember their names much better than I do; but then you can speak their language. *Dieu merci*, I am ignorant of all but two or three words. I can say 'Yaes,' and 'Porterre,' and 'Moutonshop;' I know no more!"

"But those words are very useful here, where you want them every

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day; for it must be agreed, dear aunt, that our diet is not greatly varied."

"It is two months—ever since that day at Richemonde—since I tasted a salad."

"It was a happy day," repeated Léonie, following the current of her own thoughts.

"Yes, and the dinner was altogether good—even to the *vin de Bordeaux*. Ce jeune monsieur, your father's acquaintance, had been accustomed to Paris life, and knew how to play the host. I took a great liking to that young man. I wonder why we have never seen him since!"

"If you recollect, aunt, he was then going abroad for some months. It is probable that he departed the next day."

"I wish he were returned, to invite us again to dine."

Léonie said nothing, unless a very gentle sigh be the interpreter of words unspoken.

"How came your father to know this English *monsieur?*" pursued Madame Brochart.

"He saw him, in the first instance, accidentally, at one of the *cafés* in the Haymarket, where they talked about my father's *grand projet*; and afterwards they met to renew the subject."

"He is rich!" said Madame Brochart.

"Yes, my father says so," returned Léonie.

"Without that," observed her aunt, "it would be of no use for my brother to develop his scheme. But if this young man has gone away, perhaps it has fallen to the ground, like so many others."

"I cannot tell," said Léonie; "if so, he will not grieve over it, no more shall I. He is fertile in resources. He has great invention, my father."

"Nobody can deny that," replied Madame Brochart. "I only wish that a single one of his projects would succeed."

"There is every reason now to expect a success," said Léonie, confidently. "No longer hampered by politics—for my father scorns to conspire, like some who are here—his mind can be freely directed to accomplish whatever he charges himself to undertake. Hark! that is his knock! He cannot forget that the street doors in London are not *portes cochères.*"

Azor, the little dog, had also caught the sound, and immediately began to give a specimen of his powers of utterance. He was in the midst of a canine *roulade*, such as only a little French dog can execute, when the door of the apartment opened, and Monsieur Lepage, the brother of Madame Brochart, and the father of Léonie, made his appearance.

"Veux-tu te taire, Azor! maudite petite bête!" was the first salutation of Monsieur Lepage, as he hastily entered; his next was to embrace his daughter, and then to bestow a fraternal *accolade* on his sister.

He was a man excessively rapid in all his movements, small and spare of person, sharp-glancing, quick-speaking: to sit down quietly for more than five minutes at a time was a thing he never was known to do, and

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if he had not gone to sleep the instant he got into bed, it would have been impossible to have kept him at all in a horizontal position. When on his legs he was perpetually walking backwards and forwards like a lion in his cage, and if a belief in the metempsychosis still prevailed, it might fairly have been inferred that he had passed a considerable part of a former animal-life in a ménagerie.

"What! no fire again, Léonie?" he said, as he looked quickly round the room.

"We were at work till this moment by daylight," replied his daughter. "I did not think you would have been home quite so soon."

"Oh, it is not on my account," said Monsieur Lepage, though he shivered as he spoke, "but without fire, you know, it is not possible to cook, and you, my sister, who do not object to dine, should have kept that fact in remembrance."

"But, as Léonie observed," returned Madame Brochart, "you were not expected so early. Object to dine! No! That in truth is very well known. Only this: it is *tant soit peu ennuyant* always to dine on the same thing. I suppose you have brought in nothing but the perpetual moutonshop? *Toujours perdrix, mon frère, tu sais ce que cela veut dire!*"

"You are wrong, my sister, this time," said Monsieur Lepage, laughing, and producing something from the pocket of his *rédingote*, carefully wrapped up in a red cotton handkerchief. "Dis," he said, facetiously attempting to speak English, "dis is no longer de moutonshop, but one great rumtake! Aha!"

As he spoke, he deposited his burden on the table, unfolded the handkerchief, partially withdrew the income-tax paper in which the butcher had irreverently enclosed the steak, and pointed triumphantly towards it.

"It is too broad and too thin to make a good *bouilli*," said Madame Brochart, probing the steak with her forefinger.

"That is very possible," replied Monsieur Lepage, "but on this occasion no one will be hardy enough to make the experiment. I will show you how to dress that dish. To-day,"—he was now walking about the room, taking up one thing, replacing it, taking up another, and again putting down that,—"to-day, when the business of my great project obliged me to go into that part of London called, *par excellence*, 'the City,' a great director of railways, a Member of Parliament, *un homme énormément riche*, who is seized with a true idea of my invention—that man conducted me to a *café*, called 'Dollyshopouse,' in a street more narrow than the *Rue du Plâtre*, where Valentin used to lodge—you remember when—before that last affair—and invited me to eat 'launch'—*mot Anglais, ma sœur, qui veut dire manger quelque chose à la hâte*—well, we went into a small open cabinet—*un 'box'*—until a *rumtake* should be dressed. We were opposite an immense fire, on which was a monster *gril*—— What is a *gril*, in English, Léonie?"

"Un 'gridiron,' mon papa."

"Ah, I recollect! A '*gredin*,' that is the word. This *gredin* was

covered with 'shops' and 'takes,' hissing, frizzling, smoking, for the hundreds that sat waiting, every one with his knife and fork in his hand, to lose not a moment, so precious is time in the City. All the while I kept my eyes on that *gredin*, resolved to master its secret and then improve upon it. By a supreme effort I at once penetrated into the *chef d'œuvre* of English cookery, and saw where it was wanting. To-morrow I invent a *gredin* that shall eclipse everything of the kind in London, and this evening, now, I will show you, my sister, the Englishman's pride, *un vrai rumtake!*"

While Monsieur Lepage was talking and walking, Léonie had lit the fire and begun to make preparations for the promised banquet, her delicate hands not disdaining to occupy themselves with the family *ménage*. Madame Brochart also was busied in her way; but the most active and energetic of the three was Monsieur Lepage himself. He knelt before the fire and puffed at it with the bellows the wrong side upwards, till, fancying the instrument worthless, he threw it aside, and putting his face close to the bars blew with his mouth till he was thoroughly out of breath. Then he jumped up, ran to the table, spread out the steak, battered it for a few moments with the first thing handy, which happened to be a large smoothing iron, rushed to a cupboard, and dragged forth the "*gredin*" of the establishment, brandished it with an air of anticipated conquest, and then set it over the uncertain flame, exclaiming that *that* was the way the thing was done at "Dollyshopouse."

"If there were but the opportunity—if I had only a chisel, or a few inches of block tin, I would render that '*gredin*' the most perfect apparatus for cooking '*rumtake*' that ever was heard of! '*N'importe.*'"

This last exclamation is always a Frenchman's resource when he is doubtful of a result, despises a victory, or is most incontestably beaten. Monsieur Lepage had not arrived at either of the two latter categories: but there might have been the gift of prophecy within him, for he was accustomed—without being aware of it—to failures.

The crucial experiment was now to be made; with his own hands Monsieur Lepage transferred the steak to what he persisted in calling a "*gredin;*" Léonie laughed to see him so intent upon a pursuit to which he was an utter stranger—for he had never before interfered with Madame Brochart's habitual occupation—and little Azor, whose olfactory organs were greatly excited by the broiling process, capered round the room and barked with extravagant delight. Not a creature but himself would Monsieur Lepage suffer to approach the fire while his great work was in projection. He "turned and turned" the steak, and still went on, unconsciously imitating the supposed fault of Desdemona, and disregarding altogether the doubts which were expressed by Madame Brochart. At length he darted his fork into the smoking mass, and shouting out "Voilà le rumtake!" dashed it, "tout chaud," as he said, into the dish that awaited the dinner. It was a rum steak with a vengeance! No blackened cinder, no shrivelled property in Covent Garden's recent fire, could have been so utterly devoid of juices, so perfectly uneatable as this first specimen of Monsieur Lepage's skill in cookery. Even Azor, when he had tried his teeth in it, relinquished his chance of supper with disgust.

"Diable!" said Monsieur Lepage. "C'est bien drôle! It must have

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been the fault of that '*gredin*.' Yes, yes, my sister! Dine upon bread to-day; to-morrow you shall be recompensed by my invention."

Was Monsieur Lepage's "grand projet" of the same description as his "little go?" No matter. He had got the ear of a speculator who cared little if an object were feasible provided the public believed it to be so.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW BANK.

Saint Jacob's-square, if not the largest, was—at one period—the most aristocratic locality in London, and the proudest mansion it contained was the family residence of the Most Honourable Alberic Lupus Fitz-Malpas, nineteenth Marquis and Earl of Wessex.

During the reigns of the first three Georges it had been the scene of more political intrigue than any other house in the kingdom—not even excepting the house dedicated to St. Stephen—and, at a later period, when the Regent ruled the roast, intrigue of another kind was to the full as flourishing: in other words, from the day it was built to that in which its last noble possessor ceased to dwell there, it was the focus of fashion.

Wessex House was what, at the present time, we call "an institution," and was held by the great world to be part and parcel of its greatness; indeed, without some such centre, it seemed as if the great ones who constituted that world, would hardly have been able to fulfil their mission.

Great, therefore, was the consternation in high circles when the Wessex knocker was first muffled; when the wheels of three physicians' carriages stopped noiselessly twice a day at the Wessex door, before which the tanners' bark was so liberally strown; when bulletins describing the illustrious patient's restless nights began to appear; and still greater was the consternation in the aforesaid high circles when the blinds were all drawn down, and other unmistakable signs declared that the head of the house of Wessex had, at last, withdrawn from the great scuffle.

Life is, in truth, a scuffle in which the best generally come off worst; and, as the defunct Peer had had what is called "rather an easy time of it"—though he now and then administered a few hard knocks to others—the chances are he was *not* of the very best. But he was immensely regretted; particularly when it became known that the heir to his titles found the estates too much impoverished to admit of his keeping up a town establishment, and that Messrs. Console and Cornice, the fashionable auctioneers, had been "honoured" by the usual "instructions."

The only way in which the high circles could assuage their grief, or distract their thoughts from the great loss they had sustained, was—by going to the sale.

The late Marquis had been celebrated for his love of *virtù*—in the Italian, not the English sense—and catalogue in hand his sorrowing friends crowded to Wessex House as if they had suddenly resolved to repent, and virtue, not cracked crockery from Herculaneum, were the

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object of their search. It was something for them—the ghost of a departed joy—to wander once more through the richly-decorated apartments: it was a good deal more to be able in doing so to discharge their long pent-up opinions and give free vent to the criticism which, during the lifetime of the deceased, they had not ventured to breathe even in secret to each other. For once Wessex House became the Palace of Truth, and it is only to be lamented that the metamorphosis was so long delayed.

At last, when the Aubusson carpets, the Beauvais tapestry, the tables of marqueterie, the buhl cabinets, the gems, the vases, the statues, the pictures had all been cleared away—dispersed to be gathered again and then again dispersed—the sorrowing friends cleared themselves away also, leaving only two mute objects to represent the past. The first was the hatchment, charged with heraldic hieroglyphics and wholly black-bordered, which intimated to all who were learned in such matters that the Marquis of Wessex had gone to a place where gilt strawberry-leaves and Roman pearl balls no longer confer precedence; the second, still more indicative that the Wessex sun had set, was a narrow black board nailed between the dining-room windows—the humble companion of its highly-coloured rival over the street-door—on which, in plain white letters, were inscribed the simple words,

TO BE LET OR SOLD,

with a reference for cards of admission to the firm already mentioned as having been "honoured with instructions."

Did no other wealthy nobleman or leader of fashion become the occupant of Wessex House? Alas, no! Wealthy noblemen are a mythic race—rare birds at all events, and seldom flushed. Noblemen there are, and leaders of fashion too, but the nobility is of a different kind, and the fashion of an altered form: the nobles and dandies of 1856 think more of making an income than of spending one. If you wished to discover the *habitat* of a man of rank, what time the Marquis of Wessex was wont to turn out with his curricle and brace of grooms, you had only to walk up St. Jacob's-street and there you met them by the dozen; but ask, in these days of hired-broughams, for the heir to a ducal house, for an ex-minister of state, for the man with an honourable prefix, and your walk must extend a little further and in a different direction.

It is in Moorgate-street, Threadneedle-street, King William-street, in the region of the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, that the scions of noble houses pass their days, shedding lustre on railway boards and diminishing none of their own. At least one half of the great families of England owe their origin to commerce, and it is but a natural reaction when commerce is sustained by the personal exertions of the members of great families.

If it went no further than this, all would be well; for what pursuit is more honourable than that which forms the very mainspring of the country's prosperity! Her arts, her arms, her laws, her institutions, her entire social position, would languish and decay with the neglect and decline of her commerce.

But there is a reverse to every picture, the wrong side to every tapestry.

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Let all the talent and experience that are available, be enlisted in the service of the really useful undertakings which multiply around us daily; but, for the sake of everything that is just and honest, let us never cease to brand with reprobation the crude, the thriftless, the knavish speculations which meet us at every turn, stimulating the rash, entrapping the weak and ruining the unwary.

What ideas Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones had on this subject may, in some degree, be inferred by what has been said of his rise and progress, but for a clearer notion of what they were, he must be allowed to speak for himself.

"It is high time, Rigby," said the member for Aber-Pandy to his confederate, as they sat at breakfast one morning shortly after their return from Wales—"it is high time that the Prospectus of the New Bank should be issued. I hear that there are a good many things of the sort on the *tapis*, and the sooner we come before the public the better."

"You mean the African affair, I suppose?" said Rigby Nicks.

"Of course," returned Jones. "It was the last thing that I mentioned confidentially to our friends the Squires; some of the city men that we know of are quite ripe for it, and as to the fellows here at the West End, those to whom I have privately whispered the matter are quite wild to begin. Have you done anything yet?"

"Yes—a little," replied Rigby Nicks. "I have spoken to Buncombe, Smasher, Plant, Kyte, and two or three others of my set: we shan't want for Directors."

"I dare say not," said Jones; "the investment will be only too profitable; but we must have a few solid names as well as those you have mentioned."

"Buncombe is a good bell-wether," observed Rigby Nicks.

"I know that. Yes,—there are several substantial men who will follow where he goes. Let us compare lists. But first—is anything settled about the place of business?"

"I saw Console and Cornice yesterday evening. They are quite prepared to let us have the house in St. Jacob's-square that we were looking at. A lease of twenty-one years, granted in the joint names of yourself, me, and another."

"And the rent?"

"Two thousand a year."

"We must have a clause about alterations."

"Oh, the trustees will agree to that, provided we do not interfere with the *façade*."

"What do they want for the concern altogether,—to buy it out and out?"

"Forty thousand."

Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones considered a few moments. He then very quietly said: "We'll buy it."

"That's the best way, after all," said Rigby Nicks, as coolly as if the purchase-money were in his pocket. "It's a splendid situation!"

"Which is everything," replied Jones. "Worth all the money by itself."

The locality of the new bank being thus decided on, the originators

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opened their portfolios, took pen and ink in hand, and began to busy themselves with the preparation of their prospectus. After comparing notes, suggesting ideas, proposing and substituting names, after writing and rewriting, altering, expunging, and restoring, they finally succeeded in drawing up a paper, which was thus worded:

"THE UNIVERSAL GUARANTEE AND COSMOPOLITAN SAFETY ALLIANCE JOINT-STOCK BANK OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

"To be incorporated by Royal Charter, on the extreme principle of limited liability. Capital, ONE MILLION sterling, in 10,000 shares of 100*l.* each, with power to raise it to FIVE MILLIONS, which additional capital, when raised, will be offered *pro ratâ* amongst the holders of the original capital.

PATRON.

THE SULTAN OF SOODAN.

COURT OF DIRECTORS.

Meredyth Powell Jones, of Plas-y-Jones, Esq., M.P., *Chairman.*
Rigby Nicks, of Diddlington Hall, Esq., *Vice-Chairman.*
Lord Leatherhead.
Sir Ajax Smasher, Bart.
Major-General Buncombe, K.H.
Admiral Shawtensayle, C.B.
Browne Browne, of Browneville Castle, county of Sligo, Esq., M.P.
Rhys Ap-Rhys, of Rhiadar-Dhu, Esq.
H. Plantagenet Drawman, Esq. (late of the firm of Driver and Drawman).
Latham Pickles, Esq., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.
Fortunatus Jenkins, of Pistyll-Jenkins, Esq.
Sir Flyman Kyte, Kt.

(With power to add to their number.)

TRUSTEES.

Sir Abraham Hardcash, Bart.
Peter Stumpey, Esq.
Joseph Till, Esq.

AUDITORS.

General Manager.—Rigby Nicks, Esq.
Inspector of Branches.—A. Wellesley Plant, Esq.
Standing Counsel.—S. Sawder, Esq., Q.C.
Assistant Manager.—Marmaduke Tinker, Esq., C.E.
Assistant Inspector of Branches.—Mr. Philip Goggles.
Bankers (pro tem.).—Messrs. Blunt and Sharpe.
Solicitors.—Messrs. Sickle and Gleannm.
Secretary.—Julius Smirke, Esq.
Principal Office.—84, St. Jacob's-square, St. Jacob's.

"The undoubted prosperity which has attended the Joint-Stock Banking system in the United Kingdom, and especially of those Banks which have been established in London for the furtherance of monetary intercourse with the inter-tropical countries of the East, gives the best assurance of the indubitable success of a Bank established on similar principles for

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opening up the resources of Equatorial Africa; and recent events have rendered the present time peculiarly opportune for its establishment.

"It is, then, proposed to found a thoroughly independent and perfectly self-sustaining Joint-Stock Bank, in the most accessible and attractive part of the Court-end of our moneyed metropolis, for the purpose of identifying the wealth and intelligence of the white Western nations with the hitherto-neglected and singularly-undeveloped treasures of those of the sable South,—regions known to us only, at present, through the adventurous enterprise of a handful of hardy, devoted, and scientific travellers.

"In the full expectation of creating a new era in the monetary relations of the world, the directors of the Universal Guarantee and Cosmopolitan Safety Alliance Joint-Stock Bank of Central Africa, have given their undivided attention to the means of accumulating deposits of the precious metals for subsequent transfer to this country, as a "rest" on which the shareholders may confidently rely and therein find a positive guarantee; and with this view negotiations have been entered into with his Highness the Sultan of Soodan (who reigns absolutely over a vast territory, extending from Timbo on the frontier of Senegambia to the confines of Sandy Borgoo), with the native Princes of Darfûr and Kordofan, with the Emperor (or "Negus," as he is styled) of Abyssinia, with the King of Shoa, and finally with the Grand Sheikh of Somauly, for the establishment of Branch Banks in the capitals of their respective dominions, which it will be seen, by a glance at the map of Africa, form a belt across the central districts of that mighty continent, from the golden-grained shores of Guinea to the rich and spicy lands that border the Arabian ocean. Already have the potentates alluded to—with a liberality worthy of the most advanced state of civilisation—expressed their willingness to aid in the formation of *entrepôts* for monetary traffic in the flourishing cities of Timbuctoo, Saccatoo, Kouka, Muddago, Shaboon, Sennar, Gondar and Berbera, thus uniting in one Bund (as it may be termed) all the kingdoms north of the Gebel-el-Kumri, or celebrated Mountains of the Moon, and enchaining (as it were) in one wide interest the commercial relations of Africa from sea to sea.

"Under such flattering auspices it may safely be predicted that by means of the caravans which traverse the auriferous regions of Nigritia and the adjacent gold-producing countries—from Lake Tchad, as a centre, to Tripoli on the north, to the sources of the Niger (or Quarra) on the west, and across the base of the principal watershed of the lofty range of Kilimandjâro towards the east (the most valuable ores being always found in greatest abundance in the head-streams)—the metallic resources of Africa —her gold, her silver, and her copper, the three recognised forms of currency—may be made instantaneously available as a means of exchange for the circular notes of the Universal Guarantee and Cosmopolitan Safety Alliance Joint-Stock Bank of Central Africa.

"It is the want of a general or cosmopolitan currency, which, up to the present time, has mainly tended to cripple the mercantile and industrial energies of a continent that was intended by nature to minister to European necessities. But this restraint having once been removed, a new order of things will inevitably arise. That freedom of commercial inter-

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course which is the natural offspring of mutual confidence, and the absence of which has ever been a *desideratum* amongst the native tribes, will now be fixed upon a secure basis; while the growing interest that attaches to all we know, as well as to all we do *not* know, of the internal wealth of Central Africa, will, by the exertions of the local management, be amply rewarded in the large returns attendant upon the outlay of the Company's capital.

"The necessary steps have consequently been taken for securing a Royal Charter of incorporation, limiting the liability of the shareholders to double the amount of their subscriptions, and when all the preliminary arrangements are completed the business of the Bank will be commenced.

"The principle upon which the Directors propose to conduct the business of the Universal Guarantee and Cosmopolitan Safety Alliance Joint-Stock Bank of Central Africa will be those of the most successful of the London Joint-Stock Banks, while correlative advantages to which those institutions are strangers will be afforded, and under this head it may be as well to state that by the Safety Alliance system all accounts, both current and deposit, will be allowed a far higher rate of interest than is practicable elsewhere.

"The Bank will combine an ivory and gold-dust agency business as a distinct department, and THE ENTIRE SUPPRESSION OF THE SLAVE TRADE will be amongst the objects which are destined to enter largely into its composition.

"Prospectuses may be obtained of, and applications for shares may be made to, the Brokers, Messrs. Fustick and Madder, Lillypot-lane; but no application will be considered unless a deposit of 1*l.* per share applied for is previously made with the Company's Bankers, Messrs. Blunt and Sharpe.

"For the convenience of parties residing at a distance from London, a remittance to, or order in favour of Rigby Nicks, Esq., Vice-Chairman, or Julius Smirke, Esq., the Secretary, will be handed by them to the Bank, and a voucher returned by one or other of them immediately to the applicant.

"By the provisions of the Act of Parliament under which the Universal Guarantee and Cosmopolitan Safety Alliance Joint-Stock Bank of Central Africa will be chartered, one half of the capital must be paid up at the time of incorporation and before the commencement of business."

"I think," said Meredyth Powell Jones, when Rigby Nicks had read this attractive document out loud, "I think, Rigby, that it *will do*."

In this not very improbable conclusion, Rigby Nicks fully concurred, and that its active properties might not lie dormant a moment longer than was necessary, the Prospectus, fairly written out and well paid for, was sent as an Advertisement to all the morning papers.

How it prospered we shall see hereafter.

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EL MEDINAH AND MECCAH.*

Few travellers have been able to penetrate into the Moslem's Holy Land, so carefully guarded by the sanguinary fanaticism and bigotry of its own people, and that of the pious pilgrims who visit it from all parts of the Muhammadan world. Still fewer have succeeded in visiting the Holy Cities—El Medinah, with its sacred tombs of the Prophet, of his daughter Fatimah, and of his successors, Abu-Bekr and Omar, despised by Shiahs; or Meccah, the birthplace of the Prophet, with its jealously guarded and exclusive sanctuary! Burckhardt had been there, it is true, but he was prostrated by sickness throughout his stay in Hejaz, and was thus disabled from giving to the world minute and satisfactory descriptions of the places. Others have also added to the gradual accumulation of more or less correct details regarding these mysterious cities and their Holy Places; but Mr. Burton leaves all his predecessors far behind him. So successful was his disguise, that he travelled with the great pilgrim caravan, reinforced from Egypt, Turkey, Syria, Persia, and Arabia, describing the strange features of the daily progress of some fifty thousand human beings through a desert, waterless, burning country; he joined with them in their prayers, passed through all their trials, patiently bore up with all their long, tedious ceremonies, lasting often the whole night as well as the day, visited with them their most holy shrines and sanctuaries, and came out of the ordeal unscathed and triumphant, to place on record one of the most curious and interesting exploits that it has ever happened to traveller to pen.

Mr. Burton had fitted himself for this remarkable undertaking by acquiring, during a residence of many years in India, through his peculiar aptitude for such studies, a thorough acquaintance with various dialects of Arabia and Persia. His eastern cast of features also aided him, with his knowledge of languages, in the various disguises which he was induced to assume. He first started in the character of a Persian wanderer—the vagrant, the merchant, and the philosopher, being, amongst Orientals, frequently united in the same person. This, though it might have covered any deficiencies in the pronunciation of the Arabic, was not a disguise calculated to facilitate his progress among Sunni pilgrims. After a month's hard work at Alexandria he was therefore led to assume the character of a wandering Dervish, changing his title of Mirza for that of Shaykh Abdullah (commonly written Sheikh; but Mr. Burton is one of the few who adopt a correct system for rendering Arabic, Hindustani, Persian, and Turkish words in Roman letters). It was, however, long before he got over the uncomfortable consequences of having first appeared in Egypt as a Persian—the bad name stuck to him: bazaar reports, he says, fly quicker and hit harder than newspaper paragraphs.

No character (writes Mr. Burton) in the Moslem world is so proper for disguise as that of the Dervish. It is assumed by all ranks, ages, and creeds; by

* Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah. By Richard F. Burton, Lieutenant Bombay Army. Three Vols. Longman and Co.

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the nobleman who has been disgraced at court, and by the peasant who is too idle to till the ground; by Dives, who is weary of life, and by Lazarus, who begs bread from door to door. Further, the Dervish is allowed to ignore ceremony and politeness, as one who ceases to appear upon the stage of life; he may pray or not, marry or remain single as he pleases, be respectable in cloth of frieze as in cloth of gold, and no one asks him—the chartered vagabond—why he comes here? or wherefore he goes there? He may wend his way on foot alone, or ride his Arab steed, followed by a dozen servants; he is equally feared without weapons, as swaggering through the streets armed to the teeth. The more haughty and offensive he is to the people, the more they respect him; a decided advantage to the traveller of choleric temperament. In the hour of imminent danger, he has only to become a maniac, and he is safe; a madman in the East, like a notably eccentric character in the West, is allowed to say or do whatever the spirit directs. Add to this character a little knowledge of medicine, a "moderate skill in magic, and a reputation for caring for nothing but study and books," together with capital sufficient to save you from the chance of starving, and you appear in the East to peculiar advantage. The only danger of the "path" (the Tarikat, or path, which leads, or is supposed to lead, to heaven) is, that the Dervish's ragged coat not unfrequently covers the cut-throat, and, if seized in the society of such a "brother," you may reluctantly become his companion, under the stick or on the stake. For, be it known, Dervishes are of two orders, the Sharai, or those who conform to religion, and the Be-Sharai, or Luti, whose practices are hinted at by their own tradition, that "he we daurna name" once joined them for a week, but at the end of that time left them in dismay, and returned to whence he came.

Thus disguised, our traveller started up the Nile in the *Little Asthmatic*, as the steamer is called; had his organs of vision publicly condemned by an Englishman, for happening to touch his elbow; accepted hospitality in Cairo at the hands of a shawl-merchant of Lahore; exchanged this for rooms in a Wakalah, or Khan; became a Turkish pilgrim; and lastly, a Pathan, or Afghan, assuming the polite, pliant manners of an Indian physician, and the dress of a small Effendi, still however representing himself to be a Dervish, and frequenting the places where Dervishes congregate. After a somewhat prolonged stay in the Egyptian metropolis, our Turco-Arabic and Hindu-Persian doctor and Dervish ventured upon an eighty-four mile ride across the desert to Suez, on a dromedary, with a Bedouin of Tur (Mount Sinai), the results of which were aches in every bone, the loss of much epidermis, and every portion of the skin that had been exposed to the sun well seared. Thence he sailed to Yambu, on the "Golden Wire," the traverse being marked by conflicts several times renewed with a party of Maghrabin, or Moorish pilgrims, and brief delays at Tur, and at Wijh. The effects of the sun upon this trip are depicted with painful truthfulness. "The morning beams oppress you with a feeling of sickness; their steady glow, reflected by the glaring waters, blinds your eyes, blisters your skin, and parches your mouth; you now become a monomaniac; you do nothing but count the slow hours that must 'minute by' before you can be relieved."

Yambu, one of the "Gates of the Holy City," is built of limestone and coral-rag, on the edge of a barren plain that extends between the mountains and the sea, the walls, full of fossils, crumbling away like almond cake. The people of this place are among the most bigoted and quarrelsome in El Hejaz. At this point Mr. Burton once more changed his dress to that of an Arab, and having purchased a shugduf, or litter, he

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started, in company with a large party of pilgrims of various races, and an escort of irregular Turkish cavalry, for El Medinah.

The first station on the road was El Hamra, or "the Red," a collection of stunted houses, or rather hovels, upon the Darb Sultan, or the Sultan's Highway to Meccah. Here they were joined by another caravan, a not unwelcome reinforcement, as the Bedouins were amusing themselves with robbing the pilgrims throughout the country, and together they wended their dubious way to Bir Abbas, a mere station in the desert, with some stone forts, palm-leaved hovels, and a coffee-shed. Between this station and Shuhada, or "the Martyrs," was a pass of bad repute, called "the Pilgrims' Pass," in forcing their way through which the party lost no less than twelve men killed by the fire of the Bedouins from the rocks above and around. One more miserable station—Suwaykah—then a valley—the Wady-el-Akik—both of which are familiar to Arabian history and poetry—and the Mudawaj, a huge flight of steps, roughly cut in a long broad line of black scoriaceous basalt, led the way as if by natural portals to El Medinah!

We halted our beasts as if by word of command. All of us descended, in imitation of the pious of old, and sat down, jaded and hungry as we were, to feast our eyes with a view of the Holy City. "O Allah! this is the Haram of the Prophet; make it to us a protection from hell-fire, and a refuge from eternal punishment! Oh, open the gates of thy mercy, and let us pass through them to the land of joy!" And, "O Allah, bless the last of the Prophets, the seal of prophecy, with blessings in number as the stars of heaven, and the waves of the sea, and the sands of the waste—bless him, O Lord of Might and Majesty, as long as the corn-field and the date-grove continue to feed mankind!" And again: "Live, for ever, O most excellent of Prophets!—live in the shadow of happiness during the hours of night and the times of day, whilst the bird of the tamarisk (the dove) moaneth like the childless mother whilst the west wind bloweth gently over the hills of Nejd, and the lightning flasheth bright in the firmament of El Hejaz!"

Such were the poetical exclamations that, according to our traveller, rose all around him, showing how deeply tinged with imagination becomes the language of the Arab under the influence of strong passion or religious enthusiasm. Nor was the scene that presented itself to their earnest gaze, apart from its religious associations, altogether unworthy of such enthusiasm. As the travellers looked eastward, the sun arose out of the horizon of low hill, blurred and dotted with small tufted trees, which from the morning mists gained a giant stature, and the earth was stained with gold and purple. Before them lay a spacious plain, bounded in front by the undulating ground of Nejd; on the left was a grim barrier of rocks, the celebrated Mount Ohod, with a clump of verdure and a white dome or two nestling at its base. Rightwards, broad streaks of lilac-coloured mists were thick with gathered dew, there pierced and thinned by the morning rays, stretched over the date-groves and the gardens of Kuba, which stood out in emerald green from the dull, tawny surface of the plain. Below, at the distance of about two miles, lay El Medinah; at first sight it appeared a large place, but a closer inspection proved the impression to be an erroneous one. A tortuous road from the pass to the city wound across the plain and led to a tall rectangular gateway, pierced in the ruinous mud wall which surrounds the suburb. This is the "Ambari" entrance. It is flanked on the left by the domes and

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minarets of a pretty Turkish building, a "Takiyah," erected by the late Muhammad Ali for the reception of Dervish travellers; on the right, by a long, low line of whitewashed buildings garnished with ugly square windows, an imitation of civilised barracks. Beginning from the left hand, as the pilgrim sits upon the ridge of rocks, the remarkable features of the town thus present themselves in succession. Outside, amongst the palm-trees to the north of the city, are the picturesque ruins of a large old sabil, or public fountain; and between this and the *enceinte* stands a conspicuous building, in the Turkish pavilion style—the governor's palace. On the north-west angle of the town wall is a tall whitewashed fort, partly built upon an out-cropping mass of rock; its ramparts and embrasures give it a modern and European appearance, which contrasts strangely with its truly Oriental history; for in the East, wherever there is a compound of fort and city, that place has certainly been in the habit of being divided against itself. In the suburb "El Munakhah" rise the domes and minarets of five mosques, standing brightly out from the dull grey mass of house and ground; and behind is the most easterly part of the city. Remarkable from afar is the gem of El Medinah, the four tall, substantial towers, and the flashing green dome under which the Prophet's remains rest. Half concealed by this mass of buildings and by the houses of the town are certain white specks upon a green surface—the tombs that adorn the venerable cemetery of El Bakia; and from that point southwards begins the mass of palm-groves celebrated in El Islam as "the trees of El Medinah."

The Masjid El Nabawi, or the Prophet's Mosque, is one of the Haramain, or of the two sanctuaries of El Islam, and is the second of the three most venerable places of worship in the world; the other two being the Masjid El Haram at Meccah (connected with Abraham), and the Masjid El Aksa of Jerusalem (the peculiar place of Solomon). Mr. Burton's account of this renowned sanctuary, of which a Hadis, or traditional saying of Muhammad's, reports, "One prayer in this my mosque is more efficacious than a thousand in other places, save only the Masjid El Haram," is what might be anticipated of the country in which it stands, and the people by whom it is held in such high veneration.

Passing through muddy streets—they had been freshly watered before evening-time—I came suddenly upon the mosque. Like that at Meccah the approach is choked up by ignoble buildings, some actually touching the holy "enceinte," others separated by a lane, compared with which the road round St. Paul's is a Vatican square. There is no outer front, no general aspect of the Prophet's mosque; consequently, as a building, it has neither beauty nor dignity, and entering the Bab-el-Rahmah—the Gate of Pity—by a diminutive flight of steps, I was astonished at the mean and tawdry appearance of a place so universally venerated in the Moslem world. It is not, like the Meccan mosque, grand and simple—the expression of a single sublime idea: the longer I looked at it, the more it suggested the resemblance of a museum of second-rate art, a curiosity-shop, full of ornaments that are not accessories, and decorated with pauper splendour.

This "Masjid el Nabi" is a parallelogram, with a spacious cental area, surrounded by a peristyle with numerous rows of pillars, like the colonnades of an Italian monastery. These arcades are domed above with the half-orange cupola of Spain, and supported internally by pillars of

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different shape and material, varying from fine porphyry to dirty plaster; the southern one, where the sepulchre stands, is paved with handsome slabs of white marble and marquetry work, here and there covered with coarse matting, and above this by unclean carpets, well worn by the feet of the faithful. There are no end of details connected with the mosque itself, all of more or less importance in the ceremonials to be gone through in the visitation, and the ordeal of which our traveller had naturally to submit to to effect his objects. First there was "the Holy Fronting," which, divided off like an aisle, runs parallel with the southern wall of the mosque, and has also its holy niches, two of which are of beautiful mosaic, richly worked with various coloured marbles; and a third contains the "pulpit"—a graceful collection of slender columns, elegant tracery, and inscriptions admirably carved. Next is the space called the Garden, after a saying of the Prophet's, "Between my Tomb and my Pulpit is a Garden of the Gardens of Paradise." This is the most elaborate part of the mosque.

Little (says Mr. Burton) can be said in its praise by day, when it bears the same relation to a second-rate church in Rome as an English chapel-of-ease to Westminster Abbey. It is a space of about eighty feet in length, tawdrily decorated so as to resemble a garden. The carpets are flowered, and the pediments of the columns are cased with bright green tiles, and adorned to the height of a man with gaudy and unnatural vegetation in arabesque. It is disfigured by handsome branched candelabras of cut crystal, the work, I believe, of a London house, and presented to the shrine by the late Abbas Pasha of Egypt. The only admirable feature of the view is the light cast by the window of stained glass in the southern wall. Its peculiar background, the railing of the tomb, a splendid filagree-work of green and polished brass, gilt or made to resemble gold, looks more picturesque near than at a distance, when it suggests the idea of a gigantic bird-cage. But at night the eye, dazzled by oil-lamps suspended from the roof, by huge wax candles, and by smaller illuminations, falling upon crowds of visitors in handsome attire, with the rich and the noblest of the city sitting in congregation when service is performed, becomes less critical. Still the scene must be viewed with a Moslem's spirit; and until a man is thoroughly imbued with the East, the last place the Rauzah will remind him of is that which the architect primarily intended it to resemble—a garden.

Lastly, there is the mausoleum; and it also consists of various parts. There is the Hujrah, or chamber as it is called, from the circumstance of its having been Ayisha's room. It is surmounted by a green dome, bearing a large gilt crescent springing from a series of globes. Inside there are, or are supposed to be, three tombs facing the south, surrounded by stone walls without any aperture, or, as others say, by strong planking. Whatever this material may be, it is hung outside with a curtain. An outer railing is separated by a dark narrow passage from an inner railing, and this fence forbids passage to all men, although it has four gates. In the southern side of the fence are three windows, one of which, called Shubak el Nabi, or the Prophet's window, is supposed to look into Muhammad's tomb; the second into Abu-Bekr's, and the third into Omar's. Our adventurous and enterprising traveller succeeded in getting a peep through the window, so called, of the Prophet's tomb; but alas! all that he could see was a curtain! Neither he nor any one else have seen aught of the coffin so long reputed to be suspended mid-air.

Shaykh Hamid, after wrenching a beggar or two from my shoulders, then

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permitted me to draw near to a little window, called the Prophet's, and to look in. Here my proceedings were watched with suspicious eyes. The Persians have sometimes managed to pollute the part near Abu-Bekr's and Omar's graves by tossing through the aperture what is externally a handsome shawl, intended as a present for the tomb. After straining my eyes for a time I saw a curtain, or rather hangings, with three inscriptions in large gold letters, informing readers, that behind them lie Allah's Prophet and the two first caliphs. The exact place of Muhammad's tomb is moreover distinguished by a large pearl rosary, and a peculiar ornament, the celebrated Kaukab-el-Durri, or constellation of pearls, suspended to the curtain breast-high. This is described to be a "brilliant star set in diamonds and pearls," and placed in the dark in order that man's eye may be able to bear its splendours: the vulgar believe it to be a "jewel of the jewels of Paradise." To me it greatly resembled the round stoppers of glass used for the humbler sorts of decanters, but I never saw it quite near enough to judge fairly of it, and did not think fit to pay an exorbitant sum for the privilege of entering the inner passage of the baldaquin. Altogether, the *coup d'œil* had nothing to recommend it by day. At night, when the lamps hung in this passage shed a dim light upon the mosaic work of the marble floors, upon the glittering inscriptions, and the massive hangings, the scene is more likely to become "ken-speckle."

Another station for pilgrims is the sepulchre, or cenotaph of the Lady Fatimah. Her grave is outside the *enceinte* and the curtain which surrounds her father's remains, so strict is Moslem decorum, and so exalted its opinion of the "virgin's" delicacy. The eastern side of the Hujrah, here turning a little westward, also interrupts the shape of the square, in order to give this spot the appearance of still further disconnexion with the rest of the building. The tomb, seen through a square aperture like those above described, is a long catafalque, covered with a black pall. The daughter of the Prophet is called Zahra, "bright, blooming Fatimah," as also El Batul—a title given by Eastern Christians to the mother of our Lord. The perpetual virginity of Fatimah, even after the motherhood, is a point of orthodoxy in El Islam.

There are many more curiosities at El Medinah, mosques, minarets, gates, porches, pillars, gardens, fountains, wells, Wakalahs, or Khans, baths, and other public buildings, all more or less remarkable for some peculiarities of structure, or from the traditions associated with them. Mr. Burton was not permitted to examine the castle. There are also places of pious visitation in the vicinity of the town, the chief of which are the mosques of Kuba, the cemetery El Bakia, and the martyr Hamzah's tomb, at the foot of Mount Ohod.

Mr. Burton travelled from El Medinah to Mecca with the Damascus caravan of pilgrims by Harun el Rashid's and the Lady Zubaydah's celebrated route through the Nejd Desert, which has not before been traversed by any European. The Darb el Sultani, or Sultan's road, which keeps the line of coast, has been visited and described by Burckhardt. The caravan, which kept gradually increasing in numbers, consisted at starting of some seven thousand souls, in all sorts of costume, on foot, on horseback, in litters, or bestriding the splendid camels of Syria. It was accompanied by one, and afterwards by two Mahmals, and protected by an Emir el Hajj—a veteran Pasha—and his soldiery. The time for starting, generally at night, and the time for encamping were marked by the discharge of one of two small brass guns carried on camels' backs.

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The only town met with in this desert track was Suwayrkiyah, consisting of about a hundred houses, grouped at the base of an isolated mass of basaltic rock, which rises abruptly out of a hard clayey plain. The summit is converted into a rude fortalice—no settlement can exist without one in El Hejaz—by a bulwark of uncut stone, piled up so as to make a parapet, and the lower part of the town is protected by a mud wall, with the usual semicircular towers. Inside there is a bazaar, well supplied with mutton by the neighbouring Bedouins; and wheat, barley, and dates are grown near the town. This town belongs to the Beni Husayn, a tribe of schismatics, whose fealty to the Prince of Meccah is merely nominal. Familiarity, it is said, breeds contempt, and so it appears to be with the Arabs in the neighbourhood of the Holy Cities; they are almost to a man schismatics, and they never fail, when it is in their power, to rob the pilgrim bound from distant lands on a pious errand, which, it would be supposed, would win for him the respect and protection of the countrymen of the Prophet.

At the next station, a large village called El Sufaya, they were joined by the Baghdad caravan, escorted, Mr. Burton says, by the fierce mountaineers of Jebel Shamar. This, we suspect, is a mistake: the Shamar tribe of Arabs dwell in the plains of Babylonia and Mesopotamia, and the only hills they are acquainted with are the Jebel Singar. With such a motley crew of irascible tempers, it is almost needless to say quarrels were of hourly occurrence, and even murders not unfrequent. "I never saw," Mr. Burton relates, and he had had some experience, as those who will peruse his most remarkable narrative will find, "a more pugnacious assembly; a look sufficed for a quarrel. Once a Wahabi stood in front of us, and by pointing with his finger, and other insulting gestures, showed his hatred to the chibuk, in which I was peaceably indulging. It was impossible to refrain from chastising his insolence by a polite and smiling offer of the offending pipe. This made him draw his dagger without a thought; but it was sheathed again, for we all cocked our pistols, and these gentry prefer steel to lead."

At length, at El Zaribah, the appointed place, shaving, washing, and perfuming became the order of the day, and the pilgrim garb, consisting of two cotton cloths, worn in a particular manner, was assumed. No covering was allowed to the head or the instep. All quarrels and bad language were for the future to be avoided, animal life was to be revered, to the extent that scratching was no longer permitted, and even vegetable life was to be held as sacred. It is needless to say that the Moslems themselves admit that none but the Prophet could be perfect in the intricacies of pilgrimage. The caravan now assumed a wondrously picturesque aspect. Crowds hurried along, habited in the pilgrim garb, whose whiteness contrasted strangely with their black skins, their newly shaven heads glistening in the sun, and their long black hair streaming in the wind. The rocks rang with shouts of "Labbayk! Labbayk!" Columns of Wahabis, dark, fierce, savage mountaineers, guided by a large kettle-drum, followed in double file the camel of a standard-bearer, whose green flag bore in huge white letters the formula of the Moslem creed. These Arabian schismatics cursed all smokers aloud as infidels and idolaters. Their women also disdained the veil. A momentary attempt upon the caravan, made by the Utaybah robbers at a pass a little beyond El Zaribah, was at once repelled by these brave but reckless savages.

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Soon after this little adventure the caravan reached classic and poetic ground, the Wady Laymun, "the Valley of Limes." Scattered villages, buried in clumps of limes, citrons, lemons, pomegranates, and the rarer balm of Gilead, told of the approach to a city. Bedouin girls looked over the garden walls laughingly, and children came out to offer fresh fruit and sweet water. The Sherif of Meccah, a dark, beardless old fanatic, who applied for the expulsion of our consul at Jeddah on the ground that an infidel should not hold position in the Holy Land, came out with his sons and attendants to meet the caravan. The final entry into the Holy City was not so striking as the first appearance of El Medinah.

About 1 A.M. I was aroused (Mr. Burton relates) by general excitement "Meccah! Meccah!" cried some voices; "The Sanctuary! O the Sanctuary!" exclaimed others; and all burst into loud "Labbayk," not unfrequently broken by sobs. I looked out from my litter, and saw by the light of the southern stars the dim outlines of a large city, a shade darker than the surrounding plain. We were passing over the last ridge by an artificial cut, called the Saniyat Kudaa. The "winding path" is flanked on both sides by watch-towers, which command the "Darbel Maala," or road leading from the north into Meccah. Thence we passed into the Maabidah (northern suburb), where the sherif's palace is built. After this, on the left hand, came the deserted abode of the Sherif Bin Aun, now said to be a "haunted house." Opposite to it lies the Jaunat el Maala, the holy cemetery of Meccah. Thence, turning to the right, we entered the Sulaymaniyah, or Afghan quarter.

Meccah is so near the coast that it has already been the theme of many a description. This is because, in case of detection, the traveller can perchance make his escape good to Jeddah in a few hours, but at El Medinah discovery would assuredly entail serious consequences. The chief feature of the place, the Bait Ullah, "House of Allah," or Kaabah, has hence been fully described by Burckhardt and Ali Bey. Mr. Burton, therefore, wisely devoted himself rather to giving an account of the proceedings of the pilgrims during the Holy Week, than to detailed descriptions of localities. And it would, indeed, be difficult to imagine anything more novel or interesting than this account of the ceremonies and festivals of the Moslems. Mr. Burton entered into them almost with the spirit of a Mussulman. See him in the presence of the Sanctuary:

There at last it lay, the bourn of my long and weary pilgrimage, realising the plans and hopes of many a year. The mirage medium of fancy invested the huge catafalque and its gloomy pall with peculiar charms. There were no giant fragments of hoar antiquity as in Egypt, no remains of graceful and harmonious beauty as in Greece and Italy, no barbaric gorgeousness as in the buildings of India; yet the view was strange, unique, and how few have looked upon the celebrated shrine! I may truly say that, of all worshippers who clung weeping to the curtain, or who pressed their beating hearts to the stone, none felt for a moment a deeper emotion than did the Haji from the far North. It was as if the poetical legends of the Arab spoke truth, and that the waving wings of angels, not the sweet breeze of morning, were agitating and swelling the black covering of the shrine. But, to confess humbling truth, theirs was the high feeling of religious enthusiasm, mine was the ecstasy of gratified pride.

No small difficulty was experienced in getting a sight of the world-renowned Hajar el Aswad, "The Black Stone." Crowds of pilgrims blocked up the way: in vain our traveller prayed and raised his hands to his ears, the palms facing the stone; no one would make way for a miserable Dervish. In despair, he went through the ceremony of

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circumambulation and kissing the finger tips of his right hand, but still no further progress was made; till at last the boy Muhammad collected half a dozen stalwart Meccans, with whose assistance he was enabled, by sheer strength, to wedge his way into the thin and light-legged crowd. After thus reaching the stone, he relates, despite popular indignation, testified by impatient shouts, he monopolised the use of it for at least ten minutes. Whilst kissing it, and rubbing hands and forehead upon it, he narrowly observed it, and went away persuaded that it is a big aërolite.

Aërolite worship is a thing of such very great antiquity, ascribed, indeed, by Sanconiathon to the god Cœlus, that there is little doubt that this is the true view of the case. The Arabians were given to litholatry, it is well known, long before the time of Muhammad, just as the Hindus worship a pyramidal black stone at Jagannath. The sun was worshipped at Emesa under the form of an aërolite, which was removed to Rome by Heliogabalus. Something of the same kind is to be observed in the practices of the Hebrews in setting up stones for pillars for kings—a practice which was handed down to medieval times in the Königs Stuhl, or King's Chair, near Coblentz, the Morasteen of Sweden, the Irish Stone, the Scone Stone, the King's Stone at Kingston-on-Thames, and in many other instances. It is curious that some Greek writers call these holy stones Baitulia, or Bethulia, from the Hebrew "House of our Lord," the literal interpretation of Jacob's Stone Pillar, and the name of which, "Bait Allah," is preserved in the Kaaba of Meccah.

Speaking of Meccah itself, Mr. Burton says, "The site might be compared at an humble distance to Bath. Some writers liken it to Florence; but conceive a Florence without beauty! Among the many ceremonies and pilgrimages performed during the Holy Week, one of the most striking is the visitation to Mount Arafat, which owes its repute to the legend that when our first parents forfeited heaven by eating wheat, which deprived them of their primeval purity, they were cast down upon earth. The serpent descended at Ispahan, the peacock at Cabul, Satan at Bilbays, Eve upon Arafat, and Adam at Ceylon."

Although the "Mountain of Mercy," as it is also called, is only a six hours' march, or twelve miles east of Meccah, the camels were wearied, and many pilgrims fell down and died on the way. "Between Muna and Arafat," Mr. Burton relates, "I saw no less than five men fall down and die upon the highway; exhausted and moribund, they had dragged themselves out to give up the ghost where it departs to instant beatitude. The spectacle showed how easy it is to die in these latitudes; each man suddenly staggered, fell as if shot, and, after a brief convulsion, lay still as marble." There are no end of consecrated sites on Arafat, and the breaking up the ceremonies, called the "Hurry from Arafat," was a complete rout, replete with the greatest dangers.

If, however, the pilgrimage to Arafat is one of the most striking and picturesque ceremonies of the Holy Week, the stoning of the devil is by far the most curious. At Muna, or Mina, a place of considerable sanctity, half-way between Meccah and Arafat, are no less than three devils, or devil stations. One called Jamrat el Akabah, or Shaytan al Kabir, the "Great Devil," is a dwarf buttress of rude masonry, placed against a

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rough wall of stones, in a narrow way at the Meccan entrance to Muna. Another is a pillar called the "Wusta," or central place of stoning, built in the middle of Muna; and the third is at the eastern end, and is called "El Ula," or the first place. There were different days for stoning these devils, upon which days the ceremony among such a horde of savages was one continuous scene of fearful and most dangerous struggles.

The ceremonies of the Yaum el Tarwiyah, those of the Day of Arafat, the ceremonies of the Days of Victims, the Days of Drying Flesh, when five or six thousand animals are slain and cut up (in the "Deuil's Punch-bowl," as Mr. Burton irreverently calls it), as if on purpose to engender plague and thin the number of devotees, and lastly, the Umrah, or "Little Pilgrimage," constitute the main features of the Holy Week; but Mr. Burton also introduces us to a variety of minor performances, none of them without interest to those who like to study the vagaries of the human mind.

A general plunge into worldly pursuits and pleasures announced the end of the ceremonies. All the devotees were now "whitewashed," the book of their sins was a *tabula rasa*, and most of them lost no time in taking their departure, or in opening a fresh account. Nothing, therefore, remained to detain our traveller in the broiling, noxious atmosphere of Meccah, and, issuing forth into the open plain on his way to Jeddah, he felt, he says, a thrill of pleasure—such pleasure as only the captive delivered from his dungeon can experience. Exclamations of astonishment and a hospitable welcome awaited him at the British consul's house at Jeddah. Mr. Cole had, in divers discussions with the Turks about the possibility of an Englishman finding his way in disguise to Meccah, often asserted that his compatriots could do everything, even make a pilgrimage to the Holy City. The Moslems politely assented to the first, but denied the second part of the proposition. Mr. Cole now proposed to himself to have a good laugh at the expense of his bigoted friends, but he soon found that they took up the statement of their having been duped, or their Holy Places having been profaned by the presence of an infidel, so angrily, that he was induced to drop the subject. Yet the very tomb of Abu-Bekr has been profaned by unbelieving Shiahs, and the Holy Stone itself has been polluted by some incredulous Greek or Jew in a manner that will be understood by all Oriental travellers!

"The defilement of the Black Stone," says Mr. Burton, "was probably the work of some Jew or Greek, who risked his life to gratify a furious bigotry. The Turcomaniacs of Europe are now beginning to know how their Eastern co-religionists, and with ample reason, feel towards the Moslems."

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A NIGHT OR TWO IN PARIS.

ALTHOUGH I have been a pretty regular visitor to Paris for the last five years, strange to say I had never felt any particular inclination to dive more deeply into those mysteries which Parisian authors have such a peculiar talent for unveiling. I had hitherto been perfectly satisfied to receive their accounts of Parisian villany at second-hand but in perfect good faith, and had not attempted to prove the correctness of their details by personal inspection in company of a *sergent de ville*. Last October, however, being accompanied by a young painter cousin of mine on my visit to the Exhibition, and he evincing an intense inclination to judge of such matters for himself, I reluctantly consented, consoling myself with the reflection that, if I *did* get home again with an uninjured hide, I might be able to pick up some interesting information for my old friends the readers of the *Miscellany*.

At starting, however, I must premise that the two evenings I devoted to the subject were far from being sufficient to exhaust it: why even a week, with the aid of the most competent guides, would not have enabled me to treat this subject comprehensively; for this a knowledge of the most secret lurking-places is required, which you cannot enter at any given moment. I only tried, at the outset, to *orienter* myself to a certain extent, and judge how far it might be advisable for me to go again should curiosity prompt me hereafter. It requires great caution to visit these places if you want to derive any instruction from your visit. You must always be prepared to be taken for a *mouchard* so soon as you betray, by the slightest sign, that you do not belong to their sphere. The lamentable population of the *barrières*, who lurk in these their nooks of misery, cannot naturally comprehend that any one could descend to them from other motives than treachery and espionnage, so they regard you not only as dangerous but as unprivileged, and a kid glove will not more carefully avoid the contact of a *chiffonnier's* bag than these wretched beings will get out of your way. I will here only attempt to describe what these my first excursions into the realms of Parisian penury allowed me to witness.

For the purpose of these studies I had hired a trustworthy young man, who asserted that he was acquainted with every hole and corner of the *barrière* life. We made ourselves as unrecognisable as possible, removed from our exterior every article which might offend the native pride of the *barrières*, and, in addition, my cousin pocketed a revolver, to be prepared for any eventuality. Our guide was perfectly well aware where he had to lead us, for we had most carefully instructed him to show us something very *vulgaire et vilain*. My cousin, speaking as he does only French of Bow, had received strict orders not to open his mouth lest he might betray us, and so was condemned to the character of a deaf and dumb man. Thus, then, we commenced our voyage of discovery.

This was directed, in the first place, to the Barrières de Belleville and de la Chopinette, the Faubourgs St. Martin and du Temple. We selected the road through the former—through those gloomy streets where the

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commercial and manufacturing trades of Paris have their workshops, in which all those wondrous things are made which Paris exports to each end of the world. It was nine in the evening; all was silent, the workshops were closed, the workmen out beyond the *barrières*, either to seek their homes, or to eat their supper, which they procure there considerably cheaper, as the commodities have not to pay the *octroi*. The street lamps grew weaker and more rare, while now and then we met patrols carefully marching through the quarters of the people. This very walk afforded me the best possible insight into the timid caution with which the government keeps order established. Long have I striven to regard this display of military strength within the *banlieue* as a purely political affair, as a proof how anxious M. Pietri was to prevent the slightest disturbance or improper noise in the streets. I admired this careful attention, especially as the reorganisation of the *sergents de ville* on the English model appeared to me fully to attain this object, and you meet them reinforced and even strengthened by cavalry pickets whenever the collection of groups may be expected owing to balls or festivities. This zealous system of patrolling, which traverses Paris after nightfall in larger detachments than ever, this unceasing watchfulness, this clattering of sabres and muskets in every hole and corner, has some deeper meaning: the object does not lie so near the surface as they would wish us to believe. I have grown so far clever that I trust quiet in Paris less than noise. Wherever I go I see one fact confirmed, that France has obtained one party more without lessening the others in the slightest degree, and that one drop of oil falls after the other in the fire, whether it be kindled at Sebastopol, or may be hereafter on the Rhine.

Our guide proposed very wisely to show us first the jovial side of the lowest Parisian popular life. We arrived at the Barrière de Belleville, and then went in the direction of the Chopinette. Here there was a great disturbance; the street was brilliantly lighted, groups of every description were assembled before several houses, whence the sound of dance-music echoed. On one of the houses I read, in yard-long letters, *Bal des Folies*; on another opposite, *Bal de la Société Favier*. We first entered the Folies, whence wild shouts and noise reached us; the *entrée* cost us six sous, and this was a high figure: but then this was a tiptop establishment. The dancing-room in this institution forms a large, regular quadrangle; round it is a space divided from the dancing-room by a barrier, within which stand small covered tables, whose cloths may certainly have been white at the commencement of the ball. A gallery, rather elevated, behind this place of entertainment appears built for spectators, while a wide gallery, apparently for the same purpose, runs round the room above this one. At these tables were seated various groups—soldiers, principals, non-commissioned officers; male and female workpeople were drinking in the sweetest harmony the sour wine, which may be procured here for five up to ten sous, out of small bowls; close to them, only separated by the barrier, rushed the dancers; the music rattled, increased still more by the yelling, whistling, and shouting of the dancers. And could *le bleu*, the wine, namely, that vinegar-like compound, be the cause of all this excitement? No; it was the innate, undeniable liveliness of the French, which they displayed in its

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utter wildness, careless of the *sergents de ville* posted at every corner. Male and female dancers embraced each other with Bacchanalian frenzy, made the most meaning and unmeaning bounds, rushed against each other and bounded back—all this with such an elasticity and indefatigability that I should have fancied myself in a lunatic asylum had not the wild Frenchman been visible in every face. Here a pair distinguished themselves by the most artistic *pirouettes*, by distortions of the arms and legs, which the boldest harlequin dared not have imitated; or when the movements of the dance separated them, they telegraphed to each other with the most extraordinary swinging of the arms, with the most inventive pantomime, then fell in each other's arms, and suddenly bounded apart like a couple of india-rubber balls. There danced a masked pair, a *pierrot* with a shepherdess as lightly dressed as she was light-minded. There, again, the quadrille fell into unhappy confusion—at the extreme end of the room a tragedy was taking place, a dancer had forgotten himself so far as to give his partner a box of the ears. But with what rapidity was this eventful catastrophe appeased! The insulted lady hurries from the room and disappears; but the insulter disappears with equal velocity. *A la porte!* half a dozen of the nearest shout simultaneously. Within five seconds the unfortunate fellow flies over the heads of the mob in the gallery and through the door. In the mean while the music is not interrupted—the quadrille is not interrupted—nothing can disturb that; they dance away as if nothing had occurred. The way in which Frenchmen turn a troublesome fellow out of doors is perfect. Police surveillance is in this respect quite unnecessary, as the company naturally wish to avoid any disorder, as this may interfere with their pleasure.

The opposite locality of the Société Favier bore precisely the same stamp. As the waiters here would not take their eyes off us, nothing was left us but to order some of the "blue" wine, of which vast quantities are drunk here; unfortunately, this did not take place without our insulting the prevailing tone here, as we asked for the best, with the green seal, for which we also paid the exceptional price of ten sous. A huge placard in the saloon announced in coloured letters that the next day a *bal de nuit* would take place on behalf of the army in the East; a *bal de nuit*, because the balls, held here regularly three times a week, commence at seven or eight, and are over by twelve, for the workman must be at work again betimes, and is not so fortunate as to be able to extend his sleep till mid-day. On such extraordinary evenings the *jeux de macarons*, &c., are probably more in request than they appeared to be on this occasion.

Our guide had intended to take us this same evening to the other *barrières*, as we insisted on seeing *quelque chose de plus vilain*—that is, descend a few steps lower—for although what we saw here was interesting enough in its way, still it wanted the peculiarly characteristic, the horrible and ludicrous, which we had set out with the intention of witnessing; we wished to see the mysteries of Paris, and the company we found here was only slightly mixed up with them. It had grown too late, however, for this occasion; it would have taken us an hour and a half to reach Mont Parnasse and the Rue d'Enfer, and by that time the

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mysteries would be asleep ; we must, consequently, content ourselves with a ramble through the gloomy streets, into which by night neither the patrol nor the *sergent de ville* ever strays. Only at intervals does a melancholy lantern illumine the nooks and corners, or a thin rushlight send its rays through the filth-choked panels of a decayed door, announcing that here the poison is sold which prevents wretchedness from living any length of years. A shadow glides hurriedly from one house door to the other; an arm clothed in tatters is extended out of the window, and casts certain objects on our heads, which even the most extreme poverty throws into the streets. Then behind that small paper-patched window, scarce two feet above the street, sits a mother with her infant on her lap, on the floor of the naked room, by a chimney, in which green, damp wood is cracking and filling the room with smoke. The child sleeps, the husband sleeps too by the fire, on a heap of rags ; an earthen vessel, a broken jug—tatters and misery—form the sole furniture. "What a wretched existence!" whispers my cousin, who has found a study here. The woman in the room looks up from the twigs, which have already fallen in and charred away: she turns her back contemptuously upon us, for what else can we appear in her eyes than some of the low *mouchards*, the police spies of the *service de sûreté?* Who else could listen and spy here, where even the *chiffonniers* and *ravageurs* could find nothing?

Our second excursion to inquire into the mysteries of Paris led us through the memorable Quartier Latin; my cousin had again pocketed his revolver, but had the most innocent thoughts in his heart, and I would not have given him ten francs for his wardrobe, so thoroughly had he obeyed the laws of pauperism, for fear of betraying any indications of exceptionalism. We walked down the Rue des Saints Pères, past the Prado—the parent and protector of the *cancan*—into the Rue de Seine, visited the students' *cafés*, and eventually reached the Rue St. Jacques, that street which in the June insurrection played such an obstinate part, and was not forced by the troops till the house "Les deux Pierrots" was levelled. Even at the present day folks like to talk about this house.

I ought to have a better memory than I really can boast of if I wish to remember the numerous dens into which our guide disappeared with us: the wretched ball-rooms, with their broken benches and three-legged chairs, in which we saw the workmen dancing, the countless narrow streets, with their uncomfortable aspect, through which we eventually made our way into the Rue Mouffetard. These dark streets can only be visited after nightfall, in order to learn their primitive and partly terrific manners, when these caves drive their inhabitants into the street or to the pothouse; and the artisan, while revealing his political tendencies, strikes the table with his fist till the glasses rattle. There is something alarming in sitting in such company, when the bad wine embitters their temper, when the hard hand is raised to the brown furrowed brow, and he thinks in vain on the sorrows of the coming day. No city in the world, I am sure, contains a population of so restless and disquieting a nature as that of the *barrières* of Paris; an evening walk among these dark and fermenting elements makes clear to us the whole history and future of France.

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After more than two hours' walking through the dirty streets, continually uphill, we at length reached the Rue Mouffetard. We had left behind the whole Faubourg St. Jacques, that "Parisian Thebaid," as it was called by the fashionable world in the seventeenth century, because centuries ago a multitude of monasteries stood here, in which the *blasée* aristocracy retired; in the same way the Faubourg St. Marcel lay behind us, which saw better days at that period, and in which St. Marcel lies buried. Poor Marcel is now in a bad neighbourhood: filth, misery, and crime have settled over his head. Any one who attempts to civilise *these* faubourgs must be able to do more than build houses.

La Grande Chaumière—the celebrated scene of the Parisian student-balls—was on this evening empty and desolate. The Grande Chaumière, on Mont Parnasse, has seen the greatest men of France dance the *cancan* on its parquet, before the destinies of nations had caused them any headache; the Grande Chaumière is, therefore, a memorable house, and many coryphæi of the Revolution and the Restoration cannot drive past it without summoning up curious reminiscences—that is to say, if ever their route leads them over this pavement of wretchedness. The Barrières Mont Parnasse and d'Enfer were our destiny: the road suddenly became scarcely passable, and we found ourselves removed from the world of lofty tottering houses in St. Jacques to an architectural Lilliput. On both sides of us extended a countless number of miserable huts, which had been erected with any materials which the wretched builders had been able to procure honestly or dishonestly; our guide explained to us that we were on a large building plot, which had been parcelled out into lots, but that hitherto no purchaser had offered; in the mean while extreme poverty had established a provisional colony upon it. Conical, square, and octagonal, straight and crooked, the huts stood then, and however poor and insufficient the material might have been, it could be seen that they were built with technical taste and the economy of poverty. Here the nomads of the capital pitch their tents, naked and wretched as a horde of gipsies.

I could not refrain from casting a glance into the dirty windows of these huts, for neither curtains nor other hangings concealed the family life of this proletarian camp. And, in fact, what have they to conceal? Can wretchedness in Paris be moral? *Il est très difficile de penser noblement quand on n'a qu'à penser de quoi vivre.* How then can extreme necessity ever arrive at thinking morally? As it was not advisable to be caught in this town of poverty as spy and watcher, and our guide himself did not appear to feel exactly comfortable, we tried to regain the main road, and waded through mud a foot deep, till we entered a ravine formed by a high boarding of planks, in which there was not the slightest appearance of a light. This alley led to one of those large, beggar pothouses, which we intended to visit, so notorious by the name of "Californie." An agitating silence prevailed in this quarter; the darkness was growing positively unendurable; several groups of strange-looking figures, which we passed in the dark, were not adapted to make our promenade agreeable. Suddenly we saw three lanterns coming towards us—they were honest folk (*chiffonniers*) who were beginning their day's labours at eleven at night, and were going into town with dark lantern, bag, and pick, to support existence

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on things which those who were only a few sous per day richer than themselves considered valueless. Honest people these *chiffonniers* and *ravageurs:* they are on their legs from night till morning; the Parisian inevitably meets them when he wanders home, sick of pleasure, at an early hour. They have a claim on the night, and neither the patrol nor the other servants of public security find any offence in their nocturnal movements. Honest people, I say, for they generally restrict their nightly chase to lower game—the dogs and cats—for the latter of which they find certain purchasers among the lower restaurants, for in Paris more cats are unconsciously eaten than the increasing frequenters of the *tables d'hôte* would dare to conjecture. The *chiffonniers* are oftentimes accompanied by their own dogs, who precede them in the streets as advance posts, and, on account of the troublesome rivalry in this branch of trade, take possession of the nearest rubbish-heap on behalf of their masters.

If we wished to find the company to whom our visit was intended still assembled, we must make haste, for the *chiffonnier* must reach his pasture-grounds betimes, if he wishes to earn his thirty or forty sous. The darkness around us suddenly ceased, and we found ourselves opposite a row of low houses, whose only floor was brilliantly illuminated. The windows, blind with dirt, forbade any glance through them; it could assuredly only be interesting to enter, for there could hardly be any danger, as, from our exterior, we could not possibly be taken for lords. Our guide allowed this, but hinted at the difficulty of keeping our mouths shut in such a place; they would recognise us as strangers at the first glance, and he would have a difficult part to play in getting us out again. Our cicerone was a cautious man: he was right, ay, doubly right; but as we had no time to lose, hey for California!

Once again we entered the gloomy roads—once again we wandered through a labyrinth of filthy streets, and at last arrived at a wide court-yard filled with benches and tables. "*La Californie!*" our guide said, pointing to the tall and wide windows of a building in front of us, bearing a strong resemblance to a cook-shop, which in fact it is. On these benches the worthy company of *la Californie* pass their summer nights, for even they have a sentiment for nature and poetry. At the time of our visit the benches were in the most fearful condition, covered with rain and mud; but they will be cleansed again when spring comes, for a *chiffonnier* even can love cleanliness.

A perfect roar of hoarse voices reached us on the threshold of California, the atmosphere of the large closed room weighed oppressively on our lungs, for at least three hundred Californians of Paris were here assembled, seated at the long tables, smoking their "caporal" from blackened cutties, or busied in eating and drinking. Just as difficult as it is to impart education when a person does not possess it, equally so it is to deny it when you once have it. Though our exterior was a masterly attempt at the popular, or *chiffonnieresque*,—though my cousin had reduced his great black beard to the most admired confusion,—still they need only look at our hands to convince themselves that we did not employ them in collecting rags. In addition, the lowest class of society is endowed with such penetration that it knows most accurately with

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whom it has to deal. Poverty understands distinctions; it would be bad for the nobility of misery if every one could imitate them. Poverty, too, has its *parvenus*, who have reduced themselves with great trouble and much expense from possessors of millions to possessors of nothing; but to bear your honours blushing is not every man's *forte*, for that requires its peculiar study and education.

As I have said, in spite of all our good will, we assumed a very exceptional position in California; but with the greatest possible *savoir faire* we seated ourselves at one of the rough tables, and called for some glasses of rum. My cousin threw a five-franc piece on the table, for we had been so careless as to expend all our small change on our way in the *trois sous pour la consommation*, that is, in the numerous small entrance-fees, for which you have a right to refreshment. Decency was at once insulted by this five-franc piece; the *chiffonnier* seated next me involuntarily drew back, and cast a distrustful glance upon us, for in California five-franc pieces are things unknown. Either we were honest and well-to-do folk—in that case we did not belong to this society, as we possessed more than they all—or else we had stolen, and then we were just as little suited for the company, for, as I said, the *chiffonniers* are honest people. At any rate we had lost our credit by our own art and part, and were obliged to put up with hearing our neighbours make all sorts of whispered remarks about us.

The conversation about government, police, war, and other matters, was hushed around us; we might, after all, be police spies. One of the most interesting traits of this society was, consequently, lost to us, for the Parisian *prolétaire* politicises like the most practised diplomatist, naturally in his own manner, as alluded to before. We must, therefore, content ourselves with taking a look at the whole company, in which my cousin found some magnificent studies. At one table sat a band of *chiffonniers*, whose implements stood modestly in a corner; they were supping out of their own havresack they had brought with them, or earthen vessels; at another table sat a group of vagabonds, with the most cunning and weather-beaten faces. They were playing cards for sous; the cards could scarcely be distinguished, but unmistakable were the roguishness and villany beaming in their every feature. One man's clothes were shabby and torn; you could see that they were various articles of the most different origin, which had collected here to dress up one of the most distinguished of scoundrels. The worst face in the whole group belonged to the worst clothes; that the others were better dressed could, however, only serve as a proof that they were still greater rogues than he. You see, then, that you cannot always trust to physiognomy, for at the present day that swindler must be a precious muff who cannot appear, at least, respectably dressed.

One group in the corner of the stone-paved room was highly characteristic. It consisted of a single family, father, mother, and two boys of fourteen and fifteen respectively. This family appeared to boast some degree of prosperity, for the father was counting a bag of sous, the mother was watching him attentively, while the boys, a couple of young *gamins* of the purest water, were drinking a bottle of execrable wine, with such self-satisfaction that it was impossible to doubt who was the

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producer of this copper mammon. Corruption was branded on the faces of these lads, even more so than on those of the father and mother. Each had a handful of sous returned him by his fond parent, which they carelessly thrust into their pockets. I cannot fancy that the father of these sons was so simple as not to know that they had quietly kept back the lion's share of their daily earnings. Perhaps the handful of sous was intended to serve as an encouragement, or in some measure as a premium, for a beggar-boy does not thrust money in his pocket with such contempt as I saw here, unless he had collected enough of them for his purposes beforehand.

Our guide proposed to depart. We had formed the acquaintance of California and its honourable population. Curiosity and novelty were satisfied. The *restaurateur* of la Californie, a rough fellow, was not unfeeling for the half-franc my cousin had given him; he played us a trick by walking before us to the door, and giving his unwonted guests a deep satirical bow, which had the effect of causing the Californians nearest us to burst out into a horse-laugh.

So I've been once to California, but never more—never more.

THE NEW SIMONIDES.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

SIMONIDES, by fragments known to fame,
In Greece of old drew tears from every eye,
But *you*, with no resemblance but in name,
Must live throughout all time in infamy.
Genuine *his* works, *yours* forged for filthy pelf,
And all the tears you shed are for yourself.

IN NOVUM SIMONIDEM.

Graiis laudati, nullum memor eximet ævum
Carmina, fragmentis tradita, Simonidis.
Sed tibi, Simonides! tibi solm nomine, Chartas . . .
Non pudeat, veris, vendere suppositas?
Ære minus, pretio restant mendacia, fraudes—
Et te fies, aliis flebilis ille fuit.

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MISERIES OF A WET DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY MATERFAMILIAS.

Woke up at sundry intervals during the night, by the wind roaring, beating, chafing, and shrieking, like an infuriated spirit, round the house, sending violent gusts down the chimney, and making the doors and windows rattle again—the rain, driven in with furious beating gusts against the windows, keeping up a sort of accompaniment to its music. In the interlude, disturbed by mice having a battle royal over a crust of bread, left by misfortune in the room, and being almost certain that, in this campaign in the dark, one of them ran across my face. The rattling of the window-panes increasing violently and audibly. Got up and struck a light, under the insane idea I should be able to put a plug in so as to keep them quiet. I found that my dear little boy, Adolphus, with his usual mechanical genius, had cut all my wooden pegs up into thin match-lighters, and tried in despair to substitute paper plugs from an old *Punch*. Failed signally in this attempt, as the rain oozing in drenched the paper, and made it weak in its constitution. The lamp blown out in my hands by a sudden rude blast of wind, and retreated, trembling and cold, to my bed, upsetting in my way two chairs and one little table.

Just got into a disturbed sleep, where I fancied I was out in a storm, and was trying in vain to reach the house but never could do so, when I was eventually aroused by the entrance of the servant, to inform me that my pet, Cecil, refused, on any account whatever, to submit to his usual ablutions; and that Adolphus had upset the bath all over the nursery floor, saying that his mamma had told him that water always found its own level, and that he wanted to prove it. Regretted to discover in this instance that the water had forgot itself, and descended beneath its level, having oozed through the nursery boards, and being now busy on a voyage of discovery into the dining-room below. Took care of the dear pets whilst the disaster was getting repaired, and was let into promising Adolphus and his eldest brother, Reginald, that, as the day was so wet, they should be excused from their schools and remain at home with me. Spent nearly half an hour in restoring the equilibrium and temper of the nursery, and then went down to breakfast with Paterfamilias, whom I found looking not slightly disturbed, buttoning up his great-coat, and putting on his boots, and, with the usual perversity of his sex, insisting that "he would rather go out, be it ever so wet, than stay in the house to be tormented as he had been—that it was very strange I never could be down to breakfast, and that he never could have a meal in peace!—that he should like to know how anybody could eat with the wet all dropping down from the ceiling?—and that if the children could not be taught how to behave better, he must beg they might be kept out of his room."

Felt all my Materfamilias feelings very much aggrieved, but had not time to remonstrate as the door was slammed to with the last

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sentence, and I was left to break my fast as I best could, on some cold weak tea, a ragged-looking loaf, butter that was evidently being the worse for hacked, and a modicum of cold bacon. Sat there watching pensively a little pool on the tablecloth, growing bigger from the roof-drippings—and the enlivening view of the rain-drops trickling down on the window-sill—and felt my spirits growing every moment "small by degrees and beautifully less," till I was suddenly roused to consciousness by piercing screams proceeding from the play-room. Entering there I found the two eldest boys fighting over a book; Cecil Vane engaged in furtively throwing things into the fire, and conveying other treasures into the ash-heap beneath; whilst nurse was vainly trying to comfort Una Clementina, our youngest hope, who had fallen off a chair and broken her nose, in her vain endeavours to emulate her brothers in climbing. Sent the two boys by themselves into another room to look at pictures, with strict orders not to fall out any more, and comforted the baby with lollipops and sugar. Went out to order dinner of cook, but found everything in confusion, as the "blacks" had come down the chimney in the night, and the wood was so wet it had entered a protest against being lighted, whilst the wet had come in at the dairy and flooded all the milk-pans. Endeavoured to cross the yard to see what mischief had been done, but was nearly taken off my legs by the wind, which handled my petticoats in the most shocking manner. Retreated at last into my own little room, and locked the door against all intruders. Thought I would write some sweet verses to console myself, but could see nothing from without but the leafless trees, sodden grass, and earth and sky of one uniform grey leaden colour. Watched the drops of rain as they fell from the window-ledge upon the stone beneath, and counted them off by fifties at a time, till I quite forgot how many fifties I had counted, and then endeavoured to see if I could call ten between the incessant cracking and creaking of doors and window-frames, but could not even get as far as five. Relieved myself at last in verse, after the following fashion:

Those doors! those doors! those passage doors!
  Why *will* they fret me so?
Why will each separate pane of glass
  Go rattling to and fro?
I stop my ears, I shroud my head,
  But still that noise wears on;—
I hear it even through my dreams,
  Nor wake to find it flown.

Those doors! those doors! those passage doors!
  I've tried to plug them back,
But every art that I invent
  Increases still their clack!
While through the vaulted space beneath
  The wind the carpet stirs,
The very oil-cloth bristles up,
  The whistling drugget burrs!

Those doors! those doors! those passage doors!
  As penance for my sins,
I think I never seek for peace,
  But still their noise begins!

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And howls the wind a requiem wild,
As chorus to that strain,
'Tis clack, chat, clatter through the house,
And clack, chat, clack again!

Those doors! those doors! those passage doors!
We give them bolt and bar,
And yet they seem like things possessed
With one eternal jar!
While round the corners of the house,
Like scream of engine shrill,
The winds go whistling on their way,
And shrieking at their will.

Those doors! those doors! those passage doors!
Why will they fret me so?
Why must each separate pane of glass
Go rattling to and fro?
I cannot read, I cannot write,
My thoughts are even vain,
With clack, chat, clatter through the house,
And clack, chat, clack again!

Feeling rather the better for this energetic effort, thought I would go and see after the children and the dinner, but was begged by nurse not to come into the room, as she had "just gotten the childer quiet, and it was a pity to disturb them," and turned away from the kitchen departments, after one look at the cook's sour face. Walked about the house, feeling miserable and in everybody's way, and not having the least idea what to do with myself. Thought at last I would make myself a little smart for dinner, but found my hair had got all ragged and out of curl, and my things hanging limp, moist, and uncomfortable about me. Determined to sit down and have a good cry, but thought better of it. Heard Paterfamilias' step resounding angrily through the house, letting in a current of wind and rain up to the bedroom door, and trembled before it. Having a certain conviction that the dinner was execrable, sent word down to my *sposo* that I had a bad headache, and thought I should have a cup of tea in my own bedroom, and escaped thereby the storm beneath, of which I only heard the under effects of the dinner being all sent out again, and the same angry step resounding through the house, and a certain banging of the house-door, which betokened a gusty departure. Finally, to soothe my ruffled spirits, set myself down to write this true history of a rainy day, in hopes that other sufferers, after the like fashion, may find that there are household martyrs as miserable as themselves.

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RAIKES'S JOURNAL.*

Every one conversant with London notabilities some thirty or forty years ago, must have a lively reminiscence of a portly gentleman who in garb as inoffensive as his looks—that is to say, surtout closed to the extent of three buttons, plaid trousers, and black cravat—was invariably to be seen, between the hours of four and six, P.M., in Bond-street, Piccadilly, or St. James's, at all events within half a mile radius of Crockford's and White's. This gentleman was Mr. Thomas Raikes, the eldest son of a rich City merchant, who early in life "having," says his biographer, "a marked preference for social and literary pursuits," exchanged the east for the west end of the town, became a member of the fashionable clubs, and mixed largely in what is, by "a somewhat questionable courtesy, denominated the best society." Mr. Raikes' decided peculiarity was placidity of countenance; there was a remarkable smoothness of the skin of his face, an absence of all furrowing, and an uniformity of expression that imparted ideas of anything but cunning, or wisdom, or decision of character. This was Mr. Raikes' ægis. His fortune, education, and good manners probably contributed, with his own exertions, to gain him friends among the distinguished men of the day, but it must have been that placid countenance that won him the confidence of such men as the Duke of Wellington. Yet was the owner of that countenance observing, treasuring up facts in his memory, and placing them on record all the time. A great admirer of Talleyrand, he was for a brief space of time the Talleyrand *en petit* of his own coterie; and many will be surprised to find that that "nice, smooth-faced fellow Raikes," so often the butt of their ridicule, was all the time laughing at them in his sleeve, and that he has committed their deeds and sayings to the *literæ scriptæ qui manent.*

As a politician, Mr. Raikes is to be admired for his consistency. His journal commences in that stirring spring-time of politics and of the year when the Reform Bill was passed. This is the keystone to his public sentiments, and of his aversion to all progress and changes. To a Grey or Melbourne administration, to Peel seceding from his party to save a country, to a citizen king, or to anything or all that affected liberalism, or savoured of innovation, placid Mr. Raikes was not energetically—for that was not in his character—but most passively opposed. He had a horror of *parvenus*, an abhorrence of all that was not decorous in society, great exclusiveness in his associations—his ideas, in fact, moved only within a certain circle; as a consequence, he had also a great dread of going out of the world in an indecorous manner, and if one thing more than another characterises the first two volumes of his journal, it is the numerous narratives of singular duels and of fearful crimes and suicides which evidently deeply interested the narrator.

Mr. Raikes was not the kind of man to become a hero-worshipper. The mere excitement would have outraged his ideas of decorum. Had such, however, been possible, the "Iron Duke" would have been the object:

* A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1837. Two Vols. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1856.

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The more (he says, under date of July 24th, 1832) I see of this extraordinary man, the more I am struck with his singularly quick apprehension, the facility with which he seizes the real gist of every subject, separates all the dross and extraneous matter from the real argument, and places his finger directly on the point which is fit to be considered. No rash speculations, no verbiage, no circumlocution; but truth and sagacity, emanating from a cool and quickly apprehensive judgment, fortified by great experience, and conversant with each and every subject, and delivered with a brevity, a frankness, a simplicity of manner, and a confidential kindness, which, without diminishing that profound respect which every man must feel for such a character, still places him at his ease in his society, and almost makes him think he is conversing with an intimate friend.

His whole mind seems engrossed by the love of his country. He said, we have seen great changes; we can only hope for the best; we cannot foresee what will happen, but few people will be sanguine enough to imagine that we shall ever again be as prosperous as we have been. His language breathed no bitterness, neither sunk into despondency; he seemed to me aware of everything that was going on, watching, not without anxiety, the progress of events, and constantly prepared to deliver his sentiments in the House of Peers on all subjects which affected the interests of England. His health appeared much improved, and I trust that, however his present retirement may be a loss to his country, it may be a benefit to himself.

That the Duke could tell a good story we have an example from Sudbourne, Lord Hertford's:

Three or four of us were sitting round the fire, before we went up to dress for dinner; amongst whom was the Duke, who amused us much with several anecdotes of the late king. He was in a very gay, communicative humour, and having seen so much of George IV., one story brought on another. He said that, among other peculiarities of the king, he had a most extraordinary talent for imitating the manner, gestures, and even voice of other people. So much so, that he could give you the exact idea of any one, however unlike they were to himself. On his journey to Hanover, said the Duke, he stopped at Brussels, and was received there with great attention by the King and Queen of the Netherlands. A dinner was proposed for the following day at the palace of Laacken, to which he went; and a large party was invited to meet him. His majesty was placed at table, between the king and queen. "I," said the Duke, "sat a little way from them, and next to Prince Frederick of Orange. The dinner passed off very well; but, to the great astonishment of the company, both the king and queen, without any apparent cause, were at every moment breaking out in violent convulsions of laughter. There appeared to be no particular joke, but every remark our king made to his neighbours threw them into fits. Prince Frederick questioned me as to what could be going on. I shrewdly suspected what it might be, but said nothing: it turned out, however, to be as I thought. The king had long and intimately known the old stadtholder when in England, whose peculiarities and manner were at that time a standing joke at Carlton House, and of course the object of the prince's mimicry, who could make himself almost his counterpart. At this dinner, then, he chose to give a specimen of his talent; and at every word he spoke, he so completely took off the stadtholder, that the king and queen were thrown off their guard, and could not maintain their composure during the whole of the day. He was indeed," said the Duke, "the most extraordinary compound of talent, wit, buffoonery, obstinacy, and good feeling—in short, a medley of the most opposite qualities, with a great preponderance of good—that I ever saw in any character in my life."

The two foreigners most known at that time in London, he remarks, were Montrond and Count d'Orsay. Of the first he says:

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Montrond must be near sixty-five years old, a *protégé* of Talleyrand, and constant guest at his table. He has lived through the different scenes of the French Revolution, always keeping up a certain scale of expense, is received into all the best houses in London, and is witty and entertaining, though his *ton* is rather *tranchant*. He plays high, and generally wins; is full of anecdotes; tells them well; great epicure and connoisseur at the table; enters into all the gaieties and pursuits of the young English dandies, who look up to him and admire his sallies. He was notorious in Paris as a *roué; grand brétailleur;* and fought one duel with the elder Greffulhe, which did not end so fatally as some others. He married the Duchesse de Fleury; a beautiful woman with a fortune, which he spent. Old age has now mellowed the more riotous traits in his character; he feels less independent in a foreign country than in his own; and a life of quiet self-indulgence seems now his only ambition.

The other morning, he elsewhere relates, Montrond, coming out of Sefton's house, met De Ros, and said to him, "Ce pauvre Sefton, il est si méchant, si bossu aujourd'hui, ça fait pitié."

The same personage was subject to apoplectic fits, one of which attacked him after dinner at Talleyrand's. While he lay on the floor in convulsions, Mr. Raikes relates, scratching the carpets with his hands, his benign host remarked, with a sneer, "C'est qu'il me paraît qu'il veut absolument descendre."

The visitation of cholera, in the autumn of 1832, evidently disturbed the equanimity of our journalist. Not only are the daily reports of the Board of Health duly entered, but any striking cases that occurred, more especially among the better classes of society, are recorded, as also that the fear of the pestilence caused a neglect of *entrées*, champagne, ices, and fruits, at the cost of plain meats, port, and sherry. With the advent of winter, the siege of Antwerp came to divert the thoughts from the progress of a gloomy malady. How far the feelings of the Tories were interested in this proceeding is attested by a hundred passages; but one will suffice for an example:

On Wednesday last, at our Tory dinner at the Carlton Club, the earliest arrivals were Lord Glengall, Sir H. Cooke, Messrs. Herries, Hook, and myself. We were reading the evening papers, wherein it was mentioned that a British sailor, who had served in many engagements abroad, had been carried before Mr. Justice Conant, charged with being drunk in the streets, with having abused the ministers, and with swearing aloud that the British flag was disgraced by sailing in company with the French tricolor. The poor wretch, having no respondents, was fined by Mr. Conant thirty shillings, or, in default, to two months' imprisonment in Coldbath-fields. On hearing his doom, he only replied, "Sir, you may send me to prison, but the British flag is not the less disgraced."

Our natural impulse was immediately to subscribe the trifling fine to liberate him, which Sir H. Cooke transmitted the next morning; but even this early interference was too late, the committee of Lloyd's Coffee-house had already anticipated our feelings, and rescued the poor drunken patriot. I need not add, that this coffee-house is the resort of all the great underwriters, and the donation was merely an act of strong public feeling.

Here is a portrait of Talleyrand, for which the veteran sat in his morning dressing-gown:

I was rather amused to-day at White's with Sefton's description of his visit this morning to Prince Talleyrand. He is very intimate with him, and is received at all hours; a privilege which he avails himself of very frequently at

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present, to hear the latest intelligence from Paris and Antwerp, now so generally interesting.

This morning he was ushered into the dressing-room of this celebrated octogenarian, who was under the hands of two *valets de chambre*, while a third, who was training for the mysteries of the toilette, stood looking on with attention to perfect himself in his future duties. The prince was in a loose flannel gown, his long locks (for it is no wig), which are rather scanty, as may be supposed, were twisted and *crépés* with the curling-iron, saturated with powder and pomatum, and then with great care arranged into those snowy ringlets which have been so much known and remarked all over Europe. His under attire was a flannel pantaloon, loose and undulating, except in those parts which were restrained by the bandages of the iron bar which supports the lame leg of this celebrated *cul de jatte*.

After some interesting evidence of Lord Londonderry's mind having given way under too great application and over-excitement, we have the following pleasing anecdote of the then King of Sweden:

General Sir Alured Clarke was making a tour of pleasure on the Continent, and arrived at Stockholm, when he wished to be presented to the king. A private audience was granted, as a matter of course, to an English general officer. When presented to Carl Johann, Sir Alured was very much astonished to find that the King of Sweden, instead of a formal reception, folded him in his arms and kissed him on the cheek. He was confounded at this distinction, and more so when the king asked him if he could not recollect him. In this, as his memory was quite defective, he could only express his regrets. To which the king replied, "I am not surprised that you do not recognise in me the Corporal Bernadotte, who became your prisoner at Pondicherry, when you commanded the English army in India, to whom you showed the greatest kindness while in your power, and who now is most anxious to return the obligation in every way that may be most agreeable to you during your stay in his dominions."

This is followed by a curious instance of second sight, given as authenticated; and then a notice, that "The other day a large party dined at the Pavilion. Among the guests was the American minister. The king was seized with his fatal habit of making a speech; in which he said, that it was always a matter of serious regret to him that he had not been born a free, independent American, so much he respected that nation, and considered Washington the greatest man that ever lived."

Early in 1833, the newly established Carlton Club became possessed of a new cook—a remarkable event thus duly chronicled:

They have hired a French cook for the Carlton Club from Paris, who lived formerly with the Duc d'Escars, *premier maître d'hôtel* of Louis XVIII., and who probably made that famous *pâté de saucissons* which killed his master. It was served at breakfast at the Tuileries to the king, who with the duke partook so voraciously of it, that the former was attacked with a dangerous fit of indigestion, from which he with difficulty recovered, and the latter absolutely died from the excess on the following day. One of the French journals, remarkable for its *facéties*, announced the event in the following terms: "Hier sa Majesté très Chrétienne a été attaquée d'une indigestion dont M. le Duc d'Escars est mort le lendemain."

Having at that dull period of the year nothing very particular for his diary, Mr. Raikes fell back to reminiscences of the Duke and Duchess of York, of both of whom he speaks in the highest possible terms. The duchess especially he describes as not only a *très grande dame* in the

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fullest sense of the word, but a woman of the most admirable sound sense and accurate judgment, with a heart full of kindness, beneficence, and charity. The duchess, it is well known, was particularly fond of animals; around the pool which joins the grotto in the park of Oatlands may still be seen the gravestones and epitaphs of her favourites.

The duchess, in her morning walks at Oatlands, often visited the farmyard and amused herself with noticing the different animals and their families, among which was a sow that had lately farrowed some beautiful pigs. A few days afterwards at dinner some person asked her if she would eat some roasted pig. Her answer was: "No, I thank you, I never eat my acquaintance."

A few days before her demise, Lord Lauderdale, who had long ranked among the duchess's friends, went down to Oatlands to inquire after her health. She could not see him, but sent him from her bed the following note.

Mon cher Lord L.,

Je fais mes paquets, je m'en vais incessamment. Soyez toujours persuadé de l'amitié que je vous porte.

Votre affectionnée amie,

F.

It can easily be understood that the Reform Parliament was not to the taste of the Tory journalist. He chronicles Sir Robert Peel's opinion of it with evident gusto, and the description is not without truthfulness:

Sir Robert Peel said to me that he was very much struck with the appearance of this new Parliament, the tone and character of which seemed quite different from any other he had ever seen; there was an asperity, a rudeness, a vulgar assumption of independence, combined with a fawning deference to the people out of doors, expressed by many of the new members, which was highly disgusting. My friend R——, who has been a thick-and-thin Reformer, and voted with the Government throughout, owned to me this evening that he began to be frightened.

Elsewhere he puts on record, in reference to the bill for the emancipation of the Jews, that it has been pleasantly said of the Whig government, "that it is impossible to ravish them, because they concede everything."

Embarrassments of the house with which Mr. Raikes was connected compelled him to break up his establishment in London in the autumn of 1833, and to settle for a time in Paris. It will be readily imagined that the court of the Citizen King no more suited his Tory predilections than the reformed parliament at home.

I was amused by hearing an account of the balls now given by Louis Philippe at the Tuileries, which are very splendid as to decorations, but not very select as to company. In order to gain popularity, a certain number of tickets are sent to each of the ten legions of the National Guard. Great part of the society is, therefore, composed of the shopkeepers of Paris, who, even in this scene of festivity, do not lose sight of their own interest. It is said that a lady happened to complain the other night that her shoe pinched her, when her partner immediately presented his card of address as *cordonnier du roi*, and offered to wait upon her the next morning.

Upon another occasion he relates:

There was a grand ball last night at the Tuileries; near 4000 persons were present, the apartments were splendidly illuminated, and the supper very mag-

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nificent. To give an idea of the company, Yarmouth said that he called in the morning on his coachmaker, to desire that his carriage, which required some little repair, might be ready at night, as he was going to the ball. The coachmaker said: "That puts me in mind that I am also invited, and I must get my own carriage ready likewise."

Here are two more reminiscences of Louis Philippe:

The king has made Miss S. E. Wykham, of Thame Park, a baroness by the title of Baroness Wenman, in token of old recollections. I well remember the time when, as Duke of Clarence, he was anxious to marry an Englishwoman of large fortune, and made his proposals to this lady, as well as to the Wanstead heiress, the late Mrs. Long Pole Wellesley, with the same unsuccessful result. It proves that he does not bear malice for the refusal.

Prince P. Esterhazy, the Austrian ambassador at London, is arrived here on his way to Vienna, and has been received with the most marked attention at the Tuileries: he had a long interview with the king, who, he says, is in heart a most ultra-Conservative: so, indeed, was Napoleon at last. In all the new-fangled revolutionary ideas and changes of later days, it appears that what is called the people are the only dupes. They are cajoled, and set in motion by specious prospects of advantage to themselves, and find at last that they have gained nothing but a new master, perhaps worse than the last: they are then laid on the shelf till fresh circumstances, or fresh excitement, may require the puppets to act another drama, with precisely the same results for themselves.

It would appear from the following anecdote that Admiral Sir Charles Napier was in no greater favour at court in 1834 than he is in 1856:

We went with the Damers and Glengalls to the Faubourg St. Germain to see the Hôtel de Cluny, built in the fifteenth century, the old architecture of which is still preserved. Here resided Mary, wife of Louis XII., and sister to our Henry VIII. Mrs. D. showed me a letter from ——, which says: "I went, yesterday, with their majesties to the private exhibition at Somerset House. We were received by the President of the Royal Society, who, among other portraits, pointed out to the king that of Admiral Napier, who has been commanding the fleet for Don Pedro. His Majesty did not hesitate to show his *political* bias on this occasion, by exclaiming immediately, 'Captain Napier may be ——, sir, and you may be ——, sir; and, if the queen was not here, sir, I would kick you down stairs, sir!'"

The Hôtel de Cluny was at that time private property, and Mr. Raikes speaks of it as a burlesque exhibition. No wonder, when in the chapel there was a mannikin priest in *chasuble et étole*. It is, however, now made public, and one of the most curious exhibitions in Paris.

The world of letters is anxiously awaiting "The Lay of the Stork"—no bird more worthy of being sung of by lady fair. In one village, and one village only, in the far away East, we have seen them building on walls barely three feet high, within reach of the urchins among whom they seemed as domesticated as barn-door fowls. We have had a pair of these Mussulman birds nestle on our own roof—close by our couch—where beds are made in the open air, to the great scandal of the pious Moslem. We have seen them again in solitude, or in the company of great warty lizards and stealthy jackals amid the ruins of deserted cities. We have seen them joining their brethren high up in the heavens on their migration to other lands. Still, everywhere and at all times, pensively standing on one leg by the nest side, or throwing back the head and clapping the long mandibles to welcome the return of her mate, with

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frog or snake wriggling in its bill, or together encircling the clouds ere they alight for the night's repose, the stork is ever a most picturesque bird. There is almost groundwork for a story in the following little excerpt:

The *Nuremberg Gazette* mentions that last year a Polish gentleman caught a stork on his estate at Lemberg, which he released, having previously fixed round its neck an iron collar with the following inscription: *Hæc ciconia ex Poloniâ.* This year the bird has returned, and been again entrapped by the same individual, who has found its neck ornamented with a second collar, but made of gold, and thus inscribed: *India cum donis mittit ciconia Polis.* The bird has again been set at liberty for further adventures.

The following instance of a spy being outwitted by royalty is highly amusing:

After the restoration in 1814, among the titled followers of Napoleon, who were the most anxious to obtain employment at the court of Louis XVIII., none showed more servility and assiduity to accomplish his purpose than Fouché Duc d'Otranto. He at last had a private interview with the king, when he expressed his desire to dedicate his life to his service. Louis replied: "You have occupied under Bonaparte a situation of great trust, which must have given you opportunities of knowing everything that passed, and of gaining an insight into the characters of men in public life, which could not easily occur to others. Were I to decide on attaching you to my person, I should previously expect, that you would frankly inform me what were the measures, and who were the men, that you employed in those days to obtain your information. I do not allude to my stay at Verona, or at Mittau, I was then surrounded by numerous adherents, but at Hartwell, for instance,—were you then well acquainted with what passed under my roof?" "Yes, sir, every day the motions of your majesty were made known to me." "Eh, what, surrounded as I was by trusted friends, who could have betrayed me? Who thus abused my confidence? I insist on your naming him immediately." "Sir, you urge me to say what must wound your majesty's heart." "Speak, sir, kings are but too subject to be deceived." "If you command it, sir, I must own that I was in correspondence with the Duc d'Aumont." "What! De Pienne, who possessed my entire confidence? I must acknowledge," added the king, with a malicious smile, "he was very poor, he had many expenses, and living is very dear in England. Well, then, M. Fouché, it was I that dictated to him those letters which you received every week, and I gave up to him 12,000 fr. out of the 48,000 fr. which you so regularly remitted to obtain an exact account of all that was passing in my family."

These words terminated the audience, and the duke retired in confusion.

Mr. Raikes animadverts with great reason on several different occasions on the want of prudence so often exhibited by the English on the Continent. The following is an example well calculated to wound the pride of any person of proper feeling:

Guiche told me the other day that he had seen at the races in the Champ de Mars an English family consisting of a lady and three daughters, the latter rather handsome, surrounded by half a dozen young Frenchmen, who had got introduced and completely engrossed them; knowing one of the men, he asked their names, but nothing could induce him to tell; his only answer was, "Vous n'avez pas besoin de ça," and they were determined that no others should interfere with them.

How often do I see here cases of that nature: English families who have never lived in the world at home, who are unaccustomed to real good society, come over to Paris for a little recreation, fancy that a count or a baron must

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be a great *gentleman*, fall into the hands of a set of adventurers, who are always on the look-out for such victims, and rue too late their unguarded credulity. There are every day advertisements in the paper offering sums of money to any one who will procure the advertiser an English wife (*bien entendu*) with fortune.

Again, upon another occasion:

The number of our countrymen here is great; many almost residents, who form a society distinct amongst themselves. It is this class of English who, unaccustomed to good society at home, commit so many follies in Paris, which discredit the nation in the eyes of foreigners; and, as they generally herd together, and make themselves objects of notoriety, the stigma becomes more national than individual. You constantly hear the observers remark on these occasions: "Les Anglais ont fait telle et telle chose," instead of commenting on the individual, as in the case of other nations who are less gregarious.

The other day a party of this description, who were anxious to witness the bloody ceremony at the Place St. Jacques, hired a room in a *guinguette* opposite to the scaffold, and left Meurice's Hotel at two o'clock in the morning, that they might avoid the expected crowd, and take their station without any inconvenience. When arrived at their destination they ordered supper, and passed the night in drinking champagne and noisy mirth, till the waiter informed them that the preparations for the melancholy scene were arranged. In this state of mind, and heated with debauch, they rose from table to gratify an unfeeling curiosity with a bloody spectacle, which even a savage would not have witnessed without awe and emotion. These are traits which must excite disgust in the breast of every one.

Also, on March 9, 1836, it is recorded:

There are two young ladies here, daughters of Lord ——; pretty girls, but remarkable for their dress, which leaves their necks and ankles very much exposed. A man of wit remarked the other night, that "Les robes de ces demoiselles ressemblent à un mauvais jour d'hiver, qui commence trop tard et finit trop tôt."

The following is, if possible, still more severe:

An English family, Mr. and Mrs. M——, not much accustomed to good society at home, but possessed of a good fortune, established themselves some years back in the Faubourg St. Germain, opened their house, and by degrees collected a number of their titled neighbours. Within the last two years Madame de C——, one of their habituées, began to give balls, and it was observed that she from that moment deserted Mrs. M——'s assemblies. She did not hesitate to avow it, saying, "Tant que je ne donnais rien, j'allais voir mes amis chez Madame M——, mais maintenant, comme je ne pourrais pas recevoir cette dame chez moi, je ne vais plus chez elle."

The following story, told at Madame de Flahault's, is a relief to these *exposés* of our countrymen and countrywomen:

The director of a horticultural journal in Paris, anxious to increase the list of his subscribers, announced to them a prize of 5000 francs for the finest tulip which might be produced at the end of six months. The inducement of gaining such a sum filled the list of his *abonnés* immediately, but when the period arrived for adjudging the prize, great was the dilemma of the editor on seeing his hall filled with tulips and candidates. He lost no time in running to a friend, obtained from him a receipt for the offered reward, and showed it to the assembled amateurs, who repaired to the successful candidate in order to compare their productions with his. The friend, finding himself in a scrape, sends his servant to the *Quai aux Fleurs* to purchase a tulip, which cost three francs, and exhibits it to the crowd, with such encomiums on its pretended beauties that they

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become confounded, and, wishing to conceal their ignorance, join in admiration of it. It is fortunate for the plot that they were not *Dutchmen*.

Residing in Paris, the great centre of duels and suicides, we have before remarked upon the number of curious instances of the former which Mr. Raikes has placed on record in his journal. Here is an example, dated September 12, 1856:

A duel took place on Wednesday, near Paris, which was attended by singular circumstances. One of the combatants having had the first fire, placed himself in an attitude to receive that of his adversary, who took a long and deliberate aim—the ball passed through his skull, and he died immediately. A few seconds afterwards his adversary also fell and expired, for he had received a ball which traversed his lungs; he had nevertheless retained sufficient strength to execute his deadly purpose. The combatants went into the field to revenge a double and reciprocal adultery.

And a still more curious case:

A most singular trial is to take place at the Cour d'Assises in the end of this month, of which the following is the outline:

M. Lethuillier, proprietor of a maison de santé near Paris, had an intimate friend, M. Vadebant. Suspicions of an improper intercourse between the latter and his wife induced M. L. to send him a challenge. Nevertheless, some inexplicable motive urged him to insist that, whichever might fall, the cause of his death should remain unknown; and he therefore proposed that the duel should take place without seconds, and that each adversary should bear about his person a written certificate that, in case of his body being found, he had not died by assassination. The parties being agreed on this point, proceeded to the Bois de Romainville, armed with pistols. It was decided that the antagonists from a given point should walk towards each other, and fire as they pleased.

M. Lethuillier asserts that, his attention being diverted by a woman who was walking on the road at some distance, he stopped short, while M. Vadebant continued to advance, and fired when he came near him. M. L. being wounded, fell, and, if he is to be believed, implored the assistance of his adversary without avail.

M. Vadebant, imagining that he had killed him, took up both pistols and disappeared.

The wound, however, of the unfortunate Lethuillier was not mortal; having presented his profile to his enemy, the ball had carried away both his eyes, without injuring the skull, and he managed to crawl from the wood to the high-road, where he at last met with assistance. Having recovered from his wounds, M. Lethuillier now brings a civil action, and Vadebant has surrendered himself for trial. Plans of the ground are taken, which, it is said, will be of great importance in the decision as to the good faith of the whole proceeding.

And now for some specimens of suicide *à la Parisienne*:

A double suicide took place on Friday night, Rue de la Fidélité, No. 24, at Paris. A M. Malglaive, formerly in the army, was deprived of his fortune by unforeseen calamities. He was found with his wife in their apartment, suffocated by a pan of charcoal, having previously stopped up every aperture in the room which could admit of air. He had written the following curious letter to a friend by the *petite poste*:

"Quand vous allez lire cette lettre, ni moi ni ma pauvre Eléonore ne serons plus dans ce monde: ayez donc la bonté de faire ouvrir notre porte, et vous nous trouverez les yeux fermés pour toujours. Nous sommes fatigués tous deux des malheurs qui nous poursuivent, et nous ne croyons pouvoir mieux faire que de mettre un terme à tous nos maux. Connaissant son courage, et tout l'attachement que ma bonne femme a pour moi, j'étais certain qu'elle accepterait la partie, et partagerait entièrement ma manière de voir.

"Adieu, brave ami; en attendant les effets de la métempsychose, je vous

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souhaite une bonne nuit, et à moi un bon voyage. J'espère que pour minuit nous serons arrivés au but de notre promenade.

"Vendredi, 10 Octobre, 11 heures du soir."

The Marquis de L——, residing near the Opera, after having squandered an immense fortune in dissipation and the pursuit of pleasure, has lately destroyed himself, because he had only 33,000 fr. a year remaining, which he found was not sufficient to satisfy the caprices of his mistress. Previous to his death, wishing to insure the independence of her whom he accused as the author of his ruin, he left by will to Mademoiselle Dérieux all that he possessed, being 600,000 fr. or 700,000 fr. By an extraordinary fatality this will is dated the 1st of October, 1834, and it was on the 25th of September preceding that he had ceased to live. In consequence of this irregularity, the civil tribunal of the Seine has refused to confirm this donation to Mademoiselle Dérieux, in the absence of the heirs presumptive to the estate.

The reasons given for these numerous suicides, which are indeed daily occurrences in the French metropolis, are sometimes full of meaning when apparently least so. For example, on November 4, 1834, Mr. Raikes says, "To-day the paper mentions the following: 'M. Alphin, jeune homme de dix-huit ans, appartenant à une famille excessivement riche et heureuse, vient de se tuer par *dégoût de la vie*.'" It is needless to expound here the combination of evils, bad education, bad disposition, and absence of all religious feelings, which would bring about such a melancholy state of things.

In one instance, the feelings of the victim are described up to almost the moment of death:

A working jeweller, named Charité, scarcely twenty years old, lived with an aged mother, whom he supported by his earnings. His employment at last decreased, his resources failed, and he became tormented with the idea of seeing his infirm mother come to want. His own health likewise became impaired, and he was at times heard to say, that if Providence did not come to his aid, he would terminate his own existence. Last Thursday evening his mother went out at seven o'clock to visit a relation. In a few minutes afterwards the son went down stairs, gave his candle in charge to the porter, appeared to go out, but privately returned to his room. He there wrote several letters to his friends and relations, particularly to his two sisters, one of whom is living in England, the other is a milliner at Brest. He then carefully stopped up all the issues by which air could come into his room, and as if he had wished to have his fate to the last moment in his own hands, he placed a table close to a glass-door, which he might easily break with a blow of his elbow, at any time, if he should wish to stop the progress of the suffocation.

The table being thus disposed, with paper, pens, and ink, and a lighted candle near him, he wrote the following lines, which were afterwards found near his body:

"I am twenty years old and I am going to die. To my fellow-citizens and the lovers of science. These are the effects of death by charcoal: first of all a thick vapour which makes the eyes to smart; a slight headache; then the vapour causes the candle to burn dim; the light grows fainter; all that in five minutes after lighting the charcoal; the wick turns to ash—the headache does not increase—the pain in the eyes is worse—the headache now increases—tears flow, and in abundance. . . . . At this moment a woman (here the delirium seems to commence),—one does not know what one does—one . . . . ." (here are three words, but illegible, and the writing irregular), and at last "the light goes out almost . . . and I . . . . ." It is probable that at this moment the unfortunate young man expired.

About eleven o'clock the mother returned home, and found her son a corpse; a large brazier of charcoal, quite extinguished, was near the chair, from which he had fallen on the floor.

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The love of the marvellous, sympathy for the terrible and the horrible, and a slight tendency to superstition, not only manifest themselves in the carefully recorded cases of murders, suicides, and duels, but also in instances of second sight and of fortune-telling:

The Duchesse de Guiche mentioned this evening the curious prediction made to her by Mademoiselle Lenormand, the noted fortune-teller, in 1827. Having arranged with Lady Combermere to visit Mademoiselle L., every precaution was taken to prevent their being known. The duchess disguised herself in a black wig, with a large hat, and thick lace veil. They went in a hired carriage, without servants, to the Luxembourg, and walked from thence to the Rue Tournon, where she resided. It was impossible that any suspicion could exist of their name or rank. After the usual preliminaries of asking the day of her birth, consulting the palm of her hand, and dealing out cards, &c., Mademoiselle L. first told her various circumstances of her past life, which were wonderfully correct. She then asked the duchess what animal she liked best, what animal she most disliked, and what flower she preferred beyond any other? Her answer was, the horse, the spider, the lily of the valley. She next gave her the description of her own character, as well as that of her husband, both of which were so exactly depicted, particularly that of the duke, that she actually discovered traits in each which had previously escaped her own observation, and now appeared very evident to herself. But when Mademoiselle L. began to touch upon the future, she told her that her present prosperity was coming to an end, that the most serious misfortunes awaited her, and that all her prospects would be suddenly destroyed on the 30th July, 1830, *à cause d'un favori déchu;* that from that period she would suffer much adversity and exile, with the above favourite, that in three years she would return to her own country, and in July, 183—, she would regain her prosperity, from the circumstance of a prince succeeding to a rich inheritance.

This prediction was so extraordinary and so precise, even as to dates, that Madame de Guiche expressed a wish to have the details committed to paper, which was complied with; and on the following day she sent her *femme de chambre* to the Rue Tournon, who brought back this singular warning, in the handwriting of Mademoiselle Lenormand, with the date, and her signature. How far the first part has been fulfilled, by the three days of revolution in July, and the subsequent flight of the Bourbons from France, every one must know. The second point, of her return to France in three years, was not less singularly verified, as she was at that period at Prague with Charles X., and so little expecting to quit it, that ten days before the circumstances occurred which brought on their resignation of their places, she had been saying to the duke, "Here Mademoiselle Lenormand must fail, as we have no chance of seeing France again for many years;" but still it came to pass as predicted.

It now only remains to be seen how the conclusion is to wind up; in the mean time, there is the written paper, as undeniable evidence of what has happened.

These things are in themselves so unaccountable that no opinion can be given on the subject! but a similar circumstance once occurred to myself, which I have often mentioned to my friends, and which has been also partly verified.

I was in Paris in October, 1820, and one morning, meeting John Warrender in the Rue St. Honoré, he urged me to accompany him to visit a fortune-teller who lived in that neighbourhood. She was an old woman in a garret, and not so much known as Lenormand, but had made some successful hits in that line, which had gained her a certain celebrity. I have never forgotten the words which she spoke to me, whom she could never have heard of in her life.

"1. Vous n'avez point de père.

"2. Vous avez une mère; elle mourra dans un an.

"3. Vous serez arrêté dans six mois par un huissier, pour cause de dettes.

"4. Vous êtes riche, mais dans sept ans vous perdrez toute votre fortune, et puis après vous la regagnerez."

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The first was true; the second was fulfilled in about that period; the third was accomplished in rather a curious manner: I was then in very prosperous circumstances, living in Grosvenor-square; the repairs of that house had been performed by contract, the builder failed before his work was concluded, and the assignees claimed of me the whole amount of the agreement, which I would only pay as far as it had been fairly earned; the difference was only 150*l.*, but the assignees did really send a bailiff into my house, and arrested me, while my carriage was waiting at the door to convey me to dinner at York House, where the story caused considerable merriment at the time. The last has been fatally verified also, but the good fortune at the end alone turns out a complete fallacy.

By date June 27, 1835, Mr. Raikes had found out that

Mademoiselle Lenormand is not infallible: there is no appearance of insurrection to-day, but there certainly has been a fall in the funds since her prediction, owing to the Spanish intervention. The French seem particularly prone to credulity in these matters, and the trade of fortune-teller is not one of the least lucrative in Paris; it is carried on openly, and subject to no legal penalties as in England. The different memoirs attest many communications made to the kings of France by apparitions or inspired individuals, particularly that of the Blacksmith from the forest of Senars to Louis XIV.; but there exists still in this neighbourhood, between Versailles and Rambouillet, a labouring man, who had several interviews with Louis XVIII. of a warning nature. It was his custom, whenever he received the inspired commission, to place himself in the custody of the gendarmes belonging to his arrondissement, and request to be led to the royal presence, which having once accomplished, orders were given that in future he should always be admitted. I have it from one who stood high in the confidence of that court, that he constantly warned Louis XVIII. of the fate which awaited Charles X., and that he counselled him to use every means of strengthening his throne during his own lifetime, that fewer difficulties might remain to be encountered by the weakness of his successor. It was in consequence of this warning, that Louis XVIII., shortly before his death, issued an ordinance to abolish the liberty of the press in France; which passed without resistance. His speech on that occasion is well remembered: "Un roi qui touche à sa mort peut oser faire ce qu'un roi à son avénement ne pourrait même contempler."

The Fieschi attempt occurred on the 28th of July of the same year; so Mr. Raikes had the pleasure of recording on that day, that "after all Mademoiselle Lenormand only failed in her prediction by one month; instead of the 28th of June, the mischief has occurred on the 28th of July." His love of the marvellous extends even to a half-belief in dreams:

The Duc de Berri dreamed one night that he was standing at the window of his apartment in the Tuileries, which overlooked the gardens, accompanied by two individuals, and while he was admiring the beauties of the prospect, his attention was suddenly attracted to the iron railing by what seemed to be passing in the Rue de Rivoli. A dense mass of people was assembled in the street, and presently there appeared a grand funeral procession, followed by a train of carriages, evidently indicating the last tribute paid to some deceased man of fortune and consequence. He turned round to one of the bystanders and inquired whose funeral was passing; the answer was made that it was that of Mr. Greffulhe. In a short time after this procession had filed off down the street, another and more splendid cavalcade made its appearance, as coming from the château: this far surpassed in magnificence its predecessor; it had every attribute of royalty,—the carriages, the guards, the servants were such as could only be marshalled in honour of one of his own family. On putting the same question, he was told that it was his own funeral. In a few nights after this vision the Duc de Berri went to a grand ball given by Mr. Greffulhe, at his hotel in

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the Rue d'Artois; it was a very cold night, and Mr. Greffulhe, who was not in a good state of health, attended his royal highness to the carriage bareheaded, and was struck with a sudden chill, which brought on a violent fever, and terminated his life in a few days. Before a week had elapsed the knife of the assassin Louvel had consummated the remaining incident in the dream.

Here is a memorandum of a kind which evidently fixed our journalist's attention, and which he took no small interest in placing on record:

The extraordinary composure with which even a painful death may be contemplated is exemplified by a criminal who is under sentence of execution for a murder, in one of the prisons of Munich at this present time. He has made with crumbs of bread and a sort of macaroni several figures illustrating the scene in which he will quit the world. He has figured the instant when the executioner, having cut off his head, is holding it up to public view. A Franciscan friar on his knees is at the side of the headless corpse; near the priest is an invalid with a wooden leg, selling a true and full account of his judgment and execution.

And another instance of the horrible:

The following extraordinary occurrence has just taken place at a château near Senlis. The Comtesse Pontalba, whose name has been cited before the tribunals in a trial for separation from her husband, at length found means to interest him in her favour and procure her return home, which very much exasperated her father-in-law. Determined to deliver his family from a woman who branded it with ignominy, he the other day entered her apartment armed with two pistols, and discharged the contents of both in her body: he then retired to his own apartment, in a different wing of the château, and shot himself through the heart. His body was found stretched on a sofa, with the countenance calm, but still with a threatening expression. The old count, whose life had been as honourable as his sense of honour was rigorous, had just completed his eightieth year, and possessed an immense fortune. The countess did not die on the spot, though pierced by four balls (for the pistols were double-barrelled); her hand by instinct was raised to protect her heart, but she still lies in very great danger.

Two more strange incidents:

A young lady of Nevers, universally admired, was married to a person who had been established in the town for some months only, but had made himself generally respected. The wedding day passed off, and the happy pair had retired to the nuptial chamber, leaving the guests still enjoying the festivities of the occasion, when their gaiety was suddenly checked by a dreadful scream from the bride. The chamber was opened, and she was found in a fainting fit, grasping in her hand the shirt-collar of her husband, torn from his shoulder, on which was displayed the *brand*, proving him to have been a convicted felon. It is said that the senses of the unhappy girl appear to have fled for ever. The parents have applied to Mr. P. Dupin and Mr. Syrot, two eminent counsel at the Paris bar, for their opinions, whether Art. 232 of the Civil Code, which declares the condemnation of either of a wedded pair to an infamous punishment sufficient cause for a divorce, is applicable to this extraordinary case.

A youth living at Verly, in the Aisne, though only eighteen years of age, was full six feet high, and had made himself remarkable by his extraordinary feats of strength. About a fortnight ago he laid a wager that he would raise with his teeth, and without touching it with his hands, a cask of cider containing forty-seven gallons. It was surrounded with ropes so as to give him a safe and convenient hold. By this he seized the cask with his teeth, and carried it without stopping across a yard of considerable extent. When, however, he had put down his burden, he was incapable of shutting his mouth, and soon afterwards fainted. He was carried into the house, where he lay for six days without recovering his senses, and then died.

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Another, not a little characteristic:

M. ——, a banker at Paris, returning home some evenings ago from a ball, missed three things—his wife, his cashier, and the contents of his strong box. Having by some means ascertained that the fugitives were gone to Havre, he immediately followed them, and arrived at the hotel in which they had taken up their abode, where he learned they were to sail the next day for America. Making a confidant of the landlord, the banker went to the chamber where the two culprits were. At the first summons the recreant cashier opened the door, and throwing himself at the feet of his injured benefactor, acknowledged his criminality, and only supplicated mercy for his guilty companion, who remained trembling in the room which he had just quitted. "Don't be alarmed," said the banker, "all I want is my money." The whole of this was immediately given up. The banker having ascertained that nothing was kept back, turned to the delinquent, and offered him notes to the amount of 10,000 fr., saying, "This is for the service you have rendered me in ridding me of a vicious wife. You may set off with her to-morrow for New York, on condition that you have received the money for the express purpose of paying the expenses of yourself and Madame —— to the United States." The paper was signed, the door was closed, and in a quarter of an hour the banker was on his road back to Paris.

Gambling—a practice by no means peculiar to the French capital, but not a little flourishing in its gay circles—has also its exemplary illustrations:

On Wednesday last died in Paris poor Mr. Stibbert, aged sixty-three. His story is short, but one of the most remarkable instances of the infatuation for play ever known. He was the son of General Stibbert, but deformed from his birth, inherited a fortune of 80,000*l.* as I have always heard, and till the age of forty-five was a man of regular habits, a cultivated mind, and much respected in England among the friends with whom he lived. Unfortunately, after the peace, eighteen years ago, he determined to visit Italy, and arrived in Paris with the intention of passing here only a few weeks. One night he was induced to go to the Salon, then kept in the Rue Grange Batelière, and frequented by the best society of all nations, under the superintendence of the old and agreeable Marquis de Livry, a very different establishment from the Tripot in the Rue de Richelieu at present. He there sat down to play for the first time, lost a small sum of money, returned to win it back, continued to lose, and in the same hopeless enterprise prolonged his stay for several years, till he absolutely lost every shilling of his large property, and has since latterly been dependent on his brother for a small allowance, hovering like a spectre round the gaming-table at Frascati, and risking his few francs every night in that sink of depravity, still hoping that fortune might turn in his favour and enable him to regain his losses. His mild manners, his settled melancholy, and, as he has often told me himself, that infatuation which he felt quite unable to resist, rendered him a constant object of remark to the various English who have visited Paris for many years past.

Another is less painful to peruse:

A certain Vicomte de V——, friend of Talleyrand, who with him frequented some distinguished *soirées*, where high play was encouraged, had incurred some suspicions not very creditable to his honour.

Detected one evening in a flagrant attempt to defraud his adversary, he was very unceremoniously turned out of the house, with a threat, that if he ever made his appearance there again, he should be thrown out of the window. The next day he called upon M. de Talleyrand to relate his misfortune and protest his innocence: "Ma position est très embarrassante," said the vicomte, "donnez-moi donc un conseil." "Dame! mon cher, je vous conseille de ne plus jouer qu'au rez-de-chaussée."

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BY-WAYS OF HISTORY.

THE MOURNFUL MARRIAGE OF SIR S. MORLAND.

One of the stock characters of our last age comedy, was the morose, suspicious, and with all, gullible old bachelor, the standing jest of his younger associates, the dupe of intriguing maids and their designing mistresses, who generally ended a life passed in abuse of the fair sex, and dread of the "holy estate of matrimony," by running his head into the noose of some equivocal or unequivocal jade, and the curtain usually dropped before a laughing audience upon the head of the wretched misogynist, in the first agonies of discovering that, after a long and lonely course of suspicion and wariness, he had been trapped, and was destined to pass the remainder of his life under a petticoat despotism of the most despotic and degrading kind.

These things don't happen now-a-days; hence, doubtless, this character, in its broad features, is no longer reproduced in modern comedy; and it may be taken as an illustration of the world-wide inspiration with which Shakspeare describes the stage as marking "the very age and body of the time," to note how Congreve's "Crusty old Bachelor" refines into his modern counterpart in the *Sir Peter Teazle* of Sheridan, just as the grossness of the stolen, or tricky Fleet marriages of the days of "handsome Fielding" are refined into the completeness with which the modern trip to Gretna at once satisfies decorum, and defies pursuit. Times are changed, habits altered, and the stage mimicry of life follows suit and changes also.

The story of "real life" I am about to tell is exactly one of those which, if *now* produced on the stage, would be pronounced exaggerated and improbable, though in its own day it would have been received as a natural and not out-of-the-way incident. A grave, staid personage, with a place on the page of history; a name widely known in connexion with events of historical interest; a man of mark, a "ripe scholar," a courtier, all in one, and yet with an underplot in his private career, marking him out for the original of the duped hero of a low-comedy intrigue, the jeer of a merry audience, and the standing laughing-stock of all his private acquaintance. Pity that our narrative should date in the brief reign of the saturnine James, instead of that merry monarch his brother Charles, to whom, and to his gay courtiers, it would have been a reality far better than any "play ever enacted by his Majesty's servants," affording them "laughter for a week and a good jest for ever."

Going back into the protectorate of that stern "Oliver" who, if he gained his power irregularly, yet confessedly used it so as to render the name of Englishman dreaded, hated, and respected in equal proportions through Europe, we find one of the incidents of Cromwell's brief rule on which Englishmen love most to dwell, in his bold interference on behalf of the persecuted Vaudois. Not only by remonstrance and protest, but by stern and unequivocal threat of armed aid and reprisal, did the Protector interpose between the bigot policy of the House of Savoy and its own Waldensian subjects. Nor was his sympathy limited to words, or even

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warlike demonstrations; a grant of thirty-eight thousand pounds!*—a vast sum for those days—was distributed to the plundered and persecuted people of the valleys; and this princely benevolence was ministered to the sufferers by the hand of "Samuel Morland," then a young man and accomplished scholar, who, called from a Cambridge fellowship into the office of Secretary Thurloe, was selected to dispense England's brotherly aid to persecuted fellow-Christians, and this, doubtless, not without a regard as well to his high personal character, as to his ability to record the events of his mission in that narrative, which is ever since referred to as a text-book by all writers on the affairs of the Waldenses.

This is the first mention we meet of Samuel Morland; the next, while it lays open a painful spectacle of the private treachery which may pass current for public virtue in days of civil warfare or commotion, must lower our hero in esteem, just as the favour of his prince was elevating him in the scale of worldly honour.

The memorable "twenty-ninth of May," 1660, came, and with it came the Second Charles to "enjoy his own again," riding from Dover to Whitehall through such an avenue of welcoming subjects as gave him occasion to say—in his own happy manner—"that it must have been his own fault not to have come *home* long ago!" This public entry to his capital took place, as we have said, in the end of the month; but even at the beginning of it Charles had begun to dispense his royal favours to those who had contributed to his "Restoration," and among those whom "the king delighted to honour," we find from Pepys' gossip, that he "knighted Mr. Morland, and did give the reason for it openly—*that it was for giving him intelligence all the time he was clerk to Secretarie Thurloe.*"

This debasing avowal seems to me to humiliate the bestower and receiver of honour alike, and leaves a revolting impression of the effect of civil convulsions in sapping the very foundations of truth and trust among men. Here we have The King! "the very fount of honour," rewarding a course of service to him, which was in effect treachery to Morland's own trusting employer, and proclaiming his new knight to his assembled court as one who had bought his favour by such systematic breach of faith and honesty, as in ordinary relations between man and man would expel the traitor from decent society. No doubt Charles was neither of character nor in circumstances to look too nicely into the moral features of any means which helped him to his throne; yet he must have been devoid of the commonest moral perception if, *in his secret soul*, he could look upon his new-made knight without loathing.

The acknowledgment of Morland's services did not rest in a paltry knighthood. He shortly after received a life-pension of five hundred pounds per annum, charged upon the Post Office revenue; and when, a little later in the year, the king was scattering honours over the land with lavish hand, we find among them "Sir Samuel Morland, of Southhamstede Bannister, Berks, *Baronet!*" Nay, further still, we find him obtaining from his reckless master not only this honour for himself, but

* Morland's Waldensian narrative contains a minute account of the distribution of this sum among the "poor Vaudois" to the amount of 21,908*l.*, and closes with a "*ballance in hand*" of 16,338*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.* Query: What *became of this balance?* Did the "merrie monarch" find it still "in hand" when he came to Whitehall?

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a "*blank baronetcy or two!*" to dispose of for his own private advantage. It would be a curious piece of secret history if we could trace out among "The Order of Baronets" the individual who bought his honour "*bon marché*" from this Baronet-broker of Baronetcies!

We learn this fact, as before, from the gossip of Pepys. Pepys had, it seems, been Morland's pupil at Cambridge, and had formed so low an estimate of his former tutor's judgment and common sense, that he avows his surprise at finding him so well able to make his way at court in the new world just then beginning. On the 14th of August, 1660, Pepys makes an entry, in his *own* style, as follows:

"To the Privy-seale Office, and thence to Mr. Pym, the tailor's, and I agreed upon making me a velvet coate; thence to the Privy-seale againe, where Sir Samuel Morland came with a baronet's grant to posse, *which the king had given him to make money of.* Here we staid with him a great while, and he told me the whole manner of his serving the king in the time of the Protector, and how Thurloe's bad usage made him doe it; *how he discovered Sir Richard Willis,** and how he had sunk his fortune for the king; and that now the king had given him a pension of 500*l.* per annum in the Post Office for life, *and the benefit of two baronets!*—alle which doe make me begin to think *that he is not so much of a foole as I took him to be.*"

Poor Morland, while opening his heart to his former pupil, little thought that he was confiding his secrets to a "chiel takin' notes" to be "prented" for the edification of generations yet unborn—as little did good Doctor Gilly (the modern historian of the Waldenses) suspect what a "by-way *exposé* of character he had passed over in Pepys' pages, when he sketched the following glowing portrait of Cromwell's almoner and accredited agent to the proud Duke of Savoy." "Cromwell (writes Doctor Gilly) could not have chosen a man better qualified to discharge

* The case of Sir Richard Willis, here alluded to, is detailed at large by Clarendon in book xvi. of his History; and Clarendon fully gives Morland the credit which he thus claims, of having been the discoverer of the double-dealing of Willis, who appears to have gone here and there, from one party to another, in the civil wars, but who ultimately, for a large pension, became the "*spied spy*" of Cromwell, inasmuch as all his discoveries were reconveyed, as soon as made, by Morland to Charles. This business is no further connected with our present subject than as it exhibits another phase of that queer, loose morality which characterised the intrigues of that period. Willis was a traitor, but he wore his mask "with a difference." If he betrayed the king's agents and partisans, he did so with as little damage to the king's cause as he well could. He spared the "good men and true" as much as possible, but gave up the doubtful and moderate without hesitation. "It was soon noted," observes Clarendon, "that he (Sir R. Willis) seldom communicated anything in which there was necessity to name any man who was of the king's party *and had always been so reputed*; but what was undertaken by *any of the Presbyterian party, or by any who had been against the king, was poured out to the life.* . . . . If at any time he named any who had been of the king's party, it was chiefly those who were *satisfied with what they had done*, how little so ever, and resolved to adventure no more."—*Clarendon*, b. xvi.

The whole "secret service" of that period was a perfect network of intrigue. Cromwell and Thurloe had in turn *their spies* in the very king's chambers, who were in like manner detected; for an instance of which, see "Maning's treachery," as narrated by Clarendon in same book. On the whole, I think it probable that while Cromwell was served with more ability, Charles found more *fidelity* in his agents, and that the Protector felt that he was walking over mines and pitfalls at every step of his reign.

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the duties of such an embassy than Morland. Young, ardent, full of courage, and conscious of the dignity of the character which he had to sustain as the representative of the Commonwealth of England, he procured an audience at Rivoli, where he addressed the Duke in a Latin oration, which, after a few customary expressions of courtesy, contained truths which none but a *stern republican* (!!) could think of sounding in royal ears."

After the extracts we have given, Morland disappears from Pepys' graphic memoranda for a number of years, with the exception of an occasional dash of the pen, sufficient to show us that he very soon became one of those hangers-on of the court who, no longer needed, was no longer noticed. We can see, as if with our living eyes, that Sir Samuel had, to use an expressive phrase, "worn out his court welcome at Whitehall," and was become a kind of "Sir Mungo Malagrowler" among the reckless courtiers of Charles the Second. The royal gratitude which in its first fervour had flung him baronetcies to dispense, and assigned him an ample pension on the public revenue, in time began to cool, and cooling, to collapse! So that, after an interval, we find, first, "the lord treasurer," *with a Joe Hume austerity*, "curtailing his pension," and presently the curtailed pension falls into arrear to a formidable amount; so that, at the end of a quarter of a century (1684-6), we trace the King's knight and baronet to a small house at Vauxhall, where he employed himself in scientific and mechanical experiments,* which classed him with the persons known in that age as "projectors"—men out of place in the pleasure-seeking court of Charles, but who would have been more duly estimated in our day, when speculation periodically combines itself into "Lunar Railway Companies," "Timbuctoo Mining Associations," and other provisions for evaporating the extra energy and capital of our countrymen. Assuredly, Sir Samuel Morland, had he now lived, would have written himself down X. Y. Z. and A. S. S., &c., &c., &c., and have held high place in the "directorships" and "management" of the "joint-stock bubbles" of our day.

"Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood." Sir Samuel Morland was in the sixty-first year of his age, when, notwithstanding his experience, his erudition, his converse with courts, and the craft which his own practice in the ways of deception should have taught him, he fell into as shallow a pitfall as ever snared a schoolboy. It is impossible to consider his mishap without seeing in it something at once of the pitiable and ludicrous, and, above all, some *judicial* infusion of that treachery which he had long before prided himself upon practising upon others. If the comparison may be used without profaneness, the case seems to resemble that of Jacob, who, having in his youth beguiled his aged father, was himself in his own old age made by his own children the subject of continued frauds, which well-nigh brought his "grey hairs with sorrow to

* Upon looking into Evelyn's graver "Diary," running parallel with the gossip of Pepys, we find frequent mention of Morland, and his ingenious contrivances and inventions. Some annotator has "made a note" confounding Sir Samuel Morland, our hero, with his son, who died unmarried and childless in 1716; but there can be no doubt that Sir Samuel the elder, who survived to the year 1695, was the person mentioned in these Diaries, and the "Master of Mechanics" to Charles and James the Second.

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the grave." But Sir Samuel Morland must tell his own sorrows, which he introduces, strangely enough, in an *official* communication to his quondam pupil, now the prosperous and powerful Secretary to the Navy, upon the subject of some projected improvements in the construction of "gun-carriages."

"SIR SAMUEL MORLAND TO MR. PEPYS.

"Sat., 19 Feb., 1686-7.

"SIR,—I went about three or four daies since to see what the Commissioners of the Navy had done upon the order you sent them relating to the new gun-carriages, &c., but met none but Sir John Nareborough, who told me your order respecting a trial of shooting to be made like that at Portsmouth, which was impracticable at Deptford, because shooting with powder only was no trial, and shooting with bullets too dangerous; and therefore his opinion, which he did believe would be the opinion of the whole board, was, that to each new carriage should be the addition of a windlass, and also the false truck at the end of the carriages; and that all the other things, as eye-bolts, tackles, &c., should be left as they are on the old carriages till such time as a full trial be made of the new way, both at sea and in a fight, and then what shall prove to be useless in the old way may be wholly left off and laid aside.

"I could have waited on you with this account myself, but I presume you have by this time heard what an unfortunate and fatal accident hath lately befallen me, of which I shall give you an abbreviate.

"About three weeks or a month since, being in very great perplexities, and almost distracted for want of moneys, my private creditors tormenting me from morning till night, and some of them threatening me with a prison, and having no positive answer from his majesty *about the* 1300*l. which the late Lord Treasurer cut off from my pension so severely*, which left debt upon me which I was wholly unable to pay, there came a certain person to me whom I had relieved in a starving condition, and for whom I had done a thousand kindnesses, who pretended in gratitude *to help me to a wife*, who was a very virtuous person and sweet dispositioned ladye, *and an heiresse* who had 500*l.* in land heritance per annum, and 4000*l.* in readie money, with the interest since nine years, besides a mortgage upon 300*l.* per annum more, with plate, jewels, &c. The devil himself could not contrive more probable circumstances than were lay'd before me; and when I had often a mind to inquire into the truth I had no power, believing *for certain reasons that there were some charms or witchcraft used upon me*, and withall, believing it utterly impossible that a person so obliged should ever be guilty of so black a deed as to betray me in so barbarous a manner. Besides *that, I really believed it a blessing from Heaven for my charity to that person;* and I was about a fortnight since led as a fool to the stocks, *and marryed a coachman's daughter not worth a shilling, and* . . . . . And thus I am both absolutely ruined in my fortune and reputation, and must become a derision to the world.

"My case is at present in the Spiritual Court, and I *presume that one word from his majesty* to his proctor, and advocate, and judge, would

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procure me speedy justice. If either our old acquaintance or Christian pity move you, I beg you to put in a kind word for me, and to deliver the enclosed into the king's own hands, and with all convenient speed, for a criminal bound and going to execution is not in greater agonies than has been my poor active soul since this befel me; and I earnestly entreat you to leave in three lines for me, with your own porter, what answer the king gives you, and my man shall call for it. A flood of tears blinds my eyes, and I can write no more, but that I am

"Your most humble and poore distrest servant,

"S. MORLAND."

On the stage, this would be the point in the duped old bachelor's case on which the "*Deus ex machinâ*" would descend, and either deliver him from the noose into which he had run his silly head, or leave it an indissoluble knot, the pressure or torment of which would be left to the imagination of the audience; but in our *true tale*, the pitiful sorrows of the silly old man *are but beginning*. He had heavier and more protracted punishment to undergo for the senile self-love in which he allowed himself to be persuaded that a "virtuous and sweet-dispositioned ladye," with an heirship which would have made her a "cynosure" for the gallants of the court, had become *engouée* of a starving sexagenarian. We can find no parallel for such a case of infatuation nearer than that of Malvolio.

DECORATIVE ART IN ENGLAND.

THERE are, undoubtedly, many fine buildings in this country, and some amongst them are not without those internal embellishments which add so much to the splendour of the palaces of France and Italy; but, as a general rule, the Decorative branch of Art has, in England, been greatly neglected.

The ornamentation of domestic interiors, by calling in the aid of painting, never made any remarkable progress amongst us, and, where it did exist, it was chiefly to be found in royal residences and in mansions almost royal, like Blenheim, Chatsworth, and a few others. But the "painted ceilings," on which were expended the labours of Thornhill, Verrio, and Daguerre, were the last efforts of a style that never fairly became engrafted here. This would not have excited much regret if the mythological tastes of those artists had alone been perpetuated, but with the era to which they belonged the principle of internal decoration seems to have been abandoned altogether. Architecture, plain even to ugliness, took possession of our streets, whitewash within-doors held undisputed sway, and as far as Art was concerned, the rudimental arrangements of the wigwam were infinitely more picturesque than the papered

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walls of the civilised Englishman. This, too, in a climate where the presence of bright tints and the enlivening creations of the painter's fancy are almost necessary to atone for the want of a radiant, sunny atmosphere.

These remarks have been elicited from us by the perusal of a small *brochure** that has just fallen in our way, by which we are glad to perceive that Decorative Art has not only dawned again upon England, but that, under very favourable auspices, it has already been adopted in a quarter well calculated to influence public taste. It is M. Auguste Hervieu, the distinguished pupil of the great French painters Gros and Girodet, to whom we are indebted for this revival, and her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland to whom we owe its adoption, that beautiful summer abode Cliefden-on-Thames being the scene where M. Hervieu's remarkable talents have found full scope for their exercise. Two ceilings have there been submitted to his skill, one of them in a dressing-room where, on an azure sky, Cupids are floating; the other, of much greater importance, the ceiling of the grand staircase, where the Four Seasons are admirably illustrated, the subject having been suggested by the noble owner of Cliefden herself.

The example of the Duchess of Sutherland is one that deserves to be generally followed, as well for the sake of Art in the abstract as for its execution at the hands of M. Hervieu. The expense attendant upon this kind of decoration is not such as to weigh against the advantage of its employment, which is, indeed, as M. Hervieu observes, "eventually more economical, from its durability, than the use of ordinary substitutes." As regards the application of the Decorative Art on a large scale, we may fairly ask, with M. Hervieu, "Why should not Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture be invited to co-operate in England as in Italy, France, and elsewhere? Why should not the more genial efforts of the pencil be called in to give life and warmth to the colder tones and the more abstract and frigid forms of the kindred arts? There are portions of the interior of great mansions, such as halls, staircases, and ceilings, where the absence of this adjunct produces a painful sense of void."

We trust these voids will, by degrees, be filled up, and we know of no artist better calculated than M. Hervieu to accomplish such a task.

* Revival of Pictorial Decoration in England. London: Schulze and Co.

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ALISON'S FIFTH VOLUME.*

Of the seven chapters which make up the present volume, one,—to which, judging by his preliminary prospectus, the author attaches considerable importance, and would assign first-rate powers of attraction,—is devoted to a critical *résumé* of the Literature of Germany. To this we shall recur anon. The other six discuss the Constitutional History of Germany, from the conclusion of the War of Liberation to the revolutionary epoch of 1848; the affairs of France, from the extinction of the hereditary peerage at the close of 1831, to the fall of Count Molé's ministry in 1837; the internal history of our own country, from the passing of the Reform Bill to the fall of Earl Grey's ministry in 1834; and the progress of events in Turkey, Greece, Egypt, and the East, from the treaty of Adrianople in 1828 to Mehemet Ali's acceptance of the terms of allied Europe, in 1841.

There is much that is "interesting and instructive" in these historical chapters. The least diffuse, perhaps, and certainly not the least valuable, is that bestowed upon the quarter of a century's peace in Germany; wherein the historian diligently sets forth the effects of this long period of repose, and of the entire cessation of domestic war, upon the development of industry and the increase of social prosperity. He shows how peace, instead of producing universal contentment, "cast not the olive-branch, but a firebrand into the bosom" of Germany,—the stillness which prevailed being but the harbinger of future strife and desolation. For the War of Liberation had given an impulse to progressive, and, so to speak, aggressive patriotism. Young Germany had "struck for the Fatherland in the belief that they were cementing with their blood not only its external independence, but its internal freedom." Sir Archibald allows, with his wonted candour and fair dealing, which so far make him a jewel of a Conservative historian, that although it cannot be said that any *express* promise was made by the German sovereigns to their people, when the war of liberation broke out, or during its continuance, that representative institutions should be the reward of national valour,—yet that undoubtedly this was everywhere understood, and, as he expresses it, "constituted the mainspring of the astonishing efforts made by the people of Germany at this eventful period." The war at an end, abundant evidence is on record, that the "general establishment of constitutional governments formed part of the understood compact between the sovereigns and people of Germany." But Sir Archibald is free to own, and careful to prove, that these monarchs broke faith as completely with the people, when the latter had fought and conquered for them, as did the Tiers-Etat of France with the clergy, whose accession had given them the majority over the privileged orders at the outbreak of the Revolution. Especially he directs attention to the delays and deluding arts of the Prussian government, and its alliance with Austria in preparing and passing the, so-called, Final Act of confederation (1820), the effect of

* History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L. Vol. V. Blackwood. 1856.

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which was, not to confirm but destroy popular influence in affairs of state. "The free cities, in which the spirit of liberty burned with the greatest intensity, and a few lesser states and large towns by which it was shared, were completely kept down by the weight of Austria and Prussia, who not only commanded a majority of votes in the Diet, but had the whole military force of the Confederacy at their disposal." Flattering things are, however, said of the wisdom of the internal government of Prussia—whose leading statesmen, during this period, such as Hardenberg, Bernstorff, and William von Humboldt, exerted themselves discreetly and emphatically to secure the well-being, the better-being, the best-being of their country.

But their exertions tended, the more directly in proportion to their success, to increase instead of diminishing the irritation of the masses at being "kept out of their rights." Education and enlightenment fostered, not dulled, the popular uneasiness at unpopular measures. The crash must come at last, sooner or later; the longer deferred, the more violent its results. It came accordingly in 1848, and remains to be described by Alison in a future volume. Why it was so long delayed, he in part would explain by what he calls "a very curious circumstance," on the face of it threatening to restrain, but in point of fact helping to extend, the authority of the ruling powers. This is, the spread of education in Germany among the lower classes of society. For Sir Archibald's view of the case is, that although education would at first dispose Young Germany to liberal, and even revolutionary opinions,—insomuch, indeed, that extreme licence of ideas in the schools and universities was one of the chief causes of anxiety to principalities and powers,—yet, when these young patriots left college, and had to get their bread, the education they had received compelled them, if bread they would have, to close with the only means of obtaining it, namely, government employment. They could not dig; and if to beg they were ashamed, speedily they must resolve what they would do—even "knock under" to Destiny and the dons, and accept the pay of the authorities whom it had been their youthful dream to displace and utterly confound. "Universally educated, they all sighed for intellectual rather than physical labour: restricted in their walk of life by circumstances, there was not one in ten could find employment, or earn a subsistence in intellectual pursuits. Trade or manufactures in a country so little commercial could absorb only a limited number; the army furnished occupation merely for a few years in early life; colonies there were none; emigration, till the middle of the century, was almost unknown." Hence the only resource was government employment. The crowded number of applicants gave the authorities a powerful hold over young gentlemen, whom the straits and privations of this worky-day world were fast disillusionising. "Dreaming of republics, and declaiming passages about Brutus and Cromwell, was very exciting, as long as the youths were at college, maintained by their parents, and animated by the presence of each other; but when they went out into the world, and found themselves alone in a garret, with scarce the means of purchasing one meal a day, it became very desirable to exchange such penury for the certainty and security of a government office." It is the old story. *Telle est la vie.* And thus, inasmuch as for every vacant situation in Germany,—even the meanest *Schreiberstelle*, the narrowest

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place, the pettiest berth—a round dozen of ambitious candidates offered themselves with precipitant *empressement*, no wonder if the "ardent student," fresh though he might be from his republican magniloquence, his duels, his pipe, and his beloved beer, soon became merged, notwithstanding his glorious antecedents, in a "quiet, respectable government *employé*, who toiled at his desk twelve hours a day for eighty pounds a year, and thanked his stars that, in the dread competition, he had drawn such a prize in the lottery of life." *Que voulez-vous?* It would be the same, Sir Archibald submits, in every other country if the means of existence were equally restricted. Cut off the backwoods and California from America; or Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow, *plus* India and Australia, from England, and where, he asks, would be the boasted independence of the Anglo-Saxon character? Evidently, on his showing, nowhere.

Among the more animated descriptions in the narrative portion of this volume, will be found that of the Duchess de Berri's adventures in 1832, of the insurrection in Paris after the funeral of General Lamarque, of the siege of Antwerp, the "monster trial" for treason before the Chamber of Peers in 1835 (rather curiously designated a repetition of the O. P. riots of London, with this difference, that the scene of them was not a theatre but a court of justice—certainly a very theatrical one, as is not unusual in France), the attempt by Fieschi on the life of Louis Philippe, the Strasburg venture of Louis Napoleon, and the bombardment of Beyrout and of Acre under Admirals Stopford and Reform-Club "Charlie." The historian's reflections on the treaty consequent upon this feat of British arms, particularly as bearing on the war with Russia of 1854, are worthy of an attentive reading, and furnish matter for grave speculation as to what may be hereafter.

His own disposition to moody forebodings is well known, and years that bring the philosophic mind—to some people—deepen this tendency rather than otherwise. Thus, in the present volume, he pronounces that man blind indeed who does not perceive in current German literature the heavings of a pent-up fire destined to produce throes and convulsions more earnest, more serious, but not less bloody, than those of the French Revolution. And again, he regards the cession of Antwerp, that "great outwork of Napoleon against England," together with the abandonment of the Flemish barrier in the north, and of Constantinople in the south ("virtually ceded to Russia," by our policy, or want of it, in 1833), as melancholy proofs of "the infatuation which had seized upon the nations in Europe the most boasting of their intelligence;" adding, that they bequeathed "one, probably two, dreadful wars in future times to the British people." Whether we are moved by Sir Archibald's warnings, and feel convinced by his previsions, or no; whether we rate his philosophy at a high figure, or treat it as a negative quantity; at the least we must give him credit for earnestness in endeavouring to arrive at the truth, to enforce it, now by historical example, now by didactic precept,—in short, to realise, in his own way, that ideal of History which has been defined Philosophy teaching by Example.

The notion of reviewing European literature in distinct chapters, as well as of narrating European history, is a mistake on Sir Archibald's

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part. He is not the man for it. Nothing, one could not help believing, after dipping into the chapter on English literature in vol. i., nothing could be worse than that survey of home productions. But the chapter on German authorship in vol. v. beats it hollow in badness. We have not space to dwell on proofs of the writer's incompetency to deal with his large subject. But the reader shall judge, by two instances, how deeply the learned baronet must have studied the celebrities and classics of the *Vaterland*.

He describes Strauss's *Leben Jesu* as the leading work of the "Rational School of divines," the object of which is, he says, to explain away every miraculous event, to solve every dark enigma, to elude every metaphysical difficulty connected with the Christian faith, and to reduce it to a sublime and beneficent system of morality, which reason may embrace without difficulty, and reflection adhere to without regret. Strauss, it seems, is the head, the *facilè princeps*, the representative man, of a school which teaches that "our Saviour was a wise and virtuous man, whose precepts it would be well if the world would follow; but only in a greater degree than Confucius, Socrates, or Plato, illuminated by Divine light. All the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, the Trinity, the Godhead of our Saviour, the Fall of Man, the Redemption, are either denied or passed over with very little consideration, as tending only to immerse the mind in abstract and metaphysical questions, to the neglect of the weightier matters of the law."

We had always taken Strauss's work to be a reaction from the views of the "Rational School"—the myth to be a doctrine "clean contrary" to the naturalism of Semler and Paulus. Can Sir Archibald Alison have really read a page of that Strauss whose aim it was to demolish the entire system of Rational Divinity, whose scheme differs as uncompromisingly from the Naturalists as from the Supranaturalists, from Paulus of Stuttgart as from Paul of Tarsus, but whom Sir Archibald represents as the most able and influential advocate of those Rational divines, who, "without openly disputing the fundamental doctrines of Christianity" (this of Strauss!), profess to "establish them on what is deemed the solid basis of truth and reason"? If the same terms were used in reviewing Miss Martineau's correspondence with Mr. Atkinson, they could hardly be more out of place.

Poor consolation, therefore, can it afford those who are dismayed at the possible tendencies of Strauss's revolutionary doctrine, to be assured, as Sir Archibald Alison undertakes to assure them, that "there does not appear to be any real ground for these apprehensions." Before they can be tranquillised by his opinion on the subject, they will prefer having some slight ground for supposing him to have met with Strauss, and discovered his relation by antagonism to the Rational School. As the case now stands, there is every reason to suspect that the historian's acquaintance with the anti-Christian, anti-naturalist, anti-theist in question, is just about equal to that enjoyed by good Dr. Chalmers, when, being urged by Tholuck to read Strauss—as a mere matter of duty for a Regius Professor of Divinity and "foremost man" in the Scottish kirk—the simple honest doctor exclaimed: "Well, I will read it, I will indeed;" and then wistfully added, "Is it a big book, yon?" Not big enough, evidently, to have cost Alison much time or pains in the reading.

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Again: "Schlegel," writes the Historian of Europe, "has a very high reputation in Germany, and his Philosophy of History is often referred to as containing profound and important views of human affairs." Of course the reader assumes that Frederick Schlegel, the younger of the brothers, is meant; for he, not William, wrote the "Philosophy of History."

But in the same paragraph, and speaking of the same Schlegel, the author of the "Philosophy of History," Sir Archibald goes on to say, that perhaps nowhere in literature, ancient or modern, is to be found a higher perception of the objects of art, a more generous appreciation of genius, than in his *Lectures on the Drama!*

Oh, then, it is William, all the while, that Sir A. Alison is writing about; for William was the Lecturer on the Drama, a fact as well known in England (thanks to Mr. Black) as in Germany.

But no: it is *not* William. For the next sentence tells us that his *Æsthetics* are models of refined feeling and just criticism, however he may have failed in the *Philosophy of History*. Both the *Æsthetics* and the *Philosophy of History* being Frederick's.

Our natural inference at the close of the paragraph was, that Sir Archibald was not aware of the existence of two Schlegels, and attributed to one the productions of both. But a dozen pages farther on, after disposing of Clausewitz, and the Archduke Charles, and Von Ense, and Œhlenschläger, and Jean Paul, and Kant, and Madame Hahn-Hahn, and others, who should turn up but Frederick Schlegel, who is gravely introduced as "brother to the great æsthetic essayist," and duly commended as a "very eminent man." It is a Comedy of Errors, and we are almost left in doubt after all as to "which is which."

This literary chapter abounds with critical parallels, arranged in what *Tony Lumpkin* styles "a concatenation accordingly;" a mode of treatment hugely affected by Sir Archibald. For example: Schiller's "mind was not graphic, like that of Homer; nor profound, like that of Shakspeare; nor tender, like those of Virgil or Racine; but simply heroic." He "had studied human nature; but it was neither in real life, like Goethe, nor on the opera stage, like Metastasio, nor in the dreams of aristocratic republicanism, like Alfieri." Schiller's lyrics are said to "unite the burning thoughts of Gray, the condensed expression of Campbell, to the varied pictures of Collins, the poetic fire of Pindar." Klopstock's lyrics are "not so graphic or varied as those of Goethe, nor so lofty and chivalrous as those of Schiller: they have not the exquisite rural pictures of Uhland, nor the varied earth-wide panorama of Freiligrath." Kotzebue "had neither the heroic soul and ardent spirit of Schiller, nor the exquisite pathos and profound knowledge of mankind which captivate all in Goethe"—"his imagination for the construction of dramas was as prolific as that of Lope de Vega, his subjects as varied as those of Voltaire." The German writers of comedy "have neither the delicate satire of Molière, nor the playful wit of Sheridan, nor the inexhaustible invention of Lope de Vega, nor the ludicrous farce of Goldoni." Freiligrath "is not heart-stirring and sublime like Körner, nor wild and romantic as Bürger." Ruckhärt "is neither profound and pathetic like Goethe, nor noble and chivalrous like Schiller: he is more akin to

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Wieland,"—and again, "he is more akin to Horace than Pindar." Andersen's "animal" stories "have not the deep insight into human nature which distinguishes the somewhat similar fictions of La Fontaine, nor the amusing prattle of Gay," &c. Thorwaldsen "has not the vast imagination and daring genius of Michael Angelo, but neither has he his bizarre and sometimes grotesque conceptions. Not less refined in taste and delicate in execution than Canova, he is more original." Jean Paul's novels "have neither the deep thought of Byron, nor the admirable wit of Cervantes, nor the sagacious insight into the heart, of Scott or Bulwer."

The speed at which the learned baronet writes will readily explain, but hardly excuse, the carelessness which pervades his composition. We have iterations and reiterations of favourite phrases to a palling, not to say an appalling, extent. Of Goethe, Sir Archibald asserts, that, "contrary to what is often observable in men of genius, the most minute scrutiny will not detect, in the whole of his voluminous works, a single repetition of the same idea, or one expression twice repeated." In this particular, Sir Archibald for his part resembles, not Goethe, but the men of genius. Take, for instance, the everlasting recurrence in this volume of the word "Fatherland," which the stage grandfather of maudlin German melodrama could not repeat more frequently, in the senile dotage of his beery patriotism. Thus we are told of the thirty-five years of peace that have "blessed the inhabitants and developed the resources of the Fatherland,"—"the melancholy traces of the 'Thirty Years' War . . . visible on the Fatherland,"—the educational schemes of "the rulers of the Fatherland,"—"the Fatherland exhibiting the pleasing spectacle of unanimity and concord springing out of social happiness,"—Körner reflecting "the feelings which then shook to the centre every heart in the Fatherland,"—the German youth "who had struck for the Fatherland,"—Fatherland railways, *alias* "the spacious network of iron communication which overspreads the Fatherland,"—the Protestant absorption of "the whole genius and intelligence of the Fatherland,"—the "convulsion" which (1848) "was longer of coming on the Fatherland,"—the frequent repetition of Goethe's lyrical stanzas "by the children of the Fatherland,"—Körner, "this remarkable man," was "the Tyrtæus of the Fatherland,"—"Scott, Bulwer, and Madame de Staël, have met with no rival in the Fatherland,"—the philo-Teutonic ways and means of "the Teutonic race, when they settled in the Fatherland,"—the share German literature had in "effecting the deliverance of the Fatherland,"—and the sure destiny of Handel's works, to "continue, like the poems of Homer, to enchant successive generations, and perpetuate, in the most aërial of the fine arts, the glory of the Fatherland." "On a remarqué," says an eminent critic, "que Madame de Staël prodiguait la *vie;* elle-même a remarqué que M. de Guibert, dans son discours de réception à l'Académie, répeta, je ne sais combien de fois, le mot de *gloire;*" adding, that one great poet is perpetually introducing *l'harmonie* and *les flots;* another, *des géants*, &c. Our Scottish Historian has a goodly collection of phrases ever in request. The Fatherland is but a modest unit in the swelling throng.

There is a cluster of phrases, for instance, in constant demand, con-

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nected with the heart of man, the heart-stirring, and the secret springs of the human heart. Thus, Goethe "has struck into the deep recesses of the mind of man"—has worked out that rich mine, "the human heart"—his *Faust* showing "profound knowledge of the human heart," —and *Wilhelm Meister*, &c., "a profound knowledge of the human heart." Schiller "had not the profound knowledge of the human heart as it exists in ordinary men, which strikes us in every page of Goethe." Of Körner "it cannot be said that his pieces have the profound knowledge of the heart, and the secret springs of life, which characterise the works of Goethe." Häklander "has not the profound knowledge of the human heart . . . . which distinguishes the works of" Bulwer.

Then again for the "secret springs." Goethe had a "vast acquaintance with the secret springs of action." The "world-wide celebrity" of his *Faust* is above all owing "to the secret springs of evil which it exhibits." His novels and plays show "a complete acquaintance with the secret springs of evil which are for ever springing up in the breast." His "comedies prove he was as thorough a master of the secret springs of vanity," &c. Körner, was, comparatively, not up to "the secret springs of life." A propos of Schlegel's Philosophy of History, "without entire liberty of thought and action it is vain to expect that the secret springs of events are to be discovered."

Then again for the "heart-stirring." Bürger's "conceptions are often terrific, his language heart-stirring." Körner's was a "lofty and magnanimous soul which stirred the heart of Germany, as with the sound of a trumpet." Freiligrath "is not heart-stirring and sublime like Körner." The Archduke Charles has worthily recorded his "heart-stirring campaign" in 1799. Shakspeare "uttered such heart-stirring sentiments at the court of Queen Elizabeth," &c.

Scotticisms are of course to be met with, but less plentifully than usual. We have "will" for "shall:" *e. g.*, "subsequent writers have extracted much which they have rendered interesting from his [Niebuhr's] pages; but we will search for it in vain in those pages themselves." We have the favourite *at* more frequently than is desirable: *e. g.*, "the Polish emigrants . . . . inspired with the most violent hatred at the monarchical party," &c.; "the general animosity of the other members at M. Thiers;" "he [Thiers] felt throughout a cordial hatred at the *régime* of the Restoration," &c.

Awkwardly, or incompletely, or ambiguously expressed passages there are, enough and to spare. The following is not a model of lucid statement: "Many of its [the National Guard] battalions never made their appearance at all; of those which did come, nearly two-thirds were absent." Nor this of structural elegance: "Had they [Earl Grey and O'Connell] remained united, he is a bold man who should have predicted what would have been the present state of the British Empire." Nor can we read with unalloyed gratification, sentences about the burghers class "taking refuge in the Aspasias of the theatre for relaxation,"—or, speaking of Mozart's music, "the thrilling thoughts, which, emerging, as it were, through the chinks of thought, fill the minds of all who feel this influence with sympathetic rapture,"—or "Chassé, not feeling himself able to implement the terms of the original capitulation," &c.

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More palpable inaccuracies occur in due proportion. In the general literature of Germany "is to be seen the traces of genius chafing against the fetters of conventionalism." The adventures of the Duchesse de Berri "exceed anything that ever figured in romance or described in poetry." M. Trélat is made (*le pauvre homme!*) to say of M. Guernon, before the Chamber of Peers, "I see at the bar he who first placed the tricolor flag on the palace of your ancient sovereign." Nor can we acquiesce with perfect confidence in certain of Sir Archibald's translations from the French and German. Is "the 'Relatives by Affinity'" a true rendering, either in letter or spirit, of the polysyllabic title of Goethe's odious novel? "*La Organisation des Municipalités,*" introduces a new disposition of the article. *Vive les élèves de l'Ecole Polytechnique!*" is worthy of the play-bills which pray "Vivat Regina et Princeps!" Thiers, we are told, "had no associations with *la veille France.*" Barère is made to propound the maxim, "Il *n'a* que les morts qui ne reviennent pas." Some sensitive Gauls will think it almost enough to make Barère *mort* arise and *revenir*, to protest against this perversion of his once lively parts of speech.

We have laid undue stress on slips and slurs of this kind, if we have led the reader to suppose them to assume a prominence in the original volume any way proportionate to that in the present notice. To Sir Archibald himself we need make no humble apologies for the liberties we have taken. He is too impregnably intrenched in historical dignity and self-respect to heed our nibblings. Perhaps the reader will be amused at a passing illustration of the learned baronet's self-appraisal. In chapt. xxxi. he is contending that measures of real utility, though "not unknown in a free community," yet rarely originate either with the Administration or the Legislature, but "are forced upon them, sometimes by the weight of arguments, urged by a few *powerful minds at a distance* from the arena of party conflicts:" and then what should come but a note, quoting largely from one of Sir Archibald's papers in *Blackwood*, in which paper his "powerful mind" had "urged" on the British Government, and "at a distance from the arena of party conflict," certain measures to be adopted in a sound Irish policy, "six weeks before the Government measures were brought forward."* Not that we have the remotest wish to overlook or deny the historian's sagacity. It has, indeed, been approved and confirmed in various ways, by a sometimes disastrous experience; and political antagonists, were they as candid as he is, would own as much, more freely and more frequently than they do.

* Hist. of Europe, vol. v. p. 385 and *note*.

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LUCY'S ADVENTURE.

I DON'T see why I should not tell you Lucy's adventure. We always call it "Lucy's Adventure," or "Lucy's Romance," because it was the only romantic event that ever happened to Lucy. It is many years ago now, as you may suppose, for she was then only eight-and-twenty. We had just got Mary's wedding over, which took place on the expiration of the first year's mourning for our mother. A relative of ours, Mrs. Copp, had come on a visit to us at Seaford, to superintend the preparations for Mary's marriage, and to chaperone us till it was over, as we three sisters lived alone. Aunt Copp called us the girls, though I was turned thirty, and I am sure more steady than she was. She was a widow, about five-and-forty, desperately bustling and active, and much given to interfering in everybody's business. When I incautiously wrote her word how near Mary's union was with Dr. Goring, instead of receiving an answer, saying she was pleased to hear it, and hoped it would prove happy, or something of that sort, who should arrive by the morning mail but Aunt Copp herself, followed, in the course of the day, by a sea-chest, two hair-trunks, and two bandboxes, which had come by another conveyance, the mail having refused to carry them. We were quite petrified at seeing all these trunks, and knew she had made up her mind to a lengthy stay, which was not an agreeable prospect. She had volunteered a visit at the time of mamma's death, remaining three months, and a regular worry she was to us. Not a bit of crape could we begin to hem, but Aunt Copp would fling on her tortoiseshell spectacles, come peering at it, and find some fault. It was not cut straight; or it was begun at the wrong end; or the hem was not broad enough; and she would whisk it out of our hands, draw out the stitches at one pull, and make us begin it according to her own notions. Not a thing could I steal into the kitchen to do, leaving her safe, as I hoped, with Lucy and Mary, but in five minutes she had ferreted me out. I was putting too much stuffing in the duck, and Phœby had overboiled the onions; or—*that* was not enough jam for the rolly-pudding! and she'd have no salt put in the crust, she hated salt! It was especially provoking to me, who pride myself upon being an efficient seamstress and housewife, and Phœby came to my bedroom one day, in desperation, and said if Mrs. Copp stayed, she should go. So, to see her, and all this luggage arrive, a few days before Mary's marriage, flustered us exceedingly.

"Now what do you three girls think of yourselves, not to have sent for me?" she began. "Did you ever hear of a young girl being married from a house, without a matron in it to countenance her?"

The idea had not occurred to us. And I, with my naturally steady character, which a disappointment in early life had helped to render even more sedate, believed I was as good a guide and protector to Mary as any matron could be. I ventured to hint as much.

"Quite false ideas!" called out Aunt Copp, without giving me time to finish. "Never was such a thing heard of, I tell you, as a young lass going out of a house where there was no married woman in it. For my

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part, I question if such a wedding would stand good. Why you would have been the talk of the country round. And Mary such a child!"

"I am twenty, Aunt Copp," interrupted Mary.

"Twenty!" scornfully ejaculated Aunt Copp. "So was I twenty, when I married my poor dead-and-gone sailor-husband, and a precious goose he found me. I was one-and-twenty when my darling boy was born (I had a letter from him last week, girls, and he's made first mate now, through the other one going off with yellow fever; and was beating about in a calm in the Pacific, which gave him time to write), and a precious goose of a mother *he* found me, the innocent baby! So don't boast to me of your twenty years, Mary; go and tell it to the marines. What should three incapable girls know about the management necessary at a wedding? Have you thought to order the cake?"

"Oh yes, we have done that."

"And to get cards printed?"

"And that also."

"And the style of setting-out the breakfast? Have you discussed that?"

"Not yet."

"I thought so," groaned Aunt Copp. "No ship-shape arrangements beforehand, no consultations, no nothing. A pretty muddle you'll be in, when the morning comes! be leaving the dressing of the table to Phœby, or some such carelessness. She'll put the fowls at the side, and the custards round with the glasses, for, of all incapable headpieces, that woman's is the worst. Of course you'll have custards?"

"If you think it necessary, Aunt Copp," I said, "but we do not wish any needless show or expense. Besides the clergyman and his wife, and one or two more friends, there will only be ourselves and Alfred."

"Why you have never gone and sent for Alfred?" snapped Aunt Copp: not that she was really ill-tempered, but she had a way of snapping people.

"Alfred is to marry me, Aunt Copp," interposed Mary.

"Lord help ye, for three thoughtless simpletons—and him for another! A poor fellow, whose living is but a hundred and seventy-five pounds a year, fees included, and his wife sick, and his children coming on as thick as blackberries, to be dragged across the country a hundred miles to marry a child! It will be four pounds out of his pocket!"

"It will not be out of *his* pocket, Aunt Copp," interrupted Lucy, in a nettled tone; "we have taken care of that." But Aunt Copp only grunted for answer. She never would allow that we did anything right.

"And pray, Miss Lucy, is there anything of the sort a-gate for you?" she went on.

"Why, Aunt Copp!" ejaculated Lucy, laughing and blushing. "Of course not."

"I don't see any 'of course,' in the matter. If Hester means to live and die an old maid, it's no reason why you should. I advise you to set about looking out for a suitable husband. Keep your weather-eye open, and——dear me! the very thing!"

This concluding exclamation, in a changed tone of voice, as if Aunt Copp had just recollected something, caused us to look at her.

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"I wish to goodness I knew where he was bound to! But, you see, when I got out, he went on in the mail."

"What is it you are talking of, Aunt Copp?"

"Such a charming gentleman! He was my fellow-passenger. Where he came from I can't tell you, for he was in the mail when I got in. A fine man as you'd wish to see, six foot high, with a full blue eye, and a colour like a red cabbage. He told me he was looking out for a wife, had come out, travelling, to find one, and meant to marry as soon as he had found her. It would be the very thing for Lucy! I declare, if he were within reasonable distance, I'd send my card and ask him to tea. I know I should get him for you, Lucy."

"Really, Aunt Copp, you are growing old and ridiculous," responded Lucy, undecided whether to laugh or be angry.

"Old am I! Ridiculous am I!" bridled Aunt Copp, in a fury; "everybody don't think so. Why, he wanted to try it on with me, I could see he did, a handsome man like him, and not a day more than five or six-and-thirty. He did, Miss Lucy, and you need not begin grinning there. We had the mail to ourselves, or as good, for the fat farmer, who took up the opposite seat, nearly from side to side, was snoring all night. Very polite indeed he was, and very respectful, quite the gentleman in his manners, and would keep on kissing my hand. But I volunteered to tell him I had been married once, which I had found quite enough, and I did not purpose taking another, preferring to remain my own mistress, besides having a dear son, who was chief officer of a splendid two-decker, now becalmed in the Pacific (unless the wind should have got up since), and that I had no love to spare from my boy for the best second husband that could offer. Whereupon my gentleman turned sulky, and gathered himself up in his corner. Old am I! Just put that window up, Mary. I'm hot."

So we had to endure Aunt Copp's company, and make the best of it. But before Mary's wedding morning arrived, and her handsome young bridegroom came and took her away, our managing aunt had tried our patience severely.

Very dull we felt, the day after the wedding, Friday. Aunt Copp was setting things to rights in the house, and worrying Phœby in the kitchen, but I and Lucy seemed not to know what to do with ourselves. Alfred had left us early in the morning, so as to get home before Saturday. When dinner was over, Lucy proposed a walk.

"Let us go and look at the haymaking," acquiesced Aunt Copp. "The smell of it, coming in here at the windows, puts me in mind of my young days, when I tumbled over the haycocks with the best of them."

Accordingly we went into the hayfield; one rented by the rector, Mr. Williams. He was there, with his wife and little boys, at work in his shirt sleeves. "That's right, young ladies," he called out, when he saw us; "come and scatter the hay about: the more it's opened to the sun, the better, this hot afternoon. A pleasant, rural scene this, ma'am"—to Aunt Copp.

"Yes, sir. I was telling the girls that the smell made me believe myself young again. I have not been in the way of it much, Mr. Williams, since I settled in life: what with living in seaport towns, where

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one's nose meets with nothing but tar and pitch, and going voyages with my husband, where one is shut up in a close ship, and never sees a field for months, or scents anything but salt brine. There, Hester!"

Aunt Copp, with her great strong arms, had seized hold of a whole haycock, and dashed it on me. That was the commencement of the sport. We laughed, and screamed, and smothered each other in hay, Mrs. Williams and Lucy being foremost in the fray.

After two hours' fun, we were leaving the field, tired, heated, and thirsty, saying we would return after tea, when Aunt Copp, who had rushed up to a haycock, some few of which were left intact near the entrance, intending to favour me and Lucy with a parting salute from behind, gave a great scream, which caused us both to look round.

Well done, Aunt Copp! Instead of securing the mound of hay, her arms had got entangled round the neck of a gentleman, who had stretched himself to recline on the off-side of it, and had fallen into a doze.

"Good Heavens above!" ejaculated Aunt Copp. "I beg your pardon, sir. I thought I was laying hold of nothing but the haycock."

"No offence, ma'am. I wish you'd put your arms there again. Ah, my dear regretted fellow-traveller, what, is it you! How *do* you find yourself by this time? I have been up and down the country ever since. I forgot, you must know, the name of the place where you stopped, so I thought I'd take all the stopping places of the mail, one by one, which I did, and came here, in rotation, this afternoon, intending to pay my respects to you. What two delightful ladies!"

"They are my nieces," returned Aunt Copp. "Miss Halliwell, and Miss Lucy Halliwell."

"And I am Captain Kerleton—if you will allow me to introduce myself; formerly serving with my regiment in India, but the duty did not agree with me, and I sold out. Would this little spot be a pleasant part of the country to stop in, for a week or two, think you?"

"Very," cried Aunt Copp, impressively. "And the Seaford Arms is an excellent inn."

"Then I'm off for it. Which is the road?"

"There," replied aunt, pointing in the direction of the village, "about five minutes' walk. But won't you step in with us, and take a cup of tea? It will refresh you, this hot afternoon. Our house is close by. Girls," she added, seizing a minute to whisper to us, as we were walking home, for the stranger eagerly accepted the invitation, "this is the gentleman I told you of, the one in the mail, you know, who wants a wife. So look out, Lucy."

Lucy felt annoyed, and naturally. She was a most retiring-minded girl, and had a genuine horror of thrusting herself forward to attract the notice of gentlemen. Neither was I pleased. For it seemed to me not right of Aunt Copp to ask him to our house in that unceremonious manner. What did she know of Captain Kerleton? He might be an adventurer, a swindler, for all she could tell to the contrary. As it turned out, he *was* a gentleman, of good family and fortune, but no thanks to the prudence of Aunt Copp. The fact was, Aunt Copp had been connected with seafaring people so long, that she had imbibed a touch of their free-and-easy notions, and had become almost as open-hearted in her manners as her deceased husband, the late merchant-captain.

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Captain Kerleton took up his quarters at the Seaford Arms, and a gay time of it ensued. The whole neighbourhood undertook to patronise him, especially the houses which contained grown-up daughters, for his fortune, really a good one, report had magnified to one three times aslarge. Picnic parties, evening parties, haymaking parties followed close upon each other, some of which owned Aunt Copp for the projector: take it for all in all, I don't remember that our quiet village had ever been so gay. Captain Kerleton did his utmost to render himself agreeable: would run his head off to fetch and carry, at any lady's whim; dance himself lame, and sing himself hoarse; and, when once he *was* set on to dance and sing, there was no stopping him. On the whole, I liked his manners, and the Seaford Arms gave a pleasant account of his quiet, gentlemanly habits, but there was one trick of his which was a very strange one—that of *staring*. He would sometimes be seized with one of these staring fits, and then he would sit in his chair, and look somebody straight in the face for a quarter of an hour together, and never once move his eyes. Sometimes it would be Aunt Copp, sometimes me, sometimes Lucy, and sometimes others: I think it was all the same to the captain. Once it was Phœby. He had gone into the kitchen to ask her to brush his coat, which, in walking up to our house, had accidentally acquired some dust, and there he sat himself down, and stared at Phœby, till the girl got so confused that she sidled out of the kitchen and left him to it, bolting herself in the backhouse.

One morning we were seated at the open window of our front parlour, busy over some shirts and bands for Alfred (for his poor wife had enough to do with her children and her household cares, without thinking of new shirts and bands for the parson), and conversing, sadly enough, of the future prospects of myself and sister, which were anything but distinct, when some scarlet object came looming up the road in the distance. Lucy saw it first, and we all looked up, through the closed Venetian blinds. The sun shone, hot and bright, and the scarlet was intermingled with something that glittered like gold, and dazzled the sight.

"Goodness heart alive!" exclaimed Aunt Copp, after a puzzled gaze through her spectacles, "if it isn't Captain Kerleton in his regimentals!"

We had never seen the captain in his regimentals, and a very imposing sight it was. He detected us at the window, and walked straight up to it.

"Good morning, ladies," he said, putting his face close to the blind. "Is not this a blazing day?"

"Something else looks blazing, I think, captain," cried Aunt Copp. "We did not know you."

"You mean me in my regimentals, I suppose," returned the captain; "they came down last night. I should have had them before, but the servants at home made a mistake and sent my brother's. He is in Scotland—gone to look after his property—or it would not have happened. What are you working at so attentively, Miss Lucy?"

"I am stitching a wristband, Captain Kerleton."

"Not for me, Miss Lucy?"

"No," laughed Lucy, "for my brother."

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"Perhaps the time may come, Miss Lucy, when you will stitch mine."

Aunt Copp gave a significant cough, and Lucy, after a surprised glance upwards, blushed deeply, and went on fast with her stitching.

"Will you walk in, captain?" said Mrs. Copp. "You will find the front door open."

"Not this morning," replied the captain. "I only came to bring this—if you'll please to open the blind."

Aunt Copp drew open the half of the Venetian blind, and the captain thrust in a small parcel, tied up in white paper, turning short away as soon as Aunt Copp had got it in her hands. There was no direction, and she turned it about in uncertainty.

"Captain Kerleton," she called after him, "what's this for? Is it to be opened?"

"Opened! Of course," answered the captain, whirling his head round to speak, his legs striding away all the while, "I did not bring it for anything else."

What on earth should be in this parcel but a green and gold book, and a small, beautifully enamelled lady's watch, in a case. We opened the book, full of curiosity. "Advice to Young Ladies about to enter into Housekeeping. By a Clergyman's Wife." And on the fly-leaf was written, "For the future Mrs. Kerleton, with respectful regards." On the paper enclosing the watch was written "Miss Lucy."

"Well, if ever I saw such a start as this!" uttered Aunt Copp, while Lucy's face turned of an indignant red.

"It is shameful, Aunt Copp! It is quite indecent of you! You have been saying something to him about me. I am sure of it!"

"I declare to goodness I have not," fired Aunt Copp. "This offer of marriage—for it's nothing less—has come from his own free will, and from no talking of mine. Shan't we have a nice time of it, getting her wedding things ready, Hester?"

"Aunt Copp, I always thought you were an idiot, and now I know it," retorted Lucy, struggling between tears and rage. "Offer of marriage, indeed! If it *is* an offer of marriage, you may take it to yourself. Hester, just pack the watch back again to the Seaford Arms; send Phœby with it. Thank goodness, my name was not on the book, so Aunt Copp can do as she chooses with that—keep it for herself, and tell him so."

Lucy's tirade was cut short, for the blind was again pushed partly open, and a scarlet wrist came in.

"I beg your pardon," cried the captain's voice, "I forgot this." Aunt Copp involuntarily stretched forth her hand, and received another packet, similar to the one which had contained the watch, the captain darting off as before, at the military pace of a forced march.

"Miss Lucy Halliwell," read aunt again, through her spectacles.

"I won't have it! call him back! throw it after him!" exclaimed Lucy. But Aunt Copp told her she knew better what she was about, and opened it.

A pretty gold chain, and the key of the watch.

"Well, my dear," said Aunt Copp, "you are in luck."

"Luck!" irascibly uttered Lucy. "The man's a fool."

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"I know who is a greater," rejoined Aunt Copp, laughing and looking at Lucy.

"Hester," exclaimed Lucy, "I appeal to you. Is it right—is it in accordance with good manners, his poking these things in at the window? Ought they not to be sent back instantly?"

"It is in accordance with good-nature, Lucy," I replied; "and to forward them back, in haste, as you suggest, would be returning insult for kindness. When he next calls, let Aunt Copp give him the presents, and civilly inform him that you cannot accept them."

"I wish you may get me to do it," cried Aunt Copp. "'There is a tide in the affairs of man,' and Lucy has now got hers."

So the task fell to me. And when the captain called that afternoon (still in his regimentals), I went to him alone. But before I had well entered upon the subject, Captain Kerleton interrupted me, and made Lucy a very handsome offer. I was at a nonplus: not knowing, now the affair came to be put on this regular footing, whether Lucy would have him or not. I went into the next room.

"Have him? of course," cried Aunt Copp.

"Have him? of course not," repeated Lucy.

"Niece Lucy, the matter is serious now, and you must not be childish over it. What is your objection?"

"I don't know enough of him," urged Lucy. "Consider, Aunt Copp, it is not a fortnight since we first set eyes on him. The idea of promising to marry a man after a fortnight's acquaintance!"

"You need not marry him, off-hand—or promise to. You can tell him you wish to see a little more of him before deciding: that will be neither accepting nor rejecting, and give you both time to improve your acquaintance with each other. *I'll* manage it."

Before we could prevent her, she dashed out of the room, and joined the captain, whom we could hear whistling, as he leaned from the window. What she said to him neither I nor Lucy knew, but she presently reappeared with the captain in her wake; and the latter, in the most ridiculous manner, fell on his regimental marrow-bones (as Aunt Copp expressed it afterwards) and began kissing Lucy's hand.

When we could get him off his knees and his heroics, which I thought was never going to be accomplished, I and Aunt Copp endeavoured to convince him how the case stood: that he was not to look upon Lucy as engaged to him, but that she was willing to meet him, as an acquaintance, till they had seen more of each other. Oh yes, yes, he agreed to everything, too glad to do it, except to taking back the presents. He grew excited when it was named, and said that we should never mention it again, unless we wished to cut him to the throat. Whether he unintentionally substituted that word for heart, or whether he really contemplated making an illegitimate use of his shaving razors, in case his presents were rejected, we did not clearly comprehend. "Never mind the presents, Lucy," cried Aunt Copp, "don't offend him: it will be time enough to send them back if you finally reject him."

So Captain Kerleton stayed on, at the Seaford Arms, and Aunt Copp stayed on with us, for she argued that to leave Lucy at such a critical period would not be "ship-shape." It came to be rumoured all about the village that the captain and Lucy were engaged, and some congratu-

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lated her, in spite of her denial, and some were envious. The captain had bought favour on all sides. When anybody gave a party, there would appear dishes of the choicest fruit, the offering of the captain, and baskets of fish were perpetually arriving everywhere, with the captain's card: he kept the younger ladies in gloves and bouquets, and once, when a concert was to be given in the village, for the benefit of the poor music-master, the captain bought up all the tickets, and treated everybody. Twice he scattered silver by the handful amongst the field labourers, and the village was in an uproar for days afterwards, to the wrath of the farmers and edification of the beer-shops. Nothing came amiss to the captain's purse; whatever he saw, he bought up and distributed, from parcels of new books to litters of sucking-pigs. As to Lucy, the things that arrived for her were just as incongruous. One morning there was a knock at the door, and upon Phœby's answering it, an air cushion was delivered to her; an hour afterwards there came another knock, and this proved to be the milliner's girl, bearing a flaming rose-coloured bonnet and feathers. Aunt Copp thought these two articles must be meant for her, not being particularly suitable to Lucy: however, they were put by with the rest of the articles. As to remonstrating with Captain Kerleton, we had long given that over as a bad job, and had no resource but to take the things in. Many of them came from town, without address to send them back to, and we did not choose to raise a scandal, by despatching them to the captain's apartments at the inn.

But things could not go on like this for ever, and Lucy felt that she must accept or reject him. The captain felt so too, and came up one day, and told Lucy, in our presence, that he had been lying on tenter-hooks all night (and for several previous nights besides), and *would* she marry him.

"I'll make her so happy," said the captain, appealing to Aunt Copp, for Lucy escaped from the room; "she shall have what she likes, and go where she likes. Would she like to see China?"

Aunt Copp thought not. It was too far. She had once, herself, been in the Chinese seas, and was glad, to her heart, to get into British ones again.

"Oh. Because distance is no object to me," explained the captain.

"I think, Captain Kerleton, that Lucy would wish to see a little of your family," I suggested.

"There's not a soul of it left, but me and my brother," answered the captain. "When he comes back from Scotland, I'll take Lucy up to see him, if she likes: which would be a good opportunity for her to get anything in London she may want for the wedding."

He evidently spoke in no bad faith. He did make simple remarks now and then, like one might expect to hear from a child.

"That's not the fashion in our part of the country, captain," said Aunt Copp, snapping him up. "Young ladies don't go on journeys with gentlemen, before they are married to them."

"But that is exactly what I want," returned the captain. "I have been ready to marry her, all along. It was Miss Lucy who would not. Will she marry me to-morrow?"

"Goodness, captain," remonstrated Aunt Copp. "With no house,

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and no establishment, and no anything! The neighbours would think us all out of our senses together."

"Well, the long and the short of it is this, if Miss Lucy will not have me, I shall go and find somebody else that will," cried the captain, turning sulky—an occasional failing of his. "And I'll go by the mail to-night, if she does not give me an answer to-day."

Lucy gave him his answer—and accepted him. "But, Hester," she said to me, "I do not care much for him." And I don't think she did.

"I am not hotly in love, you know," she went on, laughing, "like you were with somebody once upon a time. I don't fancy it is in my constitution: or else our friend the captain has failed to call it forth."

It was decided that, before fixing on any place for a residence, Captain Kerleton and Lucy should travel a little, after their marriage, taking Paris first. Lucy wished to live near me, and I thought of settling in London—as Lucy would have done also, had this marriage not intervened. The captain was perfectly agreeable to anything: would stop in the neighbourhood of Seaford, or live in London, or be a fixture in Paris, or steam it over to China. Everything that Lucy or Aunt Copp suggested, he fell in with. He seemed to think more about personal trifles. "Would you like me to go through the ceremony in my regimentals, Miss Lucy, or in plain clothes?" he inquired. "Such—let us say—as a blue coat, white waistcoat, and black——these things," slapping his knee. "What is your advice?"

It was a very home question, especially before us, and Lucy blushed excessively. "Perhaps Aunt Copp can tell?" she stammered.

"Oh, as to those trifles, it's not a bit of consequence," irreverently answered Aunt Copp. "When you two have once got your wedding over, you will know what nonsense it was to have made any fuss about it—as we old married stagers can tell you. Captain, of course you will have your brother down, to be groomsman?"

"No, I won't," replied the captain, bluntly. "He is the most interfering fellow going, always meddling and thwarting. You don't know the scrapes he has got me into, through his interference."

"But your own brother, Captain Kerleton," urged Aunt Copp. "It would be so very unfilial."

"Shouldn't care if he was my own mother," doggedly retorted the captain. "He is not coming down to my wedding."

But Aunt Copp was of a different opinion. And what should she do, unknown to everybody, but despatch the following note to Major Kerleton, the captain's brother, at his town-house:

"Dear Sir,—As we are soon to be near connexions, I make no apology for addressing you. Captain Kerleton being about to marry my niece, Miss Lucy Halliwell, I think it only seemly and right, that you, as the captain's elder brother and nearest relative, should be present to give your support and countenance to the ceremony. It will not take place for three weeks or a month, and we are only now beginning the preparations, but I write thus early to give an opportunity of my letter being forwarded to you in Scotland, where we hear you are staying.

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If you oblige me with a line in reply, stating that you accord us the favour of your company, I will write again and let you know when the day is fixed. Remaining, dear sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"REBECCA COPP.

"Major Kerleton."

And Aunt Copp hugged herself in secret over what she had done, and told nobody.

Meanwhile we began to be actively engaged, getting Lucy ready for her wedding. One morning we were in the midst of work, Miss Bowen the dressmaker, who had come to us for the day, cutting out and contriving bodies, while we made skirts, when we saw Captain Kerleton approaching the house. So Lucy told Phœby to say we were engaged, but would see him in the afternoon.

But the captain insisted on seeing Lucy, assuring Phœby he had something very particular to communicate to her. So Lucy was obliged to go to him.

The captain wanted Lucy to go for a walk—with, of course, me or Aunt Copp; for she was not in the habit of walking out alone with him. Which was the "particular communication" he had to make.

"It is out of my power this morning," said Lucy to him. "We have some work about, which we cannot quit."

"Leave them to do it," advised the captain; "you come for a walk. Come by yourself: never mind what that old Aunt Copp says."

"They cannot do without me," replied Lucy. "The dressmaker is cutting out my morning dresses, and she wants me frequently to try them on."

"Put it off till to-morrow," urged the captain. "Work can be done one day as well as another. See what a splendid morning it is."

"Miss Bowen will not be here to-morrow," rejoined Lucy. "Indeed, I cannot leave them now."

"But I want you to come," persisted Captain Kerleton, somewhat (Lucy said subsequently) after the fractious manner of a spoiled child. "You must come. You'll never go and set up your rubbish of work in opposition to my wishes, Miss Lucy?"

"Do not put it in that light," said Lucy, gently. "My dresses must be tried on, you know, or they cannot be made, and if I went out they would be all at a stand-still. I shall be most happy to go with you later in the day."

"Then you *won't* grant me this simple favour?"

"I *can't*," returned Lucy. And out rushed the captain, dashing-to the front door, and stamping away across the road.

In the evening he came again. We were at tea, taking it in the work-room, for convenience' sake, when Phœby entered and said the captain wanted to speak with me. "Not Miss Lucy," Phœby repeated, "you, miss." I went in. Captain Kerleton was sitting in the easy-chair, and looked very red and excited.

"Do you know how she behaved to me this morning?" he began, without preface or ceremony.

"Who?" I asked.

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"She. Miss Lucy. I asked her, as the greatest favour, to go for a little walk with me, and she told me to my face that she would not."

"She really could not, Captain Kerleton," I answered; "I have no doubt she would have liked to do so. You must not fancy she acted from any caprice: Lucy is not capable of it."

"She told me there was some trash of sewing going on, and she had to stop in for it."

"It was the case."

"Well," returned the captain, speaking in that dogged, obstinate manner which now and then came over him, "I look upon it in this light. When a young lady, who has promised to be your wife, makes an excuse that she can't go out with you, it is equivalent to saying she wants to break matters off. That is how I have taken it."

"Break——what?" I rejoined, staring at the captain with all my eyes, and feeling myself turn into a cold perspiration.

"Why I conclude that Miss Lucy wished to make known, in a roundabout way, that she was tired of me. And I have acted upon it."

"Dear Captain Kerleton," I said, "you are entirely mistaken. I can assure you Lucy is perfectly faithful to you. The work she had to stay in for, was in preparation for her marriage."

"Well, it's too late now," cried the captain, with redoubled obstinacy, "for I think I know somebody who would suit me better."

I sat opposite to him, glued to my chair, unable to utter a word, and wondering whether he had taken leave of his senses. He, however, was not glued to his, for he suddenly rose from it, and dropped down on his knees, close to me.

"My dear Miss Hester, it's you, and nobody else. I do think you the most charming, amiable creature, and I have transferred my affection from Miss Lucy to you. Will you have me?"

I never was so taken aback in my life, and a suspicion did cross me, in earnest, that Lucy's refusal in the morning must have sent the captain's brains to flight. He would neither get up nor let me, having taken forcible possession of my hands. While we were in this ridiculous position, who should come bustling into the room, with the sugar-basin, but Aunt Copp.

"Why what on earth——Hester! what's the matter?"

The captain took a step away from me, on his knees, and addressed himself to Aunt Copp, affording me opportunity to rise up.

"Miss Lucy has cut me, ma'am. That is, she acted—purposely—so as to make me cut her; and my affections are now fixed on Miss Hester. I was on the point of praying her to name her own day for our union, when you interrupted us."

"Good patience deliver us!" uttered Aunt Copp, her mouth opening with astonishment, and stopping so. "Whatever is all this?"

I could not speak for laughing then, the whole thing struck me as so supremely absurd. There knelt Captain Kerleton in the everlasting regimentals, his hands thrown theatrically out towards aunt, and his face twisted into a die-away expression towards me, while Aunt Copp stood arrested in the middle of the room, one hand supporting the sugar-basin, and the other the silver tongs, her face being turned to petrifaction, and her eyes rolling from one to the other of us in a sort of horror.

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"Niece Hester, what *is* this? I insist upon knowing."

"I think Captain Kerleton meant to play off a little joke with me, Aunt Copp," I answered. "Lucy, it seems, offended him this morning; but they will make it all right again."

"But, by Heaven, it is no joke, Miss Hester!" interrupted the captain, springing up. "I mean it as real earnest."

"Then allow me, Captain Kerleton, to assure you that I shall never treat it but as a joke, now and always," I impressively whispered. "And pray let neither of us recur to it again even in thought."

"Then you won't have me? You mean to insinuate that?" he reiterated, aloud, pulling a face as long as my arm.

"I would not have you, Captain Kerleton, if you were worth your weight in gold. So let the joke pass away: and we had better say nothing about it to Lucy."

"Highty-tighty," cried Aunt Copp, recovering from her petrification, and coming forward, "but you can't do these things, captain. Shake off one sister, at pleasure, and take up with another! I see what it is: you have been getting-up your temper, because Lucy crossed you this morning. So now you must get it down again. We were just going out to take a walk, and the best thing you can do is to go with us. Why, you would be as bad as a sailor."

"A sailor?" sullenly repeated the captain.

"Yes, sir, a sailor. They have sweethearts by the dozen, in each port, and that's well known. Many's the wrangle I have had with my boy about that: he vowing, by all that was blue, that *he* had not, and I knowing he had. Don't tell me. But you can't have two in a house, captain. So sit yourself down there, and get cool, while we put our things on."

He went out with Aunt Copp and Lucy. I remained at home, and was truly uncomfortable, deliberating whether I ought not to tell Lucy what had taken place. For, if the thing was not a joke (as I kept trying to persuade myself, though the more I tried, the more incomprehensible a joke it grew), was a man capable of these violent changes and fits of temper one to whom we ought to entrust Lucy?

"You have not been far," I said, when they came in.

"Captain Kerleton was in his sulks, and would not talk, so I steered Lucy back again," cried Aunt Copp.

"I think his feelings were hurt, when I said I could not go out with him this morning," unsuspiciously remarked Lucy.

"Feelings be keelhauled!" ejaculated Aunt Copp, in irritation. "It's temper, not feelings. Take care you don't give way to it when he is your husband, Lucy. Put it down at first, and you'll keep it down. Nothing *I* should like better than to have the curing of his flights and his sulks. I'd tame him in a week."

The next day dawned, and we all rose as usual, little thinking what it was to bring forth. For how many a one has a day risen in bright happiness, to close in sorrow, dark as the darkest night! It was not strictly sorrow, however, that came to us, rather mortification.

Lucy went out to spend the day with some friends, who had invited her for a farewell visit, previous to her marriage; and after dinner I and Aunt Copp were seated at work, when the latter spoke:

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"Well, I think I must have made a kaleidoscope of my spectacles, for he *is* ever changing; now it is him, now it isn't! Hester, *is* that the captain, or not?"

I followed the direction of Aunt Copp's eyes, which were fixed on a gentleman who was advancing up the opposite road. "Yes—no—yes," was my contradictory reply. "I declare, Aunt Copp, I am not sure. One minute it looks like him, and the next it does not. If it is the captain, he has discarded his regimentals." It was not Captain Kerleton, but one who bore a striking resemblance to him.

"I know!" exclaimed Aunt Copp, with awakened interest. "It is his brother. I wrote for him."

"You, Aunt Copp!"

"Yes, to come to the wedding. But I told him to wait for a second letter. He is come too soon."

Phœby brought in a card, "Major Kerleton," and ushered in the major after it, a cordial-mannered man. He proceeded to tell us his business, and I thought Aunt Copp would have fallen through her chair with vexation; for it was she who had been the means of introducing the captain to Seaford, and—worse still—to Lucy.

All that we had observed as strange in the captain's conduct was now accounted for. *Captain Kerleton was a lunatic.* Some years previously, when in India, he had met with an accident, which caused concussion of the brain, and had never entirely recovered his intellects. At that time the captain was engaged to a young lady, to whom he was much attached, but the match was then broken off, and this seemed to have left some impression on his mind which it had been unable to get rid of. He came home, and had since lived with his brother, and years had brought so much improvement to him that he would pass muster in society, without suspicion, as he had done with us: the only point on which his intellects were still completely at sea, was a propensity to make offers of marriage. "I have had no end of trouble with him on this score," said the major to us; "for if he has made a fool of one lady, in the last eight years, he has of fifty. Of course, when I am on the spot, I whisper a word, and matters are soon rectified; but, once or twice, when he has taken advantage of my absence from home, to start off, as he did this time, there has been more difficulty to get them straight. It is five years ago this summer," continued the major, lowering his voice, "that he found his way into Yorkshire. I was taken ill—seriously ill—on my journey, and was absent longer than I had ever been. By George! when I came back, and proceeded to hunt up Richard, I found him a married man."

"A married man!" uttered Aunt Copp.

"He had gammoned some young lady into marrying him: a very nice sort of girl she was, too; of respectable family. But they were poor, thought they had got a catch in Dick, and hurried on the match."

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Aunt Copp. "Is she alive?"

"To be sure she is. She——"

"Why then the captain's a married man now!" screamed aunt, unceremoniously interrupting Major Kerleton.

"Neither more nor less," returned the major. "When his young wife, poor thing, found out Dick's infirmity, she refused to remain with

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him—and quite right of her, too, I think. She has lived since then on the Continent, with a married sister; Dick—or, at least, I, for him—allowing her a yearly income."

"But what a wicked man he must be, to attempt to marry my niece when he has got a wife living!" remonstrated Aunt Copp.

"Not wicked," interposed the major. "Upon this point Richard is *insane;* the doctors say incurably so. He would marry twenty wives, if he could get the opportunity, and never know that he was doing wrong."

"A regular Bluebeard. He ought to be tried for bigamy," grunted Aunt Copp. "But it has been a blessed escape for Lucy."

"It has indeed. Not but that I am sincerely grieved he should ever have been brought in contact with your niece, for this *exposé* cannot be a pleasant one for her. He left home, it seems, the very day I did, and must have lost no time."

"He ought to be confined," said Aunt Copp, rubbing her nose in mortification.

"He is so sane on other points, that to confine him would be scarcely justifiable," explained the major. "But I shall learn a lesson by this last vagary, and if I have to leave him again, will take care to place a watch over him."

"Other points," repeated aunt; "I don't know about that. He seems to have unlimited command of money."

"Not unlimited. His fortune is a large one, and he has command over a portion of it."

"Perhaps you'll walk this road, sir," said aunt, leading the way upstairs to our spare room. The major followed her, no doubt wonderingly, and I followed him. "There!" she said, exhibiting the curious lot of presents Lucy had received, "perhaps you can tell me what is to be done with all these, Major Kerleton. The captain sent them here, and we could not stop him."

Major Kerleton laughed heartily. "Poor Dick!" he said, "this is another of his tricks. He gives away all before him."

"He has supplied the parish here," was Aunt Copp's rejoinder. "What is to be done with these?"

"Whatever you please. If there are any worth keeping, pray retain them. The rest dispose of, any way—throw them away if they are no better worth."

"Several of the articles are of value. The watch and chain especially, and some rings. But, sir," and Aunt Copp drew herself up to her full height, "my niece will not allow herself to keep them, or anything else."

"I hope and trust she will," warmly returned the major. "I shall pray Miss Lucy to accept them *from me.* Ah, my dear ladies," he continued, taking a hand of each of us, "I only wish it was in my power to make any reparation to her for the annoyance which my unfortunate brother has brought upon her and you, but there is none that can be made."

"Not any," responded Aunt Copp, with stony rigidity. "The sooner he is out of Seaford, the more agreeable for all parties."

So thought Major Kerleton. He took the poor madman back to London with him, and thus ended Lucy's romance.

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ABOUT THE ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS.

VII.—Charles Lamb.

A winsome creature was Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle." His it was to enjoy, in the words of Landor,*

> The love of friends, without a single foe;
> Unequalled lot below!

He was, and is, all the dearer for his whims and humours. "I am made up of queer points," he says in one of his inimitable letters, "and I want so many answering needles"—his purpose being to declare his disrelish for your *totus teres atque rotundus* man of the world, and his quick sympathy with people who had some crook in their composition, some screw loose in their psychological framework, who were in a "fix," political or religious, or under a cloud, often of their own compelling. "Common natures do not suffice me. Good people, as they are called, won't serve; I want individuals." Individuality was fairly enough represented in his list of friends, which included some queer specimens of eccentric humanity—for he ever stood with open arms to welcome those who elsewhere were reckoned, and treated as, birds of ill omen—though, such was their variety, that, to the welcome he accorded them, it could hardly be said, "birds of a feather flocked together." Mingle, mingle as you may, was the order of the day—or the night rather, at those cheery homely *Noctes* of his, the unconstraint and glee of which remind us of Pliny the Younger's words: "You may sup, it is true, with more elegance in many places; but nowhere with more gaiety, mirth, and honest freedom."† Lamb's great "failing," it has been said, connects him, "unfortunately for mankind," with the poet race. It is one which mankind (predisposed *nil humani alienum à se putare*) is not

* Who once only met *Elia* face to face; but that once sufficed to produce this earnest tribute:

> "Once, and once only, have I seen thy face,
> Elia! once only has thy tripping tongue
> Run o'er my breast, yet never has been left
> Impression on it stronger or more sweet.
> Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,
> What wisdom in thy levity, what truth
> In every utterance of that purest soul!
> Few are the spirits of the glorified
> I'd spring to earlier at the gate of heaven."

† Pliny's Epistles: To Septr. Clarus (book i.).

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extreme to mark with brand or ban—when conjoined, as in his case who wrote, with trembling hand, the Confessions of a Drunkard, with qualities so engaging, so rare, in many respects so noble. It is a case in which, if we must withhold our admiring reverence, we cannot withhold our instinctive love; "for we cannot choose but love all human capacities in themselves attractive—themselves heavenly gifts; and yet we cannot look without pity and censure upon sin; and self-indulgence in the poet, whether in the grossest form of sensuality, or in the lesser one of intemperance, is not to be excused and smiled away, because passion is strong, or sensation vivid." But this man, constitutionally sensitive and irritable, and habitually a sufferer from self-incurred ills,—his biographer has affectingly told us how, when the dismal emergencies which chequered his life arose, he, this nervous, shattered wreck, "so slight of frame that he looked only fit for the most placid fortune," nerved himself with heroic resolve, heroic action, and more—heroic endurance, to meet and master calamity, and behaved with "as much promptitude and vigour as if he had never penned a stanza nor taken a glass too much, or was strung with herculean sinews." It may well be asked, if the annals of self-sacrifice can show anything in human action and endurance more lovely than the self-devotion of his character exhibits, in the watch and ward he kept over his sister—the Mary Lamb of his home and heart, the cousin Bridget of his Essays. "L'humoriste Lamb," says M. Philarète Chasles, "veillait avec une solicitude adorable sur Brigitte [*sic*] sa sœur, pauvre folle qui avait frappé sa mère d'un coup de couteau et l'avait tuée dans son délire."* Nothing can be more touching than that little incident of Charles Lloyd meeting them, the brother and sister, slowly pacing together a little footpath in Hoxton fields, both weeping bitterly, and "taking their solemn way to the accustomed Asylum."† The coming event cast its Shadow before—its dark, drear, dreadful cloud; and well might they fear, well might they weep, as they entered into that cloud.

> They sat sad together,
> Solacing their despondency with tears
> Of such affection and unbroken faith
> As temper life's worst bitterness.‡

If Charles Lamb broke more than one or two apostolic precepts, there was one he obeyed to the letter: Let brotherly love continue.

* "L'Angleterre au XIX^e^ siècle."

† For "Miss Lamb experienced, and full well understood premonitory symptoms of the attack, in restlessness, low fever, and the inability to sleep; and, as gently as possible, prepared her brother for the duty he must soon perform; and thus, unless he could stave off the terrible separation till Sunday, obliged him to ask leave of absence from the office as if for a day's pleasure—a bitter mockery!"—*Final Memorials*, chap. ix.

‡ Shelley: "The Cenci," Act III. Sc. 1.

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In this literal obedience we may almost say none but himself can be his parallel.

Some there have been to sneer at Lamb's occupation "at the desk and on the high stool." Only conceive Goethe, it has been suggested, with that lofty forehead and stately form bending over a ledger; or the wizard Coleridge, with those dreamy eyes, deep in calculation of the price of stocks. A happier and better man even Coleridge might have been, had circumstances constrained him to some definite daily employment; happier and better he must have been, had he possessed that practical plodding sense of duty which, for many long years, impelled and enabled Charles Lamb to fulfil his most ungenial taskwork. "Thirty-three years of slavery," he called them, when their tale was told. Irksome at times, almost beyond sufferance, became the tyranny of ledger, desk, and high* stool. One is reminded of the appeal to "Peter" in the Canterbury Tales:

* A propos of "high stool," Mr. de Quincey's narrative of his first interview with Lamb contains an amusingly told though "very, very little incident." The then Oxford Student, on inquiring for Lamb at the India House, was shown into a room "in which was a very lofty writing-desk, separated by a still higher railing from that part of the floor on which the profane—the laity, like myself—were allowed to approach the *clerus*, or clerkly rulers of the room," of whom some half-dozen were there perched aloft, quill-driving with might and main. Walking into one of the two open doorways of the railing, the visitor (to resume his own words) "stood closely by the side of him who occupied the first place within the little aisle," touched his arm, and inquired (pointing to the superscription on Wordsworth's letter of introduction) for Mr. Charles Lamb. "The gentleman smiled; it was a smile not to be forgotten. This was Lamb. And here occurred a *very, very* little incident—one of those which pass so fugitively that they are gone and hurrying away into Lethe almost before your attention can have arrested them; but it was an incident which, to me, who happened to notice it, served to express the courtesy and delicate consideration of Lamb's manners. The seat upon which he sat was a very high one; so absurdly high, by the way, that I can imagine no possible use or sense in such an altitude, unless it were to restrain the occupant from playing truant at the fire, by opposing Alpine difficulties to his descent. Whatever might be the original purpose of this aspiring seat, one serious dilemma arose from it, and this it was which gave the occasion to Lamb's act of courtesy. . . . . The act of descending from his throne, a very elaborate process, with steps and stages analogous to those on horseback—of slipping your right foot out of the stirrup, throwing your leg over the crupper, &c.—was, to all intents and purposes, the same thing as dismounting from a great elephant of a horse. Therefore it both was, and was felt to be by Lamb, supremely ridiculous. On the other hand, to have sat still and stately upon this aërial station, to have bowed condescendingly from this altitude, would have been—not ludicrous indeed; performed by a very superb person, and supported by a very superb bow, it might have been vastly fine, and even terrifying to many young gentlemen under sixteen: but it would have had an air of ungentlemanly assumption. Between these extremes, therefore, Lamb had to choose; between appearing ridiculous himself for a moment, by going through a ridiculous evolution, which no man could execute with grace; or, on the other hand, appearing lofty and assuming, in a degree which his truly humble nature (for he was the humblest of men in the pretensions

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How longe tyme wol ye reken and cast
Your sommes, and your boks, and your thinges?
The devel have part of alle such rekenynges.*

Or of the laureate's picnicing Francis, who thus moralises, *inter alia*, over (also *inter alia*) a dusky loaf that smells of home, and a pasty costly made of quail and pigeon, lark and leveret, "like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks imbedded and injellied"—

Oh! who would cast and balance at a desk,
Perch'd like a crow upon a three-legg'd stool,
Till all his juice is dried, and all his joints
Are full of chalk?†

"Here I am, then," writes Elia the Superannuated Man to Wordsworth, in 1825, "after thirty-three years' slavery, sitting in my own room at eleven o'clock this finest of all April mornings, a freed man, with 441*l.* a year for the remainder of my life." A warp of sadness crosses the woof of gladness. It is more evident in a following sentence: "I came home FOR EVER on Tuesday in last week." Painfully so in another: "Now, when all is holyday, there are no holydays." From the date of his *mittimus* his spirits fell. And the more he ventured on the charms of retirement and seclusion, the gloomier he became. Even the suburbs of the Great City sufficed not for this thoroughbred *Urban*—not, however, of the *Sylvanus* lineage.

Dulcius urbe quid est? asks Tibullus. Carlagnulus asks the same thing, in other words, a hundred times over. He seems to have been of the same mind in this article of faith with Madame de Staël, who, it has been observed, though born in the midst of the most magnificent scenery, thought, like Dr. Johnson, that there was no scene equal to the high tide of human existence in the heart of a populous city: "Give me," she cried, when her guests were in ecstasies with the Lake of Geneva and its enchanted shores, "give me the *Rue du Bac!* give me to live in Paris, though in a fourth story, and on a hundred louis a year."‡ To her too sensitive

which he put forward for himself) must have shrunk from with horror. Nobody who knew Lamb can doubt how the problem was solved: he began to dismount instantly; and, as it happened that the very first *round* of his descent obliged him to turn his back upon me as if for a sudden purpose of flight, he had an excuse for laughing, which he did heartily—saying, at the same time, something to this effect, that I must not judge from first appearances; that he should revolve upon me; that he was not going to fly; and other facetiæ, which challenged a general laugh from the clerical brotherhood."—*Autobiography of an English Opium-eater* ("Recollections of Chas. Lamb:" Part I.).

* Chaucer: "The Schipmanne's Tale."

† Tennyson: "Audley Court."

‡ Similarly it has been remarked of Madame Geoffrin, by one of her biographers, that "elle était d'avis 'qu'il n'y a pas de meilleur air que celui de Paris,' et, en quelque lieu qu'elle eût pu être, elle aurait préféré son ruisseau de la rue Saint-Honoré, comme Madame de Staël regrettait celui de la rue du Bac."

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nostrils, *l'agriculture sentait le fumier*. Lamb affected more contempt for rustic life than he felt: it was one of his whims to pretend a complacent compassion for country people, in the spirit of the citizen's wife in the play, who says, "Ay, poor souls, I was amongst 'em once."* Partly affected, however, as this disdain might be at one period of his life, he was but too really and painfully ill at ease when, in life's decline, he sought seclusion, and found too much of it, in a quiet retreat at Enfield. It was the old story of Villicus:

> Tu mediastinus tacitâ prece rura petebas:
> Nunc Urbem et ludos et balnea villicus optas,†

partly to be explained by the mere law of reaction, *Rure ego viventem, tu dicis in Urbe beatum*. Very little experience of Enfield tranquillity sufficed to determine, with peremptory decision, the intensity of Lamb's envy for citizen, his horror of pagan, life:

> Solos felices viventes clamat in Urbe.‡

Had he made one at the *Convivium Religiosum* of Erasmus, he would have battled stoutly on the side of Timotheus§ against Eusebius and rural felicity and all that. He had not a great deal in common with Horace Walpole, but probably he could have hugged him for writing to Sir Horace Mann: "Were I physician, I would prescribe nothing but *recipe, CCCLXV drachm. Londin.*"‖ Born,

* 1*st Cit. Wife*. Lord, how fine the fields be! What sweet living 'tis in the country!

2*nd Cit. Wife*. Ay, poor souls, God help 'em, they live as contentedly as one of us.

1*st Cit. Wife*. My husband's cousin would have had me gone into the country last year. Wert thou ever there?

2*nd Cit. Wife*. Ay, poor souls, I was amongst 'em once.

1*st Cit. Wife*. And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?

2*nd Cit. Wife*. Very good people, God help 'em. [Adding, however, when pressed to go there,] Alas, 'tis no place for us.

1*st Cit. Wife*. Why, prithee?

2*nd Cit. Wife*. Why, you can have nothing there; there's nobody cries brooms. [How this argument would have told on Charles, with his ear for London cries!]

1*st Cit. Wife*. No?

2*nd Cit. Wife*. No, truly, nor milk?

1*st Cit. Wife*. Nor milk, how do they?

2*nd Cit. Wife*. They are fain to milk themselves in the country, &c., &c.—*A King and No King*.

† Horat. Epistol., I. xiv. 14, 15.

‡ Horat. Sermon, i. 1.

§ *Euseb*. Cum omnia nunc vernent et rideant in agris, demiror esse, qui fumosis urbibus delectentur.

Ti. Non omnes capiuntur aspectû florum, aut pratorum vernantium, aut fontium amniumve; aut, si capiuntur, est aliud quod magis juvet," &c. Erasm. *Colloqu. Famil.*

‖ Walpole's Letters, vol. i. p. 309. (Ed. 1846.)

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as he tells us, under the shadow of St. Dunstan's steeple, just where the conflux of the eastern and western inhabitants of this twofold city meet and justle in friendly opposition at Temple-bar, he ascribes to this being born, as it were, in a crowd, the entire affection which possessed him for city life, "amounting to an almost insurmountable aversion from solitude and rural scenes." Which aversion, he adds, was never interrupted or suspended, except during his temporary enthralment by a "fair-haired maid:" every man, while the passion is upon him, being for a time at least addicted to groves and meadows and purling streams. "For my own part," he goes on to aver, "now the fit is past, I have no hesitation in declaring, that a mob of happy faces crowding up at the pit door of Drury-lane Theatre, just at the hour of six, gives me ten thousand sincerer pleasures than I could ever receive from all the flocks of silly sheep that ever whitened the plains of Arcadia or Epsom Downs."*

He loved to express himself "strongly," in this fashion—careless whether people of "Imperfect Sympathies" took it all literally or not; rather pleased indeed if they did, for the passion for mystifying and hoaxing was at all times hot within him. His manner of talking was enough to perplex most of those who approached him for the first, and some for the hundred and first, time. Talfourd refers to the "wild contrasts of expression which sometimes startled strangers." But he adds that no one acquainted with Lamb's story will wonder at the eccentric wildness of his mirth—his violent changes from the serious to the farcical. "His whim, however, almost always bordered upon wisdom." His sallies remind us of what Madame Roland said of the *boutades* of a most un-Lamb-like contemporary—*elles font, chose très-rare, rire et penser tout à la fois*. Leigh Hunt talks of "those humours of tragical fancy with which he [Lamb] refreshed his ultra-humanity." Hazlitt said: "His jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play upon words." Thus talking, matter-of-fact people knew not what to make of him. And thus writing (for he wrote as he talked; the man and the writer were in him not distinct and discrepant), there are thousands who, as they read, know not what to make of him to this hour. For he is by no means the writer to "take" with the million. To become a universal favourite he must forfeit his most distinguishing and exceptional traits. *Et voici pourquoi.*

A seeming paradox, but a paradox in no bad sense, is propounded by Mr. de Quincey in his assertion, that in every literature of large compass some authors will be found to rest much of the interest which surrounds them on their essential *non*-popularity: that, in fact, such authors interest because to the world they are *not* inte-

* Letters in the *Reflector*. ("The Londoner.")

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resting; that they attract by means of their repulsion. He points out how the world has an instinct for recognising its own, and recoils from certain qualities when exemplified in books, with the same disgust or defective sympathy as would have governed it in real life—turning away its face, for instance, from qualities of child-like simplicity, of shy profundity, or of inspired self-communion, towards grosser, bolder, more determined, or more intelligible expressions of character and intellect—and doing this equally in literature, as in life. "Charles Lamb, if any ever *was*, is amongst the class here contemplated; he, if any ever *has*, ranks amongst writers whose works are destined to be for ever unpopular, and yet for ever interesting; interesting, moreover, by means of those very qualities which guarantee their non-popularity"—simply because the same qualities which will be found forbidding to the worldly and the thoughtless, and insipid to many even amongst robust and powerful minds, are exactly those which will continue to command a select audience in every generation.

Thus, the essays of *Elia* traverse a "peculiar field of observation sequestered from general interest;" and are composed in a "spirit too delicate and unobtrusive to catch the ear of the noisy crowd, clamouring for strong sensations." In this quality, however, lies the charm they present to the fit audience though few—in this "retiring delicacy," in the "pensiveness chequered by gleams of the fanciful, and the humour that is touched with cross-lights of pathos," together with the "picturesque quaintness of the objects described," and the "constant recurrence to ancient recollection and to decaying forms of household life, as things retiring before the tumult of new and revolutionary generations." There must be sympathy with the personality of such a writer, ere his writings can be found to interest—sympathy with his idiosyncrasy, with his peculiarities, with the differentiating mark of his personal Ego. And who, like Charles Lamb, reveals himself to us, as the phrase goes, out and out? If Elia is a mask, the Essays are no disguise. They are himself in print, not revised and corrected for publication; not trimmed, and smoothed down, and pared away. In a sense, he wears his heart upon his sleeve; and, of course, daws *have pecked* at it, and will again.

In that quaint piece of genial self-portraiture and dainty-sweet melancholy, the essay called "New Year's Eve," how characteristically he declares his attachment to things below, and owns his love of "this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets." A new state of being, he confesses, fairly staggers him: his household gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood; they do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. "Sun and sky," he asks, humorously, yet wistfully, tearfully, "and breeze,

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and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candlelight, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?" He wants to know if a ghost can laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him? and whether we must part from our midnight darlings—books. "Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by the familiar process of reading?" He is like Hawthorne's vision-seer in the Hall of Fantasy, who remonstrates against the advent fate of "the poor old Earth," chiefly regretting in her destruction that very *earthliness* which no other sphere or state of existence can renew or compensate: the fragrance of flowers and of new-mown hay; the genial warmth of sunshine, and the beauty of a sunset among clouds; the comfort and cheerful glow of the fireside; the deliciousness of fruits and of all good cheer; the magnificence of mountains, and seas, and cataracts, and the softer charm of rural scenery; even the fast-falling snow, and the grey atmosphere through which it descends—all which, and innumerable other enjoyable things of earth, must perish with her: add, too, the country frolics; the homely humour; the broad open-mouthed roar of laughter, in which body and soul conjoin so heartily. "I fear," says Hawthorne's speaker, "that no other world can show us anything just like this. As for purely moral enjoyments, the good will find them in every state of being. But where the material and the moral exist together, what is to happen then? And then our mute four-footed friends, and the winged songsters of the wood! Might it not be lawful to regret them, even in the hallowed groves of Paradise?"* No sympathy had poor *αυτοχθων* Elia, of the earth earthy, with those who professed an indifference to life; who "hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow." In no such aspect did ever Death visit *him*, in his meditations all sicklied o'er by its pale cast of thought.

> Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
> Because I wish'd this world's eternity,†

says one of Shakspeare's female characters; and the saying expresses Elia's "secret dread and inward horror" of the great change, and his utter incapacity to go along with Shakspeare's duke in his condemned-cell speech, beginning "Reason thus with Life."‡ His soul shrank back upon itself, and startled at—mutation. "Some have wooed death," he says—"but out upon thee, I say, thou foul

* Mosses from an old Manse. † King Henry VI. Part II.
‡ Measure for Measure.

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ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to sixscore thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as an universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and confounded *Positive!*" Such confessions are not to be read without pain. But it is confessions of this sort, unique in matter and manner, that give such value and interest to our intercourse with the writer. In the affecting letter of expostulation which Elia wrote to Southey, on the occasion of their misunderstanding (for *that* is the word: what but misunderstanding each other could separate, for a little season, two such men?) in 1823, he remarked, that the contemplation of a Spiritual World, which, without the addition of a misgiving conscience, is enough to shake some natures to their foundation, is smoothly got over by others, who can float over the black billows, in their little boat of No-Distrust, as unconcernedly as over a summer sea. The difference, he holds, is chiefly constitutional. "The shapings of our heavens are the modifications of our constitutions; and Mr. Feeble Mind, or Mr. Great Heart, is born in every one of us." No Mr. Great Heart was he, armed *cap-à-pee*, moving

——right on, with calm eternal eye,

through the dusky defiles, and amid the eerie sounds, of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. To the same Southey he had written eight years before: "God help me when I come to put off these snug relations, and to get abroad into the world to come! I shall be like the *crow on the sand*, as Wordsworth has it; but I won't think on it; no need I hope yet." Lamb's affectionate biographer —in many things so like-minded with himself—has impressively said, in words that bear seriously on this earth-clinging tenacity, that small associations make death terrible, because we know, that parting with this life, we part from their company; whereas great thoughts make death less fearful, because we feel that they will be our companions in all worlds, and link our future to our present being in all ages.

And thus, throughout the series of Essays, we never seem to lose sight of the Man that wrote them. He is their *qui semper, qui ubique, qui in omnibus*. Quill-driving in the South Sea House, keeping holiday at Oxford in the long vacation, putting on record Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist, playing the fool with a will on All Fools' Day, discussing "My Relations," conjuring up his Dream-Children, describing Mackery End, reviving his First Play, his memories of Christ's Hospital, and the Old Benchers of the Inner Temple, and the Old Margate Hoy,—reciting the Praise of Chimney-Sweepers, complaining of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis, disserting on the origin and merits of Roast Pig,

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making a clean breast of the Confessions of a Drunkard,—in all these, and more, his very self survives to us; we have him not, and yet we see him still.

As a literary critic, he was, within a certain limited and peculiar sphere, within what by a solecism may be called an eccentric circle, one

> Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
> To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
> The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.*

Gifted with exquisite taste, within that defined range, "par là, sans théories savantes, il prend une grande place parmi nos critiques." His remarks on the character of *Lear*, in the essay on Garrick and Acting, have been called the noblest criticism ever written. How he relished, appreciated, and brought out the points and beauties of the old dramatists, his "Specimens" memorably and with no uncertain voice declare. But the critic was ill at ease if you took him out of his microcosm of cherished books. If you had urged him to leave his Burtons, and Brownes, and Fletchers, and Margaret of Newcastle, and suchlike *old* familiar faces, bidding him to take "to-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new," we can fancy him at first moodily repeating *Macbeth's* "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," and then abruptly dismissing you and your overtures with the (in this case cheery) thought that "to-morrow" never comes. He loved to revive from the dust some dead and buried literary crotchet-weaver, some effete and unpromising scribe, whom he was pretty sure to have all to himself (and loved the more on that account), some faded modern-antique,

> Dead, though, and done with, this many a year—
> Let's have a colloquy, something to quote,
> Make the world prick up its ear.†

As a reader, he hated to travel in a crowd. He left the highways for the by-ways, the beaten route for the waste places of literature. In the words of Tibullus, *Pomaque non notis legit ab arboribus*. He could not "get up" a passion for Byron; he could not desert Fielding for Walter Scott; Shelley was "icy-cold" to him; the only contemporary prose he could enjoy, and this in large measure for personal reasons, was William Hazlitt's. When they talked of their Schillers and Goethes and stuff, he behaved much as Sir Joshua did when bored with Correggio, barring the snuff-box and the ear-trumpet.

> No German nonsense sways my English heart,

said the doughty Matthias;‡ and Lamb was equally proof against

* Pope: Essay on Criticism. † Robert Browning: Men and Women.
‡ Pursuits of Literature. Dial. IV.

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Teutonic principalities and powers. "I thoroughly agree with you," he writes in 1823, to Mr. W. H. Ainsworth, "as to the German *Faust*, as far as I can do justice to it from an English translation. 'Tis a disagreeable, canting tale of seduction, which has nothing to do with the spirit of Faustus—Curiosity." But, as we have said, give Elia a congenial theme to discourse upon, a book within his pale of comprehension and after his own heart—and *then*, out of the abundance of that heart his mouth spake things, how wise, how true, how loving, how subtle and penetrating, and even creative! The true point of view, as a Quarterly Reviewer says, Lamb always seized with unerring precision, and this led him, with equal success, to detect the real centre, whether a character or an event, round which the orb of the drama he was criticising revolved. "Hence he was one of the most original of critics, and threw more and newer light upon the genuine meaning of some of the great masterpieces of the theatre than any other man; and yet we do not remember a single instance in which any of his positions have been gainsaid." [Had the critic of the *Quarterly* forgotten the quondam editor of the *Quarterly*, William Gifford? But let that pass.] "Like all critics who have a real insight into their subject, Lamb helps you, in a few words, to a principle—a master-key—by which you may work out the details of the investigation yourself. You are not merely amused with a brilliant description of a character or passage, but become a discerning judge in the light of your own perceptions and convictions."* This is high praise, coming too from pages which once (1811) pronounced Lamb's comments on Ford, the "blasphemies of a poor maniac." But it is the praise due to a critic who enters with a "most learned spirit of human dealing," the prerogative of genius alone, into the dramatic being of the characters of the play, and brings out, with an "incomparable accuracy and delicacy of touch," their inter-agencies and contra-distinctions, their "places of contact and mutual repulsion," their objective influence and their individual development; often opening to us in his researches a glimpse beyond the common world's horizon, and snatching a grace beyond the reach of art.

* *Quarterly Review*, 1835.

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THE SPENDTHRIFT.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.*

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

XXVII.

SHOWING HOW MRS. JENYNS TOOK A PEEP INTO MR. FAIRLIE'S STRONG-BOX; AND WHAT SHE GOT BY DOING SO.

Mr. Fairlie was alone in a spacious apartment in Monthermer's magnificent mansion in Dover-street. We call the house Monthermer's—but only by courtesy—for in reality it belonged to the present occupant of the chamber. The room we propose to inspect lay at the back, on the ground-floor, and opened upon a garden, in which there were some fine trees, now of course in full foliage, since it was summer season. Between the lofty windows and the table at which the steward was seated stood a screen, so that he could not be overlooked from without. The trees intercepted the sunshine, and the tall screen further darkened the chamber, and gave it a gloomy air. The furniture, too, was dingy, and the walls—where not occupied with bookcases—were hung with choice pictures, chiefly of the Dutch school. It was, in fact, the library, or study, and had been the favourite retreat of the Honourable Sackville Spencer, the former possessor of the house, who used to pass many hours of each day within it in the society of his beloved authors. All the rest of the mansion had been newly and splendidly furnished by Gage at the time of its purchase, but this room was allowed to remain in its original state to please Fairlie, who made choice of it for his own occupation. Here he passed as many hours daily as the lettered Sackville Spencer had been wont to pass, but in very different studies. Our steward, it will be readily conceived, made but slight acquaintance with the poets, philosophers, and divines, by whom he was surrounded. He had no greater taste for art than for literature. He might sometimes condescend to look at the pictures; but he rarely, if ever, noticed the marble busts on the pedestals, whose cold gaze seemed to regard him as an intruder on their sanctuary. The only books that engrossed him were account-books, while the sole object on the walls that he deemed worthy of attention was a plan of Monthermer's Suffolk property. Whenever he had a few minutes to spare,

* ☞ *The Author of this Tale reserves the right of translation.*

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or sought relaxation from his self-imposed toils, he would get up, and planting himself before this map, would trace out with his finger the boundaries of some particular plot of land, and consider whether any change, beneficial to himself (for he now regarded himself as owner of the estates), could be effected. In fact, he was always making what he considered improvements in the property, without the slightest regard to the wishes or convenience of the tenants; offering in this respect, as in all others, a notable contrast to old Squire Warwick. There was little else worth remarking in the room; but we may just mention, that on the left of the fireplace was a deep closet, the door of which now stood partially open; while beyond the closet, and nearer the garden, was a side door, communicating by a short passage with an adjoining apartment, and forming a private entrance to the library: a means of access never used, except by Fairlie himself, or with his permission. Within reach of the steward, at the moment we have chosen for intruding on his privacy, was a large strong-box, provided with double locks, and secured by broad bands of iron. This mysterious-looking chest was ordinarily deposited for better security in the closet, but had been brought out on that morning, in order to facilitate the examination of certain documents which it contained.

Mr. Fairlie had been occupied with his accounts for more than five hours, verifying entries by reference to vouchers and memorandum-books, and casting up long columns of figures. He had just brought his labours to an end,—apparently to his entire satisfaction, for as he closed the ponderous ledger and fastened its brazen clasps, a triumphant smile played upon his countenance. He then turned round in his chair, unlocked the strong-box, was in the act of placing a bundle of papers within it, when the side door we have alluded to suddenly opened, and admitted Mrs. Jenyns.

The smile on the steward's countenance instantly faded away, and gave place to a very different expression. He did not like to be disturbed, and showed his displeasure.

"What business have you to come in by that way, madam?" he exclaimed, sharply. "You know it's against orders. I must beg you to withdraw. I am particularly engaged at this moment."

The pretty actress, however, paid no attention to what he said, but springing forward, arrested him before he could shut down the lid of the chest.

"I've often longed to see the contents of that strong-box," she cried, "and now I can gratify my curiosity. What's here?" she added, snatching at some parchments, and carrying them off towards the window. "As I live, a mortgage from Gage de Montherner of certain lands and farms in the county of Suffolk to Felix Fairlie for forty thousand pounds! Why, bless me, Fairlie, you don't mean to say you have lent Gage forty thousand pounds?"

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"Never mind what I've lent him. Give me back the deed."

"Not till I've examined it," she continued. "What does this memorandum mean, Fairlie?"

"It means that the mortgage-money not being paid when due, the power of redemption has been cut off. In plain terms, the lands are forfeited to me."

"Very sharp practice on your part, in sooth, Mr. Fairlie. The estates, I conclude, must be worth at least double the sum lent upon them?"

"Possibly so," the steward replied, drily.

"Thrice as much, I dare say, would be nearer the mark. Now I'll be bound, Fairlie, you have gained nearly a hundred thousand pounds by this transaction?"

"Nonsense! madam. How absurdly you talk."

"Not so absurdly, sir. But I haven't done yet. Lud ha' mercy! here's another mortgage on other lands in Suffolk,—including the park and castle!"

"And here again I've been compelled to foreclose, madam—to foreclose—d'ye understand?"

"To act the Jew I suppose you mean. You say you were compelled to take this rigorous course; but I fancy very little compulsion was required. In one way or other, you appear to have got hold of all poor Monthermer's property."

"Poor Monthermer!" the steward echoed, with a sneer. "How long is it since you began to feel compassion for him? You had no scruple in helping to pluck the pigeon. I can count your gains exactly if I choose—but in round numbers I may say that you have lightened Monthermer's purse to the tune of some twenty thousand pounds."

"Well, if I have, it's a mere trifle compared with your gains, Fairlie. Besides, I've lost all my profits at play."

"Whose fault is that, pray? I manage to keep my winnings; and since you desire to know what they are, I'll tell you." So saying, he took her hand, and directed her attention to the plan hanging against the wall.

"Look there, madam," he said. "All you behold upon that map is mine—those domains—that castle—those villages—those farms—those moorlands—those hills—that broad tract stretching from fifteen miles inland to the very verge of the German Ocean—all belong to me!"

"What a large landed proprietor you have contrived to make yourself, Fairlie! But let me ask you, my good sir—and, since nobody is by to hear you except myself, you may answer with sincerity—do you think all this property has been acquired honestly?"

"Just as honestly as if it had been bought in the ordinary way. I have done no more than any one else would have done under like circumstances."

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"Oh, fie! you abominable hypocrite! Why, if you had not played the extortioner with Gage, he would still be as well off as any gentleman in Suffolk. For every thousand pounds lent him you have exacted three. You are a terrible usurer, Fairlie—a perfect Sir Giles Overreach. Pray, are you in funds now?"

"If you mean to inquire whether I hold any stock of money belonging to Gage, I answer 'No.'"

"Then I'm almost afraid it is useless to ask you to cash me this order from him—a mere trifle—a few hundreds?"

"Quite useless. I have closed accounts with Mr. Monthermer, and will make no more advances. I am already on the wrong side. Henceforth, he must raise money where he can, and how he can. He gets no more from me—of that you may rest assured. He must pay his debts,—or go to gaol."

"Go to gaol! You hard-hearted old wretch!"

"I must speak plainly, madam, or you will affect to misunderstand me. Your rich adorer is ruined—absolutely ruined. I recommend you, as a friend, to find another lover—equally wealthy if you can—and equally lavish. Let me relieve you from these deeds."

And, as he spoke, he took the parchments from her, and placed them carefully within the box. While he was thus employed, Mrs. Jenyns crept stealthily behind him, and looked over his shoulder at the contents of the chest—showing by her gestures that she had made some discovery which she fancied of importance. Satisfied with the investigation, she drew back as quietly as she had advanced.

When Fairlie had locked up the chest, he turned to her, and said hastily, "I wait your further commands, madam? Pray be brief. I have told you I am busy."

"Oh! I have not the least desire to prolong the interview. All I want is cash for this order."

"I have already explained to you, most fully, as I conceived, that I cannot pay it. Mr. Monthermer ought not to have given it you. He cannot plead ignorance of his position. For the last few days I have been obliged to discontinue all payments on his account. You may have heard that I yesterday refused him five hundred pounds to pay a debt of honour to Sir Randal de Meschines."

"A very mean trick of you, Fairlie. I hope you heard how nobly Arthur Poynings behaved to him. But come, sir. I must have the money. I won't stir without it."

"You won't, eh?"

"Positively not. Hitherto I have been your accomplice—now I mean to act on my own account. I am sure you don't wish to make me an enemy, Fairlie."

"If I should be so unfortunate—owing to my refusal to comply with your demands—I shall regret it; but it cannot be helped."

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"Indeed you *will* regret it, Fairlie—and with good reason. I can do you a mischief—and I will."

"Poh! poh! I laugh at such silly threats, madam."

"You may laugh now, sir, but you won't laugh when I give Gage some information which I have derived from a peep into your strong-box."

"'Sdeath! what d'ye mean?—what do you fancy you have discovered?"

"Quite enough to make it worth your while to pay me a thousand pounds to hold my tongue."

"Accursed jade! what can she have seen?" Fairlie muttered. "She must have detected something, or she would not assume so bold a front.—Well, madam, we have always been good friends, and I have no desire to break with you. You shall have this thousand pounds. But mind! not in payment of Gage's order."

"As you please about that. Provided I get the money I am content. I thought you would prove reasonable," she added, with a mocking laugh.

Fairlie made no reply, but sat down to write out a memorandum. While the actress signed it, he unlocked a drawer, and taking from it a pile of bank-notes, handed them to her.

"You mustn't trouble me again," he said.

"I make no promises," she replied.

"Mrs. Jenyns," Fairlie remarked, rising, "before we part, let me give you a piece of advice. Believe me, nothing more is to be got from Gage. For your own sake I advise you to leave him at once. Indeed, I am surprised you should stay so long."

"I have no intention of abandoning him at present, Mr. Fairlie. I do not think so badly of his case as you would have me do. He may yet come round."

"Never! His case is hopeless, I tell you," the steward exclaimed, almost fiercely. "If you were inclined to listen to me—but I see you are not," he added, checking himself. "Good day, madam. Do as you please."

"I think I ought to tell you how I intend to employ the money you have given me so obligingly, Mr. Fairlie."

"I care not how you employ it—in some folly—at the gaming-table, no doubt."

"Five hundred pounds will be devoted to the repayment of Mr. Arthur Poynings."

"Zounds! madam. Are you mad?"

"The other five hundred will be used in an experiment which I hope may help to retrieve Gage's fortunes."

"Retrieve them!—pay Arthur Poynings! Give me back the money. You have obtained it under false pretences. You have robbed me."

But with a loud derisive laugh the actress broke from him, and made a rapid exit by the same way she had entered the room.

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XXVIII.

FROM WHICH IT WOULD APPEAR THAT MR. FAIRLIE SOMETIMES PROMISED MORE THAN HE INTENDED TO PERFORM.

MR. FAIRLIE was highly incensed. He paced to and fro for some time, and had scarcely recovered his equanimity, when the door at the lower end of the room was opened, and Pudsey entered to announce Sir Randal de Meschines. The baronet was without and could not be refused. So, though he would willingly have declined to see him, Fairlie put on a gracious aspect, and saluting his unwelcome visitor, offered him a seat.

"Of course you have heard what took place at White's yesterday, Fairlie?" Sir Randal observed, as soon as they were alone. "Since then, I have sent a friend to young Poynings, but he refuses me satisfaction for the insult offered."

"But you won't let him escape?" Fairlie cried.

"Make yourself easy on that score. I will force him into a duel, and then——"

"I see," Fairlie rejoined, with a smile. "Run him through the lungs—eh? Quite right—quite right! I hate the fellow as much as you do. By-the-by, you will be surprised to hear that Mrs. Jenyns is about to repay him the money he lent Gage yesterday."

"Mrs. Jenyns repay him!" the baronet exclaimed, with unaffected astonishment. "I should as soon have expected Gage to pay his debts. What's in the wind now? Has she conceived a sudden caprice for young Poynings? If so, I'll nip the amour in the bud. Plague take her! Peg is like all the rest of her fickle sex." Then suddenly changing his manner, he added, "When is this bubble to burst? Everybody is talking of the occurrence at White's yesterday, and as it is now generally known that Gage cannot pay even a debt of honour, his acquaintance will fight shy of him. You appear not to know what's going on outside the house. The doors are beset by importunate creditors. This state of things cannot last much longer."

"I don't intend it should. If you take the trouble to call here to-morrow, Sir Randal, and inquire for Mr. Monthermer, you will find he has suddenly left town—on urgent business."

"Oh! you mean to speed him off into the country—to Monthermer Castle, eh?"

"He shall never set foot inside the Castle again with my consent; and I don't think his journey is likely to be a long one. His first halt will be at the Fleet, where he will probably remain for a few months."

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried the baronet, laughing at the jest.

"I have planned it all," Fairlie pursued; "his arrest will take place this very day. Of course, I shan't appear in the matter,

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but the acting creditor, Mr. Nibbs, is merely my instrument. As to those clamorous fellows whom you saw outside the house, not one of them will get a farthing. My claims are paramount. They can touch nothing."

"Egad, you are a devilish clever fellow, Fairlie. I have an infinite respect for you. And now, since you are fully in a position to carry out our arrangement respecting your daughter, it is time to bring it before you."

"Nay, Sir Randal, it is premature to touch upon it now. Whatever I may be in reality, I am not yet ostensibly master of the property. Once in possession, I shall be willing to listen to your proposals."

"My proposals! 'Sdeath! sir, I have gone beyond proposals. The affair is settled. I require fulfilment of our compact."

"Fulfilled it shall be in due time, Sir Randal. Why should you doubt me?"

"Because—but no matter—I won't be left in any uncertainty. I must be satisfied your daughter will accept me."

"You will only defeat your object by precipitancy, Sir Randal. I must have time to prepare her. She has been very ill of late—very ill indeed—and I have been so much engaged in winding up Monthermer's affairs that I have had no time to think of anything else—but I will attend to this business immediately."

At this juncture, a seasonable interruption was offered by Pudsey. The butler came to say that Mr. Freke was without, and desired to have a word with Mr. Fairlie.

"Say Mr. Fairlie is engaged, Pudsey," Sir Randal cried.

"Hold, Pudsey!" the steward interposed; "I must see Mr. Freke."

The butler bowed, and retired.

"'Sdeath! this is provoking," Sir Randal cried. "I don't want to meet Freke. I'll leave by the private door, as I've often done before."

"Pray do so, Sir Randal," the steward cried, delighted to get rid of him.

"Have a care how you attempt to play me false, Fairlie!" the baronet cried, proceeding towards the side door as if with the intention of passing out. But perceiving that the steward's back was turned, he opened the door quickly, and as quickly closed it; contriving to slip, unobserved, behind the screen. The next moment Beau Freke was ushered in by Pudsey.

"I dare say you guess my errand, Fairlie?" Beau Freke remarked, as soon as the butler had withdrawn.

"You give me credit for greater penetration than I possess, sir," the steward replied, bowing. "I am not aware to what circumstances I am indebted for the pleasure of seeing you this morning."

"Really—you surprise me. I fancied you would expect me to complete the terms of our arrangement."

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"In my turn, I must express surprise, Mr. Freke. I thought all our arrangements were concluded."

"You affect an astonishment which I am sure you do not feel, Fairlie. But there is no need of circumlocution. I will come to the point at once. My errand refers to your daughter."

"You have heard, then, of her illness, and are come to inquire about her?"

"Her illness! no. I hope it is nothing serious."

"I hope not, also, sir; but I have been very uneasy about her —very uneasy, I assure you."

"She has always looked charming whenever I have had the happiness of beholding her," Beau Freke replied, looking as if he did not place implicit credence in the steward's assertions. After coughing slightly, he added, "I cannot believe that you design to behave unhandsomely to me, Fairlie, though my confidence in you has been somewhat shaken by finding that you have promised your daughter to Sir Randal."

"May I ask from whom you derived your information, sir?"

"From the best authority—Sir Randal himself."

"Sir Randal is the very worst authority you could have, my dear Mr. Freke. He has a motive for deceiving you."

"Then you deny having given him such a promise?"

"Flatly deny it. He has often spoken to me about my daughter, and, being desirous to continue on good terms with him, I have not altogether discouraged him. He has construed some slight expressions of assent on my part into an absolute promise—that is all."

"This alters my view of the matter unquestionably, Fairlie. I can quite understand why you should not wish to quarrel with Sir Randal; and I can also readily understand how his vanity may have led him to believe he would be irresistible with the young lady—but he would never do for her husband."

"Never, my dear Mr. Freke—such a man would never do. Sir Randal is the very last person I should desire for a son-in-law, while you are the first I should select. I assure you I should esteem it a high honour to be connected with a gentleman of your birth and distinction."

Of course not a syllable of these remarks was lost upon Sir Randal as he stood behind the screen, and he had some difficulty in controlling his rage.

"I am much flattered by your good opinion, Fairlie," Beau Freke said; "and I have now no hesitation in asking you to ratify our agreement by at once affiancing me to your daughter."

"I must crave the delay of a few days, my dear Mr. Freke. As soon as Monthermer's affairs are entirely settled I will attend to it; but just at this moment I have more on my hands than I can easily manage; neither do I think the present a favourable

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opportunity so far as my daughter is concerned. She is far too unwell to be troubled just now."

"I don't believe a word about her illness," Beau Freke thought. "The rascal means to throw me over. But I'll tie him down.—No occasion in the world to trouble Miss Fairlie," he added, aloud. "Reduce your promise to writing, and I shall be perfectly content."

"A written promise, Mr. Freke! Won't my word suffice?"

"In such cases it is best to have some evidence of the intentions of the parties. I must have a written undertaking, with a penalty —a heavy penalty—in case of non-performance. You have taught me caution, Fairlie."

Thus driven into a corner, Fairlie scarcely knew what to do, and Sir Randal was considering whether he should step forward and put an end to the scene, when, to the steward's inexpressible relief, Mr. Pudsey again made his appearance, and said that Miss Fairlie had just arrived, and wished to be admitted to her father's presence without delay.

The steward replied that he would see her in a moment, and as Pudsey withdrew, he added, "We will settle this matter some other time, my dear Mr. Freke. You must not meet my daughter. Pass through the private door, sir—there!—you know the way. Quick, sir, quick!—she'll be here before you are gone."

Fairlie fancied he had got rid of his troublesome visitor. But he was mistaken. Beau Freke practised the same manœuvre as Sir Randal, and with equal dexterity and success. But, instead of gliding behind the screen, he slipped into the closet, the door of which, we have said, stood conveniently open. He had scarcely ensconced himself in this hiding-place, when Clare Fairlie entered the room.

XXIX.

HOW CLARE FAIRLIE ENDEAVOURED TO PREVAIL UPON HER FATHER TO PAY GAGE'S DEBTS.

FAIRLIE had not exceeded the truth in declaring that his daughter was unwell; but she was far worse than he supposed. In appearance she was greatly altered since we first beheld her. Her beauty was unimpaired; but it now inspired uneasiness, rather than excited admiration. To look at her, you could not help apprehending that that insidious disease which seeks its victims amongst the fairest and most delicate had begun its work upon her already fragile frame. Her complexion was transparently clear, and tinged with a hectic flush, which heightened the lustre of her large dark eyes. A settled melancholy sat upon her marble brow, and there was an air of lassitude about her that proclaimed extreme debility.

Since their arrival in town, now more than three months ago, Fairlie had seen little of his daughter. He had provided apart-

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ments for her in Jermyn-street, at the house of an elderly lady, Mrs. Lacy, with whom he was acquainted, and she had resided there, during the whole of the time, with only one attendant, Lettice Rougham. Fairlie was so much occupied with Monthermer's affairs—so bent upon bringing his machinations to a successful issue—that he had little leisure for the performance of domestic duties. Clare never came near him, and a week would sometimes elapse between his visits to her. Ever since the occurrence at Bury St. Edmund's, when Clare had meditated flight, and accident only had brought her back, an estrangement had taken place between father and daughter. Fairlie could not altogether forgive her disobedience, and she only consented to remain with him, on condition that she was no longer to be compelled to reside under Monthermer's roof.

Poor Clare's existence was blighted. She had ceased to take interest in almost all that yielded pleasure to persons of her own age; neither mixing in society nor going to any public places of amusement; and avoiding in her walks, as much as possible, all spots to which gay crowds resorted. One friend was constant to her. Lucy Poynings strove to dispel her gloom, and beheld with great anxiety the inroads that secret sorrow was making upon her health. But even Lucy's well-meant efforts failed. In vain did the lively girl essay to tempt the poor sufferer with glowing descriptions of fêtes and reviews, of operas and theatres, of ridottos at Marylebone Gardens, and masquerades at Ranelagh—Clare was not to be moved. She could not even be prevailed to go into the Parks or to the Mall, except at such hours as she knew no one was likely to be there—much to Lettice Rougham's discontent. But we must not misjudge Lettice. The little damsel, though volatile, had a really good heart, and felt the sincerest sympathy for her young mistress. She often shed tears on her account, and declared her belief to Lucy that Miss Clare was dying of a broken heart. And Lucy began to share her apprehensions.

The person who was last to notice the altered state of Clare's health was the very first who ought to have discerned it; and he might have continued still longer unconscious of the change—for Clare made no complaint to him—if Mrs. Lacy had not thought it her duty to communicate her misgivings to him. To do him justice, Fairlie was greatly shocked. He enjoined that every attention should be paid his daughter, and that she should have the best advice. Mrs. Lacy shook her head despondingly, as if she thought this would be of no avail; but she promised compliance, and left him. For several days after this, Fairlie was extremely solicitous about Clare, and paid her frequent visits, but by degrees he became less uneasy, and in the end succeeded in persuading himself that his fears were groundless. Clare was ill, no doubt—but not dangerously so. And he was confirmed in this opinion, because,

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notwithstanding Mrs. Lacy's entreaties, she declined all medical advice. Fairlie's heart was so hardened by covetousness, that it was scarcely susceptible of any tender emotion, and in his blind pursuit of gain he cared not if he sacrificed all that should have been dear to him. Compared with the vast stake for which he was playing, all other matters appeared of minor interest; but when the object he aimed at was obtained, he promised himself to watch over his daughter carefully. Meantime (so he thought), she could take little harm.

From what has been premised, it will be easily imagined that Clare's unexpected visit occasioned her father great surprise, and some little misgiving. Both were silent for a few minutes, during which Fairlie regarded her with natural anxiety. She had evidently collected all her energies for the interview—and the flush on her cheek deceived him. He thought her looking better; and told her so.

"I know not if I am better or worse," she replied, in feeble accents; "but I did not come to speak about my ailments. What I have to say relates to yourself and Gage."

Fairlie's brow darkened, and he appeared disposed to check her.

"Father, I beseech you to listen to me," she pursued. "You have wronged this young man, who was entrusted to your care, and over whose interests it was your duty to watch, grievously wronged him—but it is not too late to remedy the injustice."

The steward shook his head, but made no other reply.

"For the sake of his father, who was your patron, and to whom you owe everything—for the poor misguided young man's own sake, whom you once professed to regard—for my sake, if you have any love left for me—I implore you to save him."

Still Fairlie maintained an obstinate silence.

"Do not turn a deaf ear to all my entreaties. Speak to me, I beg of you."

"What can I say? I can do nothing for him."

"Father," Clare said, with a solemn earnestness, "this is the last request I have to make of you. Discharge Gage's debts. Set him free."

"What monstrous absurdity you talk, girl!" Fairlie cried, angrily. "I pay this prodigal's debts. Stuff and nonsense! What good would it do him if I did? He would be exactly in the same position two months hence. I am sorry you have troubled yourself to come to me, Clare, if this is your sole business. Believe me, Gage deserves no consideration."

"He deserves every consideration on your part, father. I am told he is in danger of arrest. Is this true? You do not deny it. Father, will you stand by quietly and allow the son of your benefactor to be dragged to gaol? Oh! shame! shame!"

And she burst into a paroxysm of tears.

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"The law must take its course. I cannot prevent it," Fairlie said, in an inexorable voice.

"Do you tell me this?" Clare cried, raising her head, and regarding him scornfully.

"Well then, I *won't* prevent it—if you will have the truth."

Clare made an effort, and arose.

"Farewell, father!" she said; "we meet no more in this world."

"Sit down, girl—sit down," Fairlie cried. "I entreat—I command you. It is for you, and you alone, that I have laboured to acquire a fortune. I have no other child—no other object of affection. All will be yours one day. Why should my gains be wasted on a prodigal?"

"Give him back his own. I will have none of it."

"Clare, you drive me mad. Let things take their course. He must have a severe lesson. It may do him good, and perhaps some plan may be devised for aiding him hereafter."

"And meanwhile he is to be thrown into prison by your privity—by your contrivance."

"By my privity—by my contrivance, Clare?"

"Yes, you make yourself a party to the wrong by not preventing it. But I have said my say. Farewell!"

"No, no, girl—we must not part thus."

"I will only remain on your consenting to discharge Gage's debts."

"Well, if I agree to do as you would have me—though against my own inclination—against every dictate of common sense—will you show yourself more tractable in future?"

"In all reasonable matters."

"Ay, but you may consider what I require unreasonable."

"Let me know it, then."

"Will you marry as I would have you do?"

"I have far other thoughts than those of marriage, father.—Have you made choice of a husband for me?"

"Two gentlemen aspire to that happiness—Sir Randal de Meschines and Mr. Freke."

"I would rather be led to the grave than wed either of them."

"Nay, I but said this to try you," Fairlie cried, alarmed by her increasing paleness. "Be assured I will never sacrifice you to a gambler or a rake, and both these gentlemen are such. I have other designs in regard to you."

"Trouble yourself no more about me. Let me go."

And she tottered towards the door, but ere she could reach it her strength utterly failed her, and she sank upon a chair.

"What ails you?" her father cried, springing towards her.

"A sudden faintness," she replied. "It will pass off soon."

Just then there was a noise of hasty footsteps without, and in another instant the door flew open, and Lettice Rougham rushed into the room.

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"Oh, Miss Clare!" Lettice screamed, "it has happened just as we expected. They've arrested him."

"Peace! hold your tongue, hussy!" Fairlie cried. "Don't you see your mistress is ill. Bring something to revive her."

"Here, miss, smell at this bottle. Oh dear! dear! what will become of him? I won't be silent," she said to Fairlie. "Poor Mr. Monthermer is arrested, miss. They're going to take him away."

"Arrested!" Clare cried, looking at her father.

"Yes, miss; and the servants say it's Mr. Fairlie's doing. They all cry shame upon him—and well they may. I cry 'shame,' too. Nay, you may look as angry at me as you please, sir. I ain't a bit afraid."

Clare seemed to regain her strength as suddenly as she had lost it. She arose.

"Give me your arm, Lettice," she cried, "and help me forth. I will set him free."

"You! how will you do it?" Fairlie exclaimed.

"Come with me, and you shall see!" she rejoined.

"I cannot face him," Fairlie said, shrinking back.

"But you must—you shall!" Lettice cried, laying hold of his hand, and dragging him along. "Your presence is necessary."

Fairlie would have resisted, but his daughter's looks compelled him to accompany her.

As soon as the coast was clear, the two eavesdroppers issued from their respective hiding-places, and met face to face. They stared at each other in silence for a few moments; and then both burst into a roar of laughter.

"What! were you there?" Beau Freke asked, pointing towards the back of the screen.

"And were you there?" Sir Randal rejoined, pointing to the closet. "I thought you were gone; but I find you have as much curiosity as myself. Well, we have had listeners' luck. We have heard ourselves called gamblers and rakes; but at the same time we have learnt something it was expedient to know. Fairlie has duped us, and means to cast us off. So far as I am concerned, he shall find this no easy task."

"If he thinks to get rid of me, he'll find himself mistaken. I'll stick to him like a leech."

"Marriage with his daughter is of course out of the question, after what we have heard. But we will find other means of bringing him to book. If he proposes to enjoy his ill-gotten gains in quiet, he must pay us a heavy per-centage as hush-money."

"Exactly," Beau Freke replied, laughing. "He shan't easily get out of our toils, that I promise. But let us see what they are about. A hundred to one he don't pay Gage's debts."

"I take you," Sir Randal replied, as they left the room together.

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THE COURT, ARISTOCRACY, AND DIPLOMACY OF AUSTRIA.*

THE highly important and very interesting "Memoirs of the Court of Austria," now first presented to a British public, are the English version of the corresponding part of the series published by Dr. E. Vehse, under the title of "History of the German Courts since the Reformation." In so far as Austria is concerned, they extend, therefore, from the founder of the Austrian monarchy as an European power, Maximilian I., to the reign of Francis II. Rodolph of Habsburg, the first of the dynasty, had, it is true, laid the foundation of the family estate of the house of Austria; but it was, under Maximilian, by three fortunate marriages, raised to the rank of the first empire of the civilised world.

With Maximilian, the middle ages were buried. He substituted the rule of the law for the old law of arms, and planned a constitution, which, had it been established, would have prevented the schism in the German Church, by a national reform of the existing ecclesiastical abuses. A united Germany might have successfully made head against the Pope, who would as little have denied his assent to the accomplished fact of enacted decrees in this instance, as he did in the case of those of the Council of Basle. "Maximilian's form fades away in the bright evening sun of the expiring poetical middle ages: Charles V. meets our eye, stern and melancholy, in the dawn of a new, matured, and coolly calculating age." The greatest question of the sixteenth century—the Reformation—was looked upon by Maximilian as a mere priest's quarrel: to Charles V. it appeared as a dangerous rebellion; and he opposed the movement of the new religious spirit, against which the Pope had hurled the spiritual thunderbolt of his anathema, with the ban of the empire, and with all the worldly expedients of the new system of polity. Neither Maximilian nor Charles comprehended the true importance of the religious question, or recognised the necessity of placing themselves at the head of the movement, to guide it, and to carry it out in a national German spirit, and for the interest of Germany. Maximilian, in his gay carelessness, underrated its importance: Charles, in his melancholy scruples, overrated it. He saw in the new heresy only the great danger to the ancient political system of the German empire; and on this ground he tried to wage a war of extermination against it. Neither of them was equal to the idea that a new system was to be introduced, a compact unity of Germany, a unity in that form which England alone, of all the states of Europe, has succeeded in establishing. As Napoleon said in 1813, "If Charles V. had placed himself at the head of the Reformation, he would have obtained absolute rule over the whole of Germany."

The end of such a man was in keeping with his life; already, at the battle of Mühlberg, he was a spectre, clad in a full suit of glittering armour, with gilt helmet and cuirass, and adorned with the red gold-striped Burgundian badge; grey from the tortures of the gout, his limbs

* Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria. By Dr. E. Vehse. Two Vols. Longman and Co.

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were as if paralysed, his face pale as death, and his voice scarcely audible. The Protestants had for some time looked upon him as a dead man. "Like a mummy, like a spectre," says Ranke, "he advanced against them." The cloister-life of this vindictive enemy to freedom of conscience has been narrated in the picturesque pages of Mignet. Dr. Vehse's narrative is founded upon the manuscripts of a friar of the convent of Yuste, disinterred from the archives of Brussels by Van der Bronk, and it agrees in all the main particulars with the details given by Stirling and by the French academician.

If Charles was grave, taciturn, sedate, and ailing, his brother and successor, Ferdinand I., was as ardent as the sun of Castile, gay, exceedingly communicative, disdaining neither the pleasures of conviviality nor the relaxation of music and dancing, and enjoying the most robust health. His son, Archduke Ferdinand, of the Tyrol, became famous for his morganatic marriage with Philippina Welser, considered the most beautiful woman of her time. Her skin is said to have been of such transparency, that when she drank red wine the blushing fluid was seen through her delicate neck. A portrait, representing this "fact," is still extant at Nuremberg. The thing is impossible; but Dr. Vehse was so carried away by the rich materials for romance presented by the earlier history of the House of Austria, that he seldom stops to investigate statements with a very critical eye. Speaking, for example, of the death by poison of the brave, ingenious, and agreeable Don John of Austria, he says, "His heart was found quite dried up, and his skin as if singed with fire!"

Maximilian II. was in his youth the "Prince Hal" of his dynasty; yet he was the favourite of Charles V., and the last German emperor who, *as such*, placed himself at the head of an army of the empire, and took the field in person. Unfortunately he was too partial to Hungarian wine, which made him suffer terribly from gout, and having taken an elixir of reported miraculous virtues, he survived its effects only a few days.

Rodolph II., a gloomy, wayward prince, acquired some fame by his antiquarian, alchemical, and magic hobbies. There were always living at his court a number of clock and instrument makers, with whom he used, like Charles V., to work; as also a host of astrologers, who had to draw horoscopes; and he kept up a constant intercourse with alchemists, Rosicrucians, and adepts of every sort, whose ranks comprised not a few impostors, quacks, and needy adventurers. These conjurers undertook to prophesy from magic mirrors or boiling water; they promised to find for the Emperor the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone; and even more than this, they gravely engaged in experiments to produce men, actual human beings, in the crucible, and to resuscitate mummies.

Dr. John Dee, the celebrated English alchemist and necromancer, was one of the most conspicuous characters among this motley crowd. Rodolph at one time had the very highest opinion of Dee. Each looked upon the other as a great magician, and they were not a little afraid of each other. Even a man like Count Khevenhüller fully believed that Rodolph saw in his magic mirror the remote future, and that he was able by means of his magnets to read the most hidden thoughts of persons living at a distance. When, in 1598, Count Adolphus Schwarzenberg had taken Raab from the Turks, and sent Colonel von

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Buchheim to convey the report to the Emperor, the colonel was not a little surprised at finding that his Majesty was already cognisant of it. "The Emperor," Khevenhüller writes, "told him that they had known it by means of an art, taught them by an Englishman, of giving signals at a distance by moonlight with two mirrors and a magnet; and that Schwarzenberg had had a mirror thus prepared, and his Majesty another." Dee returned, in 1509, to London, where Queen Elizabeth gave him a pension. As James I., being a despiser of the "art sublime," stopped the payment of the pittance, Dee prepared to leave his country a second time, when death prevented him. He died at Mortlake, in 1608, at the age of eighty-two.

Edward Kelly, a friend and coadjutor of Dee, was less lucky with Rodolph. The Emperor at first created him a baron of Bohemia; but when afterwards the adept was either unwilling or unable to produce gold, he was, in 1590, by the order of his Imperial patron, imprisoned in a Bohemian castle, where he remained for six years. Queen Elizabeth, at the entreaties of Dee, interceded for him, but in vain. At last Kelly tried to gain his liberty by his own efforts, lowering himself from the castle by a rope; but he broke his leg in the attempt, and soon after died of the consequences of the fall.

Two Italians, who during the last half of the sixteenth century were the astonishment of the whole of Europe—Marco Bragadino and Hieronymus Scotto—lived at Rodolph's court in great style. The first made gold, and was accompanied by two black bulldogs, to show his power over spirits. His deceptions having been found out, he died in the Bavarian capital, on the gallows, in 1590. The second was also an alchemist, and a base intriguer. Rodolph never married, because Tycho de Brahe had declared from an horoscope drawn for him that danger was threatening him from his nearest relation, his own son.

The latter part of Rodolph's life was what might be expected from the gloomy superstitious turn of his mind. He became, in fact, little better than a madman.

Halley's comet, which made its appearance in 1607, strengthened his fear of murderous designs from his family, which the awful meteor seemed to him quite unmistakably to prognosticate. In vain the learned and sensible Keppler tried to turn him from these apprehensions. His mistrust grew to such a height, that he listened to all the slanderous gossip and denunciations of his lowest menials. He went so far as to cause all those who approached him to be searched whether they had any arms concealed about their persons. Even his numerous mistresses had to submit to this regulation. Fear made him seclude himself in his castle at Prague. His bedroom was like a fortified place. He would often jump out of bed, and order the governor of the palace to search, in the middle of the night, every nook and corner of the Imperial residence. Precautions were taken everywhere against the possibility of a surprise. Whilst attending mass, which he now only did on the highest festivals, he sat in a high, covered pew, the front of which was very closely latticed. For greater security during his promenades, he had long and spacious passages built on purpose, with narrow sloping apertures like loopholes, through which he need not fear to be shot at. These passages led to his magnificent stables, where he liked to be, and where, consequently, he passed much of his time. There he used to meet his mistresses; and there he kept his special pets, a number of the most splendid horses; but only for the pleasure of looking at them, as from fear for his life he never ventured out on horseback.

And again, after relating the embassy of Robert Shirley, the Englishman, from the Shah of Persia, Dr. Vehse adds,

Whoever wished to secure an interview with Rodolph,—even ambassadors

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and persons of exalted rank,—had to disguise themselves as grooms, as an audience could only be obtained of him in his magnificent stables. But even here it was dangerous to approach the eccentric violent sovereign. Eva, the daughter of George Popel of Lobkowitz, who in 1594 had fallen into disgrace, had, by means of a bribe, been admitted to that singular audience-hall, to entreat for the life and liberty of her father; when fortunately an honest groom kept her back, telling her that she would not be the first lady applying to his Majesty on affairs of importance, and falling there in the stable a victim to the lust of the royal madman.

That terrible war of religion, known as the Thirty Years' War, began with Matthias, the successor of Rodolph II. in the Imperial dignity. He was a debilitated, gouty, dissipated prince. Superstitions were still rife with Romanist Germany. Matthias expired, as prophesied by Keppler, by seven Ms, drawn for the year 1619: *M*agnus *M*onarcha *M*undi *M*edio *M*ense *M*artio *M*orietur. Inauspicious omens also happened at the coronation of Ferdinand. The tower where the crown of St. Stephen of Hungary was kept having been struck by lightning, a link of the diadem got loose at the coronation, and the belt of the royal sword broke.

The rulers of the first Habsburg dynasty, from Maximilian I. down to Matthias—not even excepting Maximilian II., the best of the old line—had been given to all the excesses of illegitimate amours. With the new Styrian dynasty that came in with Ferdinand II., debauchery having debilitated the stock, its usual consequence, devoteeism, made itself manifest. Ferdinand was surrounded exclusively with ecclesiastics and women, who held sole possession of his ear and heart! Once he went out against the Turks, but the mere approach of a troop of Spahis caused him to beat a hasty retreat. The war forced upon the Imperial devotee by the Papist "chain of nobles" against the Protestant "chain of nobles," and which was ultimately decided by Wallenstein and Tilly crushing, arms in hand, the sympathies which Germany had shown for the cause of the Austrians and Bohemians, began under Ferdinand II., and lasted during the whole of the eighteen years of his reign.

The battle of the White Mountain was followed by what Vehse calls "the bloody day of judgment in the Altstadt Ring of Prague," the terrible 21st of June, 1621. Twenty-four lords were beheaded, and three hanged. The property of 728 nobles was confiscated; whilst 185 noble houses, besides many thousand families of commoners and citizens, left their country for ever.

A new *condottiere* now arose, after the pattern of Mansfeld, who not only offered to carry on war on a grand scale, and to make it self-supporting, but also to establish the absolute sovereignty of the Emperor. This was no other than Wallenstein. He became in the second period of the war what Tilly had been in the first.

From early childhood the lofty and grasping spirit, as well as the harshness and stubbornness of Wallenstein's character, manifested themselves. One day when his mother chastised him, a boy of not more than seven years, he called out, "I wish I were a prince, that I might not be flogged!" At that tender age already, whilst playing at soldiers with other children of his age, he always chose for himself the part of general, and was fond of being waited upon like a grand lord. When his uncle, Adam von Waldstein, once rebuked him for it, remarking, "Well, cousin, you give yourself the airs of a prince!" the boy gave

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the ready answer, "That which is not may one day be." There were many anecdotes current about Wallenstein's haughty, ambitious spirit. Thus, it was said, that at the school of Goldberg he had once dreamed that teachers and pupils, and even the trees had made obeisance to him; for which his preceptor Fechner had ridiculed him. At the University of Altdorf, he had been once condemned to the black-hole; and as that place, newly-built, was to be named after its first inmate, Wallenstein had pushed his poodle in before him, on which the black-hole had ever after been called Poodle. And another time, when he was a page at the court of the Margrave of Burgau, the son of Ferdinand of Tyrol and the beautiful Philippina Welser, he had once in his ambitious day-dreams fallen from a window in the third story of the castle of Innsbruck, and escaped as by a miracle.

Wallenstein was born to be "a prince in war." He displayed the greatest splendour and magnificence. He connived at all the excesses of his soldiers, under the sole condition of having the strictest discipline kept up on service. His camp was the most joyous and gay that a soldier could have wished. He allowed a train of servants, camp-followers, and waggoners, as also women, of whom there are said to have been fifteen thousand in the camp of Nuremberg; but he allowed no priest. On the other hand, the severity of his punishments was as excessive as the liberality of his rewards. Cowardice was inexorably punished by death; at the least breach of discipline, the general, whose word was in lieu of a sentence of a court-martial, briefly gave the order, "Let the brute be hanged!"

Even the appearance of the general struck the beholder with reverence and awe. A tall, thin, proud figure, with sallow countenance and stern features; a lofty, commanding forehead, with short bristling black hair; small, black, fiery and piercing eyes; dark, mistrustful looks; his chin and lips covered with a pointed beard and thick moustachios, the ends of which stood stiffly out;—such was the man, as we may still see him in his portraits. His usual dress consisted of a buff jerkin and a white doublet, scarlet mantle and hose, a broad Spanish ruff, boots of Cordova leather, lined with fur on account of his gout; on his hat he wore, like Tilly, a long waving red plume.

Whilst in the camp the most riotous gaiety reigned paramount, the most profound stillness was enforced in his own immediate neighbourhood. He is said to have once caused a valet of his to be hanged, for having awakened him without express orders; and an officer to be privately put to death, for having startled him by the jingling of his spurs. He was always plunged in thought, occupied only with himself and his own plans and projects. He was indefatigable in mental exertion and practical labour; but in thought and deed alike, he drew only from the resources of his own mind and his own will, in proud independence of every foreign influence. He even disliked being looked at whilst receiving reports or giving orders; and the soldiers were directed, when he walked through the rows of their tents, not to appear to take any notice of him. The men were struck with a strange awe when Wallenstein's tall thin figure glided along like a ghost; there was about all his being something mysterious, solemn, and unearthly. The soldiers were fully convinced that their general had a bond with the powers of darkness; that he read the future in the stars; that he could not bear to hear the barking of the dog nor the crowing of the cock; that he was proof against bullet as well as against cut and stab; and, above all, that he had charmed Fortune to stand by his colours. Fortune, indeed, which was his deity, became that of the whole of his army.

Wallenstein was a man of the most fiery temper, but outwardly he always showed himself cool and collected. His orders were brief and terse. He was very chary with his words; but, although he spoke little, what he spoke was

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full of energy and to the purpose. Least of all he spoke about himself; yet the most ardent ambition burnt quietly and silently within him. To that passion he in cold blood sacrificed everything and everybody. George Zriny, Ban of Croatia, one day brought to him the head of a Turk of high station which he had cut off himself. As the ban, in producing the ghastly trophy, made the remark, "This is the way in which one ought to pursue the Emperor's enemies," Wallenstein answered with icy coldness, "I have seen some heads cut off before, but I never cut off one myself;" and soon after, he treated the ban at a dinner to a poisoned radish, of which Zriny died. This happened in 1626.

This last story may be placed in the same category as those previously alluded to, of the effect of wine on the fair Philippina Welser, and of poison on Don John of Austria.

The Ghibelline plans of Wallenstein aroused the jealousy of the Pope and the Jesuits, and they succeeded in obtaining his dismissal, and in getting Ferdinand, as Vehse says, to cut off his own right hand. When Gustavus Adolphus, the "Snow Majesty,"—as he was derisively called by the nobles at Vienna, who had not the least foreboding of the hot work in store for them from that "ice-king,"—led his Goths across the Baltic to the rescue of their German brethren in faith, the battle of Leipzig and the death of Tilly left the Emperor no alternative but to call Wallenstein once more to the command of the army. Nothing can be more characteristic of the man than the picture given of his retirement.

Wallenstein had in the mean time lived in proud retirement, partly at Prague, and partly at Gitschin, the little capital of his duchy of Friedland. At Prague, he lived with almost royal pomp; but, as far as he himself was concerned, just as formerly at the camp, in the strictest seclusion. For the great palace which he built in the Bohemian capital, one hundred houses had to be pulled down. All the streets which led to it were barred with chains; the entrance was by six gateways. In the court-yard, a body-guard of fifty gorgeously-dressed halberdiers kept watch. His household comprised nearly 1000 persons. At the head of his court, as lord chamberlain, stood Count Paul Lichtenstein; who, besides a monthly salary of 200 florins, had board for himself and forty-eight dependents, with forage for as many horses. His first steward was a Count Harrach; his chief equerry a Count Hardegg. The duke himself was waited upon by twenty-four chamberlains, who, like those of the Emperor, wore golden keys; and by sixty pages of honour of the first houses, all of them dressed in sky-blue velvet, laced and embroidered with gold. Many of the former officers of Wallenstein were living at his court, drawing pensions and receiving free board at his table, which was never served with less than a hundred dishes. His stables contained upwards of 1000 saddle and carriage horses, which fed out of marble mangers. When he travelled, there were never less than fifty carriages, drawn by six horses, and fifty drawn by four. In a lofty vaulted banqueting-hall of his palace at Prague, he was depicted in a triumphal car, drawn by four horses of the sun, with a star over his laurel-crowned head. The long suites of rooms of this palace were filled with astrological, allegorical, and mythological figures. A secret staircase led from a small round saloon into a grotto of artificial stalactites, where there was a bath. Adjoining this grotto was a spacious portico; from which one entered the gardens, adorned with fountains, and with canals abounding with fish.

Wallenstein's fortune was colossal, even according to the standard of our own times. His yearly revenue was estimated at 6,000,000 florins (600,000*l.*), derived partly from the large capitals which he had placed in the banks of Amsterdam and Venice; and partly from his estates in Moravia and Bohemia, especially the duchy of Friedland and the principality of Sagan. Although no

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longer in the possession of the duchy of Mecklenburg, he continued until 1631 to coin ducats with the legend of his name, as Duke of Mecklenburg.

Wallenstein only consented to reassume command of the army with the condition of absolute power, and that neither the Emperor himself nor his son should have anything to do with the army. The fatal battle of Lützen—so fatal, yet so glorious, to the Swedes—is well told.

The whole field was covered by a dense fog, which completely intercepted the view. The King of Sweden likewise mounted his white charger, and addressed the Swedes, Finlanders, and Germans, each separately. He then caused to be sung, to the sound of trumpets and kettle-drums, Luther's hymn, "A strong fortress is our God," and his own favourite hymn, known as his "Field Song," composed by his chaplain Dr. Fabricius:

"Do not despair, thou little band,
E'en though the foe is near at hand,
To bring thee to destruction."

As a war-cry he too gave that of Breitenfeld, "God with us." He had not yet broken his fast; and again only wore his buff jerkin, with a coat of broadcloth over it, without any cuirass, as an old wound and his corpulency made it inconvenient for him to wear armour. On the morning of the battle he expressly declined it, saying, "God is my cuirass."

It was now nine o'clock; the king had approached Wallenstein's order of battle within range of cannon-shot. The artillery began to play, the cavalry to throw out skirmishers; but, as the thick fog made it impossible to see anything, all was soon quiet again. After ten o'clock only, the fog began to disperse, and there was a little gleam of sunshine. The king was just staying with Duke Bernard opposite the windmills, in front of the right wing of Wallenstein; and he called out with a loud voice, "Now let us be at it! The Lord be with us! Lord Jesus, help! We fight to-day for the honour and glory of Thy holy name!" Then, drawing his sword, he charged with the word of command, "Forward!" against the ditches of the high road, which were kept by Wallenstein's artillery and musketeers. It was his principal object to take the battery near the windmills, which was the key of Wallenstein's position. Behind the ditches he was received by a murderous fire; and only after three hours' hard fighting, three of the enemy's squares were broken by the Swedish infantry under Brahe. The king now descried the cuirassiers of Wallenstein's second line of battle, in their black cuirasses, and at their head, in glittering armour, their colonel, Ottavio Piccolomini, the same who afterwards betrayed Wallenstein. Gustavus called out to Colonel Stalhantsch, who commanded the Finland regiment of horse, "Attack those black fellows!" But being at this moment apprised that the Imperial cavalry in the centre had again driven back his previously successful infantry, he put himself at the head of the Smaland regiment, commanded by the wounded Colonel Steenbock, to hasten to the support of his own centre. Whilst he was thus riding on at full speed, few only could follow him. These were Duke Francis Albert of Saxe Lauenburg; the equerry of the latter, Lachau; the lord of the bedchamber, Von Truchsess; the page Augustus von Leubelfing, the son of a Nuremberg patrician house, a lad of only eighteen years; and, besides these gentlemen, two grooms. At once the king found himself in the midst of the enemy's horsemen, those "black fellows." His horse was wounded in the neck by a pistol-shot; after which he himself had his left arm shattered by another ball. His first words were, "It is nothing, follow me;" but the wound was so severe that the bones protruded through the sleeve. He now begged the Duke of Lauenburg to remove him from the fray, and turned round; but in the same moment, he received from the Imperialist Lieutenant-colonel Maurice von Falkenberg, the brother of that Swedish commandant who had been killed at the taking of Magdeburg, another pistol-shot in the back. Exclaiming with a sigh, "My God, my God!" he sank from the

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saddle; but his foot being fast in the stirrup, he was dragged on by his horse. The equerry Luchau now engaged Falkenberg; the duke fled, and the page alone remained with the king. He was still alive, and the boy, who refused to tell that it was the king, was himself mortally wounded. The king, after being robbed of his golden chain and stripped, at last called out, "I am the King of Sweden!" Upon which the black cuirassiers tried to carry him off with them; but at this moment Steenbock's regiment came up; the black cuirassiers took to flight, and, being unable to take the king with them, they shot him through the head, and stabbed him in several places through the body; after which they dropped him. The Swedish squadrons then rode over his corpse. This happened at two o'clock in the afternoon.

The king's wounded and blood-stained white charger, racing along the Swedish lines, was the first harbinger of the sad news. Duke Bernard undertook to revenge his death. Pappenheim was slain, and Wallenstein's luck waned before the rising star of Bernard of Weimar.

On the following morning, the Swedes sought, among the many corpses which strewed the field, for the dead body of their king. It was found stripped naked, scarcely to be recognised,—so disfigured was it with blood and bruises from the hoofs of the horses,—and covered with nine wounds; not far from the large stone which to this day is called the Swede's stone (Schwedenstein), near the little town of Lützen, a few yards off the high road leading from Leipzig to Naumburg. Duke Bernard caused the body to be taken to Weissenfels; where Queen Eleanora received it, and from thence conveyed the beloved remains herself by way of Berlin to Stockholm. The army swore to Duke Bernard over the corpse of the king, that they would follow him to the end of the world.

The unexpected death of the King of Sweden, who had not yet completed his thirty-eighth year, caused the greatest sensation throughout Europe among Papists as well as Protestants. The Emperor had a *Te Deum* sung in all the churches as if he had gained the most glorious victory; but he wept at the sight of the blood-stained buff jerkin of Gustavus Adolphus, with the holes made by the balls in the sleeve and in the back. At Madrid, there were great rejoicings, and the death of the king was represented at the playhouse for the gratification of the faithful. The Pope, who in his heart had been not a little pleased that some one had risen to oppose the overwhelming supremacy of the Emperor, caused a low mass to be read for the soul of the fallen champion of the heretics. On the Protestants, on the other hand, the sudden disaster fell like a thunderbolt. The banished King of Bohemia was actually seized with paralysis on receiving the news at Mayence.

The Jesuit party, which had long sworn the ruin of Wallenstein, once more procured his dismissal. His death, however, it was left for strangers to accomplish. The three chief instruments of the vindictive plans hatched by the Italians and Spaniards, were Butler, an Irish Papist, and Gordon and Leslie, Scotch Calvinists, who afterwards turned Papists.

It was a dark, boisterous night; the wind roared, and a drizzling rain pattered against the windows. Captain Walter Devereux, of Butler's regiment, with twelve of his men, now set out on his bloody errand to the duke. The sentinels, supposing he was coming to make a report, allowed him to pass. Wallenstein had taken a bath, and was going to lie down. In the ante-room Devereux met the valet, who had just carried in to his master his usual evening cup, a tankard of beer on a golden salver. The man requested Devereux not to make a noise, as the duke had retired to rest. A few minutes before, his astrologer Giovanni Battista Seni had left him, who is said to have warned him by the stars even in the last moment.

According to Khevenhüller, they could not agree in their calculations, the

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astrologer having found in his that the hour of danger had not yet arrived; and the duke, on the other hand, that it was past. The latter also prophesied that Seni would be imprisoned, which really came true. Wallenstein had been startled by the noise of the soldiers being drawn up in the market-place; and he had heard the shrieks of the Countesses Kinsky and Terzka in the outhouse, who had already been informed of their husbands' murder. This caused him to go to the window to inquire of the sentinel what all this meant. Devereux asked of the valet the key of the duke's room; on being refused, he forced the door, shouting, "Rebels! rebels!" and entered with his fellow-assassins. Wallenstein was standing in his shirt, leaning against a table. "You are to die, rogue!" Devereux called out to him. As Wallenstein turned towards the window to call for help, Devereux rushed up to him with a partisan; and then, without uttering a word, with outspread arms, the great man received the deadly weapon in his breast.

"And," writes Wassenberg, the author of the German Florus, in his own quaint style, "his belly gave a crack just as if a musket had been fired off; and, whilst thus breathing out his soul, he spouted from his mouth a great smoke, just as if he were all burning within. Such was the end of the German Catiline!"

Butler was enriched and ennobled — the present Counts Butler of Bavaria are his descendants. It was the same with Leslie, whose house became extinct in 1802, as also with Gordon.

Ferdinand II. was succeeded by his son, Ferdinand III., who was so enfeebled by the gout that he could only be moved in a chair, and he died from fright at a fire which had broken out in the Hofburg of Vienna. The "miraculous" luck of the House of Habsburg gave to him the victory of Nordlingen, and the Peace of Westphalia brought with it the still more fortunate conclusion of the Thirty Years' War.

The reign of Leopold I. was one of the longest and most warlike in the history of Austria. It comprised three great wars with France, extending over twenty-two years, and two severe wars with the Turks, extending over twenty-one, besides three severe insurrections of the Hungarians. Yet Leopold himself was a weak-minded prince, and a puppet in the hands of the priests. Marshal Grammont relates a characteristic story of him.

Having an unusually large mouth, which he always keeps open, he, one day, whilst playing at nine-pins with Prince Portia, complained, as it began to rain, that the drops fell into his mouth. The Prince of Portia, his favourite, then taxed his ingenious brain, and after having pondered for some time, advised his royal master to shut his mouth. The King of Hungary forthwith did so, and found himself considerably the better for it.

The Abbé Pacichelli has also left an amusing sketch of the Emperor. The hanging lip, peculiar to the House of Habsburg, he said, was so marked in him, that the eye-teeth protruded. Every morning he heard three masses in succession, remaining all the time on his knees. Yet, like the Emperor Rodolph, Leopold was a collector of books and curiosities, was fond of music, and also, like his predecessor, a patron of the occult arts.

Leopold, also, like the Emperor Rodolph, was the patron of all the itinerant adepts of the occult arts. One of them, the Milanese Chevalier Francesco Borri, accidentally saved his life, when, in 1670, the year of the outbreak of the Hungarian "conspiracy," an attempt was suspected to have been made against the life of the Emperor by means of poisoned wax-tapers. The Pope had put a prize of

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10,000 crowns on Borri's head, and given orders to have him arrested on his journey, on account of his pantheistic and physico-philosophical ideas. Coming from Denmark, he was arrested in Moravia on his way to Constantinople. When he was conducted through Vienna, the Emperor desired to see the adept. The audience took place at night by candle-light. It was not long before the Italian pointed out to the Emperor that, to judge from a certain smell pervading the room, there must be poison about; and he directed Leopold's attention to the smoke of the tapers. An investigation, which was made at once, proved the truth of Borri's assertion, who immediately administered to the Emperor an antidote. Out of gratitude for this service, Leopold induced the Pope to keep Borri only under open arrest in the castle of San Angelo, within the precincts of which he had free egress and ingress. Borri died in 1681, after having performed a number of famous cures, even during his captivity. On many sides Leopold was cheated downright; thus, in 1675, there came an Augustine friar, Wenceslaus Seyler, from a monastery at Prague, to Vienna, and had himself announced as an adept to the Emperor. He accredited himself by changing in the presence of Leopold a copper basin, and also some tin, into gold (that is to say, he gilded it). The Emperor, in the joy of his heart at the idea that now his Bohemian tin mines would yield him more than the Hungarian gold mines, created the friar Baron Reinersberg and master of the men of Bohemia. The ducats which had been struck from the alleged new gold, he gave away as presents to his courtiers and guests. But the coin, although larger than the ordinary ducat, was too light by four grains. The Emperor was afterwards fully satisfied that he had been cheated; but, being conscious of having compromised himself too far to act with severity, he paid the very considerable debts which the friar had contracted at Vienna, and sent him back to Bohemia—very likely to the monastery from which he had escaped.

As late as the year 1704, one of the most famous alchemists, Don Dominico Manuel Caëtano, Conde de Ruggiero, "Field-Marshal and Councillor of State of the Elector of Bavaria," came to Vienna. He had just escaped from Bavaria, where the Elector Maximilian Emanuel, whom he cheated at Brussels, had put him in prison. After Ruggiero had made gold in the presence of Prince Lichtenstein and Count Harrach, Leopold took him into his service, assigned to him a salary of 15,000 florins, and caused an especial sum to be paid to him besides towards the expenses of preparing the tincture. But the Emperor died before the tincture was ready; and Ruggiero was, in 1709, hanged as a cheat by the King of Prussia.

A curious instance of his superstition is also related.

The adoration which the world paid to the Emperor, and the miraculous luck of his house, fostered in him an extravagant idea of his being illuminated by supernatural inspiration, which imparted to him light, wisdom, and firmness far superior to that of his ministers. His confessors, far from suggesting to him any doubt of his prophetic light from above, intentionally and industriously confirmed him in his superstition. When, after the taking of Belgrade in 1668, the Turks wished to conclude a peace, Leopold refused to accept the offer, although it would have been most opportune, as a new French war was impending. Maximilian Emanuel of Bavaria at that time said in confidence to the celebrated Marshal Villars, the French ambassador at Vienna, "One must know the Emperor as well as I do, to believe what the reasons are which keep him back. Monks have prophesied to him, that the Empress would be with child and bear twins; and that just then the Turkish Empire would fall, and one of the twins would ascend the throne of Constantinople. When Belgrade was taken, the Empress really happened to be *enceinte*, and now the Emperor's belief is quite settled, that the rest of the prophecy will come true; and that is the reason why he does not wish to hear of peace."

No wonder that a prince so effete and priest-ridden could be ungrate-

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ful. When Sobiesky had relieved Vienna from the Turks, and thereby possibly saved Christendom, a meeting with Leopold took place in the camp, near the river Schwechat.

There was a long deliberation as to the manner of complimenting the king without any derogation to the dignity of his Imperial Majesty. Leopold having asked Duke Charles of Lorraine, "How shall I receive him?" the duke replied, "How, but with open arms, your Majesty! for he has saved the Empire!" At last it was determined that the meeting should be on horseback. Leopold saluted the saviour of Vienna; but behaved with chilling coldness. He remained stiffly sitting in the saddle; nor did he even lift his hat when Prince Jacob Sobiesky kissed his hand, and when the Polish nobles of the first houses were presented to him. With the same haughtiness and coldness he behaved towards the German princes; and the whole proceedings having been brought to an end with the most rigid formality, his Majesty rode home as stiffly as he had come.

Our own Marlborough had to come to the relief of this "starched idol" and "majestic wooden listlessness," as Vehse designates him.

Marlborough at last came to the relief of the Emperor by his celebrated march from the Netherlands to the Danube. Covering this vast undertaking with the most profound secrecy, he set out on the 19th of May, and met, on the 10th of June, with Eugene at Mindelsheim, an estate which the Emperor afterwards bestowed on the English hero, with the title of a prince of the Empire. It was the first time that the two greatest captains of the age saw one another. On the 22nd of June, they were joined by the third general, the Margrave Louis of Baden. Marlborough tried by every public and private means to manage that Prince Eugene should remain with him on the Danube; but, owing to the margrave, as senior general, insisting upon having the choice, Eugene was sent to the Rhine. Marlborough and the margrave took the chief command in alternate turns of twenty-four hours; and so strictly was the military etiquette kept up, that the troops of the margrave always formed the right, and those of Marlborough the left wing.

Yet, after all, Marlborough and Prince Eugene joined their forces against the allied French and Bavarian troops. The margrave, being passionately fond of siege operations, had been cleverly put out of the way by giving him the fortress of Ingolstadt to invest. The two together gained the great victory of Höchstädt-Blenheim (Blindheim), on the 13th of August, 1704. The French suffered a defeat such as they never had had since the memorable day of Pavia. Bavaria was conquered; the Austrian monarchy and the Empire were saved. Lieutenant-colonel Gundacker, Count Althann, brought the news of this momentous victory, which decided the fate of one-half of the world, to Vienna. Leopold did what, according to the strict rules of etiquette, he otherwise only did to reigning princes;—he wrote with his own hand a letter of congratulation to Marlborough. "You have," his majesty said, "erected to the most illustrious and potent Queen of Great Britain a monument of victory in Upper Germany, whither the glorious arms of the English nation never, in the memory of man, have penetrated before."

On the 5th of May, 1705, the Emperor Leopold died, at the age of sixty-four, of dropsy of the chest. Even after he had uttered his last prayer, his passionate fondness for music returned to him once more. He ordered his private band to enter his chamber; and whilst they thus played to him for the last time, he expired, amidst the sweet strains of the instruments.

Joseph I., who succeeded his father Leopold, was proud, priest-ridden, and "gallant." He, however, rebelled against the dictation of the Pope to such a degree, that the latter wrote a satire on his amours.

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Joseph shared with his father the fondness for the pleasures of the chase and for music, and also his hostility to the French; which, however, was in him much more fiery and impetuous than in his phlegmatic father. Once, on seeing at the riding-school the Marquess de Villars, who, before the outbreak of the war, was French ambassador at Vienna, he drew his sword, and said to his wife, "How glad should I be to get at these Frenchmen." When, however, at the campaign on the Rhine, 1702, he appeared in person at the camp of the Margrave Louis of Baden, this military ardour was by no means remarkable. History has no record of Joseph's having gathered any laurels; his visit to the camp was a mere visit of state, undertaken to animate, by the presence of the vice-gerent of the head of the Empire, the patriotic zeal of his faithful and obedient subjects. Joseph was an enthusiastic admirer of Marlborough. When, on the Sunday after the victory of the Schellenberg, in 1704, which was the prelude of the great victory of Blenheim, the court went in solemn procession to the Imperial chapel, Joseph stepped out of the ranks, and went up to congratulate the English ambassador; and when, a short time after, the great decisive victory followed, he said to the same diplomatist (Sir George Stepney), "I am burning with desire to make the acquaintance of your illustrious generalissimo." This acquaintance was formed within the same year, on the occasion of Joseph's second visit of state to the camp before Landau. Joseph had scarcely ascended the Imperial throne, when he graciously invited the duke to Vienna by a letter written in his own hand. Marlborough made his appearance there, on the 12th of November, 1705: and left—after having been treated by the court of Vienna, as the "Frankfort Relations" express it, "with every imaginable honour"—on the 22nd, with his son-in-law, the Earl of Sunderland.

Charles VI., brother of Joseph, and the last emperor of the direct male line of the House of Habsburg, showed in all his manners and movements the same phlegmatic listlessness of which his predecessors, the Spanish-Jesuit emperors since Rodolph II., had set the example. The last Habsburger also remained true to the hereditary evil of his race: he dreaded alike all improvements and innovations. His wife was Elizabeth of Brunswick, who, as Lady Mary Wortley Montague writes, "was admired for her beauty by many nations." Following the bent of the high society of those times, when the example of the French court swayed all the others, he had also a mistress—Marianna, whom he married to the Imperial Chamberlain Count Althann. She was one of the most fascinating ladies of that time, radiant with beauty, elegance, cheerfulness, and good sense, and at the same time a kind patroness of artists and of men of science: it was she who brought, in 1729, Pietro Metastasio as court poet to Vienna. Metastasio was said to have been united to her by a secret marriage. Certain it is that he was as passionately in love with her as Tasso with Leonora d'Este. She was also the intimate friend of the beautiful Hungarian widow Lorel (Lory) Batthiany, the *friend* of Prince Eugene.

Eugene, who had made the Emperor Charles VI. what he was, was nevertheless an object of decided aversion to the monarch. Yet Prince Eugene was not only the first man at the Imperial court, but "he was, in fact," as Frederick the Great says, in the Introduction to the "History of his Own Times," "the real emperor." Vehse gives the following description of the greatest general Austria ever had:

Eugene was a small man, not at all handsome. His appearance by no means belied the country where he had received his education—it was completely that of a Frenchman. His complexion was dark, but remarkably clear; his face thin, long, and strongly marked by a large prominent nose, with nostrils like those of a horse. He wore his own black hair, with two small stiff curls; between his

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fiftieth and sixtieth years, when he began to turn grey, he assumed a large flowing wig. The only fine point about his face was his eyes; they were dark and full of animation. His glance electrified his soldiers, and won the hearts of the women. It would, however, have been difficult at first sight to recognise in him the great man; he even looked remarkably silly, had a trick of gazing into the clouds, and, like Frederic II., continually took Spanish snuff from his waistcoat-pocket; which suggested to the Pope the saying, that Eugene took as many towns as snuff. In his movements he showed an incessant restlessness, yet it was tempered by manly vigour and princely, dignified bearing; and in his intercourse with the world he observed the most measured deportment, and even reserve. His impulses all came from within, and he never allowed them to be overruled by any extraneous cause. At the first meeting, he was, in most instances, of chilly coldness, taciturn, and reserved. His temperament was tender and sanguine; and he was full of plans and ideas, which unceasingly occupied his mind. In the prime of life, he seldom slept more than about three hours. He possessed a remarkable instinct for reading the future. Whilst, in 1708, he was encamped before Lisle, he was, in the afternoon of the 14th of October, suddenly seized with an irresistible drowsiness. In this sleep he dreamed that he saw his mother dead in the trenches. The struggle to reach her awoke him. He told his dream to his adjutant; and soon afterwards news came from Brussels that, at that same hour, his mother had died there. The courtiers at Vienna used to sneer at these fancies of Eugene. But he had an iron will, and a clear strong head; in fact, an Italian intellect, but a German heart, full of gentleness and sympathy. He was called "the Noble Chevalier;" and chivalrous he was to the heart's core, as a lover, a friend, or an enemy. He was always noble, generous, and forgiving, a foe to all flattery and fawning obsequiousness; and he detested everything like untruth and falseness. He never made a promise which he could not keep. The winner of thirteen great battles, he was adorned by the most unaffected modesty. Moderation and disinterestedness, at that time the qualities rarest to be met with at Vienna, were prominent features of his character. Never did Eugene show the least jealousy of his great friend Marlborough; not even when the latter, after their joint victory of Höchstädt-Blenheim, received for his reward the Imperial principality of Mindelheim. His honesty commanded the respect of every one. He used to say, "honesty is not an indispensable, but it is the best quality of a true statesman." Villars, whilst he negotiated with Eugene the Peace of Rastadt, wrote home to the minister of state, Torcy, "Nothing in my life ever gave me so much trouble as the necessity of not giving offence to the honesty of Eugene; for the character of the prince inspires every one with veneration."

His good humour and calm serenity never forsook him.

When, during his diplomatic mission to London, early in the year 1712, his nephew, the Count of Soissons—at that time a boy of fifteen years—had at a street riot been crushed by the crowd; the Duke of Marlborough said to him at the funeral, "I wonder in what style we shall one day be put under the sod." Eugene replied, "Ambition will follow us to the grave laughing, and fortune weeping." "Of course," the duke quickly retorted, "if we be not too old for the lady already." Marshal Schulemburg, who was with him in the camp before Mons in 1709, once wrote of him, "Prince Eugene can hear anything without being angry; he is the happiest man in the world." A few days before his death, Eugene wrote: "Health and good humour are generally considered as the greatest happiness of man. As to my humour, my friends are pretty well satisfied with it; for I have always replaced good health by serenity of mind. I am quite aware that the want of health in a minister or a general is exceedingly injurious to the state, but it is not my fault that Heaven has so long tarried in relieving me from guard." The same agreeable humour is also manifested in the political writings left by the prince. They are Memoirs, Notes, and Letters; filling seventy-two quarto volumes, which were kept in the archives at Milan, and were afterwards taken away by the French.

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Superstitions were still rife in Austria, even at the time of the last Habsburgers. It was in vain that the bed-chamber of Elizabeth of Brunswick, wife to Charles VI., had been decorated with representations of manly beauty; it was in vain that the Emperor caused himself to be crowned and anointed at Prague, in deference to a tradition, according to which none but a crowned and anointed king was deemed able to become the father of male heirs—an "Austrian Pragmatic Sanction" had to be enacted to secure to the Archduchess Maria Theresa the unmolested succession to the Austrian inheritance. Yet was Maria Theresa's advent heralded by a war of succession and two Silesian wars. Neipperg, who had succumbed to the Turks, placed the Austrians in the most humiliating position before the Prussians. Vienna was in danger, and the memorable scene took place when the queen, in deep mourning, appealed to her faithful Hungarians. The Hungarians saved Maria Theresa, Vienna, and the monarchy.

This great Empress was the first to establish a sort of unity in the Austrian Empire. She was assisted in these reforms by Prince Kaunitz, the greatest minister that Austria has ever had.

Kaunitz was one of the most singular men who have ever lived. Sprung from an original Sclavonic race, he rose like a meteor in the official sky of Austria. In him the ponderous, but sterling and steady Austro-German character was, in a most peculiar and original manner, blended with the mercurial versatility of the French man of the world. It was a very just dispensation of fate, that the merit of having originated the alliance between Austria and France should have fallen to the lot of one who had succeeded in so felicitously tempering his rugged Sclavonic Austro-German nature with the easy grace of French manners. The political phenomenon of binding together the two rival powers was not less wonderful than the moral one of having, in his own person, reconciled the discordant elements of those different nationalities.

Kaunitz, besides, was the most remarkable mixture of great and petty qualities. Just as in an almost fabulous degree he had all the foibles of gallantry and vanity, he also was eminently possessed of the very sort of routine and diplomatic skill that was best fitted for the world in which he lived. He did the two greatest things which any man could have done in Austria; besides concluding the alliance with France, he overthrew the Jesuits.

In his younger days, Kaunitz plunged heart and soul into all the pleasures of French gallantry and fashionable vanity. In Brussels, he made love to the famous courtesan Proli; in Paris, to the celebrated prima donna Gabrieli, and to a host of more or less renowned grisettes of that gay capital. The Germanic steady assiduity with which he paid his court, and the equally Germanic good-natured illusion which he made to himself of the fidelity of his mistresses, became a subject for mirth to the French, who were better versed in the wicked ways of the world. His sentimental and somewhat stiff gallantry, which was not quite able to run apace with the volatile and airy fashionables of the gay world of Paris, had even publicly been ridiculed in Paris as well as in Brussels, by some very witty vaudevilles and caricatures. Yet, far from being discountenanced by these sallies, Kaunitz took his vantage-ground in a manner which met with every acknowledgment from the French themselves. He used to face all those scurrilous attacks with a most imperturbable serenity of a kind entirely his own; and—returning the fire which had been directed against him—he would make sport of both libel and libellers, with such a singularly cool and well-spiced satire, that even the most callous and impudent Frenchman stood amazed and confounded. By his Belgian mistress Kaunitz had a son, who in the French revolution distinguished himself as a Jacobin at the worship of the "Goddess of Reason."

It happened with Kaunitz and Maria Theresa just as it did in later times with

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Metternich and the Emperor Francis. The prince in this respect so little restrained himself, as to take his mistresses with him to the very gates of the Imperial palace when driving to an audience of the Empress. He there made them wait for him in the carriage; and, after having transacted business, returned to them direct from the sacred presence of majesty. Being once remonstrated with by Maria Theresa about his free and easy conduct, the prince made the very expressive reply: "Madame, je suis venu ici pour parler des affaires de V. M., non des miennes." In his later years the prince strictly eschewed every sensual enjoyment as disturbing the mind and injurious to health, which he valued more and more as he advanced in years. In appearance only, he retained the gallant manners of France.

The eccentricities of this great man are a fertile theme with Vehse. He seems, among other things, to have been the inventor of the art of powdering, practised also by the famous Prince de Ligne. He used to dictate to his secretaries in the morning, from eleven to twelve, still in bed. Like other great ministers, he never betrayed emotion. After meals—no matter where dining—he used to take out a complete and most varied set of instruments for cleansing his mouth. Once, when he was preparing to do this at the table of the French ambassador, Baron Breteuil, the latter said to his guests: "Levons-nous, le prince veut être seul." The prince, who was then left alone, used his instruments in solitude; but from that time he never dined out again. He never enjoyed fresh air; it did not even agree with him. His carriages were hermetically closed. The only exercise which he took was at the billiard-table, and a ride on horseback. Every afternoon, before dinner, he rode three horses, each for the same number of minutes!

No one has ever understood better than Kaunitz did the art of making life pleasant to himself and to others. It must also be said that no one has ever taken such anxious care of his life as he. Whatever could remind him of dying, was to be carefully kept in the background. All the persons usually about him were strictly forbidden to utter in his presence the words "death" and "small-pox." He had not himself been afflicted with this disorder, but he had been shocked by it in the case of the Empress. His readers received from him in writing an earnest injunction to eschew the use of those two obnoxious words. The wags would have it that even the "inoculation" of trees was not to be spoken of, because it reminded him of the inoculation of the small-pox. His birthday also was never to be alluded to. When the referendary Von Binder, for fifty years his friend and confidant, died, Xaverius Raidt, the prince's reader, expressed himself in this way: "Baron Binder is no longer to be found." The prince, after some moments' silence, replied: "Est-il mort? Il était cependant assez vieux." Binder was one year and a half younger than Kaunitz. To another of his readers, Secretary Harrer, at that time a man of sixty, he once said: "Mais comment est-il possible, que des jeunes gens, comme vous, oublient des choses pareilles?" The news of the death of Frederic the Great reached him in this way: his reader, with apparent absence of mind, told him that a courier had just arrived from Berlin at the Prussian ambassador's with the notifications of King Frederic *William*. Kaunitz sat for some time stiff and motionless in his arm-chair, showing no sign of having understood the hint. At last he rose, walked slowly through the room, then sat down and said, raising his arms to heaven, "Alas! when will such a king again ennoble the diadem?" When the Emperor Joseph died, the valet returned to Kaunitz a document, which the Emperor was to have signed, with the words, "The Emperor signs no more."

The death of his sister, Countess Questemberg, Kaunitz only knew when he saw his household in mourning. In a like manner he once remained unacquainted with the recovery of one of his sons from severe illness, until the con-

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valescent came in person to call on him; Kaunitz himself had never been to see him during his illness. To an old aunt of his he once sent from his table one of her favourite dishes—four years after her death.

Vanity, dread of death, and self-idolatry, were the three great characteristics of Maria Theresa's minister, yet such was his steadiness and circumspection that he became the founder of the greatness of Austria under the new Habsburg-Lorraine dynasty. Kaunitz, with all his petty foibles, was inaccessible to bribery, and that at a time when all around him—at court, in the bureaucracy, and in the army—the most barefaced corruption reigned paramount. Almost as strange stories are told of Maria Theresa as of her minister.

After the death of her husband, in 1765, Maria Theresa had long stayed away from the theatre, when, on the 12th of February, 1768, a son and heir was born to the Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany, Maria Theresa's second son, afterwards the Emperor Leopold II. She received the news in the evening, whilst working in her cabinet. Without further ado, she rushed out in her plain house dress, or rather *négligé;* ran through the ante-chamber, the outer rooms and passages, into the theatre of the Hofburg; and, leaning far over the balustrade of the Imperial box, called with motherly triumph down into the pit, in the broadest Vienna dialect, "Poldel (Poldy, Leopold) has a boy; and just, as a token of remembrance, on my wedding-day; isn't he gallant?" The pit and the boxes were electrified.

The Empress was as fanatical in her measures for public morality as she was for religion. Her zeal manifested itself in a particular manner, by arresting any young women, however well behaved, who were found walking by themselves. It is said that jealousy had much to do with this rigour. This jealousy had also some foundation for its existence.

The warm conjugal affection which Maria Theresa showed to her husband was not sufficient to keep him from indulging in gallant adventures. Even as early as 1747, Podewils mentions in his despatch, "He is fond of women, and formerly showed a particular attachment for the Countess Colloredo, the wife of the vice-chancellor; for Countess Palffy, maid of honour to the Empress, who afterwards married the Sardinian envoy Count Canales; and for several others. He even secretly arranged suppers and other small gay parties with them; but the jealousy of the Empress compelled him to restrain himself. As soon as she remarks that he is particularly attentive to any lady, she pouts with him, and lets him feel her displeasure in a thousand ways. Being aware of his propensity for gallantry, she has him watched everywhere. People, however, will have it that, notwithstanding all these jealous precautions, he, under the pretext of going out shooting, still finds means to arrange *parties fines.*"

Two of Maria Theresa's daughters were lady abbesses, one at Prague, the other at Innsbruck.

One of these, the Archduchess Marian, was famous for her taste for mineralogy, in which she was instructed by the celebrated Born. She died in 1789. The other lady abbess retained her liveliness and popularity to an advanced age, and was known for her rough-and-ready speeches. She once suffered from an ulcer in the cheek, which completely ate through, and which obliged her to keep her bed for several weeks. When Sir Robert Keith, the English ambassador, paid her a visit of condolence, she burst out into a laugh, and told him that he was wrong in considering her case as one which called for sympathy. "*Croyez-moi,*" she said, "*pour une archiduchesse de quarante ans, qui n'est point mariée, un trou à la joue est un amusement;*" for, she added, "no event which breaks the monotony and *ennui* of my life can be looked upon as a misfortune." She told him that it was a disgrace to Maria Theresa's rule to keep her nature

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daughters under constraint like children, and to prohibit them from the pleasure of mingling with society. The Archduchess Elizabeth died in 1808, at Linz.

The reign of her son, Joseph II., although brief, will ever remain one of the most momentous and memorable epochs in the history of the Austrian state. From studying his mother's foibles, Joseph had acquired a fortunate and deeply-rooted aversion to clerical insincerity and fanaticism.

Music was the only cherished and popular art at the time of Joseph, and it was then brought by Mozart to the height of its glory. But to excite the enthusiasm of the Viennese, it was obliged to assume that gay form which characterises some of the earlier operas of the great master, such as Figaro, and Belmonte and Constance (the "Abduction from the Seraglio"); whereas, on the other hand, the severe style of "Don Juan" at first would not at all take at Vienna: which made Mozart say, "The Bohemians will understand me."

It is well known that Beethoven also, in his lifetime, was very little appreciated in Vienna; that his sublime works made but little way with that gay public; and that the poverty to which he was left in the Imperial capital was relieved by the London Philharmonic Society.

Joseph was fond of travelling *incognito*, which, as might be imagined, often led to amusing scenes.

Once on his road to Paris, he arrived at a post-house when the post-master was just going to have his child christened. He at once offered himself as sponsor. The priest asked him for his name. "Joseph." "But the surname?" "Joseph (the) Second." "What station or profession?" "Emperor." The amazement of the parents soon gave way to an outburst of gratitude, as the Emperor made his little godson a very rich present. At Rheims, he arrived before his suite, and was just shaving, when the inquisitive host asked him whether he belonged to the suite of the Emperor; and what office he held about him? "I shave him sometimes," was Joseph's answer.

Joseph's great points were his clerical reforms, his edicts concerning the censorship and religious toleration, his reforms in the constitution of the nobility and in taxation, but still more especially his plans of centralisation. Without Joseph's reign, Austria would hardly have got over the revolution of 1789; "And, indeed," Hormayr wrote just before the revolution of 1848, "his memory rises every spring more powerfully from the grave." Count Ficquelmont, in his attack on Lord Palmerston and his policy, particularly extols the centralising system of Joseph. The events in Gallicia, and in a higher degree those in Hungary, he argues, are the most eloquent apology for the political views of the Emperor Joseph. This is so far just in what concerns the keeping together the heterogeneous materials of which Austria is composed; but is it to extend also to the centralising of external states, as Tuscany and Parma?

Joseph II. was succeeded by his brother, Leopold II., who only reigned two years, yet, during that brief time, and contrary to the advice of old Kaunitz, he entered into the fatal convention against the French Revolution. This convention, by which Napoleon, as he himself expressed it, "was born," Leopold survived only by half a year. He indulged in profligate excesses, which ruined his health. His wife, a daughter of Charles III. of Spain, showed such great forbearance to his infidelities, that at Florence she would sometimes have her embroidery-frame taken to the house of her rival, the opera-singer Livia, and converse with her in the most condescending manner.

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THE JOINT-STOCK BANKER.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

By Dudley Costello.

CHAPTER V.

A LOAN TRANSACTION.

There are two Great Worlds in London: the Great World of Fashion, with its rank, its glitter, its exclusiveness; and the Great World of Money, with its low beginnings, its studied plainness, its stoical self-importance.

The Marquis of Wessex being defunct, this history has not much to say about the first of these two great worlds, but, inasmuch as Ephraim Broadcast, the wealthy bill-broker, still lives and flourishes, some space in its pages is claimed for the second.

Ephraim Broadcast began life with certain advantages over his City compeers: he had money, a well-known name, and a large connexion. Moreover, he had been trained from his youth upwards to keep ever the same object in view, nor suffer his feet to wander from the path prescribed.

"Wisdom," saith the Preacher, "is a defence: and money is a defence." Ephraim cultivated both in their direct relations to each other, and the wiser he grew the more money he got; or—to put it the other way—the richer he became the more he was esteemed for wisdom. In some hands the double-edged weapon with which he defended himself in his worldly dealings might have proved a weapon of offence, but Ephraim never smote his antagonists; it satisfied him quite as well to see them rolling in the dust through their own acts and deeds, as if he had put forth his arm and stretched them there. It was, however, no part of his creed to raise up the fallen: those who were down had only themselves to thank for being where they were.

If anything so disturbative as ambition could have found a place in the evenly-balanced mind of Ephraim Broadcast, it would have declared itself in his secret desire to end his days with the reputation of being the wealthiest man in the city of London; it must, therefore, be supposed that he gave no encouragement to the restless passion, but suffered himself to grow rich by the mere force of circumstances. He had yet another wish, but this he did not refrain from avowing at all seasons and in all places. It was—and the world honoured him as highly for the sentiment as if they had witnessed its perpetual accomplishment—that he might be known to all future time as the spotless Ephraim Broadcast—the very ermine of his race—upon whose commercial transactions there never rested the shadow of a shade. Happy he who *can* make money and keep his hands unsoiled! If Ephraim Broadcast performed this feat, he stands assuredly a marvel amongst men.

There are, however, two ways of looking at every question; or perhaps

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it might be better to say, that no two men look at the same question from precisely the same point of view. Now, in Ephraim Broadcast's case, it must be considered that his especial occupation was the immediate manufacture of the most ticklish commodity in existence, and—standing where he did—it could hardly be expected that he should entertain the identical scruples which affect the uninitiated. What to many—if all the facts had transpired—might have appeared an almost criminal connivance, seemed to him only a simple affair in the regular way of business. A daring speculator, for example, might long have traded without a shilling of real capital—robbing Peter to pay Paul, and then reversing that arrangement—creating unreal securities as the necessity for their deposit arose—realising surreptitiously-obtained effects in one quarter in order to cover grave deficiencies in another—carrying on, in short, a wholesale system of fraud; and in the course of his operations, might have dealt so largely and so frequently with Ephraim Broadcast as to make it the interest of the latter to keep to himself the knowledge that anything was wrong, until his own peculiar profit was gained, never heeding who else might suffer. But Ephraim would opine in such a case that a passive condition was the one which his duty enjoined him to assume: his was never the hand to throw the first stone; "he that handleth a matter wisely," he would say, "shall find good," and "he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction:" in other words, his policy was to hold his tongue till the moneys he had ventured were returned with interest. If, peradventure, the daring speculator failed too soon, and Ephraim became a nominal loser, where hundreds besides were smarting from real losses, he charitably refrained from pressing his claims, observing that, however ill the actively-worldly might bear the blow, he could still afford to smile at the evil which had befallen; and the majority pinned their faith on his integrity because of the reason for that smile. Yea, verily, "money *is* a defence!"

Ephraim Broadcast could smile also at other things. The prospectus of the Joint-Stock Bank of Central Africa, when it appeared in all the blazonry of newspaper print, enabled him to enjoy that mild excitement, for it foreshadowed the necessity for raising money, and sooner or later those who wanted to raise money made their appearance in his counting-house.

It was mentioned in the last chapter, where the conversation between Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones and Mr. Rigby Nicks is recorded, that it was settled between those worthies to buy Wessex House outright, instead of taking it on lease, and that forty thousand pounds was to be the amount of the purchase-money.

Now it is not everybody, at the west end of the town, who has forty thousand pounds lying idle in his banker's hands. Rigby Nicks hadn't;—this fact may be believed without his affidavit; to tell the truth, he did not bank, particularly, anywhere: he had been waiting, perhaps, for some such opportunity for safe investment as the "Central African." Neither was the honourable member for Aber-Pandy in a much more flourishing condition with respect to an immediately available balance. Funds he had, of course, or how could he have worked the lead mines of Bryn-Mawr,—have set the Aber-Pandy railway (scheme) in motion,—have offered encouragement to the "*grand projet*" of Monsieur Lepage, the

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French inventor on whom he had recently bestowed his patronage? But it is one thing to have your finger in everybody's pie, and another to lay your hand upon a sum of forty thousand pounds just at the very moment you require it. Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones was perfectly able to do the former, but quite incapable of accomplishing the latter; so it was decided between himself and his impecunious colleague that he should go into the City and negotiate a loan with the house of Ephraim Broadcast. The honourable member for Aber-Pandy was no stranger to the great capitalist; indeed, considering the number and extent of Mr. Jones's monetary transactions, it followed almost inevitably that his securities should have found their way into the iron safe of the conscientious Quaker.

"Securities?" Doubtless. Any you might choose to name: railway coupons, foreign bonds, mining shares, title-deeds, whatever had a marketable value; and always those which most enjoyed the favour of the markets.

But why should Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones have preferred the expensive process of raising a sum of money to the simpler one of obtaining a lease on the strength of his social, commercial, and senatorial position? Why not wait till the Banking Company was formed before he embarked capital of his own in the affair? Ah,—that was *his* secret! He had his reason for what he did. It might be that he expected to put something handsome into his pocket by re-selling his purchase to the Company; it might be that such was the grandiose manner in which he always conducted his affairs; it might be—oddly enough as it sounds—that he only consulted his personal convenience in the matter; these, however, are mere speculations; what were his real motives he closely confined to his own bosom; even Rigby Nicks knew nothing of them. Neither did Mr. Jones think that the presence of Mr. Nicks would tend in any way to heighten the character of the proposed loan in the eyes of the City men with whom he had then to do, so he went alone.

"Well, Mr. Broadcast," said the member for Aber-Pandy, as soon as he was seated in the little back parlour in Bullion-alley,—"well, Mr. Broadcast, you have seen the advertisement of the 'Central African?'"

"Friend Jones," returned the man of money—not seated, for his habit was always to stand while he did business, with one hand in his breeches-pocket and the other on his desk, his attitude and action symbolising his extreme uprightness and vast resources—"friend Jones," he replied, "I have."

"What do you think of it?"

"Nay, friend, it is not for me to be a mouthpiece; nevertheless, it hath a fair promise. If those benighted regions can be rescued from darkness, and the curse of slavery be removed from the land of Africa, of a truth it will be a good work."

"No doubt. That will all follow as a matter of course. I'm glad to hear, though, that you take that view of it. What do the City folks say, generally?"

"Ahem! The shares are not yet in the market."

"But they will be before many days are over. I shall see Fustick and Madder, the brokers, on the subject, by-and-by. I mean to keep a corner for you."

"Reserved,—for option?"

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"Exactly; in the usual way. However, there are some preliminaries, and that's why you see me here this morning."

Ephraim Broadcast's right hand went deeper down into his breeches-pocket, and with the fingers of the left he slowly tapped his desk; but he did not say anything, and Mr. Jones went on:

"We are going to set up, as you see, in St. Jacob's-square. I'm in treaty about the house, which I mean to buy on my own account—and I want the money."

Ephraim Broadcast inquired the extent of the accommodation required, and having learnt it, responded, of course, that "money was tight;"—not that the Quaker actually said "tight"—that would have been nearly as profane as swearing—but he conveyed the same meaning by the word "restricted."

"Still I must have it," pursued Jones.

Ephraim Broadcast smiled benignantly: at the prospect, I suppose, of being able, indirectly, to help "the good cause," the per-centage being but dust in the balance.

"And what security hast thee to deposit?"

"Shares."

"In what concern?"

"Royal Scandinavian railways."

"Ahem! How many hast thee thereof?"

"Oh, a considerable lot. I took up a number that were forfeited for non-payment. They have the secretary's and two directors' names to them; when mine—you know I am chairman—is added, they are just as good as bank-notes, in regard to ultimate value. You are aware that the Scandinavians are guaranteed by their own government."

"Of a surety I possess knowledge of that. Let me consider. Forty thousand thou sayest?"

He put his mouth to the ivory orifice of a tube that conducted from the parlour to the outer office, and delivered a message; a rumbling sound came back; he applied his large, red-lobed ear to the opening, and then resumed his former attitude.

"Scandinavians, I find, are at two-ten."

"Yes,—but if you advance entirely on those securities, I could let you have them a trifle lower."

"Hast thee the shares on thy person?"

Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones produced his pocket-book. "Not exactly," he said; "but if you cast your eye over this list you will see how many I have on hand."

The Quaker did as he was requested, and a mental calculation kept pace with his reading.

"Thee holdest, then, nine thousand six hundred and twenty-four Royal Scandinavians!"

"Which," replied Mr. Jones, quickly, "at five pounds per share, and fifty shillings *premium*, represent considerably over a hundred thousand pounds."

Ephraim Broadcast was troubled at that moment with a short, dry cough. When the annoyance had subsided, he said:

"Nay, but, friend Jones, thy premium assuredly would not stand before so large an issue."

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"Perhaps not," replied Mr. Jones, "but a limited delivery in the event of my not taking up the bill which you discount, must be a part of the bargain. That, of course, is my reason for handing over the securities at something under market-price."

"I see," said the Quaker. "What are thy limits?"

"The issue must be spread over six months, in allotments of not more than two hundred and fifty."

Ephraim Broadcast silently calculated again.

"We will take them," he said "——at *par*."

The quick-eyed Welshman and the impassive Quaker looked at each other fixedly for a whole minute. Mr. Jones then spoke:

"Give me a letter of agreement."

Ephraim Broadcast again whispered in the tube, and a clerk appeared, to whom he gave certain directions. The functionary withdrew, returning, however, presently with an open letter, which ran as follows:

"12, Bullion-alley, 13/11/55.

"SIR,—We have agreed to advance to you 40,000*l.* for three months upon the security of 9624 Royal Scandinavian railway shares (numbered at foot), the loan to be taken up within a week, and one clear day's notice to be given with lists of shares. Interest at five per cent., and three-quarters per cent. premium.

"We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

"For Broadcast, Beaver, and Co.,

"SAMUEL FLABBY.

"To Meredyth Powell Jones, Esq., M.P."

The successful negotiator cast a glance at the signatures before he put up the document.

"I have not the pleasure," he said, "of knowing Mr. Beaver, nor the other gentlemen of your firm. How many are you?"

"Three," replied Ephraim.

"Ah," observed Mr. Jones, jocosely, "you agree in principle with me: 'in a multitude there is safety.'"

"Thou are right, friend Jones. 'A threefold cord,' thou knowest, 'is not quickly broken.'"

"It must be a strong one," thought the honourable member, "if it bears the strain I intend to put upon it."

He then shook hands with the Capitalist and went his way, both parties inwardly rejoicing at the business each had transacted—the Quaker blandly, the Chairman of the Central African with a kind of fierce exultation.

CHAPTER VI.

MESSRS. ORIOLE AND PEACOCK'S ESTABLISHMENT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the dark November days, the embroidered velvet for the dressing-gown was finished before the month was out.

However tedious the work might be, it was something to depend upon, which, as Madame Brochart observed to her niece, was more than could be said for any of the inventions of Monsieur Lepage.

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Her task being completed, Mademoiselle Léonie prepared to carry the work home, hoping, as she well might, to receive a fresh order from her employer. Simple as her costume was, she wore it so gracefully, and looked so much above her present station, that even the little parcel in her hand seemed only there by a caprice and not necessity. It was about mid-day when she set out, and a walk of little more than a quarter of an hour took her to Regent-street.

A most superb establishment is that of Oriole and Peacock. It stands on the best side of the street, pilasters of verd-antique with gilded Corinthian capitals decorate the exterior, through half a dozen plate-glass windows of a single pane gleam gold and silver tissues, and silks and satins of every hue, and the open portals display a degree of magnificence within which utterly bewilders me when I walk by, though the whiskered assistants who carelessly lounge about seem only in their natural element, and look with ineffable contempt upon foolish wonder like mine.

Léonie Lepage could not well mistake the house, but seemed to share some of my trepidation as she approached it. Perhaps it was the thought that she was going to receive payment for her labour which made her check her pace; perhaps the flush on her cheek arose from the recollection that the sum she expected was, after all, a very small one, and there is something like a sense of guilt—at least I generally feel it—in receiving only a small amount; perhaps—and this may be the most natural solution of any—perhaps she feared lest the proprietor of this gorgeous establishment should defer the little payment till a future day. But her hesitation was only momentary, and, between hope and fear, she entered the shop of Messrs. Oriole and Peacock.

Seeing a remarkably handsome girl approach, with whose features they were unacquainted, two of the youngest assistants stepped hastily forward, vying with each other in the *petits soins* of their calling.

"Which of them should have the honour of showing her the newest articles, the very latest novelties?"

Indeed neither of them; she had not come to make any purchases; she wanted to speak to Mr. Oriole.

The little parcel now told its own story, aided possibly by the fact that her shawl was thin, and of a pattern long gone by; her accent, too, added something to the young men's enlightenment. But they were attentive still, though it was now after a different fashion. "Mr. Oriole was engaged just then with a customer,—in a few minutes he would be at leisure,—in the mean time would she take a seat?" And each of the assistants eagerly brought a chair and began to render himself, as he thought, particularly agreeable, impelled thereto by Léonie's beauty, and encouraged by the frankness of her manner.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread." The young men had scarcely opened a fire intended to be intensely damaging, when the shop-walker, a severe-looking gentleman, with a grizzled head and a white neckcloth, passed that way.

"Mr. Vokins," he said, "fetch down that parcel of balzarines from the show-room; Mr. Lillicrap, you are wanted on the other side."

Whether the severe shop-walker cleared the coast of malice prepense, or only in the stern exercise of his duty, I cannot exactly say, but he freed Léonie from the tender *empressement* of the two assistants,

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though they withdrew with evident reluctance, and she remained silently alone.

Under these circumstances, as it was too early for much business, she could not help hearing what Mr. Oriole was saying in his customary loud voice to the person who engrossed his attention. This was a man of no very attractive aspect, whose restless eyes wandered in all directions while he was being spoken to.

Mr. Oriole was a very pompous individual, who could, on occasion, be extremely deferential; his tone was lofty, but his manner subservient; his phraseology fine, but a little interspersed with slip-slop.

"I employ nothing in my establishment, sir," he said, "but talent of the very first order—the most *rashershy* that can be 'ad for money. But talent, sir, as unquestionably you will agree with me, 'as—I may say—a latitude of its own: it can *not* always be tied to time. I did indeed anticipate that the order which you honoured me by giving would 'ave been executed before this, but the hatmosphere, sir, at this season is—ah—inimical to—ah—ah—elaborate hartistic work where many—ah—ah—many *sevoances* are employed. That is a fine style of figured satin on which your hie is now resting—a *sweet* pattern: it would make a lovely lining to the robe; if I might advise now——"

But his customer's glance had again shifted, and following the direction it had taken, that of Mr. Oriole fell on the same object.

"God bless me!" he exclaimed, "this is a singularly 'appy coincidence! The very person I was alluding to just now. Mr. Chaffin,"—here he turned to the grizzly-headed shop-walker,—"why was I not instantly informed of this arrival. Such neglect is unpardonable, Mr. Chaffin."

The "party" thus addressed replied with a grim aspect—which greatly delighted Mr. Lillicrap, on the other side of the shop, and Mr. Vokins, who had just re-entered it—that he had not been "aweer" of the young person's business.

"'Ad he 'ave known of it 'e should immediately 'ave informed Mr. Horiole."

While this slight altercation was going on, a marked change had taken place in The Customer's manner. Not only were his eyes steadily fixed on the object which had last attracted them, but their expression was totally altered: indifference had given way to surprise, and that again to inexpressible admiration. It was no wonder,—for he was gazing on the beautiful face of Léonie Lepage.

She had risen from her chair during Mr. Oriole's harangue, and advanced a few steps towards him, waiting for the opportunity to speak; and this movement it was which first caught The Customer's attention.

"I beg your par*don*," she began, with a very wrong but a very pretty accentuation on the last-spoken syllable—— But Mr. Oriole was too eager to see the work she had brought to listen to any explanation.

"Tray bang, tray bang, mamsell"—Mr. Oriole prided himself on his French—"ouvry le packy. Trays hurroo, ah—ah"—here he got out of his depth, and fell back on the vernacular—"very glad you've come at last. I was just saying to this gentleman that fine work mustn't be 'urried. And *very* fine work it is," he continued, as he opened the parcel, and displayed the embroidery—"very fine indeed, upon my honour! Charmong! charmong! Don't you think so, sir?"

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"More beautiful than anything I ever saw before!" replied The Customer. He was looking, however, at Léonie, and not at the embroidered flowers.

"I am so pleased," she said, "that I have given satisfaction; it is a real happiness to me that I——"

At this moment she caught the expression of The Customer's ardent glance—she had been too busy in assisting to show the velvet to notice him before—and feeling, with a sudden sense of uneasiness, that she herself and not her handiwork had prompted the last remark, her colour deepened, she cast her eyes on the ground, and left the sentence unfinished.

Mr. Oriole, who better understood the texture and hue of the fabrics in which he dealt than hidden causes of emotion, paid no attention to the circumstance, his thoughts being divided between admiration of the embroidery and the price which he ought to charge—not pay—for it. He affected, however, to make the last consideration appear the principal one.

"Mr. Chaffin," he said, "show mamsell the way to the cashier's department. — Prompt settlements, sir," he observed to The Customer, "prompt settlements and liberal payments,—them is our invariable motto with the talent we employ.—Mr. Flush!"—here he directed his voice towards a rostrum which surmounted a spiral flight of stairs in one corner of the saloon—"Mr. Flush, liquidate this lady's account, and take a receipt. Let me see you again, mamsell, before you leave the establishment.—Yes, sir," continued Mr. Oriole, again addressing The Customer, "liberal payment, as I remarked just now, is our characteristic,—we are *distangy* for that. Perhaps you'll be surprised, sir, when I tell you 'ow much we pay for work like this! Eight guineas a yard, sir,—every shilling. We don't make a farthing by it—beyond the usual commission. Indeed, our great hobject is to encourage hart and keep up our name."

"I suppose, then," said The Customer, "that my expensive fancy will soon be gratified now!"

"Expensive, sir,—to *you*, sir! 'Ow can you think, sir, about expense. Quite a baggytell to a gentleman of your fortune! It shall be put in hand without a moment's delay. The Halbany, I think, is your address?"

"My present one,—yes. I am going to move into St. Jacob's-square; —not just yet, however;—yes—the Albany—the Albany,—that will do. When shall I have the dressing-gown?"

"This is Toosday," said Mr. Oriole,—"stay—I must recommend the flowered satin lining,—ah, you don't mind—blazy, no doubt,—like all millioners—well—well—this is Toosday—on Saturday you may rely upon 'aving it 'ome. Good morning, sir. 'Appy to 'ave 'ad the *h*onour. Door, Mr. Chaffin,—door!"

And The Customer was bowed out of the shop.

As soon as he was gone, Mr. Oriole walked towards the rostrum beside which—having received her *two* sovereigns, the price of her work—Léonie was standing with her back to the street, in order not to see the gentleman again who had stared at her, as she felt, so rudely. She turned at the sound of Mr. Oriole's voice. Patronage and pomposity predominated now in his tones, though a certain kindness of manner was not wanting. This might have been more effectually manifested had he

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really acted up to the alleged motto of his house, but there are people—and a good many of them—who do not know, or cannot be made to understand, that the evils of poverty cannot be altogether soothed by sympathising speeches.

"As I mentioned to you just now, mamsell, I am very well pleased with your work. You 'ave—ah—ah—given me satisfaction. I shall continue to employ you. Money, I know, is a consideration with you; it is with most foreigners. But I must expect you to keep to time; my customers must not be kept waiting."

"I shall work as hard as I can, sir," said Léonie, stifling a strange sensation that was rising in her throat. "Yes, sir, you may be well assured I have only for that too strong a motive."

"Tray bang, tray bang, mamsell. I may reckon upon you, I 'ope. Let me have four—no—we'll make it height this time—yes—height yards more of the same embroidery—at the same price! Come, that's what I call a horder. Four pounds! Why, I shouldn't wonder if it kept your family for a month! You 'ave the pattern?"

It was as well that Léonie had to reply at once to this question, for an image had been conjured up which, dwelt upon a moment longer, would have made her answer difficult.

"Ah, yes, sir—I have the pattern," she said. "For when is this work demanded?"

"In a fortnight, mamsell. Don't forget! Darns un—darns un—cathorse—ah—ah——"

"Dans quinze jours, monsieur," interposed Léonie, smiling, her gaiety of heart having quickly returned.

"Ah, canjoor—that's it—wee—wee, canjoor. Good morning, mamsell. Mr. Vokins! I advise you to take advantage of the early-closing movement; I encourage it for the sake of heducation. Don't go to the Casino after hours, sir—but sit up in your room and learn French. No man now-a-days can expect to get on without it! I wish I could make Peacock think so."

Mr. Oriole, having disburdened his mind and glorified himself—by implication—was at liberty to return to his business, and straightway plunged into the affairs of the establishment.

Léonie resumed her walk homeward at a quick pace: the shops were tempting to look at, but her aunt was sitting alone, and she knew how *ennuyée* Madame Brochart always was when left alone, so she turned hastily from them and made her way through the narrow streets that conducted to her lodging. Not unobserved, however, for the person who has hitherto been spoken of as "The Customer" had been lying in wait ever since he left Mr. Oriole's shop, and now followed her. At the corner of a street leading into Golden-square, Léonie paused, not quite sure that she was in the right direction, for she seldom went abroad except on Sundays, and then, as Madame Brochart observed, "every street in London was alike."

It was at this point that the stranger overtook her. Léonie was looking round in uncertainty just as he came up. She recognised him instantly, and forbore the inquiry she was about to make. He did not, however, pass on, but came to a dead stop, and at once accosted her.

"I saw you just now at that shop in Regent-street," he said.

Léonie made him no reply, but rapidly renewed her walk. The stranger

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kept up with her; the place where they were favoured his purpose, for nobody was in sight. He spoke again:

"You are very beautiful."

No answer: Léonie breathed hard.

"You are a French girl," he went on; "you work for that house; you must want money. Tell me where you live!"

Still Léonie was silent—still walking quickly.

"I am very rich—how rich I hardly know—you cannot conceive! Let me visit you."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, turning hastily round, "if you are an English gentleman, begone! If not, I call to the police."

"Nonsense, child," he replied; "you must not be silly. I repeat to you that I am very rich."

"And I, sir," returned Léonie, the rich blood mantling in her cheek, and her dark eyes flashing fire—"I, sir, am poor—very poor!—too poor to have affair with you. Listen to me, sir. I have a father!"

"And he is poor, too? So much the better. He will understand how to keep out of the way."

"He understand more than that. He understand what is honour! You are below my feet."

A cab drove into the square at that moment. Léonie's quick eye saw that it was empty; she made a signal to the driver, who stopped. She ran up to the cab, threw open the door, jumped in, and before the man could get down from his box closed the door again, and, pointing before her, called out to him to drive straight on. It was the work of an instant; she was gone before the stranger could recover from his surprise. But he was not a man without expedients, and fortune favoured him, for an empty "Hansom" at that moment turned the corner. He tossed the driver half-a-crown, and saying to him, "Keep that cab in sight,—not too near," threw himself back in the Hansom as far as he possibly could.

Poor Léonie. She little thought, while she was telling Madame Brochart of the insolence to which she had been exposed, and how cleverly she had escaped, that he who had offered it was watching for her appearance at the window the whole of that dreary afternoon. Longer even: he stayed till it was quite dark. About six o'clock, as he stood under a gateway opposite, he saw a man go up to the door of the house which Léonie had entered and give a single knock. While he waited for some one to open it, he turned towards the street, and the light from a lamp fell full on his face. The watcher recognised in it the features of Monsieur Lepage.

"At all events," he muttered, "I know who she is. I must play my cards differently; but I shall win the game!"

CHAPTER VII.

CHATEAU BELMONT.

THE shining town of Cotswoldham is a very pleasant place at certain seasons of the year, and contains a great number of very pleasant people. It is a kind of *juste milieu* between the cultivation of the capital and the crudity of the provinces, and partakes in a tolerably equal degree of both those qualities. Its form of government, not many years ago, was that

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of an absolute monarchy, but, although still under some degree of regal influence, it professes now to be a free republic, semi-fashionable, semi-theocratic, authority being divided between a Master of the Ceremonies, a leading physician, and a popular preacher. These functionaries generally pull very well together, the ball-room, the pump-room, and the chapel being each filled with dancers, drinkers, and devotees—the same people in different dresses.

Cotswoldham was formerly a place to which gentlemen from the sister isle, whose estates were slightly encumbered—they never knew how—were in the habit of resorting, for the purpose of improving their fortunes by marriage; but that sort of speculation has for some time fallen into desuetude, a different way of making money having been discovered by the aforesaid gentlemen, without entailing upon them the necessity of a matrimonial encumbrance.

But "marrying and giving in marriage," and a variety of curious interludes of which matrimony is the presumed basis, are events constantly going on at Cotswoldham, with more striking results, perhaps, than at any other town in the three kingdoms. It is said, too, that heiresses still abound there, but as these ladies arrive only from Wales, the reality of their fortunes may be doubted.

The great characteristic of Cotswoldham is the *laissez aller* mode of life which prevails there. Health is the pretext, amusement the motive of the majority of its permanent as well as of its fluctuating population—those apart who, as in all places, are dwellers from necessity; and with that amusement it sometimes happens that certain acts are combined which do not altogether raise the performers in the scale of morality.

About twenty years before the opening of this veritable history, there resided in a seaport town, within a long day's ride of Aber-Pandy, two sisters, the daughters of a not over-wealthy clergyman—such a person being easy to find in those parts—whose family name was the not uncommon one of Morgan.

They were both handsome after the manner of their country; very tall, with black hair and eyes, white teeth, and very high colours; a good deal resembling each other, but not alike in age, the elder, Martha, being, at the time I speak of, six-and-twenty, and her sister, Rosina, twenty-one. Had there been fewer years between them, the difference of their characters might, very likely, have been less; but Martha's seniority enabled her to train her younger sister in the same habits of thought as herself, and it came to pass that when Rosina had arrived at woman's estate, she was as fond of flirting, and had nearly as much experience of the world, as her instructor.

They had neither of them any lack of lovers—squires, lawyers, and half-pay officers of both services; perhaps, indeed, they seemed to have too many, for several years rolled on, and "the handsome Morgans," as they were called, did not marry. It was thought at one time that Meredyth Powell Jones, the young attorney of Aber-Pandy, whose business often took him to the town where they lived, would have proposed to Martha or Rosina, as he seemed very attentive to them both; but it might have been the undeclared preference, or some cause not quite on the surface, for he left the country to settle in London without making an offer: at all events, without his offer having been accepted. Immediately he was gone, however, Martha Morgan changed her mind,

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and gave her hand to Captain Ruddock, of the Royal Marines, a gentleman nearly twice her own age, who, after some forty years' service by land and sea, had managed to realise a tolerable sum of money, and now came to the conclusion that it was time for him to enjoy it.

Everybody said that Miss Martha had thrown herself away; that she might have married anybody she chose, and a hundred other things that people *will* say whenever an unexpected marriage takes place,—but the lady herself did not appear to think her choice a bad one. Captain Ruddock was very fond of his wife, she had everything her own way, and for a whole twelvemonth they lived together in the most exemplary manner. So attentive, indeed, was Mrs. Ruddock to her husband, that, perhaps, she cherished him too much, and over-cherishing is sometimes as fatal as neglect. It proved so in this instance; for Captain Ruddock, who had weathered the breezes of the Baltic and faced the glowing tropics unharmed, succumbed suddenly one day beneath a slight attack of cold, for which the remedial brandy-and-water, administered by his tender wife, did not prove efficacious. He had time, however, to make his will the day before his death,—being so advised by Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones, who happened to be down from London on a visit, and kindly drew up the document,—and he showed his sense of Mrs. Ruddock's unremitting affection by leaving her all he possessed,—not an immense fortune, it is true, but a very comfortable income, upon which, in the country, a very fair establishment could be kept up.

But, now that she was a widow, Mrs. Ruddock discovered that her native town did not agree with her. Her nerves had been shaken, and, to use her own phrase, the air of Wales was "too much for her,"—so she decided upon going abroad, with her sister Rosina, for whom a single life appeared to possess the greatest charm, as her companion.

Having settled her affairs, which she placed in the hands of her friend and adviser, Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones, Mrs. Ruddock proceeded to the Continent. Boulogne, Brussels, and Paris severally detained her for some time, and in each of these places she contracted a great number of very agreeable acquaintances. So very agreeable, indeed, were they, that, had she been so disposed, Mrs. Ruddock at any moment within the first year of her widowhood might have thrown aside her weeds. There was "the Major" at Boulogne, "the Baron" at Brussels, and "the Count" at Paris, all of whom vowed that she was the most delightful woman in the world, and laid their lives and fortunes at her feet. But their lives were not much to her taste, and their fortunes being nowhere, she declined the proffered honours. Rosina, too, might have married equally well,—it being taken for granted that her *dot* was worth looking after,—but the suiters did not meet her view of the case either, and, like her prototype, the "fair Vestal throned by the West," she continued "in maiden meditation fancy free."

In a certain class of life—not the highest in rank—where people have to form their circle, the selection is not always made with perfect judgment, particularly on the Continent. You may become intimate with the fascinating Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, whose charming young family have no legal right to call them father and mother, and have *quasi* brothers and sisters elsewhere; you may give dinners to the irresistible Colonel Montagu, who plays so well at *écarté*,—so well that the club in Pall Mall, from which he suddenly withdrew, still mourns the day when he

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was first connected with it; you may mix freely with the Reverend Cavendish Howard, who is excessively fond of "mixing freely" for himself, and left his cassock at home; you may dote upon "that dear Countess de Hauteville," who isn't a countess, and has a habit of borrowing five hundred francs, which she never repays; you may indulge in plenty of this kind of society, but if you do, neither your manners nor your morals will be much improved in the long run.

It so happened that birds of the plumage just described—very gay and very glittering—were exactly those that most attracted the large and "splendid" Mrs. Ruddock, and the nearly as large and quite as "splendid" Rosina Morgan:—splendid, that is to say, in the eyes of those who like a dash of audacity as the substitute for *naïveté*, and a dash of rouge as the succedaneum to natural colour when the latter begins to fade.

But Paris was not the limit of their travels: there were the inevitable baths beyond the Rhine, and also the inevitable Italy, with the "Rome and Naples" which some folks fancy are cities having no connexion with the mother country. If this were a political and not a geographical idea, it might not be altogether wrong. But to resume: Mrs. Ruddock and Miss Rosina Morgan travelled everywhere,—were seen wherever the situation was public,—were known by a *sobriquet* not altogether flattering,—and though no one could actually accuse them of having lost their characters, the cameleon hue which their reputations wore depended very much upon locality—or charitable construction.

Four or five years of this kind of life were past, and as many more might have succeeded, but for an unforeseen *contretemps*.

Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones, who was now pushing his parliamentary agency, and feeling his way on speculative ground, and who had *carte blanche* from Mrs. Ruddock for the removal of her capital whenever he deemed it advisable for her interests, made a move on her account in canal shares—or something of that sort—and the result was not such as to justify his known reputation for sagacity. The speculation, in fact—so he wrote—turned out quite contrary to his expectations; it was, to tell the truth, an absolute failure: he was a heavy loser himself, and his "dearest Martha" (they were on those terms of friendship) was, he feared, all but ruined. She must return home immediately, and he would see what could be realised by the sale of a very small landed property, the joint inheritance of the sisters, which was left,—and all he could add from his own little store he would freely give: he was almost a heart-broken man, and scarcely knew what he wrote, but he begged her to keep up her courage.

Martha had plenty of that article in her composition, and though the drifting tears made furrows of the broadest on her painted cheek while she read her friend and adviser's letter, she adopted the counsel he offered, and returned at once to London.

The interview between the sisters and Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones was affecting: it seemed so at least, for he could not repress his emotion for full five minutes—a very long time for a lawyer. When, however, he was himself again, and they were able, as he said, "to discuss the matter calmly," his shrewd intellect soon hit upon a plan for enabling his "dearest Martha" and "dear Rosina" to secure a very genteel independence. He had ascertained that the landed property already mentioned would fetch a certain sum—"say a thousand pounds;" well, he would

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add another thousand,—it was as much as he could do to scrape it together,—but then he had his professional prospects, and besides, he didn't care for himself; with this money he proposed to buy a house at Cotswoldham,—there was a choice of two or three at the Mart,—all highly eligible,—it might be furnished handsomely for "say, so much;" and when the establishment was fairly mounted,—it should be his "dearest" Martha's and "dear" Rosina's altogether,—he would only have a mortgage claim for the amount of his advance; when all this was done—and he began now to see his way quite clearly—why, as a boarding-house of first-rate character, it would be a fortune to them in five years, or ten at the very outside.

People who have no alternative but submission are very soon persuaded. Besides, there was something in the scheme which harmonised with the personal habits and general views of the ladies. To a boarding-house life, as guests, they had long been accustomed. With fewer personal attractions than—the sisters flattered themselves—*they* possessed, they had witnessed some very remarkable successes in the boarding-house line; a native talent for manœuvring, improved by continental practice, might advantageously be brought into play; no shrinking delicacy of sentiment need interfere; they had many friends of the very sort to be serviceable in such a case; and, to sum up all, if they could no longer spend money without the trouble of making it, they were ready—as the opportunity best offered—to turn the project to account.

Some of the conclusions at which they arrived were partly original, partly suggested, but they made them all their own by adoption; and much to the contentment of Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones, the interview ended by the complete adhesion of his fair clients. He was not a man to linger long when once he had resolved on doing a thing, and the acquisition by private contract of the house at Cotswoldham was soon accomplished. Neither did the ladies loiter over the work which lay before them. They had been accustomed to make a dash wherever they went, and the present was not the time to forego the practice. The simple stereotyped announcement that the "Board and Residence" which they offered "combined all the comforts of home with cheerful society," was much too tame for their purpose—or that of Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones, who directed all their movements. The "shining town" was no *terra incognita* to Mrs. Ruddock: both herself and Rosina had passed more than one season there before the advent of the defunct Captain of Marines, and there were people in Cotswoldham who still retained a very lively remembrance of "the handsome Morgans."

That remembrance the sisters determined to revive and improve upon, and when the advertisement appeared announcing that

"Chateau Belmont"

would shortly be opened as a boarding-house, "on a system hitherto unattempted in England," and it was known in addition who were its conductors, the shining town of Cotswoldham experienced a sensation to which it had been a stranger since the palmy days of the Great Bashaw who was once its lord and master.

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MOTHER FORD.

BY CHARLES WILLIAM JAYNE.

Oh, lovely lady, bent o'er book,
Rich produce of some fertile brain,
Student with careworn, anxious look,
Seeking immortal truth to gain,
Statesman, and priest, and poet true,
Quaint Hiawatha, gentle Maud,
Listen the while I sing to you
In humble praise of Mother Ford.

I know the haughty world will sneer,
And wonder that I dare essay
To catch its aye unwilling ear
With aught but what is vain or gay;
But truth is such a sacred thing,
He sins who keeps it as a hoard,
And 'tis a pleasant truth I sing,
The world has known a Mother Ford.

Time was that Brother Jim and I,
When the long holidays had come,
Would put our heavy learning by,
And turn our steps to happy home;
There welcome, but not wanted, though
Well with our wish did it accord
When mother kissed and bade us go
And spend those days with Mother Ford.

To hoop—to hoop—away, away,
We leave the busy town afar,
Nor for a moment turn or stay
Till in those happy haunts we are;
Where freedom and the heath-robed hills,
The hawthorn lanes and mossy sward,
And the old weather-beaten mills
Surround the house of Mother Ford.

Oh, happy days! I often fly
In memory back to you again,
And find therein a luxury,
A pleasure almost to a pain,
When, to the world as yet unknown,
I thanked my God I was no Lord,
Nought but a poor innkeeper's son,
And foster-child to Mother Ford.

We near the little village-school:
The door is open—in we look,
And from the scholar and the fool
Down drops the dog-eared spelling-book.
They clap their hands and make a face
(What care they for the strap or cord!),
And point to our old trysting-place,
Down by the house of Mother Ford.

For there we often met to plan
Adventures which hereafter gave
A strength and courage to the man,
The power a heartless world to brave.
Let the fierce wasp and squirrel say
If safely were their treasures stored,
Or in defiance borne away
By those two boys of Mother Ford.

Ah, she was proud of her two boys:
The learning, which she never knew
But them adorned, increased her joys,
And made her somewhat reverenced too.
See, there she stands beside the gate,
Such welcome, sure, was never heard
As that which in her joy elate
Is poured on us by Mother Ford.

Our little chairs beside the fire,
The china mugs, our names thereon;
Moreover, what boys most admire,
A huge sweet cake to feast upon;
The teapot with its antique lid,
And cups and saucers on the board:
"Some witch has told you we were bid
To come to you now, Mother Ford."

She smiles: we prattle, eat, and drink,
Tell all our schoolboy news at once:
How Jim was thrashed for squirting ink,
And I because I was a dunce;
How, breaking up, we broke the cane,
And bolstered all who sneaked and snored,
And hoped they'd not come back again—
Oh, those were days with Mother Ford!

Time's changes! Ah! how many a friend
Is growing haughty, rich, and cold,
Whose dignity it might offend
To offer the embrace of old,

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E'en Brother Jim is now estranged—
We parted at an angry word;
But there is one has never changed,
And never will—dear Mother Ford.

What though our playmates might be rude,
What though we wandered out afar
O'er hill and dale, through brake and wood,
Returning with the evening star,
No heavy look or threat she gave,
No dire complaint against us scored,
But as should honest friend behave
Did she—God bless you, Mother Ford!

God bless you, that you let us taste
In youth the pleasures of the free,
And taught us not to chide in haste
When others would unshackled be.
Moreover, how devoid of guile,
If artless tongues their joys record,
To give a sympathising smile,
Such as your own was, Mother Ford.

In danger oft she was our aid:
Jim while "a-fishing" near was drowned,
And, though with life she nearly paid
The venture, dragged him from the pond.
I, unto pestilence a prey,
Awoke at last to health restored,
But found her health had flown away—
Too kind a nurse was Mother Ford.

I've known her scarce with plenty blest:
She gave without a stinting hand,
And if a neighbour was distrest,
'Twas her who comforted and planned:
The poor, the sick, the sad at heart
Ne'er unto her in vain implored;
Right well she played the Christian's part—
A true disciple, Mother Ford.

On rainy days, when close in-doors
We were compelled to make our stay,
She'd let us chalk her well-scrubbed floors,
Or, if we wished, at marbles play;
Or sing us one of those old songs
The world no longer can applaud—
For lovers' tears and maidens' wrongs
Are foolish themes now, Mother Ford.

In winter nights we round the fire
Would draw, and watch her cheerful face,
And list with ears that never tire
To tales she told of other days,
When humble folk, with scanty means,
Who ne'er above their station soared,
Were happier far than kings and queens—
At least so thought dear Mother Ford.

Where in my happy youth I strayed
Amid the haunts of solitude,
Or with my bold companions played
Beside the thick-leaved hawthorn wood,
A rail has bared his iron breast,
And through that scene incessant poured
Of the earth's wisest and its best,
But none can equal Mother Ford.

On the green hill, where oft I laid
And gazed into the summer sky,
Man has his world-famed palace made,
And kings and queens walked wonderingly;
Yet not more valued is it now
Because with such attractions stored,
Than that of old upon its brow
I roamed a child with Mother Ford.

Yes, Mother Ford, those halcyon days
Shall still be treasured in my heart,
And in my memory find a place,
With memory only to depart;
And thou to whom so much I owe,
Hereafter great be thy reward,
And long may I be spared to know
So true a friend as Mother Ford!

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION FOR 1856.

OUR annual visit to some of the principal studios has given us glimpses of many fine pictures intended for the Exhibition of 1856, which opens on Monday next. Although there are several distinguished names amongst the absentees, the promise of the year is good: the leading artists who exhibit—whether of the elected forty or beyond the pale—do more than "hold their own," while vast progress has been made by numerous aspirants to the fame which must very soon be theirs.

Precedence is claimed—not by virtue of seniority but by the incontestable right of genius—for Clarkson Stanfield's magnificent picture of the hull of a noble ship drifting helplessly alone in the midst of the wild ocean, without a soul on board to relieve the spectator's mind from the sense of utter desolation. An incident in Washington Irving's "Sketch-book," and the train of thought called up by it, have—in part—suggested the subject which Mr. Stanfield has treated with such wonderful power; but the imagination of the painter, his thorough knowledge of the sad ventures of a seaman's life, and the feeling which the undoubted fate of the "Pacific" has so freshly awakened, have contributed in a still greater degree to the completion of his grand and only too successful design. A sublimer theme than this "tempest-tost" bark, the sport alike of wind and wave, mastless, rudderless, a mere drift that once was all beauty, instinct with motion and guided by human will, cannot well be imagined, and certainly no living artist but Mr. Stanfield could have represented it with the same terrible fidelity. A second picture, by the same "ruler of the waves," represents the coast of Spain off the port of Irun, with the singular mountain called "Les Trois Couronnes" rising beyond the famous river Bidassoa (which separates France from Spain), and the Pyrenees in the far distance. This work has all the freshness and vigour which characterise Mr. Stanfield's best productions, and prove how little his right hand "has lost its cunning." Mr. George Stanfield has also three very good pictures: a view of Sion in the Vallais, the covered bridge below the village of Leuk, in the same canton, and a charming scene on Hampstead Heath.

The author of Argyll's last sleep—of Montrose's death—of Charlotte Corday's execution—of that well-remembered scene in the Temple in Paris—has added another laurel to his wreath in the parting of Marie Antoinette with the young Louis the Seventeenth, the story of which is so pitifully told in the recent work of M. Beauchêne. Mr. Ward has with admirable judgment availed himself of all the best points in the historian's narrative, superadding many things which his own genius has prompted. He has thus, for instance, idealised the chief attributes of

ion in four figures, the members of the committee
away the royal child. We see the common, blood-
classical, self-styled Brutus or Aristide—the venal,
whatever party chances to be uppermost,—and—
truly conscientious, the commiserating and almost
ublican. This party have just entered the prison, and
amongst them has opposed resistance to the violence of

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the rest, a fact which is indicated by the overthrown chair, the displaced table-cover, and other marks of disorder. A space unoccupied, save by the rude prison table, separates the mournful family from their persecutors. The royal group consists of the widowed queen, who is fondly clasping her orphan son, of the kneeling Dauphine, and of the beautiful Madame Elizabeth, who stands behind her sister-in-law's chair. They have passed a night of tearful sorrow, and with the grey light of morning comes the moment that brings despair. To look on this scene of sadness unmoved is to have a heart steeled against every throb of emotion, an eye barren of the sense of sympathy; if even that stern republican is touched by the pity of it, how should we escape who have no political feeling to stand between us and a mother's convulsive grief! On a more deeply affecting picture we have never looked, and sincerely do we congratulate Mr. Ward on this additional and well-won triumph. He sends also to the Exhibition a cabinet picture, representing a phase in the life of Byron when, through an open window at Annesley Hall, by moonlight, he watches Mary Chaworth willingly yielding herself to the enjoyment in which he can take no share, her pleasures not his, and her love another's. The poet's likeness is well preserved. Neither has Mrs. Ward suffered her pencil to rest in idleness. She has contributed, in illustration of Tennyson's poem, a very beautiful "Queen of May," surrounded by a host of admirably-painted accessories, and a very clever drawing-room "interior."

Mr. Philip, who wins applause at every succeeding Exhibition, has made an enormous stride in the present one, adding unexpected force to admirable composition. He has four pictures, all excellent in their several degrees, but one of them a masterpiece. This is a scene at the entrance to the cathedral of Seville, where several persons are assembled in prayer. The principal figure is that of a woman with an infant, and a sick boy crouched beside her, whose case is evidently hopeless, and for whom her rapt and ardently-trusting prayers are rising, with all the intensity of a mother's agony, to Heaven. She prays with the whole fervour of her soul, as we can read in her dark eyes weary with watching and weeping, in every lineament of her worn and wasted but still handsome face; but no outward sign of prayer is visible, for with one hand she holds her healthy infant, and the other is tenderly laid on her pale emaciated boy, who lies amidst the folds of her dress, half unconscious through sickness and pain. No picture of Spanish peasant-life ever painted by Murillo himself could excel this group in feeling, in expression, in intensity, and in truth. The colouring is magnificent, the rich reds, yellows, purples, and browns so finely massed and so artistically managed that their union forms a blending of all hues of most harmonious effect and marvellous breadth, but all so nicely touched that, from the profuse ornaments of the boy's jacket and the mother's sleeves to her opal earrings flashing with rainbow tints, every object, whether in light or shade, is finished with the minutest care. Beside this touching group stands an elderly man, a peasant, reverent in attitude, but calm and satisfied to be in the immediate neighbourhood of the deep devotion whose influence he feels; his drapery and *pose* are most picturesque. On the other side of the earnestly-beseeching mother is a half-shrouded devotee mumbling her prayers and assiduously telling her

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beads, the very type of superstition; and beyond her a lovely pair of Sevillanas of the higher order, praying too, but with a difference in the manner of their devotions. The nearest to the spectator of these two is an auburn-haired girl with long curved eyelashes just touching a rounded cheek of rose, so full of softness and purity as at once to recal the beauty of that Virgin of Raffaelle known as "La Vièrge de François Premier." She is probably thinking of things celestial as she raises her eyes from her missal, but her companion, with the splendid dark eyes and brilliant fan, on which a *festa de toros* is painted, is evidently of another mould; and looks as if she were quite conscious that some handsome gallant, as devout as herself, is gazing on her from the shelter of a not very distant concealment. Beyond this charming coquette, and clear amidst the deepening gloom, is seen a church procession of banners and crosses, and striking is the effect produced by all the shadows so artistically thrown along the dim aisles in which the remaining figures are lost. We look upon this picture as Mr. Philip's *chef d'œuvre*, and we apprehend that the public will ratify our opinion. Of his three other pictures, one is an *Arriero* drinking *agua fresca* at a road-side well somewhere between Xeres and Ronda, the crystal draught being shot into his mouth, as is the fashion in Spain, from the neck of a jar which a Moorish-looking girl, the water-drawer, is holding above his up-turned head: the colouring and expression of this group are admirable. The same fine qualities appear also in a Gitana of the Triana, carelessly carrying two water-jars: the *abandon* of this figure is perfect, and the treatment exquisitely natural. The last of Mr. Philip's offerings is a portrait—and such a portrait! The lovely original is known to many. Here she is called Doña Pepita, and though the daughter of an Englishman, her Spanish mother's eyes and hair give her full claim to wear the rich *mantilla de tira*, and half conceal herself from the admiring world behind the national *abanico*. The sweetest smile hovers on her rosy lips and plays over her damask cheek, and her features are altogether faultless. While Mr. Philip has gained immensely in power, he has lost nothing of the art of delineating beauty.

Notwithstanding the numerous "interiors" of St. Peter's at Rome which are to be seen in modern galleries, few—if any—have been painted within the walls of that wondrous temple: they are usually recollections of what the artist has passionately admired, but has not been permitted to sketch on the spot. Since the well-known work of Panini in the Louvre, no true representation of the interior of St. Peter's has, in fact, appeared, owing to the difficulties which are thrown in the way of artists by the jealousy of the guardians of the sacred fane; and it affords matter for real congratulation that when the severity of the prohibition was slackened, the permission so long desired should have been granted to a painter of such marvellous capacity as David Roberts. His splendid picture is, indeed, a triumph of art, so elaborate is it, so finished, so full of art and masterly skill. Every cornice, every ornament, every one of the minute beauties which cover the gorgeous walls, the golden ceilings, the decorated columns, is brought out with a fidelity that is truly astonishing; every rich medallion, every glowing picture that comes within the range of sight, is finished with miniature-like precision; and the whole are thrown into deep shadow, or soft half-tint, without losing one jot of their splendour, while from the lofty dome and across the

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resplendent walls streams of pure sunlight gild the rich colours and pour brilliancy through the aisles and arches of this world-famed temple. The time chosen by Mr. Roberts is the Christmas-day ceremony, when the Pope is carried through the edifice on a portable throne—symbolical of his elevation as the vicar of Christ—wearing all the mystic emblems of his spiritual power, and surrounded by all the dignitaries of the Roman Church. With these are mingled acolytes, incense-bearers, soldiers, devotees—a vast but harmonious crowd—which give great animation to the foreground, and produce a wonderfully fine effect. The actual point of view of this noble picture is that which presents the Baldacchino, or grand canopy covering the high altar almost immediately in the centre, with just so much of the gallery inside the dome as suffices to indicate the marvellous vault resting upon its colossal piers. This perspective leaves nothing architecturally to be desired, and the management of the light and shade complete a work unrivalled in its particular style. More familiar Venice offers another example of Mr. Roberts's artistic skill. The scene is a view from the *Campo* in front of the church of San Giovanni e Paolo, with the celebrated statue of Bartolomeo Colleone on the right hand—the spot where, according to Byron, the compact was entered into between the Doge Marino Faliero and Israel Bertuccio to overthrow the tyranny of "The Forty:" a receding canal, an angular bridge of a single arch of rose-hued stone, some picturesque buildings, an Italian sky, and a bright distance, make up the remainder of the subject, which is Venice all over. Mr. Roberts has a third picture, no actual locality, but such as the wanderer may light upon in many a lovely bay of the purple Ægean: it is a Greek temple on an elevation, and is painted with a view to its effect when seen "above the line."

Venice receives its illustration from another well-known pencil, that of an artist known in his Adriatic pictures as "Il Lagunetto," in his Dutch ones as "Mynheer Van Cook,"—the last no type, and barely a paraphrase of his real name. Two of Mr. Cooke's subjects of the former category are the Dogana di Mare, and the church of San Giorgio;—the first in the cool of early morning, the last in the roseate effect of sunset. Mr. Cooke's third Venetian picture has other qualities besides the skilful treatment which pervades all his works: the vessels in them have a history attached to their class. They are those large fishing-boats, called Bragozzi, decorated in a kind of Byzantine style, with sails of black and amber, ornamented with sacred pictures and holy emblems, with pious inscriptions and religious devices on the hulls, and the masts surmounted with vanes of the most singularly elaborate construction, known under the name of "Pinelli." One of these boats, dedicated to the Virgin, and inscribed "Noi stiamo sotto divina providenza," is running into port under the influence of a strong "borasco," with half her equipage of nets streaming from the mast in the direction whither she is flying; another boat, following close, has "Viva la pace"—an *apropos* of the moment—painted on her bellying canvas, and both of them dash furiously through the tumbling sea; in the distance rises the Castello di Sant' Andrea, and near the entrance to the *Lagune* are seen some vessels casting anchor, one of them a Turk, with the crescent on her flag. The originality of this picture is one of its many attractions, and the spectator cannot but be struck by the skill with which the colours are opposed,—the amber, black and red telling forcibly against the green and blue. Mr.

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Cooke's Dutch pictures are: a Trawl-boat preparing for sea on the return of the tide—a variation of the subject which he treated so well last year—and vessels entering the port of Delfzyl on the Dollart, a large bay in the northernmost part of Friesland. The breadth and vigour of the Scheveningen picture cannot be surpassed, and the line of foaming waves breaking upon the sandy shore is of the most absolute truth alike for colour and movement. Delfzyl combines the characteristics of the shore of Holland with that of her ever-threatening sea: one little boat, called a "*Sneb*," from its beak-shaped bow, contrasts well with the larger craft.

Before we quit the sea we must mention another "bold adventurer"—and a new one—over its perilous depths. This is Mr. F. R. Lee, the Royal Academician, who has this year embarked on a new career, in which it is not difficult to predict a success scarcely inferior to that which he has already achieved. Remembering his long, shady avenues, his fine secular monarchs of the forest, his sequestered woodland dells, it is almost startling to find that he has painted four pictures for the Exhibition without a single tree in any of them. The first and most striking of the series is a stormy effect on Plymouth Breakwater. We are supposed to be standing nearly at the eastern extremity of the Breakwater, with the long perspective before us as far as the angle where it turns towards the shore, and is terminated by the lighthouse at the entrance to Plymouth Sound. The sea, stirred by a rising gale, is dashing over the broad pier with a force which would sweep away, like pebbles, the heaviest blocks of granite, if they were not strongly secured by chains; warned by the danger of exposure, the workmen are hastily seeking refuge behind "the shelter,"—a massive construction to seaward of the Breakwater, where they can remain secure till the violence of the storm has abated; over the remoter part of the harbour's great safeguard the waves are shivering themselves into spray; and towards the south, vessels of all sizes are weathering the gale or scudding before it. Mr. Lee must have closely studied his effects from nature to have produced this vigorous, truthful picture.—His second subject is a cutter beating out of the little harbour of Fowey, in Cornwall. She has just passed the promontory on which are the ruins of an old castle, with a fine breezy down beyond it, and is breasting the clear green waters of the open sea which sweeps towards the shore, and are broken at the entrance to the harbour over a ridge of glistening rocks. Overhead the clouds are drifting fast, leaving dark shadows on the sea where they pass before the sun, and revealing bright gleams of light between. Transparency and motion are everywhere present in the treatment of this charming subject. Mr. Lee's third picture differs from both the preceding: a vessel has gone ashore, and the tide having receded she has been stripped and broken up by a party of seamen who are returning from their work: this is a fine composition, it is beautifully coloured, and all the characteristics of the coast and its occupants are well preserved. The last picture of the four is a fine yawl contending against a rough sea, with a bold, rocky foreground on the left hand. Some of the artist's secret is told here, for the vessel is, we believe, a portrait of Mr. Lee's own yacht, in which he has been so successfully prosecuting his marine studies.

Of the *tableaux de genre* which we have seen, some are excellent, and all of high merit. Mr. Frith's principal picture, called "Many happy

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returns of the day," will have a crowd round it as dense as that which collected the year before last to see his "Sands at Ramsgate." Little Alice, the heroine of the piece, is only two years old, and sits in a high chair at a well-covered table, under an arch of leaves and flowers, her health having just been drunk by all the numerous party, a fact to which she is utterly indifferent, all the feeling she is capable of expressing being centred in a large orange, on which her tiny grasp is firmly fixed. But her indifference is not shared by any of those to whom she belongs; the still-beautiful grandmother, the charming mother, and the lovely aunt—a group which is the perfection of feminine sweetness—are gazing intently upon the infant queen of the day; the exulting father and the placid grandfather, who sits a little apart, are equally enjoying the event, and a host of little brothers and sisters (what would one give to own such a family!) are taking the lion's share in the festivities. For composition, colour, expression, distribution of light, air, and breadth of effect, this picture is not to be excelled.

Amongst children too, but children of a different class, how great is Webster! One picture only, but that a very gem! It bears the name of "Hide and Seek," but needs no title to tell its story. The game takes place in a homely cottage, and perfectly develops the ingenious devices of a set of young creatures, bent on deceiving the laughing, joyous searcher, whose moment has just arrived, and who is entering the cottage-door. Behind that door two sweet little, half-frightened girls are making themselves small to escape observation; one bold fellow, with bare legs and red socks exposed, has thrown himself into the baby's cradle; another, more artful, is crouched down beside the smiling mother and her sleeping infant; a third, cleverer than his brothers, has hidden himself beneath an overturned hamper, but has forgotten to draw in his hand, which lies on the red-bricked floor; and a fourth, a little girl, cleverer still, has taken refuge behind her grandmother's grey cloak, with her face to the wall, from which it hangs, and thinks herself perfectly safe from observation—the young ostrich—because, though her head is concealed, her pretty legs and feet are more manifest to the eye than anything else in the cottage. Such fun as this is only to be seen in Webster's pictures; we feel the present, hushed enjoyment, and every moment expect the explosive mirth that awaits the impending discoveries. To particularise the qualities of art by which the work is characterised is needless.

Mr. Faed has produced this year a companion to "The Mitherless Bairn," to which he has given the name of "Home and the Homeless." It is an exquisite cottage interior, in Scotland of course, and Burns and Wordsworth have combined to furnish him with subjects for illustration. "Home" is the cotter surrounded by his family; "the homeless" we see in the strangers who claim his hospitality. The master of the house is sitting with "the lisping infant prattling on his knee"—beside him is an elder girl seated on the floor playing with a puppy, and behind his chair, pouting, the late darling of the family, now displaced; the sonsie "thriftie wifie" is smilingly preparing a bowl of "parritch" ("a few parritch" would be more locally correct), and a sturdy healthy boy, one of the strangers, is attracted close to the table by the unwonted prospect of a hearty meal; the boy's mother, a woman who has seen better days, miserably poor, but too proud to beg, sits with another wearied child, a girl, close to the "wee bit ingle," the ruddy light from which is

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"blinkin' bonnily" upon her well-formed but attenuated features—the poet of the lakes having filled up what was wanting (for the painter's purpose) in the verses of the Bard of Ayr. The treatment of this subject is full of the best feeling: the details are admirably painted, and here again without any sacrifice of breadth. Mr. Faed has another picture, consisting of a single figure: "Highland Mary," after parting with her poet-lover. She is resting alone, by the hill-side, on her way homeward, after a meeting never to be renewed; sorrow is on her lovely cheek, and tears swim in her soft blue eyes. How much force and truth there are in this simple subject cannot well be conveyed by written words.

Mr. Solomon's pictures this year are marked by his accustomed beauties. One of these tells a pretty story with slight materials: the inevitable bride has just finished her toilet, and a young dressmaker in sober grey, who is fastening the last knot of ribbons, has been invited by the happy girl to observe the portrait of her bridegroom in the bracelet on her arm, which the humble assistant regards with an air half of sadness and half of pleasure, as if she were thinking of some one to whom she is not yet wedded, though he may be as well loved as the fortunate lover whose portrait is thus cherished. The heads of the two girls make a charming group: the contrasts between the delicate pallor and black glossy tresses of the young workwoman and the brilliant complexion of the golden-haired bride—between pensiveness on the one hand and radiant joy on the other—are exceedingly effective. Mr. Solomon's second picture is a group of three handsome girls, one telling fortunes by cards, the other two listening. The centre figure is a lovely, dark-eyed creature, with an air so serious that even the rallying laughter of her fair companion fails to distract her thoughts from the apprehension of a doubtful future. The story is prettily told, and the actors in it are all models of beauty: the colouring is fresh and bright, and the leafy, sun-touched bower without, all brilliancy, in spite of the passing cloud which seems reflected on the countenance of the thoughtful girl whose attention is riveted on a card. Miss Solomon, whose talents we have so often borne witness to, has made a notable advance, in a picture which tells a touching episode in the Life of a Beadle, in the shape of a pale, fainting mother and her infant, who are ordered off the steps of a church by the Bumble in authority, to make way for a lady of condition and her well-dressed child. Neither of those, however, for whose sake the poor are contemned, enter into the feelings of the truculent official; there are both shame and compassion in the lady's look, and her pretty boy gazes with surprised interest on the small intruder pressed to its mother's bosom.

Mr. H. O'Neil has given himself a very pleasant theme. It is the proclamation by the bellman of a small market town announcing to a crowd of excited rustics, of all ages and conditions, the arrival of a travelling Circus, evidence of which is moreover given by the appearance in the background of the attractive "Hippodrome" van. Here is a smiling farmer (an old and welcome acquaintance) leaning on a hayfork—beside him a wondering friend with a turnpike ticket in his hat—rather more remote a Cheap Jack, praising his own wares unheeded—nearer to the spectator, a barber, who has rushed out to learn what is going on, leaving a well-lathered customer unshaven; a blind man and his hungry dog are prominent in the crowd, and in the centre of the principal group an old woman driving a donkey-cart is a conspicuous figure. It would take

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up some space to describe all the personages in this picture so full of character, so we must leave it till it is able to tell its own tale on the 5th of May. Mr. O'Neil has a very pretty smaller picture, called "An affection of the heart," in which a very modest young lady is taken by her grandmamma to consult the family surgeon on the nature of an inscrutable complaint—quite past *her* power of discovery. The friendly man of art is feeling the damsel's pulse, and by the shrewdness of his smile and the twinkle of his eye we see that the cause of her malady is no secret to him,—even if a certain narrow pink ribbon, at one end of which is probably a hidden miniature, did not help to enlighten him. The timidity of the charming patient, who evidently fears discovery, is admirable.

Mr. Rankley's picture, "From the Cradle to the Grave," is a very clever one. He is an artist whose merit is more and more developed at each succeeding Exhibition. There is a singularly bold effect produced in his present work, which is scarcely understood at a first glance, but which, on examination, is found to be a very truthful one. The subject is a cottage interior by fire-light, where the gradation from infancy to old age in the same family is very originally treated; the grouping is good, and the feeling very pure, with much artistic and careful management.

Mr. Grant also continues to make manifest progress. The first of two pictures which he sends in, "An old soldier telling the story of his campaigns," is full of truth and tenderness. The young family from The Hall, of which the veteran and his wife are the lodge-keepers, have paid a visit to the aged couple: two fine boys are listening to the old man, and examining the scars he proudly shows; a younger brother is taken up with the weapons which hang over the fireplace; one fair sister stands thoughtfully listening, while a younger one is enjoying the surprise and pleasure of the kind old woman, once her nurse, to whom she has brought a handsomely-bound Bible. The picture is altogether very delightful. There is great merit, too, in the second work of Mr. Grant, the subject of which is the interference of two Sisters of Mercy to prevent a herd of idle boys from persecuting a poor Jew pedlar.

With the exception of what Mr. Ansdell has done for dogs and deer and their collaterals, we know nothing of the animal painters. He, however, has three pictures, which quite repay us for what we may have missed elsewhere. The first is a Highland girl with setters; the second, a snow scene, in which a Highland shepherd is carrying off a newly-born lamb to the farm with the old ewe following, and a real shepherd's dog attending; and the third, called "The Browser's halloo," represents a former custom in the New Forest of calling the deer to be fed by the keeper. All these subjects are beautifully treated—the last especially—and we only regret that our want of space prevents a more detailed notice.

A word or two must not be omitted respecting Mr. Hardy's exquisitely painted interiors; for breadth and finish his Kentish cottage scenes may bear comparison with Ostade and Gerard Douw. We hear of fine portraits, notably those of Mr. Hart and Mr. Desanges—the former limiting the exercise of his art in this direction; and we have had the good fortune to see some in delicately tinted crayons, the work of Mr. G. F. Browning, the most graceful productions in that particular style which it is possible to imagine. Two of these, the portraits of Miss Gore and Miss Blanche Ainsworth, will rivet the spectator's attention, and dwell, as they deserve, long in his memory.

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SUMMER-DAYS AT TENBY.*

TENBY may account itself a happy place in having had Mr. Gosse for its visitor in the summer of 1854. If he goes on writing a book each year in commemoration of the scene of his holiday trip, and thereby attracting custom to the spot, in the shape of eager throngs of nature-worshippers and nature-inquisitors, of both sexes and all sorts—fat, fair, and fort-uitous,—if the publication of a popular tome becomes the matter-of-course sequent of a June in Devonshire, or a July in Pembrokeshire,—it will soon be a question of importance with all the sea-side and watering-places throughout Great Britain, which of them shall next secure the holiday visitation of so pleasant and eke profitable a guest. He will come to be as much in request as the British Association; representatives of this rising village, and that aspiring hamlet, will be waiting upon him anon, to prefer, and show cause for, their respective claims to his company; possibly counsel will be retained, and in some cases a retaining-fee be offered *sub rosâ* to the much-in-request naturalist himself, to make sure of him at once; a case of *Nisi Prius*,—that is to say, unless previously engaged. From Cornwall to Caithness, common and uncommon places will be hurrying to *book* a place in his good books. For a summer book by Mr. Gosse is a standing or stereotyped advertisement in favour of the *locale* it treats of. Thereby any such local habitation gets a name—supposing it to have none before; and as good as a new name, if it be already provided—a real and substantial, in addition to its existing "nominal" value.

Three or four years ago, Tenby had been recommended to our author, by his friend and fellow-savant, Mr. Bowerbank, as "the prince of places for a naturalist." Thither he wended in June, 1854; and *ecce signum!* in the shape of the enthusiastic, eloquent, healthy-toned, grave and gay, very graphic and *some*times garrulous volume now before us, with its four-and-twenty beautifully finished and often curiously novel illustrations, which form a complete study of themselves—a sort of private Aquarium for the reader's own library-table—for the book is not at all a book to be shelved, and that is saying a good deal for a book in these over-productive times. The nearly forty letters it contains are occupied with a detailed record of Mr. Gosse's summer doings at Tenby; almost every day's engagement being set down, he tells us, just as it occurred; tide-pool explorations, cavern searchings, microscopic examinations, scenery huntings, road-side pryings,—here they all are, he says, making up a faithful narrative of how he was engaged for about six weeks at that "prince of places" for the like of him. Little fear is there of the book's being accepted, according to the hope he expresses in its behalf, as another Lesson from a popular and recognised public Teacher in the important art of How and What to Observe.

As usual, he purveys *pabulum* of varied sorts for varied tastes; *pièces de résistance* for men of science, whose grinders and digestive organs are capable of making way with such fare; and kickshaws, or *quelques choses*, lightsome and supplementary, for weaker stomachs, which "turn" at technical nomenclature, and must either be indulged with less ponder-

* Tenby: a Sea-side Holiday. By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S. London: Van Voorst. 1856.

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ous diet, or (what an entertainer of Mr. Gosse's "means" of entertainment could never allow) be sent empty away.

The scientific will consult with interest his descriptions, for example, of the Great Rhizostome, that most gigantic of all the Medusæ that swim the European seas—a specimen of which, some two feet in height, having been pushed or towed to the quay-steps in front of Mr. Gosse's lodgings, was secured by him, deposited in a large bath filled with sea-water, wherein it could float side-wise, and carry out its pulmonic contractions, though without room enough to turn itself,—and there examined by him as minutely as he, and more so than the Great Rhizostome itself (however susceptible to flattering attentions) could possibly desire;—or again, the Stag's Horn Polype, as he calls a curious branching sponge-like creature, to be found in plenty near Tenby,—and the Clavelina, a social Mollusk, like a little crystal pitcher in form, with a transparent body $\frac{1}{90}$th of an inch long, and $\frac{1}{100}$th wide,—and the disputed race *Pedicellariæ*, which Mr. Gosse is perfectly satisfied are in fact essential organs of the Echinoderm. The microscope shows the base of the stem of each *Pedicellaria* to be evidently continuous with the common integument that invests the spine, and organically united to it, without any the slightest trace of suture, or perceptible difference of structure. He cut off with a razor a thin transverse slice of a living ray, and immediately laid it, covered with sea-water, on the stage of the microscope; when he found the *Pedicellariæ* quite motionless, and evidently dead, like the suckers with which they were associated—a result opposing, by its instantaneous character, the notion of the former being parasitic animals. Equally certain is Mr. Gosse, in spite of what Professor Agassiz calls the absurdity of the notion, that the "fine vibratile cilia" which cover the suckers of the sea-urchin, are organs of locomotion. "When Professor Agassiz says this notion is absurd, one is almost tempted to think that he never saw an *Echinus* in progression. I have been accustomed to take up my specimens, dragging them from their moorings (even at the risk of tearing asunder these delicate organs, as often happened), when I wished to institute some special examination, and hold them against the glass side of the Aquarium for a few seconds, when invariably the suckers were one by one appressed to the glass, and presently adhered, so that I could fearlessly let it go. Immediately more and more were put forth, and stretched to their utmost extent, firmly mooring the animal at all points. Here it would occasionally rest motionless, except for the continual waving to and fro of the free suckers and the spines; but now and then it would set out on a march, and advance deliberately, but still tolerably fast, all round the glass sides. Certainly Professor Agassiz would not say that the spine-tops alone could enable an *Echinus* to march securely along a perpendicular plate of glass. Besides, it needs but a glance to see that it is the suckers that really carry the body along." The ingenious conjecture broached by Agassiz, that the *Pedicellariæ* may be the infant *Echini*, "which after their exclusion affix themselves on the skin of their mother," is another point on which our author confronts, and many will agree confutes, the learned professor. If the *Pedicellariæ* were embryonic forms, would they, Mr. Gosse asks, be always present, and stationary, as they confessedly are—no one having yet found a sea-urchin without them? But he can, furthermore, appeal with assurance to the recent researches of Prof. J. Mueller on the embryology of the

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Echinodermata, as conclusively settling the question against M. Agassiz's conjecture.

The section devoted to Luminous Animals, in the present volume, is also worthy of note by students of natural history; the illustrative plates are each a *curiosa felicitas* in its way: still more so the "Rotifera" illustrations, which give a "power" of new interest to the letter-press of an already most interesting chapter.

Meanwhile the general reader (who, despite his title, is apt to be particular in this matter) is duly catered for in a highly miscellaneous bill of fare. Zoology is indeed Mr. Gosse's hobby, and never has zoological student reason to exclaim

For oh! for oh! the hobby-horse is *forgot*.

But the good steed is not worn to a shadow, or ridden to death. The merciful man is merciful to his beast, and gets off it now and then, and babbles o' green fields, and stoops to pick the flowers in them, and sits down to talk with the rustics, and sticks in the mire in the act of bog-botanising, and inspects old castles and churches and abbeys, and holds you by the button while he tells a local legend as it was told to him, or quotes a couplet from Dan Chaucer, or a stanza from Earl Surrey, or some lines to the purpose from Wordsworth or Shelley, Miss Twamley or Ebenezer Elliott or Bishop Mant. Indeed it approximates to a fault, the habit he has of putting down all he sees, hears, and thinks; in works on natural history one could well dispense with flings at Romanism, for instance; that veteran naturalist Mr. Waterton would be none the less agreeable, were his readers left unaware of his zeal for his own Roman Catholic Church,—and Mr. Gosse would lose nothing of our respect were he to refrain from Protestant ebullitions of feeling in the midst of his researches.

At Pembroke Castle, for example, Mr. Gosse cannot quit the Confessional without reflecting on "what deeds of cruelty were wrought here," all to be "declared in that day,

Dies iræ, dies illa,

when in Babylon 'shall be found the blood of saints, and of prophets, and of all that were slain upon the earth.'" At Carew Castle, a dungeon hole behind the penitent-cell in the chapel, elicits from him the observation, that "it is good to see such places with one's own eyes; they form a solemn speaking testimony to those grim realities which it is too much the fashion to think lightly of, or boldly to deny, in this age,—the merciless cruelty and bloodthirstiness of Popery, wherever and whenever dominant. The sight," he adds, "of this dark dungeon, as of that in Pembroke Castle before, caused me to breathe more heartily the prayer, that this nation may never again be taken captive in the Papal toils." Having to describe a series of crystalline spines, curved in a scythe-like form, which distinguishes a certain miniature fish, of debatable species, our good Protestant draws on Popery for an illustration: "The whole apparatus, when widely gaping and forcibly closing, looks truly formidable; and reminded me of a horrible instrument of Papal cruelty which I have read of, as used in some German cities during the middle ages, which consisted of a number of scythe-blades set in opposing rows, and worked by machinery across each other." Nay, he is even scandalised by the basin for holy water, the piscina, and

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the ancient *sancte* bell, in the venerable little church at Gumfreston: "I need scarcely say that these objects are considered with only an antiquarian interest: the Gospel of Christ is known and loved and preached in this little edifice, and these relics of old Popish darkness are of no further value than what they possess as illustrations of a former age. For my own private opinion, even that measure of interest would scarcely induce me to tolerate their presence in a place appropriated to the worship of God." Mr. Gosse is admirable in and about the Aquarium; charming among Sea-Urchins and Sea-Anemonies; really great whether in the shallows or depths of marine zoology; but possibly out of his depth, at any rate out of his element, in theological polemics: he may be sound in the faith, as he is hearty in it, but why obtrude its controversial side on people who seek him as a natural historian alone? *Ne Aquarius ultra Aquarium.*

His is manifestly such a healthy, enjoying, and (to use Jeffrey's favoured phrase) sweet-blooded a nature, that we wonder the more at his turning aside from genial pursuits, to say things that must needs stir ill-blood in some of his readers; for we presume even "Papishers" are capable of enjoying the marvels of creation, and of studying with good will the *opera omnia* of our pleasant and prolific A.L.S. He is a right cordial enthusiast in the pursuit of knowledge, with a soul open to all skyey influences, to all the choral music and the gladdening sights of "dear goddess" Nature. He is all eyes,

Whene'er he takes his walks abroad,

and all ears, whether to bird-symphonies, or to the homely gossip of boor and hind, tinker and tar. He pumps little National School-boys on the sea-beach, to add to his reservoir of zoological nomenclature. He enjoys the garrulity of an old salt on the habits of birds—for example, the universal custom with such as feed on fish, to swallow their finny victim head foremost, a process necessary on account of the way in which the fins and spines frequently project, though instinct here seems to be sometimes at fault—witness "old Tommy's" narrative as follows:—"Once upon a time I was in Milford Haven: I see a *comoral* [cormorant] catch a gurnard. He had got 'un hold by the tail, and whether he forgot to throw 'un up, I don' know, but he tried to swallow 'un so. The prickles took him in the throat, and—bless ye, sir! he turned over in a minute!" This was told apropos of Mr. Gosse and his companion observing a cormorant on the topmost edge of a slender columnar peak off St. Margaret's, which suddenly swooped down upon the sea, and disappeared beneath the surface, but presently emerged, bearing in his beak a silvery fish, which he carried back to his watch-tower—when he gave a toss of his head upward, and without seeming to lose his grasp of the prey, so turned it, that it was swallowed head foremost.

Mr. Gosse always encourages communications, from all sorts and conditions of men, plus women and boys. Standing to admire the *submarine forest* below Amruth, he is pleased with the "eloquence" of a lame old man who discourses, pipe in mouth, on the subject: "People call it sea-turf; they cart it away for manure, and it all goes to earth: they put it on the barley and oats. Anybody can see it's wood, by the look, the grain. Shell-fish pierce it. 'Tis light stuff, but 'tis the *brine* in it that's the good. They get it at low water, springs or neaps, alike." Mr.

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Gosse had an opportunity of examining specimens of the wood of this ancient forest, now completely covered by the sea, and found some of the blocks perforated, as the "old man eloquent" told him, with shell-fish—others quite solid, resisting the knife and the saw as perfectly as fresh wood. The pieces he saw, appear to have been poplar and oak; but elm, willow, and alder are said to occur as well; and he was informed that after storms, trunks and roots are occasionally laid bare at the recess of the autumnal spring-tides, which have marks of the axe still fresh upon them, proving that the encroachment of the sea has been effected since the country was inhabited by civilised man. There are, by common report, other submerged forests to be met with on the Welsh coast.

Another day, Mr. Gosse is *en rapport*, or in a state of *entente cordiale*, with a ragged donkey-boy on the sands at Tenby, who is communicative as to the local nomenclature of certain of the more lowly invertebrate animals,—calling the common *Trochus umbilicatus* "Sweet William," the *Mactræ* "Cockles," and the *Solen* a "Hay-fish." "He enlightened me," says the docile zoologist, "on the difference between the hole of the 'Cockle' and that of the 'Hay-fish;' that the latter is deeper, and that the 'fish' retires more rapidly on alarm; but he cautioned me on the danger of putting my finger into the burrow, as the 'Hay-fish' would break it [the finger] all to pieces.'" After this, their conversation grew discursive, and the health of his donkey was the subject of the younger zoologist's lamentation: he only hoped the poor beast would live through the winter, for Good Friday would set him all to rights again. "We gives the cross-buns to the donkeys, and to all kinds of cattle; and they always cures 'em of everything;—mother always does!" Was not Mr. Gosse's Protestant zeal aroused by this profession? He makes no comment; but after his denunciation of the bell and basin in Gumfreston church, one might safely reckon on a warning against the equally harmless (if well made, and eaten in moderation) one a penny two a penny hot cross-buns. At our next visit to Tenby we shall make a point of seeking out the donkey-boy, to learn the effect of Good Friday fare on his four-legged friend.

The chapter on "trawling" is an amusing and informing one. Mr. Gosse liked to stand at his window, he tells us, and see the Trawlers getting under weigh on a Monday morning—shaking out the dark red sails, that lay awhile flapping against the booms—and heaving up the anchor with a half song, half cry, "Ho! heave ye ho!" that came mellowed and softened by distance on the ear—followed by the harsh creaking of the gaff upon the mast, as the mainsail rose up, and up, and up, till it was "all taut;" when up went the jib, and out glided one snug little craft—then another, and another, and another—all of them presently appearing off Tenby Head, each the counterpart of the rest, all under the same canvas, mainsail, gaff-topsail, foresail, and jib—anon shut in by St. Catharine's cliffs, and when next seen, so far out in the offing as to be but brown specks. As they run away to sea the trawl is hoisted up to the mast-head. It is here described as a net of conical form, running off to a point—about twenty-five feet wide and thirty-five deep. "The upper edge of the mouth is fastened to a stout *beam* of fir-wood, twenty-five feet long, the ends of which carry the *trawl-heads*. These are stout flat bars of iron bent into a semicircle of three feet wide, to keep the foot of the trawl (or that part of the net which is to drag over the

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sea-bottom) that distance below the beam. To the curve of each *head* is fastened the *trawl-rope*, which is so loose as to recede in a curved line to half the length of the trawl; it is a stout rope well 'served' (or coated) with spunyarn for preservation. Within the bag of the net are *pockets*, which open backwards. To each end of the *beam* is affixed a stout rope, coming to a point in front, and thus forming a triangle with the beam for its base: this line is the *bridle*; and at its point it is connected with a strong pulley (the *warp*) by means of a block. The *warp* is made fast on board, and it is by hauling on it that the net is drawn in for examination. A new trawl costs 50*l.* or 60*l.*, and the boat is worth about 700*l.*" The weight of the apparatus carries it speedily to the bottom, while the buoyancy of the fir-beam keeps the upper edge of the net, with itself, free from the ground; and when fairly adjusted, the net trails behind the boat, the trawl-rope dragging the bottom in a curve, extending some twenty feet behind the beam. The rope comes with the abruptness of a "rough customer" to "astonish the natives," who are dining, or taking their siesta, at the bottom of the sea. Up they go, at the first rude serving of so startling a summons. Give them rope enough, as the proverb says, and they will infallibly do for themselves. Rope enough is in this instance literally given, and accordingly they are *done*. To escape the rope they ascend with a duplex aim at the *altissimo* and the *prestissimo*. But in this act of ascension, they come into collision with the net, which expands above them "like a roof." Upward movement being checked, they try sidelong. Alas, too soon they find an end, in wandering mazes lost. "If they go one way, they are in the bag of the net; if the other, the pockets which are hanging down receive them; if they sink again, the *trawl-rope*, which is constantly advancing, has carried the bottom of the net beyond them, and they are completely taken." Of course it is only certain kinds of fish that can be thus captured. The trawl is impotent against fish that swim in shoals at the surface; the mackerel ignores it, the herring rises superior to it; but it works its will on red mullet, makes away with skate *ad libitum*, is irresistible in its advances to turbot and brill, and captivates gurnards wholesale, and proves to flounder after flounder what flats they are.

The net is partly hauled aboard to discharge its contents. The upper classes of the captured fish, such as sole and turbot, are forthwith "debowelled," and packed away in the hold; the lower orders, such as ling and hake, and such small deer (if ling and hake may be so called, as well as rats and mice) are thrown in loose; and the riff-raff, the canaille, the Bohemians of the vasty deep,—the refuse, in short, which remains after this short division sum,—are swept overboard with all convenient speed and uttermost contempt.

Mr. Gosse naturally sighs as he thinks of this contemptuous and indiscriminate system of *laisser aller*. We may readily suppose, he reminds us, that so extensive a sweeping of the sea-floor must present unrivalled opportunities of gathering the *spolia opima* of marine natural history. "It makes a naturalist's mouth water"—almost his eyes, surely, if he be an enthusiast (indeed we feel pretty certain that, in moody reflection on this waste of precious stores, Mr. Gosse must once and again

Some natural tears have shed, nor wiped them soon,

but refused to be comforted, where comfort there was none at or *in* hand)—"it makes a naturalist's mouth water only to imagine to himself

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the nature of the 'rubbish,' which is unceremoniously swept overboard after every haul. The multitudes of minute Fishes (which, being uneatable, are valueless); the fine and rare Shells, both univalve and bivalve; the strange Ascidians; the Crustacea and Cirripedes; the elegant Worms and other Annelides; the Sea-cucumbers, Urchins, and Stars; the Medusæ, great and small, covered and naked-eyed; the Corals, the Anemones, the Sea-pens, and Sea-shrubs, and numberless other unnamed and unnameable creatures, things on which the eye of no naturalist has ever yet rested;—the multitudes of these that are every day trampled under foot, and thrust out of sight at the point of the besom, would, I suspect, be enough to keep the 'Annals,' the 'Zoologist,' the 'Naturalist,' and all our other scientific periodicals, full to overflowing with novelties, for many a long day to come.

"It is exceedingly difficult to induce the trawlers to bring any of their 'rubbish' home. Money, that in general 'makes the mare to go' in any direction you wish, seems to have lost its stimulating power, when the duty to be performed, the *quid pro quo*, is the putting of a shovelful of 'rubbish' into a bucket of water, instead of jerking it overboard. No, they haven't got time. You try to work on their friendship; you sit and chat with them; and think you have succeeded in worming yourself into their good graces sufficiently to induce them to undertake the not very onerous task of bringing in a tub of 'rubbish.' But in nineteen cases out of twenty you are disappointed."

That the thing is not, however, utterly hopeless, Mr. Gosse bears *experto crede* evidence,—a tub of 'rubbish' having been actually secured by him more than once or twice. He found the boys more open to advances than the men; and advises all who may be disposed to try their hand on a bucket of trawler's "rubbish" to begin with the cabin-boy, in their adoption of the preliminary postulate of "first catching your hare." He was rather unfortunate in the specimens brought to him, which were "sadly disappointing" when they came to be examined, consisting almost exclusively of the commonest kind of Hydroid Zoophytes; but, as he says, scores of species were doubtless brushed overboard when this residuary trash was bundled into the basket: the former, by hypothesis *desiderata*, and in effect *non inventa*, were neglected in all probability because they were small, or required to be packed singly; whereas the latter, consisting of long and tangled threads, could be caught up in a moment, "like an armful of pea-haulm in a field, its value being estimated, as usual with the uninitiated, by quantity rather than quality, by bulk rather than variety." The trawling crew are, very naturally, but in a naturalist's judgment very vexatiously, less discriminative in collecting a bucket of "rubbish" for microscopic survey, than in collecting a load of marketable fish for the breakfast and dinner-table.

Our rambling notes give next to no notion of the contents of this attractive book as a whole—but merely a taste of their quality, adapted rather *ad populum* than *ad clerum*. But "Tenby: A Sea-side Holiday" either is already, or so soon will be (in the sheer nature of things, and books), in the hands of our readers, as they take *their* sea-side holiday, in fancy or in fact; that, without disrespect to, but positively out of genuine relish for so pleasant a volume, we may pithily and paradoxically affirm, the less said about it the better. Our function is to whet, not take off the edge, of their appetite. May that appetite be fresh, and good digestion wait upon it.

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A GLIMPSE OF BEANFIELD.

BY JOHN STEBBING.

BEANFIELD is just the right place to pass the summer in, if you must pass it in any town at all, for the sunlight always seems to be so completely entangled amidst its old garden walls, its gable ends, and open market-place streets, as to have resigned all thoughts of making its escape. But though I have passed the spring, and am passing the summer in Beanfield, I do not wish it to be inferred that I am always basking in the sunlight. I habitually sit in a room whose only window is a skylight. My prospect consists of a region of cloudland and a huge horse-chesnut-tree. My occupations are legal, and my companions a set of old musty books, knocking each other's heads about in a glass-framed case, the most notable being Oke's Magisterial Institutes, Burrow's Reports, a few volumes of the *Spectator*, and a number of antiquated law journals and diaries. On Tuesdays and Fridays the magistrates sit in the large room next to mine, to send back to the workhouse the old women who *will* discharge themselves as soon as the spring sunshine appears, and go wandering about the fields stealing turnip-tops. From the clerk's office beyond occasionally come to my ears, on fine afternoons, subdued murmurs of popular airs. But with these exceptions my days pass very silently, partly occupied in work, and partly in gazing at the horse-chesnut-tree which I have already mentioned, and which for a thousand reasons I love. In the first place, it is so peculiarly my own; I am quite sure that I alone of all people in the world counted its great golden buds in the spring time, and watched with delight the resuscitation of each leaf that seemed to have been half-drowned by its first plunge into the unfathomable sky. Who but myself can have discovered that it is the south-west wind which most frequently and most gracefully discloses the purple casements of sky through the green curtains of leaves? I want to tell you all about my life here, and the place and the people; but I don't know exactly where to begin, for I haven't been so lucky these six months as to have lived a story, or, if I have, I can't discover the remotest clue to a plot. I suppose I must begin at the beginning, and that was the railway station.

Little could the architect of that great red brick house, with the columned porch and the tall sunken windows, of which those on the first-floor are surmounted by a brickwork cherub apiece—little could the carver of its oaken banisters and the scrolls of fruit and flowers on the panels—little could the owner, as in all the dignity of peruke and hair-powder he stepped through its sombre corridors—little could any one of these have suspected that their pet mansion would one day be the house-of-call for the mail, and that its *penetralia* would be invaded by penny trains. But the blow did not come with unmitigated force. The country-house of the beau of Queen Anne's reign had for many years ere its present destiny served as a boarding-school. You can still see the stains of ink on the green paint of the carved peaches; and it was some busier hand than that of Time which broke off the beaks from the eagle-heads on the staircase. Just on that spot where we wait for a railway

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ticket has many a young urchin stood, invoking tardy Horace from the ceiling; and those two sisters seated on the luggage behind their mamma occupy the favourite seat of many a pair of friends who chose to do their Virgil in that corner, that they might talk together, and look out upon the green fields unobserved. When the school removed, it retreated to another old house three or four miles from Beanfield, near a gravel-pit. Some schools seem to belong to old houses; you have an instinctive feeling that they would cease to exist should they attempt to change their earthly garment of gables and red brick for any other. The idiosyncrasies of private schools might form a subject for interesting investigation.

We leave the old yew in the garden of the railway station, and stand on the outskirts of Beanfield. Behind us is a bank of hills as green and bright as though it were the side of a furrow in a field of malachite. On the right hand are the fields dipping into the horizon, with white gates here and there, like ships amidst the meadow grass. At our feet is a curve of the river. Down to the right there, amidst the few cottages near the holly-bush, at the end of the town, stands a tall, white-haired old man, making memoranda in his note-book; he is a Waterloo pensioner, and holds the office of inspector of nuisances to the Beanfield board of health; he has just discovered a huge uncovered drain, and marks with vast delight its gleaming, lazy, bituminous flood, rolling through the rank summer herbage on its banks. He disregards, as the mere fantasy of witchcraft, the group of noisy, healthy-looking children playing by its side, and marches off to obtain an order for its instant removal. Let us follow him half a mile to the south, along Chaseside. What a splendid bed of tulips, and what a curious old wooden cottage! The parish church beadle lives here; not at all of the Bumble species, but in appearance something like the stalk side of an apple, quaintly lined and tucked in about his mouth. That is his daughter leaning over the paling by the currant-bushes; she is talking to some little girls who used to be her schoolfellows, but she is too delicate to go to school now. She is making a present to one of them of a doll. "Oh! what a pretty hat! and separate sleeves! and shoes! and"—but here the voice is sunk, and the profane vulgar are supposed to be out of hearing—"wax legs? yes! all over! oh, my!"

Passing across a little meadow, in which the sorrel is already turning scarlet, and then waking up a kind of muttered echo between two high garden-walls, we come again upon the river and a house beside it. It is one of the pleasantest houses in the town, being situated between the rippling river and the old park, now used as a pasture. There are two rows of windows in its red brick front, and two rows in its red tile roof; a group of Lombardy poplars on the right balances a huge heap of ivy, which overgrows the gables on the left. There is an easy stile across the path between the bank of the stream and the garden wall, which little market-bound children use to stand on tiptoe to see the girls sitting beneath the large plum-tree, sewing and manipulating white silk and black and white velvet. If you cross this stile and follow the path you reach some spacious, sun-delighting workshops, a few feet beyond the garden, in which labour seems to have changed itself into a busy holiday. Stand now on the bridge to the left, and catch broad, sidelong views of the house, and the garden-wall, and the workshops, and the reach of the

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river, and the old park pastures beyond; the afternoon sunlight is thronging with glory a heap of noble trunks of elms on the deep green sward before the gate, and little children are nestling amongst them like the very crystals of rural health and happiness; on the house-front the roses are as a damask sash between the first and second stories; the red wine of evening sunlight is running to waste with a glorious abundance amongst the fragments of bottles on the garden-wall; and so our eyes gradually reach the workshops, which seem partly summer-house and partly green-house, with their large sashes half open, and the elder-trees in bloom grouped freely about them. Laths and timbers, saws, hammers, and planes, merry apprentices and cheerful workmen;—how brightly the evening sun glows upon the last hour of their labour, which is also reflected in bright detail within the tranquil river amidst the boughs of the overhanging chestnuts. Surely it must be a boat-builder's! Surely you intelligent-looking man, who is evidently the master, employs the sweet leisure of the hour, during which he reclines beneath the plum-tree in his garden, in tracing with his mind's eye upon the gravel walks the ribs and vertebræ of skiffs and wherries, which would be worthy, for their form's sake, to have stars for anchors. Well, it is a boat-builder's; they build many boats in these workrooms of much simplicity, which go on long voyages, richly freighted, with never a wreck; boats which are launched not from the river-side, dock, or creek, nor from the pebbly beach, with a christening benediction of wine, but on the rank herbage of the graveyard, with a libation of sullen clay, amidst the stony emblems of humanity. Mr. Shorley is the Beanfield undertaker.

If it is one of the pleasantest houses in the town, they are certainly two of the prettiest children in the town who now stand in front of the undertaker's house, waiting for their father, who is in the yard talking with Mr. Shorley. It is a sad business on which they have come, and the two children feel a little conscience-stricken that they are not sadder at the thought that they shall no more play with their little baby-brother, nor any more measure his height with the Newfoundland; but they comfort each other with the reflection that they shall think more about it, and be more grieved when a little time has passed by; and so they allow themselves to enjoy the touch of the evening air through the curls upon their foreheads, and watch the blue-backed swifts darting to and fro through the bridge, as though it were the eye of a great silver needle and they were the purple threads. But Mr. Shorley soon appears at the gate, taking leave of the tall, pale gentleman, with an air which seems anxious to anticipate future favours while it expresses gratitude for the present; and then the bright-haired children, taking each a hand, accompany their papa across the heath, along paths bordered with wild thyme, so fresh and buoyant—although from natural feeling they indulge in no expressions of mirth—that they seem like the radiant edges of a cloud, by the warmth and radiance of which alone the dark sad cloud is preserved from falling into a swoon of tears.

A few minutes' stroll round the old Hog Pasture brings me to the little row of humble detached cottages, in one of which I lodge. I will not ask you in, because the partition between my landlady's room and mine is so thin, and her baby cries so much, which makes me ashamed when I have visitors. And besides, the sunlight is becoming richer, and there

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is just the suspicion of a pleasant coolness amidst the elms, and I have the other side of Beanfield to show you.

The road in front of my residence is one of those smooth gravel ones, running between deep borders of green turf, which, after a smart summer shower, are full of bright pools, which are as deep for half an hour as the blue heavens are high; but this evening it is all ruby-tinted, and droops amongst the trees in Sandy Hollow like a weary monarch's sceptre in the folds of his royal robe. On the opposite side of the way is a garden paling raised upon a somewhat steep bank, on which two kids are gathering their evening meal; then comes a row of half a dozen cottages, with the foliage of five grand elms above their roof: almost all of them have their doors wide open, but a man is entering one with a latch-key; the foliage of the vine and the westeria adorns the line of smooth brickwork; the occupations of the inhabitants of most of them seem to be ironing and making beds, for sheets and other linen are continually passing before the windows like ghosts, or the half-furled sails of ships in a storm. Beyond this bit of builder's speculation is a chasm of what appears at first sight a confusion of garden pales and apple-trees; but soon the eye rests gladly on mossy thatched roofs and leaded casements, slanting at all imaginable angles, but always gathering the sweetest sunlight. I do not know how many separate homesteads are collected together in this rural nook, nor much about their inhabitants, but it is tolerably certain that amongst them are a straw-bonnet maker and a butcher's-block maker; as for the latter fine fellow, it has long been my delight to watch him for a few minutes before breakfast at his hearty toil. How lovingly he handles the huge mass! With what a delicate sense he fashions the lump into that form which in a butcher's block is recognised as beauty! As for the straw-bonnet maker I know nothing of her; but once a week or so, on a bench amongst the currant and gooseberry-bushes, glittering as brightly as crocks of gold or beehives, are displayed four or five specimens of her toil. I sometimes conjecture why they are thus set forth, and as the position does not offer a chance of sale, I decide that it is done out of pride and over-gloriousness. Beyond this nest of cottages, and much nearer the road, is a butcher's shop, which enters fully into the spirit of the early closing movement, for any day at six o'clock the proprietor may be seen sitting beneath the iron lattice-work of the closed shutters, smoking as calmly as though he had no weight on his conscience of unsold sheep within. I am recalled from my glance to the opposite side of the way by the "Good evening" of my neighbour the rat-killer. There are two stumps of poplar-trees in his garden, and he is leaning against one, smoking—I suppose he kills rats by smoking, for he never does anything else. His little girl leans against the opposite poplar, hemming the skirt of an eternal lilac frock; but now her brother comes home from work, a lad about sixteen, and the pipe goes out, and the frock is neglected, while they all three stand about the currant-bush next the wall which the blight has withered, as though a flame had passed over it.

I am passing the infant-school now, with a double row of limes all round it. I remember being near them the first day I came here, and wondering that trees so young should have attracted so many bees; but a minute after the clock struck twelve, and the murmur ceased, and a crowd of pretty faces, and pink and blue and white frocks, broke into a score of

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charming groups about the green-tinted stems. This fine old house on the left is about to be pulled down; there are bills on each side of the broad, ornamented iron gate respecting the sale of the materials; I can read from here that there are two hundred thousand bricks to be sold at the rate of eleven shillings a thousand; in another week the ribs of its roof will be drifting, like the skeleton of a vast sea-monster, amidst the flying clouds in the moonlight. It was once inhabited by the lord of the manor, and when the act was passed for dividing all the commons and lammas-grounds and marsh-lands, that wooded strip which stretches down along the river's side was allotted to it. Now a Freehold Land Society has purchased it, and has resolved to run the chief road of their estate through the library and butler's pantry; democratic vengeance, I suppose, against all things feudal and antique, lords of manors, doomsday-books, and ale stoops. I can never pass this orchard—nor, in fact, any other—without leaning on the gate for a while to enjoy the sweet silence and beauty which pervade the avenues betwixt the mossy stems; everything here gives pleasure: a fragment of a broken bough gleaming like a bit of crusted gold in the level sunlight, a dead leaf upon the rich herbage of the shade, seem to ripple the sense of enjoyment to its farthest expanse. I can see through the drooped boughs, in the farthest corner, an old man with a wicker-basket, and know that he is Old Garland, who has permission to pick up the fallen fruit in this orchard; he is always picking up something: in the spring you may see him on the White Webb pastures gathering sorrel, and in the autumn contending with the black swine for the mast. I have reached Brigadier Hill now, where there are two pretty houses, one low and dark, of brickwork, covered with ivy; the other, much loftier, white, wooden, with a rustic porch; a retired barrister lives in one, and the surgeon of the place in the other; there are children in both, and I have often, when passing at midnight, heard little voices calling to each other across the cedars; indeed, the houses are so close together that the children in the one cease from their play when they are at prayers in the other. But I am approaching the open country now, and at this turn of the road I lean upon the stile beside the Stone-Crop Well, and look back upon the town.

There is Beanfield in all its evening glory, purple, and amethyst, and gold. It seems as though that portion of the earth were being remolten, and even now the square church-tower meets my gaze like a sudden crystal from the mass. Suppose I had always lived in London, or suppose I had always lived on some wild country-side, how completely unable should I be rightly to appreciate the scene before me. I am on high ground, amidst meadows thickly strewn with oaks and elms; the river is beneath me on my left, and the mists of evening are already amidst the alders, making them seem as though Arachne had her home there; right in front is a patch of oats, the ear full formed, but still quite young, affording a delicate gratification to the eye, such as can scarcely be surpassed, so broad in mass, so delicate in detail. Beneath this field are meadows, from which the hay has just been carried, and the cattle are in their own pastures again. Beyond these commences the town. Houses that seem to have no gardens, gardens that seem to have no houses, streets without commencement or exit, boldly sketched in as background and foreground to groups of children who, seen from here, seem to move not at all; clumps of elms so tall that they force the wayfaring crow to turn

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aside, and groups of oaks so dense that sidelong red-tiled roofs amongst them seem to be ploughing their way through a turbulent green sea. That is Beanfield, that is its appearance as you look at it from here, a stranger; but when you know it, when you have lived in it, you are scarcely able to look upon it as one place, one thing. If you consider it in respect to its name, you remember how in its earliest records it is called Bon-field, because, as the antiquary of a later time observes, all the land in the neighbourhood was originally devoted to pious uses and the sustenance of a fair abbey; and a few centuries later, Bone-field, because, as the antiquary of a later time observes, it was the scene of a sharp conflict between the adherents of the Red and White Roses; then, finally, Bean-field, because, as the modern local antiquary asserts, it had to supply so many measures of beans to the followers of the sovereigns when they passed through it in the course of their royal progresses. And its name brings to your mind its charities, which lie like a benediction on most of the lands in the neighbourhood, so that there are few hay-stacks or corn-ricks for miles around which bear not about them a memorial of the beneficence of London merchants three and four centuries ago. The rent of that fine mansion on the right supports eight decrepid old women in comfort, and the loppings and toppings of that piece of coppice beyond have apprenticed out, since they were first devoted to that purpose, many score of little orphan urchins.

Dear Beanfield! there are thoughts and memories connected with the half-year which I have spent amidst your quaint beauty and gentle stillness, which I love to recal daily, although the least of them is a pain!

OMER PASHA'S CAMPAIGN.*

Omer Pasha, who had found Mustapha Pasha's troops at Batum, reported to be twelve thousand strong, to consist of only about three hundred effective men, and who had laboured in vain to obtain reinforcements from the Crimea, landed at Suchum Kalah on the morning of the 3rd of October, quite unable to calculate what the numerical strength of his army was likely to be, or when they would be in a fit state to move. His first step was to commit Prince Michael, whose sympathies were decidedly Russian, by appointing him governor of Suchum, under his Mussulman name of Hamid Bey. Political communications were also opened with the Circassians. Explorations were made of the country around, as far as prudence would permit. The mouth of the Ingur was also examined by the boats of the *Cyclops* and *La Vigie*. At the same time troops were being landed from the Crimea with great rapidity; the *Great Britain* alone disgorged eighteen hundred men. Sebastopol had fallen, and twenty thousand men joined within a fortnight. The *avant-garde* of the army of Mingrelia was soon pushed on to Shem-sarai, Prince Michael's "sun-

* The Trans-Caucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omer Pasha: A Personal Narrative. By Laurence Oliphant. William Blackwood and Sons. 1856.

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palace," and Sugdidi. On the 10th of October Omer Pasha himself started at the head of five thousand men, and two batteries of artillery; and Mr. Oliphant joined the advance guard, at that time encamped within three hours' march of the Ingur, on the 30th of October. The road about seven miles from Shem-sarai crossed the Godova river, and then left the coast. The country was at first flat, but for the most part covered with a dense forest, with frequent swamps.

I found myself surrounded by a miscellaneous concourse, straggling by devious paths through the tangled underwood, or ploughing their way through the deep mud. There were infantry and cavalry in long lines winding between the magnificent oak and beech trees of which the forest is composed—Abkhasians on wiry ponies dodging in and out, and getting past everybody—mules and pack-horses, in awkward predicaments, stopping up the road, on whose devoted heads were showered an immense variety of oaths by their drivers, who, in their turn, were sworn at by the rest of the world. There were some batteries of artillery, which looked so hopelessly imbedded that nothing short of British energy, as impersonated in Colonel Caddell, who commanded, could have extricated them. There were broken-down baggage-waggons and broken-down mules, and everything but broken-down men. Here and there a pasha was squatted by the roadside indulging in his nargilhe, enjoying his "kief," and watching placidly the exertions of his troops.

Passing a pretty village perched upon the river-bank, where the peasants were grouped by the roadside selling Indian-corn cobs, and cakes made of the same grain, or of millet, to the passers-by, the road became more open and dry, and the occasional ravines were roughly bridged. Mr. Oliphant found the advance guard encamped in a large plain near the village of Ertiscal, about twenty miles distant from Shem-sarai. It consisted of sixteen battalions of infantry and three battalions of Rifles. The Rifles, about two thousand strong, were considered to be the crack troops of the Turkish army, and they were commanded by an Englishman—Colonel Ballard.

On the following morning two battalions of Rifles led the way to the Ingur, followed by about six thousand infantry and artillery, the whole being under the command of Abdi Pasha. The main body of these troops halted at about an hour's distance from the river, while the Rifles, with two field-pieces and two battalions of infantry, took up a position on a large plain, separated from the river by a belt of wood about half a mile in width. The same afternoon Mr. Oliphant accompanied Colonels Simmons and Ballard down to the banks of the river, to have a first glimpse of the Russians. They penetrated by devious little woodcutters' paths to the river's edge, where, concealed by the thick underwood, they could observe at their leisure the heads of the soldiers above the stockades, and here and there the gleam of a bayonet in the thick wood behind.

Mr. Oliphant was made of use to take drawings of the river and of the opposite bank. The river was at this point divided by a narrow stony island into two branches, each about thirty yards broad. The opposite bank was densely wooded, and trees had been felled and interlaced with those which were standing, in such a way as to form a most formidable-looking stockade for more than a mile. In the course of the day Ballard appeared with two companies of Rifles for a little practice, upon which occasion a poor little boy, about ten years old, a nephew of Prince

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Michael's, and dressed in the brilliant and picturesque costume of Abkhasian boys, received a ball in the leg.

My first experience of life in the Turkish camp (Mr. Oliphant relates) was most agreeable. The weather for a month past had been cloudless, and the days bright and sunny, but never in the least oppressive—the nights clear and frosty. Our tents were pitched at the edge of the wood, and the thick tendrils of a vine hanging from one tree to another at the door of mine, formed, with the aid of a blanket, a pleasant swing. Having so lately started, we were well supplied with luxuries, and provisions were purchasable in the neighbouring villages. But reconnoitring was more interesting work than foraging, and next day I made another expedition, accompanied by some riflemen, to the river.

This time the enemy were on the alert. Whenever a speck of red was discerned, a shower of bullets informed them of the fact; so they put their Fez caps in their pockets, and crawled about as if they were deer-stalking. The most exciting operation was getting from one clump of bushes to another, when they were separated by the sandy bed of the river, and completely exposed to observation. After several narrow escapes and with no small difficulty, Mr. Oliphant was fortunate enough to find the ford. Omer Pasha arrived himself next morning, and determined to erect two batteries upon points which commanded it. It is not a little illustrative of the part which a handful of Englishmen played in this episode, that no engineer officers being forthcoming from among the Turks, Colonel Simmons was obliged to give Mr. Oliphant a lesson in battery making, and sent him to Skender Pasha to get the men and gabions necessary for one battery, while he superintended the construction of the other. Skender Pasha contributed not only a working party of two hundred men, but a regiment of infantry and two field-pieces, "a command with which," Mr. Oliphant amusingly relates, he was "considerably astonished and overwhelmed." Off, however, he marched, and half an hour afterwards was, with his men, silently and vigorously at work on the bank of the river, within about a hundred yards of the Russian sentries.

We had almost filled our front row of gabions when the Turkish major whispered that he saw the Russians coming down to the river in force. This was a most startling announcement. I certainly saw, through the darkness, three black lines drawn up upon the opposite shore. As my experience in military matters was exactly that of most other Lincoln's-Inn barristers, and my knowledge of Turkish did not include a single word of command, the thought of the two field-pieces and the regiment of infantry began rather to trouble me—more particularly as the artillery officer suggested something that I did not in the least understand. However, I peremptorily ordered him not, and discovered, to my intense relief, on looking through my opera-glass, that the Russians were, in fact, three rows of logs, which successive floods had stranded upon the bank.

Every nerve was strained, every sinew braced, to complete the batteries before dawn should disclose them to a lynx-eyed enemy. The men worked like ants, without the glimmer of a torch to light, or even the spark of a pipe to cheer them. The guns were not put in until the following night. During the day nothing could be done; it was a period of perfect repose, and Mr. Oliphant spent it partly in the company of the old Pole, Skender Pasha (abbreviation of Iskundar-Alexander), who assured him he had eighteen serious wounds, not

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counting the loss of some fingers, and others of a light and trivial nature. "There certainly was," Mr. Oliphant states, "a hole in his head, which looked as if nobody who was not accustomed to being seriously wounded could have received it and lived." The rest of the time was spent in his vine swing, with a presentiment that it was only the lull which precedes the storm. The whole army had now come up. Upon a hill commanding the river, about half a mile to the left, one battalion of Rifles, some infantry and artillery, were placed. On the right was the division of Skender Pasha, while about a mile to the right rear of him, Omer Pasha, with the main body of the army, was encamped. It consisted altogether of four brigades (thirty-two battalions) of infantry, four battalions of Rifles, and one thousand cavalry, with twenty-seven field-pieces and ten mountain-guns, or, in all, about twenty thousand men. The remainder of the force, about ten thousand men, were employed protecting the depôts which had been established at Godova, Shem-sarai, and Suchum.

The whole army, with the exception of Skender Pasha's division, consisting of about fifteen thousand men, was under arms before dawn upon the morning of the 6th of November, and was marched off in a westerly direction, to cross the river by a ford lower down. "It was a lovely morning," Mr. Oliphant relates, "and as I accompanied the army in its march across the charming country—now through noble forests, now over plains dotted with magnificent timber, past picturesque villages and Indian-corn fields, where the peasants collected to see us, and listened wonderingly to the stirring strains of each regiment as it marched past —I thought I had never enjoyed a morning ride more thoroughly, for with the charms of this novel and inspiriting scene was combined the impatient excitement of anticipation."

At last, after marching for about seven miles, the troops debouched upon a plain near the river, and Omer Pasha and his staff drew up to inspect them for the last time before they crossed. Then he sent forward Colonel Ballard in command of the advanced guard, composed of three battalions and a half of Rifles and four guns, to lead the way across a branch of the river to a long, narrow island, near the other extremity of which a ford was stated to exist. The island was covered with a thick copse-wood, through which they pursued a narrow path, throwing out skirmishers on both sides. The main body of the army followed at no great distance in rear.

After having proceeeded through the wood for about two miles, they entered a plain at mid-day, and were immediately and unexpectedly greeted by a pretty sharp fire of musketry and a few round shot. The latter proceeded from a battery about six hundred yards distant, upon the opposite side of the river; the former from a wood immediately facing them, at the other end of the plain, about a hundred yards distant. The Rifles crossing this open ground with great rapidity, the wood was obtained possession of without difficulty; but unluckily the ford beyond was sought for in vain by Colonel Ballard and Mr. Longworth. Under these circumstances, nothing remained to be done, as far as Ballard was concerned, but to take advantage of every bush and stump at the water's edge, and fire away at the embrasures, which was done with the best effect, although not without great loss from the tremendous fire kept up

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from the battery. One or two incidents occurred at this period worthy of being related. Colonel Caddell had dismounted, and was holding his horse and talking to a pasha, when a round shot came between them, went through his horse, killed his interpreter, and hopped into the ranks of a regiment in rear, doing a good deal of mischief, and finally disappeared down the bank, followed by the pasha, "whom," Mr. Oliphant says, naïvely enough, "I did not again observe on the field." Another was a gallant old Turk, near seventy years of age, whose bravery as an officer, Mr. Oliphant says, would have distinguished him anywhere, but made him a positive curiosity in the Turkish army, and who, dashing into the wood with cheers of Allah! to Ballard's astonishment, passed over the almost prostrate forms of his skilful riflemen, and drew up in line on the river-bank outside the wood. It was not until they had fired a volley into the battery, and were beginning to feel the effect of their unprotected position, that Ballard could induce the old colonel to retire into the wood, and make him understand that it was his duty, under the circumstances, to conceal, and not expose his men.

It was drawing towards evening before Osman Pasha led his division by a second and third island, separated from the opposite shore by a narrow, but deep and swift stream, across which the troops made their way, driving the Russians before them, with a loss in killed and wounded of about a hundred and fifty men. At or about the same time, Colonel Simmons had succeeded in leading two battalions of infantry and three companies of Rifles across the river, at a higher point, so as to take the battery in reverse. After crossing a wood, with ditch and abattis beyond, this little column found itself close to the battery, and in the brief but hot struggle which ensued, the Turks lost about fifty men in killed and wounded, and Captain Dymock fell in the act of leading them on to the assault. One Hidaiot, a Pole, who could speak Russian, and who had acted as interpreter to Dymock, took his place, and making his voice heard above the din of battle, "My children," he called out to the Russian soldiers, who were hemming in the small band on all sides, "fly; my children, you are surrounded—whole regiments of these infidels are coming through the wood." The Russians, it appears, took the hint, for in another moment the battery was deserted; and touching the guns with his sword, as a sign that he was their captor, this brave fellow returned to attend upon poor Dymock, who breathed his last in his arms. For his gallant conduct upon this occasion Hidaiot was made a major in the army, and received the order of the Mejidie.

Thus terminated the battle of the Ingur, at which the Russian force which opposed the passage of the Turks is said to have consisted of eight battalions of infantry (about five thousand men), three thousand Georgian militia, eight guns, and seven thousand volunteers, who are said, however, to have vanished into the woods as soon as they heard the first round-shot whistle over their heads. It is no disparagement to the strategic genius of Omer Pasha, whom it is the fashion with some to extol in the present day at the expense of the officers commanding the allied armies, to say that he had little or nothing to do with the results. These were brought about in part by the position taken up by Ballard and his Rifles (how the Turks would have acted without such guidance is shown by the account given of the conduct of the old officer who

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walked his regiment to the river-bank outside the wood), but mainly by the small body of men led by Simmons and Dymock across the river, and who, alone and unsupported, carried the battery in reverse. Mr. Oliphant, indeed, himself remarks, that of the Turkish officers generally, the less said the better. Nobody takes much notice of them while fighting is going on; and indeed it is only then, when, in the excitement of the moment, men from Omer Pasha downwards speak the languages which are most familiar to them all, that one discovers how many foreigners there are in the Turkish army, and how really dependent that army is for its triumphs upon them.

After a desultory reconnoissance the whole army moved to Sugdidi, the principal place in Mingrelia. The town itself, which is composed of two streets of wooden houses, shaded by avenues of beech-trees, a square, and the palace of the Princess Dadiane, was deserted. Guards were placed at all the entrances of the palace to protect the property, and sentries were also posted at the church and in the streets. Plunder was strictly prohibited, and was, indeed, as far as the Turks were concerned, limited to a few fowls, but the Abkhasians would seize upon the handsomest boys and the prettiest girls, tear them shrieking from their agonised parents, and, swinging them on their saddle-bow, gallop away with them through the forest.

From Sugdidi all the commissariat animals had to be sent back to Gedava, a distance of forty miles, for provisions. This was the beginning of those delays which soon proved fatal to the campaign. The weather was at this time so beautiful, Mr. Oliphant remarks, that they might have continued their march without tents, and thereby rendered available the services of a thousand more baggage-animals; or if the whole army was unable to go in pursuit of the Russians, a division might have pushed on without very much risk, considering the utterly demoralised state of the enemy's troops. That every day was of the utmost value was subsequently proved by the fact, that if they had arrived upon the banks of the Skeniscal two days earlier, they would have reached Kutais in twenty-four hours afterwards.

Sugdidi was, however, too delightful, too seductive a spot, and the camp was not struck till the 15th of November, when the whole army once more moved forward, the Rifles, as usual, leading the way. The road lay through an undulating, well-wooded country, with stockades constructed in available positions to Chetha, where were extensive barracks and depôts of provisions destroyed by the Russians, and which might probably have been saved had the Turks pushed on rapidly after the passage of the Lagur. The following day three hours' march took them to the lovely valley of the Khopi, with monastery of same name perched upon a bank about three hundred feet high overhanging the stream. This fine old ecclesiastical structure dates, according to Dubois de Montpereux, from the thirteenth century. On the 17th, soon after leaving Khopi, they struck the macadamised road which connects Redut Kalah with Kutais and Tiflis. The army did not follow the direct road to Kutais by Utch-Kumunh to Kutais, Mr. Oliphant tells us, in order to keep open direct communication with Redut Kalah. They encamped the same night at Kheloni, upon a hill which overlooked the plain of the Rhion—the ancient Phasis. On the 18th they continued their march along the same well-known and magnificent road, the bridges, however,

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having been everywhere destroyed, and they encamped at Sakharbet, upon the river Ziewie, a lovely spot, with a waterfall and ruined castle. From this point the transport animals were again sent back for provisions, causing a second and fatal delay. Skender Pasha, with a small advance guard, occupied Sinakia, five miles in advance, and after Segdidi the most considerable place in Mingrelia, and was busily employed in constructing a bridge. Ferhad Pasha also pushed a reconnoissance as far as the Skeniscal, where he had a skirmish with the outposts of the Russians, who had gradually retired until they had placed that river between themselves and the invaders.

Mr. Oliphant, for his part, does not appear to have found the delay tedious. He took long exploratory rides in the neighbourhood in search of poultry and the picturesque.

The weather had hitherto been so lovely that the country-people believed that the invaders had Providence in their favour; but at last the long-expected rain came, and the first thing it did was to carry away poor Skender's bridge; the next, to sweep down the bridge which had been constructed across the Ziewie, and to cut off all communication between one half the camp and the other. The rain was incessant, and at last, upon the morning of the 2d of December, in the middle of a tremendous storm, the army received the order to march. This was after a fortnight's delay on the Ziewie! The Techona was crossed the second day by a fragile foot-bridge, pontoons, and a ford with the water up to the men's waists. The army encamped the same night near a small stream; the Rifles, with whom Mr. Oliphant held on, in a muddy field of Indian-corn stubble. The third day they camped at a distance of about two miles from the Skeniscal. All night it poured incessantly. "Never, except in the tropics, and even rarely there," Mr. Oliphant says, "have I witnessed such a deluge." A little before dawn the rattle of small arms announced that the weather had not deterred the enemy from attempting a surprise.

Reconnoissances were now carried out to find a ford, but the river was at least two hundred yards broad, and rushed down with a fury that nothing could withstand. Forest trees were tossing upon its boiling surface—islands of vegetable matter were being swept along it. The incessant rains in the mean time reduced the camp to a deplorable state. The tents were flooded, the men literally packed in mud, provisions were running short, ague and fever becoming rife. At length, on the 8th of December, the weather showing no signs of improvement, the order came for retreat. This, while they were within two hours' canter of Kutais, whither after one more struggle at the Skeniscal, or at Mehranie, two miles beyond, where it was said Bebutoff had taken up his position, they might long ago have been in comfortable winter quarters, had it not been for fatal delay.

As it was, no other course remained but to retreat, for the river had become utterly unfordable. The news of the fall of Kars had also arrived the night before. The Rifles, who were in advance on the march inland, formed the rear-guard on the retreat. They had to be under arms before anybody else, and did not get under canvas until the rest of the army was snug. "If Turkish pashas," Mr. Oliphant remarks, "are adverse to advancing, they certainly do not show the same antipathy to retreating, and leaving their men to find their own way. They invariably keep

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well ahead; the consequence is an utter absence of order just when it is most necessary." Upon arriving on the banks of the Abasha, five hundred mounted Georgians made a show of attack, which was repulsed by the Rifles with a loss of about twelve men on the part of the enemy, and no casualty on the side of the Turks. Upon this occasion, Bu Maza, the Algerine chieftain, distinguished himself by getting into the line of fire of both parties.

The Cossacks kept on the next day hovering as closely as possible on the rear, and several little traps were formed for them by hiding the Rifles in the bushes. "They were, however," Mr. Oliphant says, "as shy as grouse in October, and only once came within shot." Horses lying dead by the roadside showed that the work was beginning to tell; while many of the men were so knocked up with fatigue and starvation that they could scarcely crawl along. The Georgians now began to shoot the sentries at night. At length Mr. Oliphant, finding that no glory but a great deal of discomfort was to be gained by linking his fortunes with the Rifles, determined upon leaving his quondam friends in the lurch and pushing ahead as rapidly as possible. Some respite was afforded at Kholoni, but sick and ill, the rain falling incessantly, and with no resources of any kind, Mr. Longworth joined Mr. Oliphant in an attempt to effect their escape thence to Redut Kalah.

It was a painful and laborious journey. They had to plough their way wearily along past waggons hopelessly imbedded in mud, bullocks lying down to die, and files of dispirited soldiers. At Chorga they got the shelter of a pigsty, by first turning out its grunting occupants. It was only twelve miles from Chorga to Redut Kalah, but the road had become almost impassable, and it was not till he was nearly exhausted by illness, cold, wet, fatigue, and starvation, that our traveller, spreading his blankets on a wooden floor, lay and enjoyed the blaze of a genial fire. At Redut Kalah tobacco was also procurable, and when, Mr. Oliphant remarks, "a man has a pipe to smoke and a fire to look at, what can he desire further to render him supremely happy and contented?" Thus ended Mr. Oliphant's share in the campaign, and which terminated something like the campaign itself, in smoke! There is no doubt that the original cause of failure lay in the delays which occurred in acquiescing in Omer Pasha's plan, and in sending him the troops and means necessary to ensure success; but owing to a fine season prolonged to an unusually late period of the year, there is also little doubt that with a little more activity and energy, the Sirdar Ekrem might have established his head-quarters at Kutais before the wet season set in, and where he would have received the adhesion of the Princess Dadiane, as well as that of the principal families of Imeritia and Guriel. He would, indeed, by that occupation, have deprived Russia of four provinces (two of which are amongst the most valuable of her possessions beyond the Caucasus), containing altogether a population of about 500,000 souls, and an area double that of the Crimea. But to say as a result of this petty campaign, carried on when the Russian army was engaged before Kars, that it places Omer Pasha before the world as the foremost man of the war, is as unjust to a really meritorious officer, as it is to those other commanders who triumphed over difficulties of a very different order, by a rare perseverance and the most praiseworthy skill and courage.

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MISS COSTELLO'S "LAY OF THE STORK."*

WELCOME as in the cities of the North the return of the storks, welcome to us the reappearance of LOUISA STUART COSTELLO in her singing robes. She has discarded them too long.† Like the stork, she has been out of sight (*not* out of mind) for what seems a long winter of our discontent.

The Lay of the Stork is a charming production—happy in design and framework, graceful in expression, musical in cadence and rhythmic flow, warm in feeling, elevated and elevating in the casuistry of the conscience, in the ethics of the heart. Imagination inspires the treatment of the story, while a sound practical purpose "solidifies" its character, and a pervading presence of religious feeling sanctifies its very being's end and aim. If only for that section of the poem which, with tasteful exclusion of all personal reference or clap-trap details, pays fervent homage to the mission of Florence Nightingale and her noble sisterhood, like-minded and high-hearted all,—if only for that picture of Scutari,

> Where lie the sick on beds of pain,
> Unconscious of the scene all light,
> The sparkling shore, the gardens bright,
> They may not hope to view again!
>
> The rash, the coward and the brave,
> The foe and friend, the low, the high,
> The gen'rous Frank, the Tartar slave,
> The Turk, the Arab, mingled lie.
> And round them flit an angel band
> That seem all wants, all pains to know:
> With noiseless step and tender hand
> As on from couch to couch they go:—

if but for this commemoration of the Daughters of England, the Lay of the Stork deserves to be had in high and lasting remembrance. But it has other claims to such distinction; other claims, neither feeble nor few.

In a brief introduction we are referred for the origin, or occasional cause of this poem, to the following incident. "A young German lady of eighteen, had a fancy, a few years ago, to discover to what region the storks repaired on quitting a northern climate, and for that purpose attached to the neck of a tame one a letter, in which she begged for an answer from whoever found it, informing her of the place where the bird alighted, and any other particulars attending it. The bird was shot by an Arab, in Syria, and her letter, copied by him, without understanding its language or import, was sent to the Prussian Vice-Consul, at Beyrout, who courteously addressed the desired communication to the young lady." In an Appendix the correspondence which followed is given,

* The Lay of the Stork. By Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, Author of the "Memoirs of Anne of Brittany," &c. London: W. and F. G. Cash. 1856.

† We allude, of course, to doings in verse, not prose. In prose writing—historical, topographical, biographical, and miscellaneous—her labours have been as numerous and agreeable as they are *un*-laboured.

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with a copy of the original letter, as transcribed by the Arab who shot the bird, Aabraim Aaloss by name.

Enough in such an incident for one of Miss Costello's poetical instincts and culture. Given this key-note, her voluntary follows. On this hint she speaks—or sings rather—sings with full heart, and silver-clear soft voice (excellent thing in woman!), the story of Chasida, the Lay of the Stork.

Lila, an orphan maid, dwells alone in a sequestered castle, that rises above a little silent bay of the meandering Neckar. Lila is wealthy, young, and fair; but the happiness of Lila's love is bestowed on no human suitor; a bird is its only recipient—that Stork of which this Lay records the home-joys, the flitting, and the fate. Lila can interpret the glees and catches of every pretty warbling choir of bird voices, and the mystic whisper of the breezes to the waving grass, and the bubble of the waters on the glittering sands; and in her radiant youth she already knows, what *Il Penseroso* aspirations would fain secure in time of age, to

> ——rightly spell
> Of every star the heaven doth show
> And every herb that sips the dew.

In vain kinsfolk and friends rally the recluse, and seek to "bring her out," and exchange stork-society and star-gazing for the conventionalism of courtesies and courtship *ad libitum*. Though a recluse, she is no misanthrope, no soured sentimentalist, absorbed in the luxury of selfish reverie. On the contrary, she scatters bounty with the large-handed freedom that beseems and bespeaks her large-hearted nobility; she can scheme good devices for her suffering fellows, and can bring the good schemes to good effect. Yet is there a hollow spot, and an aching, in that gentle heart of hers. A sense of human vanity presses cruelly at times on all her mind and soul and strength. The position and prospects of her sex puzzle her will. Her own maidenly but exceptional position and prospects—grave matter *these* suggest of reflection, speculation, pensive moody musings. Her study of flowers, and skies, and the majesty and mystery of mountains, is all in the hope to learn from them the "spell of happiness," and to hear from them that *one word* for which she yearns by day and night. Love she has seen by glimpses, felt by snatches—but where, what is the one full meaning of that one word?

> All things promise love around,
> I can prize, can cherish all;
> But amidst this charmèd ground
> Nothing answers when I call,
> And my heart shrinks back once more,
> Waiting, shrouded as before.

Quousque tandem? How long, how long? Why, reader, thereby hangs the tale of the Stork; for from the far-away death of the wandering bird is kindled the new life in love of the wistful maiden.

She would fain unravel the mystery that attends the path of the storks. She would fain follow them, in her mind's eye, as, dividing *en route*, some among them speed back to old Nile, and some to "Asian rivers lone, by wild sculptured rocks and caves" sacred to India's twice ten-thousand deities. Dear to her is the stork, however wanting in charms of plumage

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and form and voice; dear, because a loving guest in the streets and cities of the sons of men:

Then lov'st our homes: the lane—the street—
And, perching on the belfry oft,
We smile thy kindly shape to greet
Where, motionless, thou sit'st aloft;
We feel thou lov'st us, and we hail
Thy yearly visit to our land
Leading thy rapid, feathery band,
And know thy presence will not fail.
Cities and people thronging all
Welcome ye loud from tower and wall,
Crying, with joy to mark your track,
"The Stork!—Spring's messenger comes back!"

Nor forgets the poetess to commemorate the traditional virtues of the *humanised* bird—its conjugal faithfulness, its filial piety, its parental affection—or the stories that are told of its social customs and wandering mission.

The stork, then, shall be Lila's messenger to distant climes, of the watchfulness and devotion of true love. Her messenger from shore to shore, from sea to sea—across the illumined peaks of Carmel, through the islands of the Delta, to the ruins of Persepolis, and the groves of far Japan. Her winged messenger shall speed a message of good cheer to them that doubt, of solace to them that mourn; the message that there is no death in love—that love "hovers near the couch where wounded heroes lie"—that no cave is too dark for love's effulgence, no spot too drear for its joy-giving light. She commits to a scroll this message of sympathy, this evangel of hope's inner life:

One who in solitude has plann'd
A world of virtues, great and high,
Asks aid from ev'ry stranger's hand
To make her dream reality,
To all she sues, to all she pleads.
To him who first this message reads,
A blessing and a prayer she sends,
And ranks him as her first of friends:
All noble aims, all thoughts that soar,
She bids awake, to sleep no more.

So runs the proem of the epistle—*excelsior!* the spirit of the strain.

Then Lila—half in jest—has bound
A scroll the Stork's white bosom round;
A purse the treasured words defends,
By Lila's skilful fingers made,
That by a silken cord depends,
Amidst the fluttering feathers laid.
These, closely hidden, shall it rest
Secure within that downy breast.

And so, with a fond farewell, she dismisses her bird-angel—with a sanguine *au revoir* rather, for she looks to see her again, with written proof (by another hand) beneath her wings, that the message has been God-sped—that the bread of life she thus casts upon the winds has been found, and fed on, gratefully, effectually, after many days.

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And when, borne far from shore to shore,
My joyous message thou hast spread,
Return, dear wanderer, once more,
And tell my heart how thou hast sped.

Return she never does; but Lila's message meets strange accomplishment even in the messenger's death. The Stork is cut short in her flight; but not in vain has been the beating of her wings, as one that beateth the air.

The machinery of the tale that opens with the flight of the Stork is just sufficiently complex to prevent our attempting to detail it in the brief space that now remains to us—a circumstance by no means to be deplored, but the reverse, as we are thus arrested in the pernicious practice of skeletonising, in prosy Barebones's style, what to be appreciated and enjoyed should be seen in its original living form. How, therefore, when the "first dry leaves are borne away from the tall linden's verdant crown," the Stork calls forth her armies to retreat from the icy North, and Lila, as the last swift wing sweeps by, fancies she can yet descry her favourite amidst the wild array,—how "the shade of all these snowy flocks" now overcasts the lonely Danube, now the foamy Inn, now the gold domes and rose-hued towers of Venice—how the plains of Asia are reached by the emigrants, and Lila's truant builds her second nest in a paradise of solitude on Syria's strand—how the boy Youssouf slays

——— the sainted bird that came
The Arab's home and care to claim,

and his mother wails and the scheik Khalid applauds the deed—how Khalid reads the scroll, and accepts the message with tremulous joy, as a leaf from Eden borne across waste waters by sacred dove,—how war with Russia engages Khalid in the field, and Lila in the soldiers' hospital—how she that sent the message and he that received it, are brought together again, under happier auspices and in the peaceful fatherland of them both,—this to understand and enjoy, the Lay of the Stork itself must be scanned line upon line, not torn and tattered as in a Magazine notice, here a little and there a little, off at a tangent, tantalisinglissimo! A gentle and intelligent reader assumed, as 'tis at once our great right and pleasant duty to assume,—the least that reader can do is to get the Lay of the Stork forthwith from Mudie's or other *nescio cujus* library (club, circulating, country-town, or what not); that is the least; but the best were, to have in this instance a soul above borrowing, and to buy outright so pleasant and pure a Lay, that merits right well, on the mere score of outward show, a conspicuous place on the drawing-room table, and, for that within which passeth show, a near and dear one in the sanctuary of the heart.

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TOM ELLIOT'S PRIZE.

I.

MRS. AGATHA NEEDHAM had lived in her house in the good old city of Nearford all her life, which was by no means a definite number of years, her own register saying forty-nine, and that of her baptism sixty-three. A niece of Mrs. Agatha's (she was a maiden lady, and only "Mrs." by courtesy) was the wife of a country clergyman, and one of that lady's sons, a medical student, came to Nearford to be an inmate of Mrs. Agatha's, whilst he "improved" himself under Mr. Dicks, an eminent surgeon, attached to Nearford Infirmary. Mrs. Agatha, in correspondence with his parents, had stipulated, before she would admit him, for his observing certain conditions—that he would never smoke, would never speak to her two maid-servants, except in her presence, would always be in by ten o'clock at night, and in bed by half-past. To all of which Mr. Thomas Elliot vowed obedience, and said they were the exact rules he had laid down for himself. So Mrs. Agatha consented to receive him, and he arrived. A dashing young man of twenty-one, showy in dress, free in manner, but the pink of quiet propriety in the presence of Mrs. Agatha. He speedily became popular in Nearford, and Mrs. Agatha grew intensely proud of him.

"My dear Thomas," she exclaimed to him, one morning at breakfast, "what an extraordinary smell of tobacco-smoke pervades the house when you are in it."

"It does, ma'am; it's highly disagreeable. Nearly makes me sick sometimes."

"But what can it proceed from, Thomas?" pursued Mrs. Agatha, sniffing very much over her muffin. "You assure me you do not smoke."

"I smoke!" echoed Mr. Tom—"I touch a filthy cigar! It comes from my clothes."

"How does it get into them?" wondered Mrs. Agatha.

"They are such a set, aunt, at that infirmary—have cigars in their mouths from morning till night. Sometimes I can't see across our dissecting-room for the smoke. Of course my clothes get impregnated with it."

"Dear me, Thomas, how sorry I am for you! But don't talk about dissecting-rooms, if you please. The smell must also get into your eyes, and hair, and whiskers!"

"So it does, uncommon strong. But I douse my head into the big basin in a morning, and that takes it off."

"The governors of the infirmary ought to be reported to the lord-lieutenant," cried Mrs. Agatha, warmly. "I never heard of anything so shameful. How can they think of permitting the patients to smoke?"

"It's not the patients, aunt," returned Mr. Tom, smothering a grin. "What should bring them into the dissecting-room: unless—ahem!—they are carried there?"

"Then is it the doctors?"

"No: it's the pupils."

"Misguided youths!" ejaculated Mrs. Agatha. "And you have to

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associate with them! Never you learn smoking, my dear Thomas. But about this smell; I really don't know what is to be done. The maids commence coughing whenever they enter your bedroom, for the fumes of smoke there, they tell me, are overpoweringly strong."

"Ah, I know they are. It's where all my clothes hang."

"Suppose you were to get some lumps of camphor, and sew them in your pockets," suggested Mrs. Needham. "If it keeps fevers from the frame, it may keep tobacco-smoke from clothes. Get sixpen'orth, Thomas."

"I'll get a shilling's worth," said Tom. "Though I fear its properties don't reach smoke."

"Oh, Thomas, I forgot. Did you hear the noise in the house last night?"

"Noise?" responded Mr. Tom.

"A noise on the stairs, like somebody bumping up them. It was just two o'clock, for I heard the clock strike. When Rachel came to dress me this morning, she said it must have been Miany racing after the mice. But I never heard her make such a noise before. I hope it did not disturb you?"

"Not at all, aunt," answered Tom, burying his face in his handkerchief; "I never woke till half an hour ago. Cats do make an awful noise sometimes. I'm off to the infirmary."

"And you have eaten no breakfast! I can't think what the lad lives upon."

In the hall, as Mr. Thomas was dashing across it, he encountered the housemaid, a pretty girl with cherry cheeks.

"Look here, sir," she said—"look what we picked up this morning. If mistress had found it instead of me and cook, whatever would you have done?"

"My latch-key! I must have dropped it when I came in, in the night, and never missed it. But after a punch jollification, following on a tripe supper, one's perceptive faculties are apt to be obscured. That's a fact undisputed in physics, Rachel, my dear." And as Tom dropped the latch-key into his pocket, he acknowledged his obligation to the finder in a way of his own.

"Now, Mr. Thomas," remonstrated Rachel, "I have threatened fifty times that I'd tell missis of you, and now I will. You want to get me out of my place, sir, going on in this way."

"Do," cried Tom, "go and tell her at once. And harkee, my dear, if you and cook get talking to the old lady about the smoke in my bedroom, I'll shoot the first of you I come near. You should put the windows and door open."

Just as the incorrigible Tom walked off, Mrs. Agatha Needham opened the breakfast-room door, and down dropped the maid upon her hands and knees, and began rubbing away at the oilcloth.

"Rachel! was that my nephew? Talking to you!"

"Mr. Thomas has gone out, ma'am."

"Yes. Who was he talking to, before he went?"

"Talking to, ma'am? Oh, I remember; he asked about his umbrella. I think he must have left it at the infirmary, or at Mr. Dicks's."

"Asking a necessary question. I will look over," said Mrs. Agatha,

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"but should he ever show a disposition to speak with you upon indifferent subjects, you will come off straight to me, and report him, Rachel; for it is not allowed!"

"Very well, ma'am."

From the above specimen of Mr. Tom Elliot, it may be wondered how he contrived to remain an inmate of Mrs. Agatha Needham's, *and* continue in that lady's good graces. It was a marvel to Tom himself, and he was wont to say, in that favourite resort, the dissecting-room, that though he had got on the ancient maiden's blind side, he had more trouble than enough to keep himself there.

One day sundry of the infirmary pupils were assembled in the above-mentioned choice retreat. A looker-on might have described them as being rather "jolly." There were seven of them: four had short pipes in their mouths, and the three others cigars, and they were smoking away with all their might, Mr. Tom Elliot being amongst them; while some pewter pots of beer stood on the table.

"How did old Moss come out last night?" inquired one, with a shock head of very red hair, as he sat on a deal table and kicked his feet against a neighbouring wall. "Old Moss" being a botanist, who was then giving lectures in the city, which the infirmary pupils were expected to attend.

"What's the good of asking me?" responded Tom Elliot. "Pass the pot, Jones."

"I'd got a better engagement, and didn't show," resumed the first speaker. "Were you not there either, Elliot?"

"I just was there. And got jammed close to two of the loveliest girls I ever saw in all my life. One of 'em is a prize."

"I say," cried Davis, one of the oldest of the pupils, "who are those girls Tom Elliot's raving about?"

"Who's to know? There were fifty girls in the room. Very likely they were the Thompsons."

"Annihilate the Thompsons!" interrupted Elliot; "the one's cross-eyed, and the other's sickly. D'ye think I don't know the Thompson girls? These were strangers. At least, I have never seen their faces at lectures before."

"Whereabouts did your two beauties sit?"

"About half-way up the room, on the left-hand side," responded Tom. "Close underneath the astronomical map."

"I know!" shouted a youngster. "They had got a big fat duenna between them, hadn't they?"

"Just so, little Dobbs. In a scarlet hat."

"A scarlet hat!" echoed Davis.

"Or a turban," added Elliot: "might be meant for one or the other. A glaring red cone, three feet high."

"Over a flaxen wig, which she puts in papers and makes believe it's her own hair," rejoined little Dobbs. "It's their aunt."

"You insignificant monkey—their aunt!" broke forth Elliot. "If you don't tell the name without delay, I'll dissect you. You see I'm expiring under the suspense."

"I don't think much of the girls myself," persisted the young gentle-

man, delighted to exercise Elliot's patience. "The dark-eyed one's the best, and that's Clara."

"Out of the way, Jones. Let me get at him. I'll Clara him."

"Hallo, Elliot! sit down," cried Davis. "Dobbs, you young limb, if you cause this confusion again, I'll turn you out. Keep still, Elliot, and I'll tell you. They were his cousins, the Blake girls, Clara and Georgy."

"That they were not," said Mr. Dobbs. "They were the two Freers."

"Oh, the Freers," echoed Davis; "they don't often show. Old Bagwig keeps them up tight. They are the prettiest girls in Nearford."

"Who's old Bagwig?" demanded Elliot.

"The papa Freer. As cute a lawyer as any judge on the bench. He sports a wig with a bag behind: the only relic of bygone days to be seen in the town."

"I intend to monopolise one of those girls for myself," announced Elliot.

"Phew! wish you joy of your chance. Bagwig's laying by sacks of gold, and designs those two female inheritors of it to marry on the top of the ladder. Nothing under a foreign prince. You'd never get admitted inside their house, if you tried for a year."

"I tell you that girl's a prize, and shall be mine; and I'll bet you two crowns to one that I'm inside their house within a week. Tell me I can't get in where I choose! *you* can't perhaps," added the audacious Elliot, drawing his handsome figure up, in his vanity.

"Done!" cried Jones.

"And I'll take him too," echoed Davis. "Which of the two is the prize?"

"There's one with piercing dark eyes, giving out wicked glances," answered Elliot. "And splendid black hair."

"Yes. That's Clara."

"And a Roman sort of nose, and rosy pink colour."

"That *is* Clara."

"Tall; fine shape; lovely fall in her shoulders," went on Elliot.

"Yes, yes, no mistaking Clara."

"Well then, it's not she."

"Now, Elliot, don't try on any gammon. It must be the young one then, and that's Loo."

"Hark! hush! listen will you! There's Dicks's voice, as I'm alive!"

The metamorphosis was like magic. Certain overcoats of the pupils which lay in a heap in a corner of the room, were raised, and the pewter pots hidden under them; slops of beer, rather prevalent, were rubbed dry with handkerchiefs; cigars and pipes, all alight, were thrust into side-pockets; tables, as sitting places, were abandoned; and when Mr. Dicks, M.R.C.S., entered, every student presented the appearance of sober industry; some with the operating knives, some buried deep in surgical books of reference.

If fortune ever favoured any venturesome layer of bets, Tom Elliot was certainly the one that day. On his return home in the afternoon, he found Mrs. Agatha Needham cutting most extraordinary capers. She was evidently in a desperate state of excitement and anger. Tom's conscience took alarm; he believed something had come out about himself, and felt as if a cold bath had been dashed over him.

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"Dear aunt, whatever is the matter?" he ventured to ask, finding she did not speak, and thinking silence might look like self-confession. "You are surely not taken with St. Vitus's dance in the legs?"

"Never was such a thing heard of! never was such a wicked act perpetrated! Rachel—my bonnet and velvet mantle. Thomas, nephew, don't stand peering at my legs. It's not in them, it's in my mind."

Mr. Thomas sat down, completely cowed. What on earth had come to light? The latch-key—or kissing Rachel—or smoking in his bedroom at night—or had that sexton——? "By all that's awful, that must be it!" reasoned Tom. "The bungling fool has mistaken me, and sent the thing home, and she and the girls have turned Bluebeard's wife, and opened the box." Tom's face began to stream down. Whatever could he do?

"Has a—a case—been brought here, ma'am, a heavy one?" he stammered. "I came home on purpose, because there's been a mistake. It belongs to Mr. Davis, senior student, and ought to have gone to his lodgings. I'll get a man and have it moved directly."

"Mercy, boy," cried Mrs. Agatha, "I don't know anything about cases. If they had sent a dozen here, I should never have seen them today. There has been a wicked man here, Thomas, that's what there has been. A lawyer I believe he calls himself, and—that's right, Rachel—I'll go and consult mine now."

Tom's spirits went up like mercury. "Then *I* have not offended you, dear aunt! I feared—I don't know what I didn't fear—that somebody might have been trying to traduce my character to you."

"Child and woman have I lived in this house for sixt—over forty years," went on Mrs. Agatha, unheeding Mr. Tom's fears, "my own leasehold property, and my father and mother's before me. And now an impious wretch comes forward and says there's a flaw in the lease, and I must turn out, and am responsible for back rent! I'll go and consult the first lawyer in the town. Come along with me, Thomas."

"It's impossible, dear aunt. I have got six hours work before me today: reading-up for Mr. Dicks." The truth was he had made an appointment for billiards.

"That's exceedingly vexatious. I should like to have had you with me for witness. But you are quite right, Thomas: never put your studies aside for anything. I'll wish you good afternoon. Rachel, if anybody comes, you don't know when I shall be at home, for I am gone to Lawyer Freer's."

"Lawyer Freer's!" screamed Tom, rushing after his aunt, and nearly upsetting Rachel. "Of course you must have a witness, aunt, if you are going there. Just wait one moment while I slip on another coat and waistcoat."

"What's the matter with those you have on?" demanded Mrs. Agatha.

"Oh—this is my professional suit. And when I walk with you, I like to look as your nephew ought."

"Dutiful lad!" aspirated Mrs. Agatha. "He shall not be a loser by his attachment to me."

Lawyer Freer was at home, and ensconced Mrs. Agatha in his consulting-room. Her dutiful nephew slipped aside as they were going in, and shut the door on the old lady and the attorney. Mrs. Agatha was

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too full of her subject to notice, at first, the absence of her nephew; and afterwards she would not disturb the consideration of her case by calling for him. They both concluded Mr. Tom was exercising his patience in the company of the clerks in the front office.

Not he. He was as daring as he was high, and he went along the passage, peeping here and peeping there, till he came to a room where two young ladies were seated—his beauties of the previous night. Clara, the eldest, a splendid girl; Louisa (the prize), prettier still, with dancing eyes and shining curls.

"I beg pardon," cried Mr. Tom, as the young ladies rose in surprise; "do not let me disturb you. I am sent here to wait, whilst my aunt holds a private consultation with Mr. Freer. Mrs. Agatha Needham."

The young ladies bowed. They had a speaking acquaintance with Mrs. Agatha, and hoped she was well. Tom assured them she was very well, went on talking upon other subjects, and made himself entirely at home. Mr. Tom Elliot had won his bet.

II.

Mrs. Agatha Needham found her lease and its flaw could not be settled by the lawyers. The cause, in due time, was entered for trial, at the March assizes, "Newcome *versus* Needham." It caused an extraordinary sensation in Nearford: all the holders of leasehold property arguing that if Mrs. Agatha Needham was disturbed in her long and peaceful occupancy, where was their security? As to Mrs. Agatha, it may be questioned if she enjoyed a full night's rest during the period of suspense. Nothing could exceed the sympathy and interest evinced by Tom Elliot in the affair: as Mrs. Agatha observed, what she should have done without him, she did not know. His legs were kept on the run between his aunt's house and Lawyer Freer's; and the numerous messages forwarded by Mrs. Agatha nearly drove the lawyer wild. She was fidgety, and Thomas pressed her on.

"Do you want my services with Mr. Freer, this morning, aunt?"

"No, Thomas, I think not this morning."

"You'd do well to send to him, if only the slightest message. No trouble to me. Those lawyers require perpetual looking-up. They are so apt to forget the interests of one client in those of another. It's 'out of sight, out of mind' with them."

"Very true, Thomas. Thank you. Go down then to Mr. Freer: my compliments, and I have sent to know if there's anything fresh. But I am ashamed to give you this frequent trouble."

"Trouble's a pleasure, aunt, when you are concerned," responded Thomas.

"The comfort of possessing such a nephew!" ejaculated Mrs. Agatha.

Tom flew off, but the stars were against him that day. Lawyer Freer was out; so much the better: for Tom could more safely find his way to the young ladies, as he had now done many and many a time. They had also taken to look for him, and they saw him coming down the street.

"Here's Mr. Elliot, Loo," observed Clara; and a blush of satisfaction rose to her face, as she turned from the window to a mirror and smoothed her hair, here and there, with her finger. Louisa did not answer, but a

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much brighter blush rose to her face, and she bent lower over the piece of drawing she was preparing for her master. For Louisa, scarcely eighteen, still had masters attending her, and Clara, who was two years elder, looked upon her as a child. Child as she might be, though, she had grown to love Tom Elliot.

Why did they both blush? somebody may ask; surely they were not both in love with him? Not exactly. Tom Elliot was a general admirer, and whilst he had become really attached to Louisa Freer, and had striven privately to gain her affections, he had evinced a very fair share of admiration for Clara, partly in homage of her beauty, partly to divert suspicion from her sister. And Clara Freer, who had no objection in the world to receive admiration from so handsome and popular a man as Tom Elliot, certainly did not repel him.

"He's over head and ears in love," Clara was proceeding to add; but her sister interrupted her in a startling voice,

"In love! With whom?"

"With me," complacently replied Miss Freer, "who else is there? His next move will be to make me an offer—in his random way."

Louisa's heart beat fast against her side, and her blood tingled to her fingers' ends.

"Make *you* an offer!" she gasped forth. "Would you marry him?"

"Bless the child! I marry a medical student, an embryo surgeon! I look a little higher than that, Loo. But if Tom Elliot were as rich in wealth as he is in attractions—why then you might stand a speedy chance of being a bridesmaid. I know he adores me."

No more was said, for Tom entered, and began rattling away, after his own fashion. An attractive companion he undoubtedly was. Presently Miss Freer was called from the room by a servant, upon some domestic affair.

"My dearest Loo," he whispered, as soon as they were alone, "you look sad this morning. What is it?"

"Oh, nothing," she answered, bursting into tears. And Tom, all alive with surprise and concern, clasped her in his arms, and was in the very agreeable act of kissing off the tears, when Clara returned. It was sooner than they had expected her, and they were fairly caught.

Clara, her features naturally of a haughty cast, could put on *a look* when she liked. Mr. Elliot had never yet been favoured with it; but it shone out, in full force, as she imperiously demanded an explanation from both of them.

"The truth is, Miss Freer," said Tom, speaking up like a man, "that I love your sister. Until I saw her, all young ladies were alike to me—that is, I was fond of them all. But now she is the only one I care for, or ever shall care for in the world. I did not intend this to come out yet: and I hope you will keep our secret."

"And pray," returned Clara, boiling over with rage and mortification, "when *did* you intend it to come out, sir?"

"When? Not till I was well established in my profession, and could ask for her as I ought to do, of Mr. Freer."

"Clara," uttered the younger sister, her tears falling fast in agitation, for she had read the expression in the elder's eye, "for the love of Heaven do not betray me to papa. Dear Clara!"

"I shall acquaint your father instantly, as is my duty," was the cold

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reply. "We shall have a baby in leading-strings entangling itself in a matrimonial engagement next!"

"Clara, my dear sister—let me call you so for the first, though I hope not for the last time, be reasonable, be kind," said Mr. Elliot, trying *his* powers of persuasion. But effectual as they had hitherto proved with the young lady, they failed now.

"What I can do to oppose your views on my sister, I will do," she vehemently answered. "You have played a traitor's part, Mr. Elliot, in seeking her affections. I beg you to leave the house at once, and you will never be admitted to it again."

"But, Clara," he remonstrated, "you——"

"I have told you to leave the house," she reiterated, pale with anger. "If you do not quit it this instant I shall ring for the servants to show you out."

"Very well, Miss Freer," he said, all his customary equanimity returning to him. "Louisa, my darling," he impressively added, turning to her for a last farewell, "we may be obliged to bend to circumstances and temporarily separate, but remember—come what may, I will be true to you. Be you so to me. Will you promise?"

"I will," she whispered; and Mr. Tom Elliot bent down, and sealed it on her lips, regardless of Miss Clara's energetic appeal to the bell.

Clara Freer made her own tale good to her father, and Thomas made his good to Mrs. Agatha. For in the violent indignation of the attorney, he had informed that lady of her nephew's having presumed to make love to his daughter, and Mrs. Agatha, overwhelmed with the first shock of the news, wrote off an imperative summons to Tom's father, telling him to post to Nearford, upon a matter of life and death. Which summons brought the alarmed parent flying at express speed.

Everybody who heard of the affair pronounced them both a couple of simpletons. A medical pupil of twenty-one, without any definite hopes or money whatever, to have talked of marriage, was ridiculously absurd; and for a young lady, *with* money and prospects, to listen to him, was more absurd still. The clergyman, when he arrived, and found what the matter was, wished to treat it as a joke, the lawyer was too outrageous to treat it any way but in earnest, while Tom strove to deny it to Mrs. Agatha.

"There's nothing in it, dear aunt," he pleaded; "don't you believe any of them."

"But Miss Freer affirms that she caught you kissing her sister," persisted Mrs. Agatha. "How do you account for that?"

"I'm sure I don't know how it is to be accounted for," answered Tom, demurely. "I believe I must have dropped asleep with my eyes open, and done it in a dream. I was sitting there, waiting for the lawyer to come in, and had got tired to death."

Mrs. Agatha was staggered. She had not much faith in those sort of dreams, but she had great faith in Tom's word.

"Kissing is very bad, Thomas," she observed, doubtingly.

"It's shocking," promptly answered Thomas. "You cannot believe, ma'am, I should be guilty of it—awake. Never tried to kiss any young lady in all my life—except my sisters."

Not, however, to his father and Mr. Freer did Thomas Elliot make a similar defence. To them he told the truth boldly—that he was in love

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with the young lady, and meant to marry her if she would wait for him.

His impudence struck Lawyer Freer speechless. "Sir," he stuttered to the parson, when his tongue came to him, "I insist upon it that you find means to stop this presumption of your son's. You are a clergyman, sir, and must feel that it is a disgrace to him, to my family, and to the age we live in."

"I'll talk to him," responded the parson, meekly. "I am sure he will hear reason."

So he took his graceless heir all alone into the bedroom of the hotel where he had put up, and did "talk" to him. But Tom remained as hard as flint, protesting that no father had a right to control his son in the choice of a wife.

"You will find they have," angrily replied Mr. Elliot, provoked to warmth. "I forbid you—do you hear me—I *forbid* you to think any more of this."

"I shall be sure to marry her in the end, if it's twenty years to come," persisted Tom. "I have told her so."

"At your peril," uttered Mr. Elliot—"at the peril of disobedience. And deliberate disobedience to a father never goes unpunished, remember."

"I'll risk the punishment if ever I get the luck," dutifully concluded Mr. Tom, to himself.

The Reverend Mr. Elliot returned to his home, and matters went on quietly for a week or two. Tom finding no opportunity of seeing Louisa, except on Sundays; when he went to St. Luke's, which was Mr. Freer's parish church, and enshrined himself in a pew within view of the lawyer's, always telling Mrs. Agatha, who expected him to go to church with her, that there was an unusual press of in-door patients at the infirmary. Meanwhile the affair was talked of abroad, and a country squire, who was intimate with the attorney's family, and very much admired Louisa, came forward when he heard of it, and made her an offer, fearing he might lose her. All the blame, be it observed, was laid by everybody upon Tom Elliot; Louisa got none. The proposal was complacently received by Lawyer Freer, for it was a first-rate match for his daughter. He, like others, had not cast much reproach to Louisa, his indignation being concentred on the audacious infirmary pupil: and now that the intimacy between the two was broken off, the lawyer concluded the affair was at an end, and so dismissed it from his mind.

"If I could have chosen from all the county for you, Louisa, I should have fixed on Turnbull," observed the lawyer to his daughters. "What do you say, Clara?"

Clara said nothing: she was sulky and cross. She considered herself much handsomer than that chit Louisa, yet all the offers were going to her.

"His rent-roll is two thousand a year, all clear and unencumbered. I had the settlement of affairs last year, at his father's death. You are a lucky child."

"I should not like to live in the country," timidly remarked Louisa, not daring to make any more formidable obstacle.

"Not like—what, raise an objection to Turnbull Park! There's not

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a prettier spot—for its size—in all the county!" cried the attorney. "I wish *I* had the chance of living there."

"If Mr. Thomas Elliot were its owner, we might hear less of objection to 'living in the country,'" *very* spitefully exclaimed Miss Freer.

"Thomas Elliot!" repeated the lawyer, "hang Thomas Elliot." He looked inquiringly from one to the other: Clara's face was pale and severe, Louisa's burning. "Harkee, young ladies," he said, "we will dispense with the naming of that person in future. Had Louisa not given him up, I would have discarded her in disgrace. I would, on my solemn word. Squire Turnbull dines here to-morrow, Clara. Let the dinner be handsome."

Once more were the pupils assembled in a private sanctum of the infirmary. Their pots of porter were absent, but their careless jokes were not.

"He is late this morning," observed Jones. "Won't we have a shy at him when he comes."

"I wonder if he knows it?"

"Not yet," answered little Dobbs; "I'll bet two bobs to one he doesn't. It was only through my aunt Blake drinking tea there last night that it came out."

At this moment, Tom Elliot entered, with a cigar in his mouth.

"Well, Elliot," little Dobbs cried, "have you heard the news?"

"I've heard no news."

"About a friend of yours," Davis interposed, "going to be married?"

Mr. Elliot puffed on apathetically, and made no reply.

"I say, Elliot," began Jones, again, "do you know Turnbull?"

"I don't know any Turnbull," responded Tom, who, as little Dobbs phrased it, seemed "cranky" that morning.

"Turnbull of Turnbull Park. Drives iron-grey horses in his drag?"

"Oh, that lot! A short, stout cove, looks a candidate for apoplexy. Splendid cattle they are."

"He's going into the matrimonial noose, Elliot."

"He may go into another noose if he likes. Who called him a friend of mine?"

"No, the lady's your friend. A clipper she is, too."

"Only Elliot does not think so. Oh, no, not at all," cried Mr. Dobbs.

"Come, Elliot," Davis said, "guess who Turnbull's going to splice with?"

"You, perhaps," was the sulky answer.

"I'll bet he *has* heard it," grinned Davis, "he is so savage. It's your prize, little Loo Freer."

"What?" shrieked Elliot.

"Squire Turnbull marries Louisa Freer. Settlements are being drawn up, and wedding-dresses made."

"A lie!" shouted Elliot.

"It's not," interrupted Jones; "it's true. Dobbs's family have had the official announcement, and——"

They were interrupted by a low whistle from Davis. "Silence, boys. I hear Dicks coming down stairs."

Now I am not going to defend either Mr. Tom Elliot or Miss Louisa Freer. On the contrary, they deserve all the reproach that can be cast at them. They took alarm at the advances of Squire Turnbull, and

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planned a runaway marriage: though how they contrived to meet and consult, was a matter of wonder, afterwards, to Nearford. It probably appeared to both as the only certain way of extricating Louisa, but a more lamentably imprudent step was never taken.

Prudence, however, was no concern of Tom Elliot's: all he cared for was to get it accomplished, and he went to work in a daring and unusual way. He determined to marry her in her own parish church, and he ran up to London by the night mail, procured a license, and brought a confidential friend down with him, who entered with gusto into the secret, and enjoyed the fun. The incumbent of St. Luke's, a bachelor, and still a young man, was as much fitted for a parson as I am. He was given to following the hounds more than to following his parishioners, was fond of gentlemen's after-dinner society, but painfully awkward and nervous in the presence of ladies; good-natured, unsuspicious, the very man to be imposed upon by Tom Elliot.

III.

Nearford assizes came on. And late on the evening of the first day, Monday, a confidential note from Lawyer Freer was delivered to the Reverend Simon Whistler, calling upon him to perform the marriage ceremony between his youngest daughter and Mr. Thomas Elliot the following morning at ten. Mr. Freer added a request that the matter might be kept strictly secret, for reasons of which he would himself inform him when they met the following day. Now, if the Reverend Simon had an objection to perform one part of his clerical duties, it was that of tying the nuptial knot. Baptisms he did not mind, burials he was quite at home in, but a gay wedding was his aversion, for the ladies and their fine clothes scared all his nerves and set them shaking. So he groaned aloud when he read the lawyer's letter, but was forced to resign himself to what there was no help for.

On Tuesday morning, at twenty-five minutes past nine precisely, Lawyer Freer bustled into the town-hall, in the wake of two counsellors, specially retained for Mrs. Agatha Needham. That lady herself, escorted by her nephew, and accompanied by several maiden friends, also arrived, just as the learned baron, who presided at *Nisi Prius*, took his seat. With difficulty places were found for Mrs. Needham's party, for the court was crammed, all the town being anxious to hear the great cause tried.

"And now, aunt, as you are comfortably fixed, I'll be off to the infirmary for an hour. It's my day to go round the wards with the surgeons."

"Why, Thomas!" uttered the startled Mrs. Agatha, "you'll never think of leaving us unprotected! Mr. Dicks will excuse you on so important an occasion as this. Those gentlemen in wigs are staring here very unpleasantly already. How extremely ugly they are!"

"Staring are they!" cried Tom. "I'll go and stop that. Just one moment, aunt; you'll take no harm. Back in a brace of shakes."

At ten o'clock the Reverend Mr. Whistler was in St. Luke's vestry, putting on his surplice. He had not to wait long for the wedding party. It consisted only of Mr. Elliot, Louisa Freer (in her every-day clothes, and a thick black veil), and a strange gentleman as groomsman.

"This is sadly unfortunate, Mr. Whistler," began Tom, in his off-hand

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manner; "my aunt's cause is on, and everybody's at it. Mrs. Agatha is in court, Miss Freer, and other witnesses. Mr. Freer of course is obliged to be there. He's excessively annoyed, charged me with his compliments to you, and trusted that his absence would make no essential difference.

The parson bowed, inwardly blessing the great cause, "Newcome *v.* Needham." He had anticipated a string of ladies as long as the aisle, with a proportionate show of veils and feathers. He never performed the marriage service so glibly in his life—and he thought he had never seen a bride tremble more violently.

The fees were paid, the register signed, and the parties left the church. At the entrance, which was situated, like the church, in an obscure neighbourhood, stood a post-chaise and four. Mr. Tom Elliot, clearing a way through the collection of young nurses and infants there assembled, placed his bride in it, followed her in, banged-to the door, and off dashed the postboys at a gallop.

"Never accomplished a feat more cleverly in my life," chuckled Tom. "Loo, my darling, all the fathers in Christendom shan't separate us now."

The stranger, meanwhile, after watching the chaise fairly away, returned to the vestry, and addressed the clergyman.

"Mr. Freer's compliments, sir, and he begs you will be at his house at seven to-night, to celebrate the wedding."

Mr. Whistler replied in the affirmative, though not without hesitation. He had a horror of evening parties, and concluded this was nothing less than a dance. But he did not like to refuse on such an occasion.

It was seven that evening when Mr. Freer returned home, having snatched a hasty dinner off a pocket sandwich in the guildhall. Clara had got tea ready on the table, with a nice ham, for she knew what her father's dinners on assize days were.

"Well, papa," she said, "is it over? How's the verdict?"

"For Miss Needham, of course," replied Lawyer Freer, throwing aside his wig and bag, for he was addicted, when fatigued, to sitting in private life in his bald head. "I knew we should have it. There was a clapping of hands in court when it was delivered. Just get me my slippers, Clara. Where's your sister?"

"She went out after breakfast. Telling Nancy she was going to court with Mrs. Stevens, and might not be at home till late."

"Told Nancy she was going into court!" repeated the amazed lawyer, pausing in the act of pulling off his boots. "*My* daughter to appear in a public assize court! If Squire Turnbull should hear—— Good Heavens, Louisa must be out of her mind. And where were my eyes that I did not see her? Ring the bell, Clara."

"I thought it very extraordinary, papa," rejoined Clara, not sorry to get her sister into a row.

"Nancy," cried the lawyer, in a fume, when the housemaid appeared, "go instantly to Mrs. Stevens! Ask to speak to Miss Louisa, and tell her it is my desire that she return home with you immediately. Stay—call at Ford's and take a fly; go in it and return in it. A pretty night assize night is, for women to be in the streets," muttered the discomfited lawyer.

No sooner had Nancy departed than there came a rat-tat-tat to the

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street-door, and in walked the Rev. Mr. Whistler, ushered in by the cook, who, to her own mortification, happened that day, of all days in the year, not to have "cleaned" herself. The lawyer stared, and Clara stared, for the parson had arrayed himself in evening attire, white kid gloves, silk stockings, tights, and pumps. He went all over as red as his hunting-coat, and sat down dreadfully embarrassed, feeling convinced he had mistaken the night, and ready to swear—if he had not been a parson—at his own stupidity. Clara asked if he would take a cup of tea, and he stammered that he would, though he hated tea like poison.

"You must allow me to congratulate you, sir," he began, believing he was expected to say something about the wedding, and clearing his throat to help overcome his diffidence. "I was sorry not to have had that pleasure this morning."

Lawyer Freer knew of no cause for congratulation save the verdict in favour of Mrs. Agatha Needham. "Thank you," he said, "it is not a pleasant thing to lose a cause."

The parson expected his host to say daughter, and if the word sounded to his ear like cause, he attributed it to his own bewilderment.

"Indeed it is not," answered the parson. "I remember when my sister was married, my mother and the bridesmaids cried all day."

The attorney looked up with undisguised astonishment, and Miss Freer was certainly laughing. He felt sure it was at those wretched tights, and pushed his legs back under his chair, as far as he could, without overbalancing himself.

"Were you amused in court to-day?" was his next question, addressing Miss Freer.

"In court! I!" cried Clara.

"It was her sister who went," broke in the lawyer—"my youngest daughter. Clara would not have acted so indiscreetly. Louisa's not come home yet."

"Your youngest daughter went to the hall to-day!" echoed the clergyman, staring in his turn. "That is rather—rather uncommon—is it not?"

"Uncommon? It's unpardonable."

"And Mr. Elliot. Was he there too?"

"Mr. Elliot!" roared the attorney, firing at the name, "I don't know anything about Mr. Elliot. What's Mr. Elliot to me?"

"A—a—a—no quarrel, or misunderstanding, I hope, since the morning?" cried the parson, hopelessly mystified.

"Not that *I* am aware of, sir," coldly answered the offended attorney.

"I supposed they were leaving the town to-day," returned Mr. Whistler. "Indeed, I believed they had left it."

Mr. Freer considered, and concluding the "they" must have reference to the learned judges, he made no remark.

At that moment the cook put her head into the room. "Mrs. Agatha Needham's compliments—she was sorry to trouble Mr. Freer on the subject, but did he know anything of her nephew? He had left her in a mysterious way in the morning, as soon as she got into court, and nothing had been heard or seen of him since.

"I know nothing of him," growled the lawyer—"*nothing*. My respects to Mrs. Needham herself."

Before the cook could turn away with the message, a fly was heard

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rattling up to the door, and in came Nancy. "Mrs. Stevens's kind regards to Mr. and Miss Freer: she had been at home all day, but Miss Louisa had not called." The lawyer was seriously disturbed now.

"You may rely upon it, sir," interposed the clergyman, "that there is some misunderstanding, and they are gone."

"Gone! who gone? gone where?" said the host, in agitation. "Were your mind in a sane state, you should be brought to account for your vile insinuations."

"You appear to take me for a madman, sir, but I think, if anybody's mad, it's yourself," retorted the clergyman, growing more perplexed with every sentence. "I have not insinuated a breath against your daughter. But what more natural than that she should leave town with her husband?"

"And pray, sir," Mr. Freer cried, with forced calmness, "as you say my daughter has got a husband, perhaps you will inform me when she was married, and who married her?"

"Why *I* married her, sir: married her this morning to Mr. Tom Elliot. Married them at your own request, sir."

Lawyer Freer sat down in a chair, and broke out into a white heat.

"What do you suppose, sir, brought me here to-night, in these kick-shaw things," cried the unhappy parson, "but your own invitation to celebrate their marriage?"

"Oh, papa," screamed Clara, "I see it all! Tom Elliot and Louisa are married."

"Married, Miss Freer, what should hinder them? Here's your papa's note—'Mr. Freer presents his compliments,' and so on—requesting me to perform the ceremony at ten this morning which I did," said Mr. Whistler, thrusting his hands into his pockets for the note. Alas! he was in momentary oblivion of having sported the uncomfortable tights: the note was in the pantaloons he had left at home.

Clara Freer went off into strong hysterics, and the lawyer into an explosion of stronger expletives. The clergyman came in for his share of the latter. Mr. Freer insisting that he ought to have ascertained whether the note really came from him, before marrying a child like Louisa to a graceless medical student.

"How could I suspect anything wrong?" humbly deprecated the Reverend Simon. "The handwriting was like a lawyer's, and of course I thought it was yours. I heard some time ago that Mr. Elliot was paying his addresses to one of your daughters, so that when the note came, it seemed a natural sequence. I am very sorry now, and would join in undoing the wedding if I could. Is it any use following them? I'll go in pursuit for one, if you like, sir. My hunter's as fresh as a daisy to-night."

"Pursuit!" reiterated the irritated Lawyer Freer. "Eight o'clock at night, and ten hours' start! what use do you think pursuit would be, now?" And I would advise you, sir, as a lawyer; not to countenance these clandestine matches in future, or your bishop may stop your power to perform them, in a way you won't like."

"I wish he would," answered the browbeat parson—"I wish he'd unlicense St. Luke's for marriages. I'd rather do fifty funerals, all in a day, than one wedding. I would indeed."

So Mr. Tom Elliot got clear off with his prize.

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Mingle-mangle by Monkshood.

GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE.*

THE twelfth and concluding volume of Mr. Grote's admirable History opens with the accession of Alexander the Great to the throne of Macedon. The History of Greece proper may be said to have closed before that event. Before the death of Philip, the Hellenic world, as Mr. Grote expresses it, has ceased to be autonomous; for though in Sicily the freedom revived by Timoleon has still a few years to run, all the Grecian cities south of Mount Olympus have descended into dependents of Macedonia, and each of them is enrolled as a separate unit in the list of subject-allies attached to the imperial headship of Philip. Hence the history of conquered Greece loses its separate course, and becomes merged in that of conquering Macedonia. Accordingly, the contents of this last volume indicate but too clearly that Greece as a separate subject of history no longer exists; for one half of it is employed in depicting Alexander and his conquests—"that Non-Hellenic conqueror into whose vast possessions the Greeks are absorbed, with their intellectual brightness bedimmed, their spirit broken, and half their virtue taken away by Zeus—the melancholy emasculation inflicted (according to Homer†) upon victims overtaken by the day of slavery."‡

The Greeks, we are reminded, to whom this History of Greece has been devoted—those of Homer, Archilochus, Solon, Æschylus, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Demosthenes—present as their most marked characteristic a loose aggregation of autonomous tribes or communities, acting and reacting freely among themselves, with little or no pressure from foreigners. The main interest of the narrative, the narrator himself observes, has consisted in the spontaneous grouping of the different Hellenic fractions—in the self-prompted co-operations and conflicts—the abortive attempts to bring about something like an effective federal organisation, or to maintain two permanent rival confederacies—the energetic ambition, and heroic endurance, of men to whom Hellas was the entire political world. But, as he goes on to remark, the

* History of Greece: By George Grote, Esq. Twelve Vols. John Murray. 1846—1856.

† ημισυ γαρ τ' αρετης αποαινυται ευρυοπα Ζευς
ανερος, ευτ' αν μιν κατα δουλιον ημαρ ελησιν.
Hom. *Odyss.* xvii. 322.

Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.
Pope. (xvii. 393.)

‡ Grote, XII. pp. 1, 2, 661-2.

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freedom of Hellas, the life and soul of this history from its commencement, disappeared completely during the first years of Alexander's reign. During the eleven years of his Asiatic career, the history of Greece is almost a blank, except here and there a few scattered events—the Grecian cities dwindling into outlying appendages of a newly-grown Oriental empire—though at the death of Alexander they again awaken into active movement. Now, as regards the history of Greece, the first portion of Alexander's Asiatic campaigns (from his crossing the Hellespont, B.C. 334, to the conquest of Persis, B.C. 330), though not of direct bearing, is yet, Mr. Grote justly affirms, of material importance. The first year of the reign of "Philip's warlike son" had sufficed to subjugate the Hellenic world. By these subsequent campaigns he had really accomplished what the traditional policy of the Great King had laboured, with tremendous and repeated efforts, but all in vain, to effect,—the incorporation of Greece with the Persian monarchy, the absorption of it as one little component part, as a "small fraction into the vast Persian empire, renovated under his [Alexander's] imperial sceptre." So long, indeed, as Greece could receive help from the native Persian kings, who flirted with her, and with whom she coquetted, perilously for her peace, when the rough wooing she suffered from Macedon was going on,—so long as Greece could hope to play off the East against her too obtrusive northern neighbour, there remained a chance for her, as a "person of quality," of reduced circumstances, indeed, or of one who had seen better days, and was now on the shabby-genteel list, *un peu passée* and all that sort of thing, but still of independent means, and, thanks to her connexions across the water, safe from too aggravated assault and battery, much more from the extreme case of rape and ravishment, on the part of that chartered libertine, the Macedonian king. But when Persia became, to all intents and purposes, the fee simple of that irresistible prince,—when the East at large bowed and did obeisance before him,—then, at last, and at once, vanished every chance for Hellas as such; then was lost any surviving hope, founded on foreign alliances, of Greece for the Greeks. "All hope for Greece from without was extinguished, when Babylon, Susa, and Persepolis became subject to the same ruler as Pella and Amphipolis—and that ruler too, the ablest general, and most insatiate aggressor, of his age; to whose name was attached the prestige of success almost superhuman."* The narrative, therefore, of Alexander's successes against Babylon, Susa, and Persepolis, is of immediate importance in regard to the history of Greece.

Moreover; though the expedition against Asia was, as Mr. Grote describes it, really a scheme of Macedonian appetite and for Macedonian aggrandisement, it enters into the series of Grecian events

* Ibid. pp. 528, 242 sqq.

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under the Pan-hellenic pretence of retaliation for the long past insults of Xerxes. Ages had rolled on since

> Great Xerxes came to seize the certain prey,
> And starved exhausted regions in his way;*

and anything like "Pan-hellenic" resentment, and thirst for revenge, was by this time a sort of make-believe, or at best a vanishing quantity. But as a pretence it would answer the purpose; the purpose of Alexander, if not of Greece. It is not to be forgotten, nor does Mr. Grote forget to notice, that a deliberate scheme of vengeance on Persia for the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, had been cherished by the Spartan Agesilaus and by the Pheræan Jason; "with hopes grounded on the memorable expedition and safe return of the Ten Thousand." The strange daring of that *anabasis*, the stranger darings and endurances of that *katabasis*, had shown what the free spirit of Hellas might do, and where the weak side of despotised Persia might suffer. Isocrates had urged such a scheme, as one of mark and likelihood, as feasible, eligible, and pregnant with promise, not only on Greece, while Greece was represented by the free cities of Athens and Sparta, but on Philip of Macedon, when his prowess had made him "master of the situation." Philip was not the man to give the go-by to any such proposition. To be hailed as chieftain in the gathering of the clans, in this enterprise against Asia, was quite to his mind. And though he was cut off before it could be put into practice, the scheme lost nothing by his death—taken up as it was, with yet heartier emphasis, and carried out as it was, with yet larger powers, by the most immediate to his throne, the world-wandering, world-subduing Alexander the Great.

Granting, then, that the "Pan-hellenic" excitement in favour of avenging on Persia her long-ago insults to Greece, had long ago died away, and was now virtually a factitious feeling, or an artful pretence,—such a *pretence* answered nevertheless two desirable ends, in Alexander's policy as captain-general of the invading force: first, in Mr. Grote's own words, "to ennoble the undertaking in the eyes of Alexander himself, whose mind was very accessible to religious and legendary sentiment, and who willingly identified himself with Agamemnon or Achilles, immortalised as executors of the collective vengeance of Greece for Asiatic insult —next, to assist in keeping the Greeks quiet during his absence.

* Johnson: "Vanity of Human Wishes."
So again Somerville, in "The Chase:"

> "—— Nor was that host
> More numerous of old, which the great king
> Pour'd out on Greece from all the unpeopled East,
> That bridged the Hellespont from shore to shore,
> And drank the rivers dry."

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He was himself aware that the real sympathies of the Greeks were rather adverse than favourable to his success."

The Greeks were, in fact, aware that Alexander's success in this eastern expedition, nominally undertaken in their name and as their cause, would redound to his glory, not theirs, and would secure fresh material guarantees for his supremacy, and against their independence. The historian compares their position, in reference to Alexander's Asiatic conquests, to that of the German contingents, especially those of the Confederation of the Rhine, who served in the grand army with which the Emperor Napoleon invaded Russia in 1812: they had no public interest in the victory of the invader, which could end only by reducing them to still greater prostration. Yet was it the habit of both the Macedonian king and the French emperor, to assume the perfect identity of interests, on the part of their several contingents, Greek and German, with those of their self-elected leader. And we find Napoleon "drawing the same pointed distinction between the Russian and the German prisoners taken, as Alexander made between Asiatic and Grecian prisoners. These Grecian prisoners the Macedonian prince reproached as guilty of treason against the proclaimed statute of collective Hellas, whereby he had been declared general, and the Persian king a public enemy."*

On the first four years, therefore, of Alexander's Asiatic expedition, as involving results of momentous bearing on the state and prospects of the Grecian cities, Mr. Grote bestows considerable space in this his concluding volume. The last seven he touches far more lightly, for the analogous reason that with the events therein comprised, the Grecian cities were interested scarcely at all. "The stupendous marches to the rivers Jaxartes, Indus, and Hyphasis, which carried his victorious arms over so wide a space of Central Asia, not only added nothing to his power over the Greeks, but even withdrew him from all dealings with them, and placed him almost beyond their cognizance."† These latter campaigns do indeed deserve to be recorded, as examples of military skill and energy, and as illustrating the "character of the most illustrious general of antiquity—one who, though not a Greek, had become the master of all Greeks;" but it is rather from their intrinsic interest absolutely, than from their relative claim upon a writer of Grecian history, that place ought to be found and will be allowed for them.

We have just seen Alexander deliberately styled by Mr. Grote, "the most illustrious general of antiquity." The historian gives all due prominence to the deeds of arms, the strategic skill and original resources, upon which Alexander's title to such a distinction is based. He shows that it is not merely in soldier-like qualities—in the most forward and even adventurous bravery—in

* Grote, XII. pp. 69, 70. † Ibid. p. 243.

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indefatigable personal activity, and in endurance as to hardship and fatigue,—that Alexander stands pre-eminent; though these qualities alone, when found in a king, act so powerfully on those under his command, that they suffice to produce great achievements, even when combined with generalship not surpassing the average of his age. "But in generalship, Alexander was yet more above the level of his contemporaries. His strategic combinations, his employment of different descriptions of force conspiring towards one end, his long-sighted plans for the execution of campaigns, his constant foresight and resource against new difficulties, together with rapidity of movement even in the worst country—all on a scale of prodigious magnitude—are without parallel in ancient history. They carry the art of systematic and scientific warfare to a degree of efficiency, such as even successors trained in his school were unable to keep up unimpaired."*

The personal valour of the Macedonian prince is familiarly known. Some memorable examples of it occur in the course of Mr. Grote's narrative. The foremost part Alexander played in the battle of the Granicus, when forcing his way up the high bank to the level ground, and when fighting that recurring series of duels (with Mithridates, Rhœsaces, &c.) which, but for good-at-a-blow and strong-i'-th'-arm Cleitus,† had ended in the prince's death; his forwardness to mount the wall at the storming of Tyre; his daring and wounds in the "imminent deadly breach" at Gaza; his impatience in attacking the last stronghold of the Malli,‡ when, the troops with their scaling-ladders not coming up as rapidly as *he* would have them, he mounted on a ladder that happened to be at hand, attended only by two or three companions, and, having cleared the wall by killing several of its defenders, then jumped down into the interior of the citadel, and made head for some time, nearly alone, against all within—on which occasion he received a bad wound from an arrow in the breast, and was on the point of fainting, when his soldiers burst in, rescued him, and took the place;—these and similar instances attest his possession of that chivalrous courage, which Mr. Grote characterises as sometimes both excessive and unseasonable, so as to form the only military defect fairly imputable to him, but which, it is owned, must at the time of these exploits (so impressive even when we read of them now), have acted most powerfully upon the imagination of con-

* Ibid. p. 71.

† . . . . Cleitus! what was he?
The faithfullest subject, worthiest counsellor,
The bravest soldier, he who saved thy life,
Fighting bareheaded at the river Granick, &c.
LEE'S *Alexander the Great*, IV. 2.

‡ Supposed by Mr. Cunningham and others to have been the modern city of Multan.

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temporaries,* who would recognise in this doughty champion what he himself aspired in good sooth to be, the Achilles of the Iliad *redivivus*.

The celerity of his movements is one most mark-worthy particular in the catalogue of his distinctions as a great commander. Thus, at the outset of his military career, when he was already within Thermopylæ, before any Greeks were aware that he was in march, or even (after his long absence in Thrace) that he was alive,—his arrival with his army before refractory Thebes, "told with double force on the Greeks from its extreme suddenness"—his unexpected appearance in the heart of Greece precluding all combinations, and checking all idea of resistance. Thus, too, when the Uxii, in the mountainous region between Susa and Persis, a race of "rude but warlike shepherds, to whom the Great King himself had always been obliged to pay a tribute whenever he went from Susa to Persepolis,"—when these exacting masters of the pass demanded the like toll from that great highway passenger, his Macedonian majesty, he replied by inviting them to meet him at their pass and receive it,—but having in the mean while discovered a new and little frequented mountain track, he forthwith hurried a detachment of troops towards the villages of the mountaineers, surprised them *in medias res* (*angustas domi*), and thus not only opened the monopolised pass for the transit of his main army, but so cut to pieces and humiliated the Uxii, that they were forced to sue for pardon. Thus, too, in the case of that other and worser pass, called the Susian or Persian gates,—being informed by a Lycian captive, who for years had been tending sheep as a slave on the mountains, of a track known only to himself, whereby the satrap (Ariobarzanes) might be taken in flank, Alexander set forth at night at the head of a slender company, guided by the Lycian: "he had to surmount incredible hardship and difficulty—the more so as it was midwinter, and the mountain was covered with snow; yet such were the efforts of his soldiers and the rapidity of his movements, that he surprised all the Persian outposts, and came upon Ariobarzanes altogether unprepared,"—forcing the satrap's troops to abandon the Gates, and almost exterminating them in their efforts at resistance or escape. Another instance of the same kind occurred in Alexander's pursuit of Bessus, whom he despaired of overtaking, during his system of retreat by night-marches, unless he could find some shorter road. Such a road was made known to him, but leading through a waterless desert. By this road, however, the Macedonian set out late in the day with his cavalry, and "got over no less than forty-five miles during the night, so as to come on Bessus by complete surprise on the following morning;"—when the Persians, marching in disorder without arms, and having no expectation of an enemy, were so panic-struck

* See Grote, XII. pp. 112-3, 188-9, 194, 315, 351, 119.

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at the sudden appearance of their indefatigable conqueror, that they dispersed and fled without any attempt to resist.* It was during this dispersion and flight that Bessus incurred

—— the deep damnation of the taking off

of Darius, after Alexander had made what Mr. Grote calls the "prodigious and indefatigable marches of the last four days, not without destruction to many men and horses, for the express purpose of taking Darius alive;" whence we can infer the conqueror's bitter chagrin at being balked in the sole design of this "ruinously fatiguing march," and can understand something of the *acharnement* of his after-treatment of the regicide satrap.

Celerity of movement, then, is one main feature in Alexander's strategy. But it is only one in the imposing aggregate. In many points indeed he was, as the historian eloquently depicts him, a reproduction of the heroic Greeks, his warlike ancestors in legend, Achilles and Neoptolemus, and others of that Æacid race, unparalleled in the attributes of force—a man of violent impulse in all directions, sometimes generous, often vindictive—ardent in his individual affections both of love and hatred, but devoured especially by an inextinguishable pugnacity, appetite for conquest, and thirst for establishing at all cost his superiority of force over others—

Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis—

like the paladins of the Iliad, pluming himself not more on military directorship than on being personally foremost in the fray. But over and above—emphatically *above*—his resemblance to the Homeric Achilles, Alexander, "as a general, surpassed his age in provident and even long-sighted combinations. With all his exuberant courage and sanguine temper, nothing was ever omitted in the way of systematic military precaution. Thus much he borrowed, though with many improvements of his own, from Grecian intelligence as applied to soldiership,"†—though it is allowed that the character and dispositions, which he took with him to Asia, had rather the features, both striking and repulsive, of Achilles, than those of Agesilaus of Sparta or Epaminondas of Thebes. In the victory of Issus, the consummate excellence of Alexander, alike as general and as soldier, stood conspicuous, not less than the utter deficiency of Darius.‡ His tactics at Arbela are pronounced the most signal example recorded in antiquity, of military genius and sagacious combination: he had really as great an available force as his enemies, simply because every company in his army was turned to account, either in actual combat, or in reserve against definite and reasonable contingencies. "All his successes, and this [Arbela] most of all, were fairly earned by his

* Ibid. pp. 48, 231-2, 233, 250-1, 251-2.
† Ibid. p. 96. ‡ Ibid. p. 170.

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own genius and indefatigable effort, combined with the admirable organisation of his army."* One of the most remarkable proofs of his aptness for generalship, is seen in the success of his endeavours to raise and discipline new Asiatic levies—*epigoni*, as they were called—with whom, as heretofore with veterans of Macedonian birth and breed, he might still go on conquering and to conquer: these new levies were, in fact, found such ready (not to say ready-made) soldiers, in spite of prejudices and antecedents, and the "genius of Alexander for military organisation was so consummate,"† that he soon saw himself practically independent of his older troops; a galling truth which *they* too, so palpable was it, could not but speedily find out.

Taking the view Mr. Grote does, of Alexander's military capacity, it is natural that he should oppose the opinion of Livy and all such orthodox good Romanists, as to the chances of Alexander if he had attacked the people of the seven hills. Livy asserts that Alexander would have been soundly thrashed, had he attempted any such foolish display. Livy is sure that the *gens togata*, the gentry that wore the toga, would have given a good account of the invader; and, like Cowper with a certain noxious intruder, would have

—— taught him never to come there no more.

Mr. Grote thinks otherwise. He mistrusts the ability of the robust Roman to cope with Alexander. HUNC *tu Romane caveto.*

Among all the qualities, Mr. Grote affirms, in his *précis* of Alexander's unrivalled excellence as a military man,—among all the qualities which go to constitute this excellence in its highest form, none was wanting in the character of this hero. Together with extraordinary personal daring, "we trace in all his operations the most careful dispositions taken beforehand, vigilant precaution in guarding against possible reverse, and abundant resource in adapting himself to new contingencies. Amidst constant success, these precautionary combinations were never discontinued. His achievements are the earliest recorded evidence of scientific military organisation on a large scale, and of its overwhelming effects. Alexander overawes the imagination more than any other person of antiquity, by the matchless development of all that constitutes effective force—as an individual warrior, and as organiser and leader of armed masses; not merely the blind impetuosity ascribed by Homer to Ares, but also the intelligent, methodised, and all-subduing compression which he personifies in Athênê."‡

At the same time, Mr. Grote is very far from hero-worship as regards his hero. Alexander commands his admiration in certain respects, but by no means dazzles his eyes, or wrests his judgment, in all or in any. He differs entirely from those authors, who give

* Ibid. p. 228. † Ibid. p. 326. ‡ Ibid. pp. 351-2.

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Alexander credit for grand and beneficent views on the subject of imperial government, and for intentions highly favourable to the improvement of mankind. He can see no ground for adopting this opinion. He sees nothing in prospect, supposing Alexander's career to have continued, except years of ever-repeated aggression and conquest, not to be concluded until he had traversed and subjugated all the inhabited globe. "The acquisition of universal dominion—conceived not metaphorically, but literally, and conceived with greater facility in consequence of the imperfect geographical knowledge of the time—was the masterpassion of his soul." Mr. Grote refers us, by way of illustration, to the fresh aggressions, quite indefinite in extent, which Alexander was commencing, at the moment of his death, against the Arabians in the south; and the vast projects he is known to have formed against the western tribes of Africa and Europe, as far as the pillars of Hercules. The historian holds that Italy, Gaul, and Spain would have been successively attacked and conquered; that the conqueror would have marched from the Danube northward round the Euxine and the Palus Mæotis against the Scythians and the tribes of Caucasus; and that, after this, he certainly would have invaded those Asiatic regions east of the Hyphasis, which his soldiers had refused to enter upon, and which, for that very reason, would be the more tempting to one who could so ill-brook the frustration of *any* once determined plan. What though this "sound like romance and hyperbole"? It was nothing more, the historian maintains (and *il a raison*), than the real insatiate aspiration of Alexander, who looked upon every new acquisition mainly as a capital for acquiring more. Every such new station in his progress was, and in an indefinite series would be, a terminus in the sense only of a *terminus à quo:* the *terminus ad quem* was, and for ever would be, adjourned, removed onwards *ad infinitum*.

> The world's great conqueror would his point pursue,
> And wept because he could not find a new;
> Which had he done, yet still he would have cried,
> To make him work until a third he spied.*

So sings, or proses, Edmund Waller; and indeed Alexander crying for another world to conquer is one of the common-places of poets and poetasters. Sometimes they picture him in the act with respectful admiration—sometimes with satirical mirth. Now an Oldham congratulates Homer on the glory of having instructed the prince in "the art of reigning and the art of war;" adding,

> And wondrous was the progress which he made,
> While he the acts of thy great pattern read.
> The world too narrow for his boundless conquest grew,
> He conquered one, and wished, and wept for new.†

Now a Butler laughingly demonstrates that

* Waller: "Divine Poems."
† John Oldham: "The Praise of Homer."

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The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander when he cried,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes; who is not said,
For aught that ever I could read,
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because h' had ne'er another tub.*

In the gallery of the old palace at Florence, Addison saw what he calls a "beautiful bust of Alexander the Great, casting up his face to heaven with a noble air of grief or discontentedness in his looks. I have seen," adds the Right Honourable Joseph, "two or three antique busts of Alexander in the same air and posture, and am apt to think the sculptor had in his thoughts the conqueror's weeping for new worlds, or some other the like circumstance of his history."† Antique Romans indeed, as well as universal moderns, were fond of this trite topic, which will never, perhaps, be too trite for treatise and tractate, while the world wags. Moralists yet unborn will continue to put, in their own way, the old query of Seneca: "What matters it how far Alexander extended his conquests, if he was not yet satisfied with what he had? Every man wants as much as he covets; and it is lost labour to pour into a vessel that will never be full"‡—a phrase that reminds us of *Iachimo's* definition of "the cloyed will"—

That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running.§

Mr. Grote's scepticism as to the beneficent intents or tendencies of Alexander, as the world-conqueror, appears to us only too well grounded. We find it difficult to sympathise with the feelings of Dr. Arnold, whom Alexander at Babylon impressed as one of the most solemn scenes in all history, and before whose admiring gaze the vision of Alexander's career, even to the lively image which he entertained of his youthful and godlike beauty,‖ rose constantly

* "Hudibras:" Part I., Canto III. Goethe preaches on the same text in a graver mood:

"What time Diogenes, unmoved and still,
Lay in his tub and bask'd him in the sun—
What time Calanus clomb, with lightsome step
And smiling cheek up to his fiery tomb—
What rare examples there for Philip's son
To curb his overmastering lust of sway,
But that the lord of the majestic world
Was all too great for lessons even like these!"

GOETHE'S *Minor Poems.*

† Addison's "Remarks on Italy."
‡ Seneca's Morals: "Of a Happy Life." Chap. xii.
§ "Cymbeline." Act I. Scene 7.
‖ As in the words of *Laone*—

"—— Swift and strong
As new-fledged eagles, beautiful and young,
That float among the blinding beams of morning."

SHELLEY: *Revolt of Islam.* Canto V. 52.

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as "the most signal instance of the effects of a good education against the temptations of power;—as being, beyond anything recorded in Roman history, the career of 'the greatest man of the ancient world.'"* The best of latter-day schoolmasters had a great right to his impression, and to the expression of it. Nor is he in peril of being confounded with those old-world schoolmasters, against whom Mr. Landor directs the (imaginary conversational) wrath of *Lucian*, as worthy of flagellation by the hands of children, in good old Roman style, for delivering up the intellects of youth to "such immoral revellers and mad murderers" as him of Macedon. "They would punish," quoth the Landorian *Lucian*, "a thirsty child for purloining a bunch of grapes from a vineyard, and the same men on the same day would insist on his reverence for the subverter of Tyre, the plunderer of Babylon, and the incendiary of Persepolis. And are these men teachers? are these men philosophers? are these men priests? Of all the curses that ever afflicted the earth, I think Alexander was the worst. Never was he in so little mischief as when he was murdering his friends."† The real Lucian was nothing like so severe on Alexander, when he made him and Diogenes talk together in the shades below—the cynic now mocking the hero with his τι δακρυεις, ω ματαιε; and now prescribing a course of Lethe, το Ληθης υδωρ πιε, και ανθις πιε, to counteract unpleasant *spectra* in the shape of Κλειτον εκεινον, και Καλλιοθενη, και αλλους πολλους,‡ whose "blood-boltered" forms come to haunt and harass the sometime master of the world, and king of men.

There was in the veins of Alexander enough and to spare of the bad blood of his mother, Olympias. The hereditary taint of cruelty and violence was strong in his mother's son. Olympias has been already characterised in a previous volume of this History,§ as a woman who forms almost a parallel to the Persian queens Amestris and Parysatis, in stormy temper, and in jealous, ruthless, vindictive disposition. She was the daughter of Neoptolemus prince of the Molossi, and had been seen by Philip at the religious mysteries in the island of Samothrace, where both were initiated at the same time. "The Epirotic women, as well as the Thracian, were much given to the Bacchanalian religious rites, celebrated with fierce ecstasy amid the mountain solitudes in honour of Dionysius.‖ To this species of religious excitement Olympias was peculiarly susceptible. She is said to have been fond of tame snakes playing around her, and to have indulged in ceremonies of magic and incantation."¶ Mr. Grote adds, that her temper and character became,

* Stanley's Life of Arnold. Chap. iv.

† W. S. Landor's Imaginary Conversations: "Lucian and Timotheus."

‡ Lucian. Dial., Διογενους και Αλεξανδρου.

§ See Part II. chap. lxxxvi.

‖ "The Bacchæ of Euripides contains a powerful description of these exciting ceremonies."

¶ Grote, vol. xi. pp. 337 sq.

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after no long time, repulsive and even alarming to Philip. And if it is true of Philip himself, that the basis of his character was Macedonian, not Greek—the self-will of a barbarian prince—it is still more true of Alexander, who "inherited the violent temperament and headstrong will of his furious Epirotic mother Olympias."* As soon as he became his own master (which in one sense he perhaps never did), he gave manifest proofs of his unscrupulous readiness to shed blood. It was by despatching rivals or dangerous malcontents that he began to fortify his position on the throne. The massacres which he committed in the course of his campaigns confirm his "bad eminence" as a barbarian by birth. Witness his slaughter in Sogdiana, of the Branchidæ and their families, whose ancestors, a century and a half before, had yielded up the treasures of the temple of Apollo, on Cape Poseidion, to the Persian king Xerxes, and to whom that monarch had assigned lands in a distant part of his realms. These Branchidæ of the fourth or fifth generation were to be visited, by Apollo's vicegerent, it would seem, for the sins of their fathers. Glad at heart to find themselves once more in commerce with Greeks, they poured forth, we are told, at Alexander's advance in Sogdiana, to meet and welcome him and his army, tendering all that they possessed. "Alexander, when he heard who they were and what was their parentage, desired the Milesians in his army to determine how they should be treated. But as these Milesians were neither decided nor unanimous, Alexander announced that he would determine for himself. Having first occupied the city in person with a select detachment, he posted his army all round the walls, and then gave orders not only to plunder it, but to massacre the entire population—men, women, and children. They were slain without arms or attempt at resistance, resorting to nothing but prayers and suppliant manifestations."† This massacre Mr. Grote pronounces an example of human sacrifice on the largest scale, offered to the gods by the religious impulses of Alexander, and worthy to be compared to that of Hannibal, when he sacrificed three thousand Grecian prisoners on the field of Himera, where his grandfather Hamilcar had been slain seventy years before.

Of this barbarian element in the blood, we have instances, again, in Alexander's treatment of the governor of Gaza, Batis, whose energetic defence of that besieged town irritated the royal besieger to the last degree. After the siege of Tyre, Alexander had sated his wrath by hanging the surviving combatants, to the number of some two thousand; in the case of Gaza, there remained only the single captive, upon whom therefore he resolved to inflict a punishment, which the historian justly styles as novel‡ as it was cruel. "He directed the feet of Batis to be bored, and brazen

* Vol. xii. p. 3. † Ibid. p. 274.

‡ An imitation, however, of Achilles, in his treatment of Hector.

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rings to be passed through them; after which the naked body of this brave man, yet surviving, was tied with cords to the tail of a chariot driven by Alexander himself, and dragged at full speed amidst the triumphant jeers and shouts of the army." It is observable that Alexander's fury against Batis was increased by the appearance of the man: "an eunuch—a black man—tall and robust, but at the same time fat and lumpish—and doubtless at the moment covered with blood and dirt."* It was a fortunate thing for Porus, when *he* was brought before Alexander, that he had gigantic stature and personal beauty to recommend him—physical advantages that in fact then stood him in capital stead. The same savage taint of which we are speaking, is discovered again in Alexander's crucifixion of the physician Glaucias, who had had the honour and misfortune to prescribe for Hephœstion; and, in wholesale development, in the general conduct of the bereaved prince after the loss of this favourite,—when, after furious ebullitions of temper, he at length "roused himself and found his true consolation, in gratifying the primary passions of his nature—fighting and man-hunting,"—the game consisting of certain tribes called Cossœi, brave and hitherto unconquerable mountaineers, whom Alexander tracked, with all the *abandon* of a keen sportsman, into the loftiest and remotest recesses of their rugged haunts, keeping up the hunt for forty days together, "until the entire male population was slain"†—a grand specimen of *battue* in the good old times, when every Macedonian bagged his man, or men.

Many indeed are the "tragical deeds" recounted in this history. But there is none more revolting, by Mr. Grote's estimate, than the fate of Alexander's two generals, Parmenio and Philotas. Their prince is truly said to have displayed on this occasion a "personal rancour worthy of his ferocious mother Olympias, exasperated rather than softened by the magnitude of past services." Equally true is the remark, that when we see the greatest officers of his army directing in person, and under his eye, the laceration and burning of the naked body of their colleague Philotas, and assassinating with their own hands the veteran Parmenio—we feel how much we have passed out of the region of Greek civic feeling, the *ingenium civile*, into that of the more savage Illyrian warrior, partially orientalised.‡ Among the reproaches cast on him by Cleitus, at the fatal banquet scene, and which "stung him to the quick," there was nothing so intolerable as the respectful sympathy for Parmenio, which brought to Alexander's memory "one of the blackest scenes of his life—and the reminiscence of his preservation at the Granikus, which lowered him into the position of a debtor towards the very censor under whose reproof he was now smarting." Another charge of the ugliest against him, is the fate of Callisthenes the rhetor, Aristotle's nephew, who accompanied

* Grote, XII. p. 196. † Ibid. pp. 333 sq. ‡ Ibid. p. 269.

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Alexander in his Asiatic expedition, and at first gratified the hero by liberal flatteries, but latterly gave offence by not increasing them in the sort of geometric progression demanded by their royal subject-object. Callisthenes declined to worship Alexander as divine; he demurred to *douleia* or *latreia* in *his* system of hero-worship. This hesitation made him a marked man. Opportunity alone was wanting to take vengeance on this heretic. It came, or was found, in the affair of Hermolaus, or the "conspiracy of the pages." Hermolaus had darted his javelin at a wild boar, in the act of rushing on the king; and for this piece of loyal officiousness was scourged before all his fellow-pages, and deprived of his horse. Hermolaus, humiliated and wronged, brooded on revenge, and conspired with some other pages to put their master to death. The conspiracy was discovered, and Callisthenes was arrested as an accomplice, and, on grounds the most forced and flimsy, was put to the torture and then hanged. How deep a sensation of sympathy and indignant grief his fate excited among the philosophers of antiquity, may be seen in various writings of Theophrastus and Plutarch, of Cicero and Seneca. From a passage in one of Alexander's letters to Antipater, there is reason to infer that Aristotle the uncle, as well as Callisthenes the nephew, would have suffered, had he been within reach—at Bactra instead of Athens.

Unquestionably the king's character had undergone a considerable change, during the first half-dozen years of his campaigns in the east. But the change lay in a morbid development of existing defects. He was now moved to strange excesses of violence, vindictiveness, self-glorification; but he had always been, in tendency, violent, revengeful, greedy of applause. The sun and the successes of Asia had heated him to fever-heat. Even in the first year of his reign, we find him ruffled with the ambassadors from the Gauls, because their answer, at the feast he gave them, to his question as to what they most feared in this world, implicitly excluded him, the questioner, in common with the rest of the sons of men. His memorable correspondence with Darius, between the battles of Issus or Arbela, shows, that all assumption of equality and independence with himself, even on the part of other kings—everything short of submission and obedience—appeared to him in the light of wrong and insult to be avenged. When Darius proposed that Alexander should become his son-in-law, the answer was: "If I choose to marry your daughter, I *shall* marry her—whether you give her to me or not." It appears to have been merely to show off his power, and out of impatience to opposition even to his most extreme demands, that he undertook the "politically unprofitable" step, of degrading and crushing Tyre. Having once secured the testimony of the oracle to his divine parentage, he made a point of exacting from all and sundry the homage due to such pretensions. "He had to look back to the heroic legends,

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and to his ancestors Perseus and Herakles, to find a worthy prototype." When, therefore, the priest of Zeus Ammon proclaimed him the son, not of Philip, but of Zeus himself, Alexander quitted the oracle with a full and sincere faith in the truth of its utterance; and henceforth, though not absolutely enjoining the duty of being addressed as the son of Zeus, he was gratified at being so addressed, and provoked at non-compliance. The origin of the bloody brawl with Cleitus is ascribed both by Curtius and Arrian to the "extravagant boasts of Alexander and his flatterers, and to their depreciation of Philip." Cleitus, and other veterans who had seen service under Philip, could ill endure this reflection on their old master, and prostration before the new. Remorseful as Alexander may have been after his murder of Cleitus, he showed no disposition to abate his claims to divine honours, but the reverse. It was at a banquet at Bactra, in the spring of the following year, that the complaisant sophist Anaxarchus, in an artfully elaborate harangue, extolled the king's exploits as "greatly surpassing those of Dionysus and Herakles," and as already more than enough to entitle him to worship as divine. The Macedonians, argued the orator, would beyond a doubt worship Alexander after his death: why not set about it now? Others followed in the same tone; and some zealous partisans made no more ado, but set the example on the spot, and tendered worship in due form. Most of the Macedonian officers, however, "sat unmoved, disgusted at the speech. But though disgusted, they said nothing. To reply to a speech doubtless well-turned and flowing, required some powers of oratory; moreover, it was well known that whoever dared to reply stood marked out for the antipathy of Alexander. The fate of Kleitus, who had arraigned the same sentiments in the banqueting-hall of Marakanda, was fresh in the recollection of every one."* Then it was that Callisthenes† gave expression to that plain-speaking which cost him so dear.

* Grote, vol. xii. pp. 35-6, 177-8, 190, 182, 200 sq., 285-6, 290 sqq.

† Nat Lee, who makes havoc of chronology and other good things, in his ranting tragedy, introduces the following remarks by certain dangerous friends in council:

"*Cas.* At our last banquet, when the bowl had gone
The giddy round, and wine inflamed my spirits,
I saw Craterus and Hephestion enter
In Persian robes; to Alexander's health
They largely drank, and falling at his feet
With impious adoration thus address'd
Their idol god: Hail, son of thundering Jove!
Hail, first of kings! young Ammon, live for ever!
Then kiss'd the ground; on which I laugh'd aloud,
And scoffing ask'd 'em why they kiss'd no harder?
Whereon the tyrant starting from his throne,
Spurn'd me to earth, and stamping on my neck,
Learn thou to kiss it, was his fierce reply,

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General discontent pervaded the ranks of the Macedonians, at the growing preference of their leader for Asiatic customs. The "Asiatising intermarriages" which he promoted on a large scale, gave great and wide offence, though Alexander proclaimed his intention to discharge the debts of all such Macedonian soldiers as would "Asiatise" in this matrimonial sense. The bribe took, though not so easily or universally as was desired. A little later we have a mortifying proof of Hellenic decadence and Asiatising progress, in the fact, that when the Grecian legates met Alexander on the road to Babylon, in 323 B.C., they approached him with wreaths on their head, tendering golden wreaths to him—as if they were coming into the presence of a god.* Too few and far between were becoming the sturdy remonstrants, Macedonian to the backbone, which was too stiff to bend and bow in eastern adoration, and of whom Cleitus is made a type by Nat Lee, in diction terse in design and turgid in fact; meant to be blunt, but usually limited to bluster:

> Urge me no more, I hate the Persian dress,
> Nor should the king be angry at the reverence
> I owe my country—sacred are her customs,
> And honest Cleitus will to death observe them.
> Oh! let me rot in Macedonian rags,
> Or, like Callisthenes, be caged for life,†
> Rather than shine in fashions of the east.
> . . . I'll go, my friend, in this old habit, thus,
> And laugh, and drink the king's health heartily;
> And while you, blushing, bow your heads to earth,
> And hide them in the dust—I'll stand erect,
> Straight as a spear, the pillar of my country,
> And be by so much nearer to the gods.‡

On the whole, granting, as Mr. Grote readily does, that Alexander, in respect of intelligence and combining genius was Hellenic

> While with his foot he press'd me to the earth,
> Till I lay weltering in a foam of blood.
> "*Poly.* Thus when I mock'd the Persians that adored him,
> He struck me on the face,
> And bid his guards chastise me like a slave:
> But if he 'scape my vengeance may he live
> Great as that God whose name he thus profanes,
> And like a slave may I again be beaten,
> Scoff'd as I pass, and branded for a coward.
> "*Cas.* There spoke the spirit of Callisthenes," &c.
>
> LEE'S *Alexander the Great*, I. 1.

* Grote, XII. 335.

† Lee adopts the statement of those authors who affirm that Callisthenes was put in chains, and carried about in this condition for some time; dying at length of disease aggravated or induced by confinement. But the words of Curtius are: "Callisthenes quoque tortus interiit, initi consilii in caput regis innoxius, sed haudquaquam aulæ et assentantium accommodatus ingenio,"—referring to the banquet oratory which we have previously noticed. So too Arian, and others.

‡ Lee's "Alexander the Great." Act IV. Sc. 1.

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to the full; it must yet be contended, as Mr. Grote also contends, that the acts attesting Alexander's Oriental violence of impulse, unmeasured self-will, and exaction of reverence above the limits of humanity, are ample evidence that, in respect of disposition and purpose, no one could be less Hellenic. "Instead of hellenising Asia, he was tending to asiatise Macedonia and Hellus. His temper and character, as modified by a few years of conquest, rendered him quite unfit to follow the course recommended by Aristotle towards the Greeks—quite as unfit as any of the Persian kings, or as the French emperor Napoleon, to endure that partial frustration, compromise, and smart from free criticism, which is inseparable from the position of a limited chief." *

The account of the death of Alexander in this history is impressively told, without anything like an effort at "fine" writing. Mr. Grote quotes, and sees no reason for discrediting (though some modern critics treat it with contempt), the statement of Diodorus, that Alexander, on the second night of the revels which preceded his fever, "swallowed the contents of a large goblet called the cup of Herakles, and felt very ill after it." The funeral of Hephœstion was the occasion of these orgies; and to drink to intoxication at a funeral, was required as a last token of respectful sympathy towards the deceased. Alexander, as chief mourner, was likely enough to be *primus inter pares* in the drinking way, and to deal as little in heel-taps as any of his compotators. If otherwise, posterity wrongs him, even where most disposed to extol his greatness. "He was," quoth Dan Chaucer,

> He was of knyghthood and of fredam flour;
> Fortune him made the heir of his honour;
> Save wyn and wymmen, no thing might aswage
> His heigh entent in armes and labour,
> So was he ful of leonyne corage.†

So again a Caroline poet, already quoted, and not much known:

> Great Alexander, that biggest word of fame,
> That fills her throat, and almost rends the same,
> Whose valour found the world too strait a stage
> For his wide victories and boundless rage,
> Got not repute by war alone, but thee,‡
> He knew he ne'er could conquer by sobriety,
> And drunk, as well as fought, for universal monarchy.§

The Olynthian Ephippus dwells much on the unmeasured potations of Alexander—common to him, however, with other Macedonians.‖ The king was always addicted to indulgences at the

* "Alexander is indeed said to have invited suggestions from Aristotle as to the best mode of colonising; but his temper altered so much, after a few years of Asiatic conquest, that he came not only to lose all deference for Aristotle's advice, but even to hate him bitterly." Grote, XII. 357-8.

† Canterbury Tales: "The Monke's Tale."

‡ "Thee," *scil.* "almighty wine."

§ Oldham's Poems, by Bell, p. 51.

‖ Grote, XII. 340, *note.*

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table, Mr. Grote remarks,* whenever leisure allowed, and on occasions of extra excitement these indulgences were both multiplied and prolonged. At the banquet of Marakanda, his excesses led to the murder of Cleitus. A little later they tended to ward off his own; for the design of the pages to kill Alexander in his chamber, on the first night when they were all on guard together, was frustrated by the accident, that Alexander continued till daybreak drinking with his officers, and never retired to bed at all.† To recompense his soldiers for their sufferings in Gedrosia, he conducted them for seven days in drunken bacchanalian procession through Carmania, himself and all his friends taking part in the revelry.‡ In short, we can scarcely think, with a learned essayist in *Fraser's Magazine*, that Alexander has been very unjustly aspersed, when represented in the "suspicious character" of a "jolly fellow;" so certain this Alexandrine apologist holds it to be, that if Alexander ever exceeded at all, it was only when the duties of the day were over, and never till the latter part of his life.§ The effect of Mr. Grote's narrative is by no means "contrarious" to Sir John Suckling's poetical licence, when, in a certain *nunc est bibendum* song, that mercurial songster affirms, that

> The Macedon youth
> Left behind him this truth,
> That nothing is done with much thinking;
> He drunk, and he fought,
> Till he had what he sought,
> The world was his own by hard drinking.‖

There is rather more room for questioning the justice of accounting Alexander an out-and-out transgressor in the second particular of Chaucer's charge, about "wyn and wymmen." In regard to women, he was, Mr. Grote observes, by temperament cold,¶ the opposite of his father Philip; and the good old story about his exemplary self-restraint, in the case of the Persian Statira for instance, is virtually consigned to that collection of myths with which the earlier volumes of this history are so much concerned.—But here we must pause for a good calendar month, for at present time is up and space run out.

* XII. 254. † Ibid. 299. ‡ Ibid. 318.

§ "But it is possible," the essayist adds, "that the violences attributed to this part of his career rose from ungovernable pride and unrestrained temper, rather than from intoxication. It is certain that he was remarkable for his temperate eating," &c. *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. xliv. pp. 592 sq.

‖ Song in Suckling's play, "Brennoralt,"—a piece the world has agreed to forget (and no great loss), these two hundred years and more.

We must quote that man in buckram, poor Nat Lee, once again, in the way of *basso relievo*, or piquant contrast, to prosaic matter of fact. *Statira* in the tragedy exclaims,

> "Oh! I have heard him breathe such ardent vows,
> Outweep the morning with his dewy eyes,
> And sigh and swear the listening stars away!"
>
> Act I. Sc. 1.

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THE JOINT-STOCK BANKER.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

By Dudley Costello.

CHAPTER VIII.

A KIND PATRON.

If the ghost of the Marquis of Wessex could have obtained a "day rule" from whatever prison-house he occupies, to wander through the chambers of his last earthly habitation, now that it had become the head-quarters of a Joint-Stock Company, the visit would have tended, in a great degree, to reconcile him to the other world, ill at ease as, peradventure, he might be in his new abode.

Those walls which he had hung with the choicest specimens of Italian art, those galleries which he had adorned with the rarest fragments of antique design, exhibited splendour still, but not the splendour in which *his* Soul had delighted. Deep in dilettante-ism and steeped in connoisseurship, the Marquis had earned for Wessex House the reputation of another Museo Borbonico, and for himself that of being a Peer of the very finest taste; and yet he had some tastes which were not particularly worthy of imitation.

In these, perhaps, the present chief occupant of the mansion emulated him with tolerable success. Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones was also fond of art, but his was the "flare-up" school; he made his collection with a drag-net, filling his rooms from the shop-windows of Bond-street, and confiding its distribution to the genius of the upholsterer. There is no denying it, Wessex House was desecrated,—though that was of very little consequence to the Chairman of the Bank of Central Africa; it exhibited all the external signs of opulence, and he desired no more. Moreover, it met with the approval of all his colleagues on the great day of inauguration.

That was, indeed, a day to be remembered by a great many. The "Central African" had found favour in the public mind,—the prospects it held out were so alluring, the directors were so highly respectable, there was so much certainty about it (the public thought), that the shares went rapidly up to a considerable premium, and when the Bank opened to do business the crush of customers was quite without parallel. It was really a matter for the gravest consideration of the Committee in the parlour whether they should take all the accounts that were offered, and not the least commendable feature in the conduct of Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones was the caution he recommended in all the operations of the Bank. So deeply, indeed, were the Directors impressed with the value of their Chairman, that already they began to talk of a testimonial, and Lord Leatherhead—at the private suggestion of Mr. Rigby Nicks—actually

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mooted the question, and only consented to withdraw his proposition on the understanding that he should have the honour of laying it before the whole body of the proprietors at the first General Meeting. Such harmony was delightful; everybody was in spirits, and the happy event was made not less happy by a magnificent dinner, at which Lord Leatherhead, in the name of his brother Directors, again expressed his unbounded confidence in the "worthy Chairman." Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones replied to this declaration in a speech that drew tears from every one present,—types, it may be, of those which were to flow hereafter. People are never so much softened as when, with wine in their heads, they contemplate their own excellence; and a greater amount of excellent qualities than were combined in the persons of the individuals before him, the Chairman assured his hearers it had never before been his good fortune to meet with. Nor was their sense of their own high moral value diminished by the reflection that every man present was on the high road to fortune, another fact to which Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones as unhesitatingly pledged himself. In short, the inner flowery kingdom—the Court of Directors—and the outer barbarians—the Public—were equally enraptured with the Joint-Stock Banker, and even Ephraim Broadcast smilingly approved his scheme and dabbled a little in "Central Africans."

Amongst the multitude who put faith in the new speculation was one very poor man, who gave credit to it, partly because he was no great geographer—a reason with many—and partly because he was a believer in every kind of invention, though of course he preferred his own to all others. This was Monsieur Gustave Lepage, who, on the day after the inauguration of the Joint-Stock Bank of Central Africa, waited by appointment on Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones, in St. Jacob's-square. He was there to unfold his *grand projet*, which, if approved of, the honourable member for Aber-Pandy would take under his patronage, and bestow in exchange a fortune—most likely in "Central Africans"—on the inventor.

With high hopes and a quickly throbbing heart Monsieur Lepage knocked at the private door of the Bank, a full quarter of an hour before the time appointed, though he had walked six times round the square to prevent himself from being too soon. It was opened by a porter in the proud livery of the Joneses—leek-green with scarlet facings, and a goat's head on every golden button,—who treated him in the usual supercilious manner of the porters in *parvenus*' houses, and left him standing in the "'All" while he sent "somebody" to see "if Master was hup;" after which he returned to his easy-chair to read the morning paper. The throbbing heart beat, perhaps, a little quicker at this reception, and the rising hopes, it may be, were somewhat checked in their flight; but no, he would not take offence nor feel disappointed: he had promised Léonie a real success this time, and it was for her sake, after all, that he had come. So he fixed his thoughts upon his invention, and very soon forgot the recumbent presence of the green and scarlet porter, with his goat's heads and yellow buttons. At length, an intimation reached him from a smug footman in a morning jacket, who came tripping down the stairs, that he was to follow that individual, "Master" being now visible.

He was shown into a well-sized library, the only defect in which was

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that everything it held was too new and too fine, and found Mr. Mesedyth Powell Jones, arrayed in the gorgeous dressing-gown which we have already seen at Messrs. Oriole and Peacock's, smoking a cigar, with his back to the fire. The Welsh member could not resist display—the love of it was too deeply ingrained; but there was nothing offensive in his manner towards the poor foreigner: on the contrary, he advanced at once towards him, shook hands, and pointing to the breakfast-table, suggested a cup of coffee.

"I tank you, sare," returned the little Frenchman, "I have breakfast dese *two* hours."

"In that case," said his host, "we will proceed to business as soon as you please. If I gathered your meaning rightly the last time I saw you, your invention has something to do with an improvement in the management of balloons, so as to regulate their flight, control their direction, and so forth. You are aware that kind of experiment has been attempted by others before you?"

"Ah, yes, sare, I know dat; but dey were ignorant, dose people, who understand noting about de matter. On de contrary, I have give myself up greatly to dis study, and at last I have succeed to make him perfect. But *per-fect*, sare, dere is no doubt."

Mr. Mesedyth Powell Jones smiled; but he was not the man to discourage any project that had a bright side to it.

"And that box," he said, "contains, I suppose, a model?"

"Ah, yes," replied Monsieur Lepage, "of course I bring him wis me. I am what you call here a practick man. First I plan my invention in my head; I have it in my sleep, in my waking, in all my taughts. When I have consider him well, den I proceed to his construction and make experiment—one, two, tree, ever so many time—till I vanquish all difficulty. Be persuade, sare, dere is noting a man tinks, but one day or de oder he shall know to do. Our taught is de seed, our work de harvest. Look, sare."

Monsieur Lepage had been busy, while he was speaking, with the strings that fastened a pasteboard box which he held in one hand, and which had probably helped to increase the superciliousness of the green and scarlet porter. He now opened it, and carefully taking out his model, placed it upon an unoccupied table. It was the most ingeniously-contrived toy that ever was seen. There was a silken sphere of the three colours so dear to every Frenchman,—by whose skilful needle the segments had been sewn together need hardly be said; and the same handiwork was not to be mistaken in the golden network which covered the balloon and sustained the car. But all this was mere enfantillage in Monsieur Lepage's estimation, pretty to look at, necessary if you like, but not solid, like the surprising machine, the car itself, which was the result of his meditations. That, indeed, was a triumph of inventive skill!

If Monsieur would but do him the honour to cast his eyes upon that delicate Archimedean screw, observe how it worked upon that horizontal wheel, how their combined action brought into play the gauze-fans which were attached to the sides of the car, and opened and shut like the wings of a bird, now heeed to the wind, now turning with a feathered edge,

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now folded altogether; if Monsieur would but permit himself to notice the extraordinary ease which accompanied every movement of the machinery; ah, he should be charmed if his work merited the approbation of Monsieur: that would be worth to him more than a *brevet d'invention*. Yes, there were all the appliances! Now he would give it motion. It was true, in that room there were no currents of air, but these could be supplied. If Monsieur would do him the honour to blow that pair of bellows, steadily, so. See, the balloon is liberated from the little platform, it reaches the current of air, it is carried away by it. But no, with that small cord which he leaves hanging outside and which occupies the place of a pilot inside the car, he releases the Archimedean screw; the cord is no longer wanted, the machinery turns, the balloon's progress is arrested; now the fans are at work, they beat in a contrary sense to the current, the motion is no longer onward, it is retrograde; another pull at the cord and the balloon shall be guided sideways. Ah, Diable! that puff was too strong, the car is upset, the valve is left open, the whole concern collapses and tumbles amongst the cups and saucers!

Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones laughs heartily at this result, but the inventor is no whit disconcerted. Monsieur could bear witness that the experiment up to a certain point had been entirely successful; if it had not been for that little accident, quite unforeseen, the balloon would at this moment have been sailing round and round the room. Ah, Diable! he had discovered the reason, the cord had made a turn over the screw and stopped its action. That could not have happened if his model had been large enough to admit of a living man being in the car to guide it; the mechanism itself was perfect; was not Monsieur of that opinion?

As Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones was not going to lay out a fortune on Monsieur Lepage's invention, and as he had a motive for humouring the inventor, he suppressed his real thoughts on the subject, and said he made no doubt, if the machinery could be constructed on an adequate scale, and not too heavy, that parties might be found to back him up and carry it out.

Oh, with respect to the weight, Monsieur Lepage was quite safe; he had a method of supplying buoyancy to any given quantity of material; all he asked was the opportunity of bringing his invention fairly before the public. There was nothing, he said, which could not be accomplished by balloons under his system of management. Ships would cease to be employed, railways would go out of use, there would be no further occasion for horses, all the merchandise of the world might be transported by their agency. Printing was something, he admitted, and the electric telegraph, and photography; but one grand feature of his scheme was that all these operations might be effected simultaneously with balloon-sailing. He did not exactly show how all this was to be effected, but he said it could be done, and, moreover, he believed what he said. Still, like the great geometrician, whose screw he had imported into his ideas, the "man of practick" wanted a place for his lever—or rather he wanted the lever itself—in other words, he had no money.

The Chairman of the "Central African Joint-Stock Bank" was well aware of all this—nobody more so. The project might be utterly incongruous, altogether impossible—but what of that? It would make as good

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a base whereon to build a Company as any of the thousand schemes that agitated and engrossed the market. Call it "The Air Transport Association," or by any other attractive name that conveyed a notion of something being done, and there was a public quite ready to adopt it. Was there no danger of its interfering with the "Central African?" Not the least in the world. If you can get the world to credit one enormous folly, be sure that you may impose upon it as many more as you please. Taking this view of the question, Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones resolved to support the ardent Frenchman. He would, he said, talk the matter over with his friend Mr. Rigby Nicks; he would see what was the feeling in the city; Lord Leatherhead, he was sure, would lend his name and influence; in the mean time he should be happy to assist Monsieur Lepage with an advance "to a certain extent,"—just to set the thing going, and give him the means of employing himself on his invention until the time arrived for making it of general utility. There was a fifty-pound note quite at Monsieur Lepage's service, until it perfectly suited him—say when the Company was formed—to repay him.

The inventor could scarcely believe in his good fortune. Since he quitted Bordeaux he had never, at one time, been master of half as much. With twenty pounds of that money—thus ran his rapid calculation—he could buy Léonie a new shawl, a new dress, a new bonnet,—all she wanted: his sister, too, several things she had desired might now be hers; for himself—why, yes—perhaps it would be as well to take that opportunity of securing a substantial pair of boots: those he had on were all but worn out. Then Léonie might put by her perpetual task, and take some recreation out of doors;—she was a thought less rosy of late, and scarcely so gay as usual; constant confinement, no doubt. Another twenty pounds would meet the rent and living for some weeks to come—and with the remainder he would improve his already perfect machinery, and render failure quite impossible. These conclusions arrived at in a moment, he thanked Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones, and frankly accepted his offer.

But the honourable member for Aber-Pandy was apparently one who never did things by halves. Independently of patronising Monsieur Lepage's invention, he took a personal interest in his welfare.

"I shall be glad to see you here," he said, "whenever you please; you will always find a knife and fork at my table. As you live *en garçon*, I suppose, it will save you the trouble of dining at a bad *restaurant*; our London imitations are poor things after Paris."

Monsieur Lepage replied with a shrug; he could not help admitting the fact, but was far too polite to say so. There was, however, an error on the part of his kind friend.

"Dieu merci!" he said, "I am not altogether alone. I have no vife, it is true, but I have a shild and a sisterre."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the honourable member. "What, a little boy, perhaps, that your sister takes care of?"

"Not a boy, sare, but a young person. Ah, my Léonie has twenty years!"

"You surprise me. At your age—at least the age you appear to be—I should not have supposed that possible."

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"But for all dat," said Monsieur Lepage, "it is a fac. I was marry myself when I had twenty-five years, Léonie was born to me one year afterwards, and behold me forty-six just."

"And how long have you been in England?"

"I am arrive in dis country dere are nine months. Troubles of politic was the reason. Ah, it is not easy to live in London without an état—a state,—n'est ce pas?"

"A profession. No,—not easy. But you have friends amongst your countrymen, no doubt."

"Alas! my friends are not many here."

"Your daughter, then,—and your sister, must feel the time hang heavy on their hands, without society."

"Ah, my Léonie is too good to care about herself: my sisterre, too, is a brave woman, wiz a littel humour now and den. But Léonie make all ting cheerful; elle est si douce, si bonne,—ah, mon Dieu!"

"I am expecting," said the kind patron, "a female relative of mine in London very shortly; an excellent lady, who lives at a very pretty place in the country, called Cotswoldham, more like a French town than an English one; I am sure, from your description, that they would be charmed to make the acquaintance of your daughter—and your sister. I must persuade you to bring them here when my cousin arrives."

"Ah, sare, you have too mush goodness. Dey will be very happy. Now, sare, I take my leave. I shall greatly occupy myself wiz de machine."

"Good by," said the honourable member, shaking hands with Monsieur Lepage; "remember your promise,—and pray, offer my respects to your daughter—and your sister."

"I shall tell dem your kindness vidout fault. To see you again, sare!"

And, in an ecstasy of delight Monsieur Lepage bowed and withdrew, taking his model with him.

"To see me again!" repeated Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones, slowly. "To see *her* again! And when I see her, how to excuse myself! But she will overlook that when she knows I am her father's benefactor. I must bind him to me by his interests. He is partly hired already. If I could think less about her! At any rate, I must secure Martha's assistance. She will give it me now. Once, perhaps,—but her jealous days are over. Who's there? Come in."

"A deputation from the City, sir," said a servant, entering with a card.

"Desire them to walk up. Ah, gentlemen, I am rejoiced to see you. I have excellent news for you. The Chancellor, I think, will entertain my proposition. Pray be seated. This, then, is the state of the case."

I shall not enter into it, but close the door on the deputation and the honourable member for Aber-Pandy. The subject that interested them was only the formation of another new Company.

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CHAPTER IX.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

ALTHOUGH the distinction of clan has never been subjected in Wales as in the Highlands of Scotland—at least since the time of Davydd ap Gruffydd, or some such celebrated monarch—the principle of "family," as I have attempted to shew in the first chapter of this history, has always been preserved, and everybody there has somebody to refer to, distinguished for blood if not for money.

The honourable member for Aber-Pandy rejoiced, as we have seen, in the name of Jones. Now the Joneses are as common as camomile; they are to be found from one end of the Principality to the other; and to be merely a Jones *per se*, does not necessarily imply distinguished birth. On the other hand, the Joneses are "as good"—to use the common phrase—as the Morgans, the Thomases, the Lewises, or any Druidical race you can mention, and like all the rest, have their alliances. The condition of descent may be territorial or accidental. One branch of the family tree calling itself the parent stem may still continue to flourish, while other branches, decayed, have dropped into the dust; or the head of the house may have fallen in love with a pretty face at a cottage-door, and—matrimony assisting—may thus, in their own estimation, have ennobled all the beauty's kith and kin. The greater part of these connexions are, however, only recognised on one side, which, you may be sure, is not the wealthiest.

It was through an accident of the kind just mentioned that the humble attorney of Aber-Pandy claimed alliance with the rich Mr. Vaughan of Glâs-Llyn, a famous fox-hunter, who, in his hot youth, had been captivated by the charms of the glowing daughter of the landlord of "The Cross Foxes," a little roadside inn, about ten miles from Aber-Pandy, where he put up his tired horse for the night. This damsel was the only sister to Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones; but as Squire Vaughan lived in a distant county, being only on a visit when his enthralment took place, he carried the lady away, when he married her, and being reminded by his pedigree over the dining-room fireplace (not that he ever stood in need of any reminder, the subject being always uppermost in his thoughts) that he was a lineal descendant of the great Owain Glyndwr, he interdicted his wife's intercourse with her relations and cut the connexion altogether. Several attempts were made by the young attorney to ingratiate himself with his rich relative, but a chilling silence repelled even his advances, and the pretty innkeeper's-daughter having died childless within two years of her marriage, the proud Mr. Vaughan took unto himself a second wife, of his own rank in life, and resolved to sweep the name of Jones clean from the table of his memory.

He persisted in this resolve for nearly five-and-twenty years, and it is likely enough he would have continued to do so till he was gathered to his fathers, but about the period named an opinion began to be widely entertained that Wales had at last produced an uncommonly great man. This individual, who had suddenly risen into notoriety as one of the

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richest and most enterprising capitalists of the day, was the once neglected attorney of Aber-Pandy, Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones.

Mr. Vaughan's second marriage had so far differed from his first that he was now the father of a numerous family, and though his estates were large, his income did not suffice for his expenditure so well as formerly. Speculation is no longer confined to the areas of Capel-court and the Stock Exchange, but peeps from between the rose-hued curtains of the countess's boudoir, and sits in council with the country gentleman as he sips his claret in his ancestral halls. The desire to add to their wealth—"for the sake of their children"—influenced both Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan. It was so long ago now, that the lady had quite forgotten how she had made a burnt-offering of the portrait of her predecessor when first she was installed the mistress of Glâs-Llyn. Her husband, on the other hand, began to remember that really he had always understood his first wife's brother was a very clever fellow, and, indeed, though he did not actually belong to any of "the old families," was very respectably connected; as to the "Cross Foxes," it might have been a coat of arms instead of an ale-house sign; at all events, it was as well to ignore that and every other inconvenient antecedent, and, putting his pride in his pocket, pay court to the *nouveau riche*, who, it was said, could make any man's fortune he chose.

Mr. Vaughan, therefore, magnanimously determined on recognising the former family tie, and wrote Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones a very conciliatory and plausible letter. That gentleman, who had no objection to strengthen his hand in all quarters, and particularly coveted the support of "the landed interest," replied in terms quite as conciliatory and quite as plausible.

He was about, he said, to solicit the suffrages of his native place,—several English boroughs were open to him, but he was above all things a Welshman, and to devote such poor abilities as he possessed to the cause of Wales, in the single hope of increasing her prosperity, was the object that lay nearest his heart: nothing, consequently, could have gratified him more than the flattering proposal of a gentleman of so much weight and influence as Mr. Vaughan, and if he might presume to request so great a favour he would ask him to honour Plas-y-Jones with his presence, now that the election for Aber-Pandy was at hand. Anything that so humble an individual as he, Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones, could offer in the way of service to so distinguished a personage as Mr. Vaughan, of Glâs-Llyn, was at all times at the command of the latter; and he hinted, in conclusion, that out of his practical acquaintance with affairs something might possibly arise not unworthy of Mr. Vaughan's attention.

This politeness was responded to by an eager acceptance of the proffered hospitality. Mr. Vaughan went over in great state to Plas-y-Jones,—appeared everywhere with him in public, exerted himself immensely at the election, and returned to Glâs-Llyn a Crœsus in expectation, with a thousand shares in the Bryn-Mawr Mining Association in his pocket, and a firm reliance in his mind on the assurance of his *quondam* brother-in-law that he should be put up to every "good thing" that was likely to come into the market—a promise which Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones very faithfully kept.

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It has been mentioned that Mr. Vaughan of Glas-Llyn had a good many children. His eldest son, Herbert, was a very fine young man of about three-and-twenty, on whose education some pains had been bestowed, with a view to his figuring some day in public life: that was his mother's ambition, whose personal tendencies were, like those of her family, political. He had accordingly been sent, first to Rugby and then to Oxford—not, however, to Jesus College, once the inevitable fate of every Welsh student. Herbert Vaughan went through the University with great credit: he rode well up to hounds—(that, perhaps, was his father's share in him), pulled stroke-oar at Henley Regatta, did not make love to the Junior Proctor's fourth daughter, gave unexceptionable wine-parties, spent his money freely, but left no bills—to speak of—behind him, and in the midst of all these occupations which engross the attention of most under-graduates (who generally include the junior proctor's daughter *and* the bills), found time to qualify himself for a double first class, which he astonished all his compeers by taking. He then went abroad for a year or two, and travelled far and wide, returning home a short time after the Aber-Pandy election. He found everything at Glas-Llyn in commotion in consequence of that event. His father could talk of nothing but his "friend" Jones,—mines, railways, docks, commercial ventures of every description; his mother's language was more deeply political than ever: Herbert must get into Parliament, take a decided line, above all things,—and this was reiterated by his father;—above all things cultivate the acquaintance of "the man of the day," for such in her opinion—and she modestly acknowledged she was never wrong—was Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones.

Herbert Vaughan, like a dutiful son, promised all the obedience that could be desired, though his inclinations were neither commercial nor political. He accepted a week's shooting at Ty-Gwyn, but at the end of that time was not so much enamoured of the lord of the manor as his father, who took him there, and pleading the necessity of keeping a promise to an old college friend with whom he had made an engagement to pass the autumn in the Pyrenees, took leave of his host and set out at once.

It was not his intention to have lingered anywhere *en route*, but some accidental matter compelled him to remain a few days in London, and while there, a circumstance occurred which materially interfered with the projects of his father and mother. It was in itself an occurrence of the very slightest texture: a casual conversation with a foreigner at the French *café* in the Haymarket, and an *impromptu* dinner-party at Richmond. But "the best-laid schemes" are constantly overturned by *impromptus*, and dinners at Richmond, innocently-pleasant as they seem, may yet prove dangerous fare. Perhaps the terrace-walk afterwards beneath the beeches in Richmond Park may be more dangerous than the dinner itself; but whether the cause was Mr. Ellis's superlative champagne, the charm of that delicious autumn evening, or the sweet voice of the beautiful girl beside whom he walked a little after the rest of the party, or all these things combined, I will not undertake to say,—but this much is certain, that Herbert Vaughan thought he had never passed four such delightful hours, nor had he ever regretted anything so much as the necessity he was under for pursuing his journey on the following

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day. Probably there was some one else whose pleasure and whose regret were equal to his own.

Three months went by, and Herbert Vaughan was again in London. He would have returned much sooner, but for the dangerous illness of his friend, which detained him a whole month at Bordeaux. On the morning after his arrival he was on his way to his Club, inwardly contrasting the cold, raw December weather with what it was that evening at Richmond, and wondering whether chance would ever give him the opportunity of seeing the beautiful Léonie once more, when who should he encounter but her father. They were both so absorbed in thought that they almost ran against each other.

"Monsieur Lepage!" exclaimed Herbert.

"Ah, mon Dieu, Monsieur Von!" returned the inventor.

Mutual congratulations took place, and Herbert inquired most respectfully after Madame Brochart, somewhat jocosely after Amor—who had been of the party—rather timidly after Mademoiselle—and with warm interest after Monsieur Lepage's *grand projet*.

Dieu merci! they were all well, and for his invention, that was a *fait accompli*. Yes, he was only that moment on his way homeward from an interview with the richest man in England, who had just witnessed the most triumphant experiment that ever was attempted with a model. (Here he patted the little *cartes* which he carried under his cloak, to intimate the nature of his *fardeau*.) That *millionnaire* was perfectly enchanted with his invention; he had promised to support it by all the means in his power;—Monsieur Lepage thought it very probable he was already on his way to the City to lay the subject before the Lord Mayor, the greatest personage in the realm, in his and every other Frenchman's idea. Yes, he was happy to tell Monsieur Von that for himself now all the darkness of the future was dissipated; his fortune was an assured thing, and nothing would remain for him to do after that but to procure the re-establishment of his political rights and return to his native land. But he should never forget England, which had been to him a home, nor the kindness and sympathy of Monsieur Von, whom again he shook heartily by the hand.

Herbert expressed his unequivocal delight at hearing such good news, and asked him who the patron was that had promised his assistance?

The inventor was not famous for his pronunciation of English names—few of his countrymen are—and replied that it was the great Monsieur Poljone, who lived in a magnificent house in the square hard-by.

Herbert was no wiser after this intimation than he had been before. Mr. Poljone's name was quite unknown to him; but that might very well be, as he had little or no acquaintance with City men. The real question, however, was whether or not the *millionnaire* was able to do what he said.

Oh, of that, Monsieur Lepage earnestly said, there could not be the slightest doubt. He was a *grand banquier*, a member of the Chamber, a "Shareman" of railway (which he was in a very extended sense), and many other *emplois* he held, of which Monsieur Lepage had no remembrance.

If Herbert had not been thinking more of Léonie than of her father's answer, these indications might have enlightened him at once, but the

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satisfaction which Monsieur Lepage felt was so evident in his countenance that he answered *that* rather than his words, and again declared how happy he was to know the inventor's labours were in so fair a way of being adequately rewarded. He trusted he should hear that the affair made progress, and giving his card to Monsieur Lepage, hoped he would do him the favour to call upon him before he left town, which the little man joyfully agreed to do. They then separated, and it would have been difficult to say whose spirits, of the two, were the lightest.

Within five minutes of the last interview, Monsieur Lepage was hastily walking up and down in the lodging in Soho, narrating the events of the morning; Azor was barking ten times more than was his custom (he knew there was something extraordinary going on); Madame Brochart was scolding the little dog in her loudest voice, and amidst all the din, Léonie, looking up from her work, was trying to hear her father's story. He talked rapidly and incoherently for a few minutes,—then stopped suddenly, looked his daughter full in the face, put the fifty-pound note and Herbert's card into Léonie's lap, tried to speak again, failed, and throwing himself into her arms burst into a passion of tears!

The tumult of feeling over, the inventor kissed his daughter, and Madame Brochart stroked the head of Azor, who had left off barking and sympathetically began to whimper; and wiping his own eyes prepared to give a more lucid account of his morning's employment than he had yet been able to impart.

Still his excitement was too great to admit of his making everything clear at once, and Madame Brochart, who had taken temporary possession of the money and the card, could make nothing at all of the latter, but demanded repeatedly, to the great interruption and confusion of her brother's narrative, who was Monsieur Herbert Vo-gan? Léonie could have given one answer to the question, but for some especial reason she remained perfectly silent, and left her father to explain as best he might. He succeeded at last in making his sister comprehend that he had partly disposed of his invention, that the fifty-pound note was an earnest of the fact; that unbounded riches were (without doubt) in prospective, and that he had renewed his acquaintance with the gentleman who had given them so agreeable a dinner at Richmond.

Léonie had no small reason for rejoicing at the improvement in her father's affairs; but if her heart had been questioned at that moment, perhaps it might have confessed for her that the last words which Monsieur Lepage uttered were the most welcome to her ears.

CHAPTER X.

AN ALLY.

After all the phases which "the handsome Morgans" had gone through, it would have been a great discredit to them had Château Belmont not proved a success.

If "Laisser-aller" were not actually written over the portals of the château, the meaning of that compound word was perfectly understood within.

"Society" was the lure held out to those who could afford to pay for it, and very first-rate society there was—of its kind.

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It consisted of a "select circle," whose number varied according to circumstances, and at the time I speak of the establishment comprised the following personages:

The widowed but still brilliant Countess of Carmine, who, since the death of "her lord"—and previously—had never gone to court; her niece, Miss Flirtwell, equally brilliant, and who, in all probability, would observe the same—if no other—seclusion; the Hon. Mrs. Spencer Hamilton, a lady who lived "apart" from her husband, "his furious ungovernable temper" being, she said, the only cause; Lord Fastandloose, a nobleman of the first water—over the water; Sir Charles and Lady Easy, who had seen a great deal of continental life—profiting by it, as they thought; Colonel Walker, a decorated officer, once employed on "a secret mission" in South America, which he kept so secret that he never was heard to mention the state to which he had been accredited; Captain Shuffle and Major Punter, gentlemen frequently seen at Homburg and Baden-Baden; Baron von Livonwitz, of Poland, or Hungary, or Bohemia—none could say exactly which country had the honour; and the Reverend Albert Snowdrop, who, purity itself, "disliked people that were strait-laced," and set the world an example of what a liberal Churchman,—one who "detested humbug"—ought to be.

It was said of old, at a glorious period of Ireland's history, that "all her daughters were virtuous, and all her sons were brave." If the same collective remark could not be applied to the inmates of Château Belmont, it might yet, with equal truth, be observed, that all the ladies there were "accomplished," and all the gentlemen "distinguished." To live *on* the world as well as *in* it was the creed of the greater part, and to keep their hands in, they practised occasionally on each other. Not that any of them were without means; that would have been a certain disqualification for admission to Château Belmont; but such means as they possessed were—for the greater part—derived from occasional sources. It was not always that "rascal stewards" paid up their rents regularly; "remittances from abroad" would now and then fail; "trustees" sometimes objected to the sale of certain property; but, on the whole, the Château-Belmontese were tolerably flush of cash when they came to pass their annual two, three, or four months—as the case might be—at Cotswoldham.

It was, indeed, a necessity for them to have their purses well lined to meet the terms of Madame Rodeck, who, by the way, had Germanised her English name of "Ruddock," to produce a more imposing effect. She kept a carriage, with liveried footmen, for the use of "the inmates;" her house was perfectly mounted, her dinners were excellent, her *soirées* —at which there was a little play and a little flirtation—charming; and the whole affair was so remarkably well got up that the Baron von Livonwitz declared he desired no greater enjoyment than to stay there the whole year round.

There was a bare possibility of realising this idea, and the baron had only been at Château Belmont a week before he made the attempt. But Madame Rodeck was not matrimonially inclined, and if Rosina Morgan entertained any particular views with regard to wedlock—which she had no great care for in the abstract—it was not upon a Hungaro-Bohemian-Polish baron that her choice was likely to fall. These truths Von Livon-

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with was made very clearly to understand, with the addition that it was expected he should spend money, not make it, at the expense of the ladies of Château Belmont, let him get it where he might. The baron made a grimace, smiled with an *aigre-doux* expression, and took his revenge at *écarté* out of Sir Charles Easy, who, notwithstanding his continental experience, was no match for the "distinguished" foreigner. It is highly creditable to the sagacity of the noble baron to be able to say that he never tried the experiment of relieving either Major Punter or Captain Shuffle of their superfluous coin. These gentlemen both said they did not understand *écarté*, and the baron perfectly understood what they meant. There is a proverb which says, "Dog don't eat dog:" it is current all the world over.

It must not be supposed that Château Belmont was a mere *tripot* without the *affiche*; gaming there was only an incidental feature; the main purpose of its conducters was to offer pleasure to those who were not too scrupulous as to the way in which it was attained. If you chose, in addition, to lose your money at play, that was your look-out. Madame Rodeck herself never touched a card, and rather discouraged the practice —"only gentlemen *would*," and, of course, if *that* was the case, there was no preventing them.

"After all," she used to say, with her loud-voiced *bonhomie*, or what seemed like it—"after all, nothing signifies, so long as you can make people happy; don't you think so, Lady Carmine?"

And Lady Carmine, who liked nothing better than the quiet *tête-à-tête* with the Reverend Albert Snowdrop, which Madame Rodeck invariably contrived to secure for her, was quite of her opinion.

The severe morality of Lord Fastandloose found nothing either to condemn in arrangements which gave him the opportunity of taking Lady Easy a daily drive in his phaeton; nor could Miss Flirtwell, though she called herself "a positive prude," find fault with a system which allowed her to change the object of her meditations as often as she thought fit. And the Honourable Mrs. Spencer Hamilton, who only liked dancing for the sake of the exercise, could offer no objection to the nightly waltz with Colonel Walker, if Madame Rodeck saw no harm in it. Poor thing! her life, Heaven knew, had been wretched enough—little happiness had she seen; yet she could forgive the past if —— But that was impossible—what was gone was irrevocable—and so forth; and with these sentiments on her lips, from which they fell like snow-flakes on the stream, she glided gently, gently, to the softest music, encircled by the arm of the gallant diplomatist.

It needs little more than this outline to convey to those who know the class of people, what kind of life it was they led at Château Belmont. Madame Rodeck was at last in her real element; nor was Rosina Morgan out of hers. Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones's advice and assistance—after that first untoward event—had been the making of them, and nothing of course could exceed their gratitude to him. They were the more grateful, perhaps, because he had not yet been repaid the sum he advanced to set them up, for though Château Belmont brought in a large income, a great deal of it had found itself wings by the time the yearly balance was struck. This mattered nothing, however: they had found "the golden secret;" to them the apostrophe of John Knox, "Ah,

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ladies, this were a pleasant world, if it could last for ever!" was no menace; as long as certain people had certain wishes to gratify, there was no fear of their speculation proving a failure.

No one was more pleased with the result than Meredyth Powell Jones, but all the advantage he might derive from Château Belmont never struck him, till he pondered over the readiest way of getting Léonie Lepage into his power.

At all times a dangerous person to be near a young and innocent creature, the last few years of Madame Rodeck's life had qualified her in a tenfold degree for the *métier* which he wished her now to exercise. If she could win the confidence of Léonie, surround her by her set, and shake her principles by their example, the girl might then be won. A sense of dread would sometimes fill his mind, when he thought of her father's possible vengeance, for under the simple aspect of the childlike inventor, he read a strong purpose of rectitude and elevation of character, which Léonie's asseveration had confirmed; but he dismissed this idea with the reflection that he could at any time throw Monsieur Lepage into gaol and keep him there, since he had become his debtor. It was a worthy consummation of the crime over which he brooded.

Having formed his resolution, Meredyth Powell Jones did not waste time in seeking to accomplish it. Time, indeed, he made it his boast, he never wasted. With a hundred speculations, fraught with ruin to the public, on his hands, how he could relax for the indulgence of private vice seemed the only wonder. But he had scarcely bowed out the City deputation with which we left him last engaged, than he set down to his desk, and wrote the following letter:

"Dearest Martha,—Nothing gratifies me so much as to hear of your continued welfare. Setting aside those serious pursuits which are imperative to a man of my position and habits, I have had no dearer purpose all my life through than that of advancing your interests. I have toiled much for others, somewhat for myself; but in neither instance has the reward to my feelings been anything like what I have experienced when some little good has accrued to you from efforts of mine. You speak in your letters of 'gratitude.' Forget the word as it applies, in our mutual relations, to either you or me. To serve each other *when* we can, and *how* we can, *without reference to any other consideration*, is all we need think of. Now it so happens that I am going to exact—no, that is not the phrase—to claim,—as you might, were our situations reversed,—something from you. I already hear your quick assent to my proposition. It is this: there is a young French lady, whose father is, in some degree, a client of mine—that is to say, I am assisting his views in an object which he has much at heart,—and I am desirous that she should make your acquaintance, and eventually join your circle at Château Belmont. For this purpose I wish you to come to London, as soon after the receipt of this letter as you conveniently can. You will find a very comfortable suite of apartments in this house, which, of course, you will at all times consider your own when in town. The length of your stay here must depend *on circumstances*. I know you will be very much pleased with this young lady, and *I hope she will be equally charmed*

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with you. She knows nothing of English habits or manners, and, I dare say, will require a little tutoring before she perfectly understands them, but you, I am convinced, will do your best to instruct her. I enter into no further particulars at present, as I expect so soon to see you. Give my love to Rosina, and don't put the enclosed in the fire without first looking at it.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"M. P. J."

The "enclosed," a bank-note for a hundred pounds, was quite as significant as a postscript. Madame Rodeck was not the person to burn it, either before or after examination. She kissed the bribe, locked it up carefully, and immediately wrote an answer. It ran thus:

"Generous Friend,—You have rightly judged my heart. There is, indeed, *nothing in the world that you could ask which I would not gladly perform.* Command my services, therefore, *in every respect.* I cannot arrive in town so soon as this letter, because there are *some* arrangements which *must* be made before my departure, but you may fully rely upon my being with you by dinner-time, unless the train breaks down. I long to make acquaintance with your sweet young friend, and, believe me, *I will do all that lies in my power* to give her a *knowledge of the world and its usages.* It is the poet Thomson, I think,—in his 'Seasons,'—who says something delightful *on that very subject.* The attractions of Château Belmont—that home which I owe to your kind and provident foresight, and where, nightly, Rosina and myself offer up prayers for your welfare—continue to increase. Our society is the envy of Cotswold-ham, as we hear from *many, many* quarters—but such, *in this world,* is always the attendant on the purest endeavours. I have long had a *secret* wish, and *something* tells me it will one day, ere long, be gratified. Do I misinterpret my own *eager hopes* in imagining that if the young lady comes to Château Belmont you will pay your long-promised visit? But this, and a thousand other questions which I am dying to ask you, I shall hear from your own lips. I will not say *adieu,* but *au revoir.*

"Your own attached,

"M. R.

"Rosina *can* and *will be extremely useful.* She sends her *best* love to her *dear protector.*

"Why, why, did you send me *that?* It was wholly unnecessary. But you are so good, so *thoughtful.* Again and again I thank you. I shall *certainly* be with you *before six.*"

"I thought," said Meredyth Powell Jones, when he had read this devoted strain,—"I thought I could not be wrong in calculating on Martha's assistance. They "pray for me," do they? Well, if the prayers of the righteous avail, I am in a fair way of salvation. But I must not quarrel with mere figures of speech. I have secured the main point. So that she moulds Léonie to my will, I care nothing about the process. The more hypocrite she, the surer my success.

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No accident befel the train—there being good people, I suppose, as well as bad ones travelling by it—and Madame Rodeck arrived in St. Jacob's-square even earlier than she had anticipated.

The establishment being a bachelor's, she had an eye to the opinion of "the world"—who neither knew nor cared anything about the matter—and took her maid—"my lady's maid," as she called her—for protection; and the appearance of these ladies created quite a sensation in Wessex House amongst the clerks, who peeped over the blinds from the business-department, and the regular domestics on the private side: even the lazy porter was roused to unusual demonstration.

But the orders given by Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones had been particular, for he was bent on making things pleasant to his ally, and he welcomed her himself with so much *empressement*, that Miss Wilkins—the lady's maid aforesaid, who witnessed the interview, was quite of opinion, in her own private mind, that "Madam's" hour was come at last, and that "Mr. J." was the happy man;—a secret belief which she hinted that evening to Mr. J.'s housekeeper, and more than hinted to her bosom friend, Miss Rawlings, the principal *femme de chambre* at Château Belmont, to whom she wrote next day.

There had, indeed, been a time when her mistress might have drawn the same augury from her reception, but events, even more than fears, had taught her not to build her house on sand. What Meredyth was to Martha had long been a settled question with him, and had he never put their relative positions in the right point of view before, the mission on which she was now engaged was not of a nature to admit of self-delusion. As her "dearest friend," therefore, she pressed him in her arms, and the first words she uttered, when they were left alone together, quite satisfied him that he had nothing to fear from any smouldering embers of jealousy.

Had such a feeling been in existence it would not, it is true, have much signified to Meredyth Powell Jones, but it was as well, perhaps—he had so many irons in the fire—that he should not have the trouble of overcoming scruples or removing impediments; so he, too, entered, "en matière," when their *tête-à-tête* was fairly established, and a complete plan of operations was drawn up before the confederates parted for the night.

Ah, ma pauvre Léonie! That plan was fraught with much of danger to thee! Thou needest aid more powerful to extricate thee from the snare that is being spread, than thy poor father, with all his love, can offer.

And to whom else—save to Heaven—canst thou appeal?

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GUIZOT'S RICHARD CROMWELL.*

M. GUIZOT continues with unabated diligence and success his historical studies of English politics, midway in the seventeenth century. His present contribution to the series begins with the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell, and concludes with the Restoration of Charles the Second—a portion of our history brief in time, and singularly barren of great actors, but worthy of deep attention, and, in spite of its want of dramatic unity, or of one central interest, a peculiarly appropriate theme to a writer of M. Guizot's turn of mind and stand-point of observation. For, as he says at the very outset of his narrative, it is a melancholy but most instructive study, when revolutions are verging towards their decline, to watch the disappointment and anguish of those men who have long been powerful and triumphant, but have at length reached the period when, in just retribution of their faults, dominion escapes from their grasp, leaving them still subject to the sway of their unenlightened and invincible obstinacy. Not only, he remarks, are they divided among themselves, like all rivals who have once been accomplices, but they are detested as oppressors and decried as visionaries by the nation; and, stricken at once with powerlessness and bitter surprise, they burn with indignation against their country, which they accuse of cowardice and ingratitude, and struggle vainly beneath the hand of God, whose chastisements they are unable to understand.

"Such, after the death of Cromwell, was the condition of all those parties which, since the execution of Charles I., had been contending for the government of England as established by the Revolution: Republicans and partisans of the Protector, Parliamentarians and soldiers, fanatics and political intriguers,—all, whether sincere or corrupt, were involved in the same fate."

Richard Cromwell gives the name to this history, but nominal only is the prominence his Highness can claim: he is no more "the hero" of the action, than is Henry the Sixth in the Shakspearian trilogy to which that pious imbecile lends *his* name. Oliver's son and heir might have found many and many a fellow-countryman with less kindness to his possible virtues, and less blindness to his evident failings, than this courteous stranger and foreigner by whom his brief Protectorate is now reviewed. What a thing it had been for Richard, *par exemple*, if Mr. Carlyle had undertaken to deal with him—that stern Scottish *doctrinaire* of the one doctrine Might makes Right—whose principle and practice it is, given a man of might, say Oliver Cromwell, to magnify his dimensions by a multiple of the highest power; but, given a "poor creature," unobtrusive and moderate, meek and mild, none too strong in the upper story, and decidedly shaky in the lower extremities—given a specimen of the Dick Cromwell genus, to reduce *him* to his lowest terms, or, indeed, not to allow of terms at all with such a vulgar fraction, or a paltry decimal of manhood, such a sorry cypher in the sum total of humanity. Mr. Carlyle

* History of Richard Cromwell and the Restoration of Charles II. By M Guizot. Translated by Andrew R. Scoble. Two Vols. Bentley. 1856.

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would treat old Noll's "heir apparent"* more cavalierly than the Cavaliers themselves inclined to do, and with a more unparliamentary unpoliteness than the Parliamentarians themselves *did*. Oliver is the man after Carlyle's own heart, because Oliver had the will, and therewith the power, to keep Cavaliers and Roundheads under his thumb, and, if need were, of turning the best part of them round it. But Oliver off the stage,

> Next him his son, and heir apparent
> Succeeded, through a lame vicegerent,
> Who first laid by the parliament,
> The only crutch on which he leant,
> And then sunk underneath the state,
> That rode him above horseman's weight.†

M. Guizot describes Richard, in the crisis which led to his accession, as having been neither a source of strength, nor a cause of embarrassment, to his friends—without much desire to hold the supreme rank, but also without aversion from it when fairly offered for his acceptance. So long as Oliver had been sole

> —— monarch of all he surveyed,
> Whose right there was none to dispute,

(or dispute only *sotto voce*, and *sub rosâ*,)—so long as the Head of the Family continued in his pride of place, and could manage the affairs of these nations better without Master Richard than with him,—the latter, young Hopeful, had taken his ease, eating, drinking, and making merry, on his estate at Hursley, "very fond of horses and hunting, on intimate terms with the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, nearly all of whom were Cavaliers, disposed to adopt their opinions as freely as he shared in their pleasures, and sometimes drinking with them to the health of 'their landlord,' as they termed the King, whom they did not venture to name openly." Hence it came about that this *Richard bonhomme*, this "idle, jovial, and somewhat licentious country squire," was regarded by the Royalist party as almost one of themselves; so that they were not without hope that, if he at any time attained the chief power in the State, he would use it to restore the Crown to its legitimate owner. They looked to see this Good-natured Man some fine day put the "landlord" in possession. There was a story current, that, at the moment of the execution of Charles I., Richard Cromwell, then a youth, filled with horror, had thrown himself at his father's feet, imploring him to prevent the commission of so heinous a crime. If the story was not *vero*, it was too *ben trovato* to be slighted at this juncture, and much was made of it accordingly, and large conclusions were drawn from so pregnant a premiss. Moreover, when Oliver had summoned Squire Richard to Whitehall, the transplanted provincial seems to have continued much in the same track, disregardful of politics, following his own fancies, and doing all in his power to serve his friends the Cavaliers, for whom indeed he strove to

* What's worse, Old Noll is marching off,
And Dick, his heir apparent,
Succeeds him in the government,
A very lame vicegerent.
BUTLER'S *Remains*.

† "Hudibras," part iii. canto ii.

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secure favours beyond his power; it was not his fault if some of them had cause to quake at the name of Cromwell.

But these good offices were rather the result of personal kindliness, and the expression of boon fellowship, than any token of political prepossession. Richard was, in fact, as M. Guizot depicts him, a man of timid, vacillating, and undecided character, destitute of religious or political convictions or passions; and though he had never reckoned upon inheriting his father's good fortune, he complacently accepted it when the deed of inheritance was made out, and was as little disposed to part with, as he was individually capable of achieving it. "It would even appear that, during his father's lifetime, and in the chambers of Whitehall, he had stated what the character of his Government should be, after the storms of the preceding Administration—'a golden mediocrity between a topping head and a filthy tail.' When he was left alone, and required to become the arbiter of his own destiny, his conduct was the same as on all previous occasions; he took things as they came, without either offering resistance or feeling confidence, and his father's advisers made Richard the Protector, just as Cromwell had made him a Privy Councillor."

When Parliament assembled, civil things were said of Cromwell Secundus, or *le Petit*, by divers kinds of men. Thurloe, that good serviceable Cromwellian, began a speech by saying, "It pleased God to put an end to his Highness's days: sad things were expected by that stroke. God has given that blessing of a son in his stead, who has the hearts of his people, testifying his undoubted right of succession." Haslerig, on the part of the Opposition—a man hot-headed, and (like Sir Toby's ginger) hot i' the mouth too—owned the merit of Oliver's son and heir: "We have one that is our prince, *Princeps*, our chief. I never knew any guile or gall in him. I honour the person; I will say no more." The Republicans held out, indeed, for a republic, but offered no opposition to Richard personally. "I hear not one man against *a* single person," said Mr. Reynolds; "against *the* single person there is not one exception. Not any other man in this nation would pass so clearly." "I confess," said Haslerig again, "I do love the person of the Lord Protector; I never saw nor heard either fraud or guile in him. I wish only continuance of wealth, health, and safety to his family. I wish the greatest of honour and wealth of any man in this nation to him and his posterity." "I would not hazard a hair of his present Highness's head," exclaimed Scott —"if you think of a single person, I would have him sooner than any man alive." "I never saw the Lord Protector but twice," said Mr. Edgar; "I never had the least favour from him, and hope I shall never deserve his frown; but the sweetness of his voice and language has won my heart, and I find the people well satisfied with his government." If a Lord Protector, or *Princeps* of some sort or other, must be put up with, naturally the Republican party would be glad to keep one so different from the last pattern. Richard might be a Rehoboam, in one sense, coming after so wise a prince as Oliver; but at any rate he was no Rehoboam in having, or boasting of, a little finger thicker than his father's loins. Better a very disparate Richard, than some equivalent Roland for an Oliver.

There was no disposition on the part of the new government to carry things with a high hand. Richard, says M. Guizot, was "naturally

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moderate, patient, and just; and his advisers, like himself, were animated by no other ambition than to govern in concert with the Parliament, and in conformity with the laws." Hence it seems to the historian, that to all who had not heartily devoted themselves either to the old royal race or to pure republican principles, nothing could have been more natural and easy than to rest satisfied with the established form of government, and to live in harmony, tranquillity, and safety under the new Protector.

Trust not to seeming. Any such pre-established harmony was out of the question, as a practical measure. Parties were at loggerheads. Oliver had kept them in awe, putting a pretty effectual curb on their strife of tongues, for the time being. But when present tense, the time being, merged in past tense, the time gone; when Oliver was taken out of the way, and a new ruler arose that knew not Oliver's open secret of sway,—then the voice of party was heard once more, in stentorian accents, and confusion worse and worse confounded.

The Republican party insisted on the sovereignty of the people—sovereignty *pure et simple*, essential and exclusive, uncompromising and unconditional. No power was legitimate unless the people had created it, and still held it in check. "And the House of Commons, elected by the People, was their only representative, and was entitled to exercise, in their name, the supreme government of the country, either directly, by means of its own inherent powers, or indirectly, by its declared supremacy over the depositaries of those powers, which it was obliged to delegate." Parliament was to them, implicitly if not explicitly, *vox populi, vox Dei*.

The Cromwellian party, however, accorded no such plenary inspiration to the voice of the people. From experience and political instinct, as M. Guizot suggests, rather than from any clearly understood and definite principle, the Cromwellians demurred to the doctrine that the people were capable of conducting the entire government of the country, and were rightfully entitled to destroy and reconstitute it at their pleasure. According to their view of the case, what government needed, for the maintenance of good order in society, was "some self-subsistent bases, which should be recognised by the people, but should be anterior, and, in some measure, superior to their mutable will." Their model man, Cromwell, whose *jus divinum* they discovered in his *de facto* supremacy, had treated with a Parliament elected by the people, they said, and had established, no less for his successor than for himself, the Protectoral government and its constitution. Herein they recognised that anterior and independent power, sprung from the course of events and not from the will of the people, which the people could not destroy at their pleasure, any more than they had created it. It was the duty of the people, they maintained, to acknowledge this great fact, established on the ruins of the ancient monarchy, in the name of an invincible necessity, by the genius of a great and God-supported man; it was beyond their power to call it in question.

Besides these two parties, Republican and Cromwellian, there are the Royalists to be taken into account—a powerful party, and stubborn to its cause,

Whether it win or lose the game,

which had played a losing game, but was soon to shuffle the cards, get a

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new hand, and by adroitly leading with the King, win the game, with honours—thanks to that knave of clubs, or wily man-at-arms, George Monk. To serve the cause which it had at heart, the Royalist party had stooped, our historian remarks, to the most unnatural and deceitful alliances; but it stood firm to its political faith, and rejecting alike the republic erected by the Commons in the name of the sovereignty of the people, and the monarchy established by the regicides in the name of necessity, it recognised no legitimate authority but that of Charles Stuart, the lawful heir to the throne, governing in concert with the two Houses of Parliament, according to the traditional laws of the country. Now that the Cromwell was gone, it was time for Royalists to look up and sound them; their voice might be raised now, amid conflicting voices so discordant and noisy, and had a growing chance to be heard.

Richard was not the man to effect a composition between these conflicting forces. "Between the antagonistic fermentation of the Republican party, and the equally hostile tranquillity of the Royalists," he was, as many a stronger man well might be, perplexed in the extreme. Here was anything but the right man in the right place. The square man had got into the round hole, and there was no adjusting the right angles of the one to the curves of the other; there was no squaring the circle. "Sociable and easy in disposition, and detesting all effort and conflict, he desired to live on friendly terms, or at least at peace, with all with whom he was brought in contact, and he made it his endeavour to attract or retain them near his person, by sympathising with their views or listening to their counsels." Many of his father's oldest friends (in particular St. John and Pierrepoint) had been won by his moderate views and benign character; while his aristocratic tastes, his early associations, and his readiness to do them service, had involved him in intimacy with not a few Cavaliers, whose illusions on the subject of his intentions towards Charles Stuart he fostered, in the hope, perhaps, of securing friends in the coming struggle of parties, and, still more, after the struggle—when, as he began to see was the most probable result, the old monarchy should oust the new protectorate, and

The King should enjoy his own again.

Richard's policy with the Cavaliers, then, was of the fast and loose kind; he would use them as well as he could, with a double view, and in a double sense. Nor was he more sincere or straightforward in his demeanour towards the Republicans, whom he really disliked, and from whom he had nothing to expect but cross-grained words and works. "Between him and them there was constantly raging a secret rivalry, an unseen struggle for the sovereignty. Richard could command an almost certain majority against them in the House of Commons; but even when vanquished, they continued as intractable, arrogant, and captious as ever; and he was forced to submit in silence to their pretensions and attacks, so long as their pretensions remained barren and their attacks were not mortal." He relied, meanwhile, with some confidence on the attachment of the army to his cause and name, if not to his person. He took pains to stand well with the soldiers, and laid himself out to please them by such attentions, at review and on parade, as are supposed to win the hearts of rank and file.

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His success in this endeavour was but indifferent. "A stranger all his life to the army, he exercised no influence over it, and possessed for it no attraction." The veterans could not hail in him a comrade. The republican part of the army grumbled at my Lord Protector, and considered his Highness as too high by far. The Puritan purists taxed him with looseness of life and conversation. All agreed in denouncing the favour he accorded to the Cavaliers. "Richard himself more than once furnished some ground for these accusations by the disdainful levity with which he defended himself against them: on one occasion he summoned to Whitehall a subaltern officer, who had murmured against some promotions which he had made, and having ascertained the cause of his complaints, 'Would you have me,' said he, 'prefer none but the godly? Here is Dick Ingoldsby, who can neither pray nor preach; yet will I trust him before ye all.'" On the whole, things were tending, and rapidly, to a catastrophe. While Cromwell had been able, though with great difficulty, as Guizot explains, to caress and maltreat by turns the revolution which he had effected, and the army which he had led to victory—both republicans and soldiers, whatever ill-feeling they might entertain towards him, relying upon him in the hour of danger,—both accepting him as their arbiter, to whom they had both been forced to submit as their master,—his son, on the other hand, was destitute of claims either on the party which had overthrown the monarchy, or on that which had supported the Protectoral tyranny. "A man may attain to power under the shadow of a great name, but that name will not enable him to exercise it; both in the Parliament and in the army, Richard met with a strong and jealous opposition, whose passionate attacks were directed far less against the acts of his government, than against the constitutional system of which he was the hereditary chief; and when, aided by the apprehensions of the moment and the servants of his father, he triumphed over his enemies, he had gained only a fruitless victory, for that army and that Parliament, among whose members he had obtained a majority, were engaged in mortal warfare with each other: placed between the two, in the position of a powerless arbitrator, he saw the day inevitably approaching when he would fall a victim to the blows which the two great antagonists interchanged, for he could neither reconcile them, nor choose between them, without danger to himself."

Nevertheless, Richard would not give up without an effort. He soon saw himself, indeed, almost a prisoner in Whitehall, and quite a nonentity. But nonentity as he was, and though *ex nihilo nihil fit*, still he indulged the hope that something would turn up, to better his prospects, and at least leave him in humdrum possession of the Protectorate—no such great thing after all, as the world at large might see, with him for Protector.

When the Parliament commissioned Haslerig to direct him to leave Whitehall, Richard, we are told, received both the message and the messenger with disdainful hauteur. At the same time he lent a willing ear to the overtures of the Cavaliers, to whose instigations towards adopting the royal cause he promised to accede, on condition that an annual income of twenty thousand pounds and a large estate were secured to him. The terms were agreed to; but when the time came to conclude the agreement, Richard drew back. Yet no sooner had he retracted, than he was

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eager to fulfil his engagement—bitterly reproaching himself for his pusillanimity, and volunteering to enter into new stipulations in behalf of Charles Stuart. Mazarin, too, made propositions towards coming to an understanding with Richard, for the same purpose; and these, also, civilly enough entertained when first advanced, and duly "ventilated" by time and meditation, came to nothing.

The order Richard received from Parliament to vacate the palace being neglected, he was served with a more peremptory and pressing notice to quit. He was treated with some harshness, M. Guizot says; but it must be owned that he manifested a reluctance to leave Whitehall, which, though perhaps necessary to his safety, was certainly undignified as regarded himself, and offensive to his conquerors. Some correspondence ensued between him and the House, involving pecuniary questions, which resulted in the Houses (1) referring the schedule of his debts to be examined by the Finance Committee; (2) appointing a special committee to consider "what was fit to be done as to the settlement of a comfortable and honourable maintenance on Richard Cromwell, eldest son of the late Lord General Cromwell;" (3) advancing him a sum of two thousand pounds "for his present occasions;" and (4) again requesting him to leave Whitehall.

"But Richard still remained there, either from a weak-minded unwillingness to tear himself from the last relics of his former greatness, or because his palace was his only asylum against the creditors, who were incessantly demanding of him, not only the payment of his own debts, but the balance which still remained due of the expenses of his father's funeral. Six weeks elapsed before the House, on the report of Haslerig, resumed the consideration of the question, referred it to a special committee to inquire how much still remained due for funeral expenses, and to provide for the payment of the same by the Commonwealth; exempted Richard from all arrest for any debt whatsoever during six months; and peremptorily required him to remove from Whitehall within six days. Thus freed from apprehension as to his personal liberty, Richard obeyed." We are told that while his servants were packing up his goods, he gave them strict orders to be very careful of two old trunks that stood in his wardrobe; and a friend asking him what they contained, that he was solicitous about them, "Why," replied Richard, "nothing less than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England;"—the chests being filled with the addresses which, at his accession, had been sent to him from all quarters, placing at his disposal the lives and fortunes of the whole nation, whose safety, they said, depended upon his government.

From Whitehall his sometime Highness proceeded to Hampton Court, there to await the decree of the House as to his final destiny. In a few days the decree was passed. The will of the House was, that the Lord General's debts should be paid by the Commonwealth, and Richard be freed from all liability therein; and that the said Richard should enjoy for life a yearly revenue of ten thousand pounds, lands of the annual value of five thousand pounds being also settled on him and his heirs for ever. These votes being made known to him, he gave up his last "material guarantee," residence at Hampton Court, and as good as retired into private life.

A little later, during the confusion arising from Lambert's expulsion

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of the Parliament, and the alliance formed by Monk with the civil power, an idea was entertained in some quarters of making Richard Cromwell Protector again; whereupon, "with his usual readiness to accede to anything that was suggested to him, he came to London, under the escort of three squadrons of cavalry; but the proposition was rejected," the Coming Man was speedily at liberty to return, and the performance was but a new "move" of the old story, how

> A king of France, with twenty thousand men,
> Marched up a hill, and then—marched down again.

M. Guizot suffers Richard to drop out of sight as unconcernedly as England herself did, nor cares to tell us one word as to his retreat, his after-fortunes, or the manner of that life which was protracted to the eighteenth century, and of whose declining days a curious glimpse has been given by Sir Walter Scott in history, and by Sir Bulwer Lytton in romance.

In his monograph on George Monk, M. Guizot had forestalled, to a large extent, the matter comprised in the latter section of the work before us, relating to the Dawn of the Restoration. But the story of the means by which that great national act was accomplished, is now told with completeness and in detail, with the characteristic calmness and painstaking observation of the distinguished author. There is no pictorial brilliancy of colouring, little of vivid portraiture, or of descriptive vigour, in these pages; little or none of what we do *not* look for in M. Guizot's historical writings. What we do look for, there is, too manifestly to be overlooked: high moral purpose, sincere political conviction, conscientious scrutiny of men and their movements and their motives, a grave thoughtfulness, prospective and retrospective, and a candid impartiality that, if tinged by, also tones down, the individuality of the writer, who is emphatically the "intelligent foreigner" throughout, in width of view and liberal discernment, as well as (what we certainly seem never to forget) the *doctrinaire* French statesman, and ex-minister of Louis Philippe's foreign affairs.

To his narrative of the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell and the Dawn of the Restoration, M. Guizot appends very copious selections from the correspondence of the French ambassador in London, M. de Bordeaux, with Cardinal Mazarin and M. de Brienne during the period under review, together with some documents which illustrate very clearly the position and intentions of the Court of Spain in its relations with our own. The whole are translated by Mr. Scoble, now honourably connected in the same capacity with several of M. Guizot's most important productions, and whose rendering of the present History will enhance the credit he enjoys as an accomplished, fluent, and careful *traducteur*, upon whose services M. Guizot may the more congratulate himself, when pondering the great Montalembert case, *In ré* Hayward *versus* Croker and Another,—according to which, if we take the plaintiff's view, a *traducteur* may be defined one whose part and pleasure it is to—traduce.

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DISJOINTED GOSSIP FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BIG POND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR COUSIN VERONICA."

We are not writing for a Yankee public. It is said that a Yankee on first acquaintance asks you all about yourself, while a Southerner makes haste to tell you about himself. By the way, these Transatlantic impertinences, which stir the blood of the traveller and make so great a feature in all books of Western travel, are the legitimate growth of a thinly settled soil and a new society. Where every man knows all the affairs of his half-dozen neighbours from his childhood, it is natural he should seek fresh knowledge wherever a new fellow-creature falls in his way. But as our present public is not Yankee, we are by no means solicitous to explain the reasons which led us from an English home, to make a new settlement in life on a green little island in the Atlantic, which is in danger of becoming throughout its length and breadth (fifteen miles long by three miles broad) the too popular watering-place of Transatlantic fashion. Newport and its season are the favourite themes of the ephemerides of American literature; you find an article upon them every month in *Harper's Magazine* or *Putnam's Monthly*. Curtis, the Howadji, sedately dancing at its butterfly balls, impales his pretty partners upon his pen, dipped in a mild solution of caustic of Thackeray. Every newspaper in summer teems with Newport correspondence, and the sound of its follies has gone out into all worlds by means of a series of papers from the ever-pointed gold pen of a son of the house of Astor. But we do not propose to lead our readers over the same ground. We sought out Newport as a residence. Its fashionable months were rather its drawback than its attraction: and we think it may be found amusing to compare the every-day experiences of a quiet family of moderate means in the United States, with the circumstances and surroundings of a similar family at home.

The reader joins us, therefore, on board the steam-boat plying nightly between New York and Fall River, carrying passengers to Boston, and landing passengers at Newport about one o'clock in the morning. Walk with us, my dear sir, through this steamer; seat yourself on one of these velvet and rosewood chairs. You have "a correct misrepresentation" of General Pierce in tapestry at your back, and the carpet is of the brightest-coloured velvet. Have you seen the damask in the ladies' cabin? Every berth is draped with a varied shade of the same pattern. The boat is new, and cost 400,000 dollars (remember to ask the cost in "these United States" of everything you see; it is a proper compliment to the owner); and the stock of the line pays thirty per cent. to every original shareholder. What extravagance! say you? Nay, it is done on principle as good economy. Tobacco-chewing barbarians from the Western States draw ornamented spittoons up to the damask chairs on which they sit, and respect the magnificence of the upholstery. There is very little open deck, for these boats are built only for night travelling. The saloon runs nearly the whole length of the boat, and is broken in the middle by an arrangement of plate-glass, which enables you to see down into the

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intestines of the ship, and watch the throbbings of the mighty pulse of her polished steel machinery.

We are rounding Point Judith. There is nothing now between us and the Cove of Cork but 3000 miles of desolate salt water. The broad Atlantic is playing pitch-and-toss with us. It has the best of it, and claims our forfeit. We have just consciousness enough to wonder whether any personal reminiscence of sea-sickness was in the mind of the Psalmist when, in the course of that Psalm which wonderfully describes men as going down to the sea in ships, he adds, "Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat: and they are even hard at death's door." It is soon over. The coloured steward, with his soft, sweet, lisping negro voice, calls, "Passengers for Newport!" as the boat is rounding Fort Adams, one of the largest fortifications in the United States, built for the protection of this little-used but very magnificent harbour. The finest navy of the world could ride in safety in its waters, and enter them with any wind or tide. One wonder it has not, which has been attributed to it in a book of Chinese geography, published, shortly before the smouldering fires of Celestial anarchy burst forth, by a singularly enlightened Mandarin. He had been at Canton for some time, and there made the acquaintance of an American missionary. To his surprise, on looking over his friend's maps, he discovered the relative position of China to the vast extent of the two hemispheres. He entered with ardour into the study of geography (a very useless study in the present day, for everything gets altered that one learns about, and in the "march of events" they always seem to pitch their tents in spots that nobody has ever heard of). Be this as it may, our Mandarin having learnt all that the missionary could teach him of this science, retired to his province, and composed a work the object of which was to teach that China is not the biggest half of the terraqueous globe, and to enable future Chinese junks to find their way to Gravesend without stumbling by accident on the port of New York. The book is far from a bad book, and contains, among other things, a very good biographical sketch of General Washington. But in some places the compiler's knowledge has become confused, especially when he confounds Rhode Island with the Isle of Rhodes, and gives an elaborate account of the Colossus striding across the entrance into Newport harbour.

We crowd down to the lower deck before the great and silent boat has glided to her wharf, and find ourselves surrounded by merchandise, in endless tiers of clean white boxes of fresh deal, and horses tied up with their heels outermost, and the deck passengers—how Irish mothers and babes have contrived to snuggle themselves into berths they have contrived amongst the rows of bales and boxes! Mixed in with them are negroes and mulattoes—second-class accommodations being especially intended for their benefit. The hatred between them and the Irish is intense; as well it may be, upon their part, for the Irish immigration has entirely changed their position and prospects in the Free States. Every ship-load of these Celtic immigrants helps to elbow some persons of this unhappy race out of the means of getting an honest living; and whenever the occasion offers, the Irish are too glad to raise a row and come to fisticuffs with the "naguns." The present Know-Nothing movement, which is excluding the Irish of all ranks from any claim to any

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public office, even of the lowest kinds, is to the advantage of the opponents of the Fugitive Slave Law. A United States marshal in the New England States would run a better chance of bringing his victim down if he hunted with a pack of Irish beagles. In the Slave States, where the negroes have decidedly the advantage over the Irish in houses, habits, and general consideration, the scorn with which they look on them as "white treish," is exceedingly amusing. Nor is the feeling less keen in the Free States, where social advantages are all on the side of the Irish population. We were walking up a hilly street in Newport some time after our arrival, when a party of little mulatto boys coming out of school were engaged in blackguarding each other: one at length used an epithet to which, for a moment, his adversary could find no bad word strong enough to reply; when, trembling with rage, he shook his fist in his opponent's face, and stammered out, "You—you *Irish* niggar, you!"

Our reflections on the helotry of the United States are broken in upon by the captain of the boat, who opens the doors which have kept us closely penned like travellers waiting in a French railway station, and the passengers for Newport pour forth by the light of a few lanterns. A hand is laid upon our shoulder as we step from the gangway.

"My name is Pennifeather—what's yourn?" says a rough voice, not unkindly.

Just fresh from England, and perfect strangers to Newport and its population, we are a little startled by this stand-and-deliver demand upon our personality.

"Really," we say, with English hesitation, "we don't know why you want our name."

"Wal now!" says Pennifeather, putting his arms a-kimbo. "It's as *you* please, you know. Only if you was Miss Archer's relative that she's bin speerin' out for for these two weeks, and if these here is your folks and luggage, she said you was to git into my coach and let me drive you."

Inimitable doctor! Prince of all hack-drivers!—dressed in a fancy waistcoat; in warm weather seldom covered by a coat, but gay with massy chain and turquoise studs! If the doctor does not wear a coat he *always* wears his hat: paying visits in it when he comes to be paid, and sits on the best chair in your drawing-room. Honest and kindly! Good to man and beast—with a vein of Yankee humour which Haliburton would "find it pay" to spend a season here and study; the doctor is one of the originals of the little town. His veterinary practice gives him his handle to his name, but that he is modest about assuming it is proved by a series of new cards that have been printed of late—

W. C. PENNIFEATHER
(Commonly called the Doctor).

As we ride up the hill on which the town (mostly of wood) is built, passing through *Washington-square*, and past the quaint respectable old Court-house, where Washington gave audience, and where a portrait of him which claims to be authentic is now shown, let us fill up the time by giving you a few anecdotes of our coachman, which will give you a better idea than any formal description, of the state of manners in

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this little town. This evening, when the boat comes in from Providence, the doctor will be standing on the wharf, and hailing any of the principal inhabitants—acquaintances of our good kinswoman—whom he sees aboard, will sing out, long before she reaches her wharf,

"Mr. Smith!—Miss Partington!—Miss* Archer's family is come! I driv 'em up as soon as they stepped on shore this mornin'."

"Mr. Pennifeather, your bill is wrong," we shall remark, on some future day of settling old scores.

"Wal—make it right yourself then. You is folks that I can trust, and I ain't so particular about makin' out a bill agin you. I have got to keep a pretty sharp look-out on some of the hotel folks though."

Some day during the heat of summer a head and a hat will be poked through the shrubbery into the window of our drawing-room, with,

"Wal now—come to tell you, that you can't have that carry: all you sent for this afternoon—'cos I ain't got a hos that's fit for a gal to drive." And with a strong aroma of cigar smoke left behind to testify the visit, the conscientious doctor draws his head out of the room.

We were telling our kinswoman of our meeting with him on the wharf, and she gave us, as we now are giving to the reader, a good many characteristic anecdotes which opened our eyes to the nature of the character we had stumbled upon. Coming one day from Providence, and seized, as usual, on the wharf by the doctor, always on the look-out for unprotected females (gentlemen and the ladies they escort he leaves to his subordinate hack-drivers), she was handed into a stage with some very unpleasant-looking people in one corner. The gentle lady endured it for some moments, and then, beckoning to the doctor, said, unwilling to hurt the feelings of the people in whose company she found herself,

"I think, as it is coming on to rain, I had rather have a closer carriage—can't you find me one?"

"I reckon I can," said Pennifeather, letting down the steps with an iron clang. "And you're about right about gittin' out o' this one; 'cos I've got to take them folks to gaol, and leave 'em there, afore I drive you home."

Our last anecdote of Pennifeather—last too in point of time, for it happened not long since—is a very characteristic one.

"Mrs. Archer says, Dr. Pennifeather," said our servant, "that the last time you sent her a carriage the driver had on an old dirty checked coat, and a Scotch cap, while the carriage and horses were handsome enough; and that she cannot drive with such a shabby-looking coachman—you must send her a better one."

"Wal now," said the doctor, "tell Miss Archer I'll do my best. But I don't know as I've got a man that's got a black hat and a blue coat. My men ain't got no taste in dress—and that's a fact!—I often tell 'em so!"

We find ourselves standing on the porch of a small Grecian temple, built of wood, with green blinds, chimney-pots, and lightning-rods! The first notion of the American settlers in this country, when frame-houses replaced the first rough huts of logs, was to build houses warm and tight,

* It is a peculiarity of Yankees who use the vulgar tongue to say "Miss" instead of "Mrs.," when speaking of a married woman.

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with sloping roofs, so cunningly contrived as to prevent the snow from lodging there. It is curious to go into a New England village, and watch a taste for architecture beginning to dawn. First comes the idea of paint. "Paint costs nothing," says a wise Dutch proverb. Next, some eccentric man of wealth *invests* a house, taking some young and enterprising carpenter into his councils. No proverb is more true than that which says "A man must build one house to learn how to build another." Our pioneer in taste, after spending much more money than he meant to do (of course), will end by being owner of a pile of woodwork, on which every ornament and invention that he or his carpenter have ever heard of will be accumulated. "My father's going to have something more upon his house than your father," said the son of one of these ambitious individuals to a schoolfellow, whose parent was attempting to rival his Chinese-Greco-Gothic-Yankee abortion.

"What is he going to put on it now? You got your cupola fixed last week," was the answer.

"Well, I don't know exactly what; but I heard father telling mother last night that it was going to have a mortgage on it."

What an admirable commentary on those happy lines by Waller!—

> If you have these whims of apartments and gardens,
> Of twice fifty acres you'll ne'er see five farthings;
> And in you will be seen the true gentleman's fate,
> Ere you've finish'd your house you'll have spent your estate.

Happily, an enterprising Yankee holds his landed property in the world of thought, and when one branch of business fails he "squats" upon some other "notion." He has the bone and sinew which Macawber lacked, and a great back country, and "Tom Tidler's ground" in which to repair his broken fortunes; although it must be conceded that many more fortunes are lost than made in California—that Pandora's box, with which defeated Mexico revenged herself upon her conquerors.

To these original inventions generally succeeds a period of Grecian architecture. Models of the Parthenon, with cast-iron railings running round the second story, inserted half-way up the columns to be a sort of bedroom balcony. A few years pass, and a reaction against Greece takes place. The roofs have shot up into points and peaks, the windows have contracted, and every house is a fresh specimen of the order of American-Gothic, improved upon in after-supper dreams by some inventive carpenter. After this, when there is wealth, and foreign travel, and good taste, a reign of better things may be expected to begin. Stone houses come into fashion, and architects to build them are frequently employed. It is said that each man has his stingy point; his old shoes, or his candle-ends, or postage-stamps, or letter-backs, on which he likes to expend his penny wisdom. The national "stingy point" of an American is always in invention. Why cannot he build just as good a house as any architect? Why should he pay another man for "notions" when he has a head-full of his own? With stone houses comes in a taste for landscape gardening, which has been increasing on the sea-board of the United States for the last twelve or fifteen years, and the American mania for upholstery steps in to injure the fresh simplicity of many a sea-

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side cottage, which would look as lovely in roses and white muslin as a young maiden at her first ball. Newport is dotted with handsome villas, of all sorts of tastes and kinds, each prophesying more surely than physiognomy or dress the taste and disposition of its owner. One of the most home-like is that built by Mr. Bancroft, the historian and late ambassador. It is a low, brown, inexpensive wooden house, commanding a noble view of sea and cliff, of surf and breakers, with flower-beds, on which great personal care has been bestowed, sloping down to the very edge of the ocean. The land along these cliffs has been a little California to its original proprietors. Within seven years its price has risen from 200 dollars an acre to 3600 dollars. One cause of this influx of rich strangers is the superiority of the summer climate of Newport over that of any other on the Atlantic coast. The oppressive heats of summer rarely visit it. Its nights are always cool; its grass is always fresh; and at sunset there is always a sea-breeze upon its beaches. For this freshness it is indebted, in a great measure, to its heavy sea-fogs, which wrap the island in a veil of mist, rolling upon you dense as smoke, often without ten minutes' warning. In the night unearthly sounds will often break upon your rest: it is the steam-whistle, warning vessels coming on the coast in one of these dense fogs of the nearness of the danger. These fogs are destructive to pretty summer muslin robes and neatly starched shirt-collars, while barège becomes as stiff as crinoline, and silk-gowns creased and mottled by their clammy touch. They visit Newport chiefly during the height of summer. And while the pavements of the cities almost melt with fervent heat, Newport and its visitors are wrapped in the soft, grateful dampness of a veil of fog. The early settlers fancied that they found a resemblance in these fogs to the soft mists that shroud the Isle of Wight, and named their city "Newport," after its principal town.

To return to houses in Newport. Another peculiarity is their migratory character. That a house should continue to stand many years in the place where it was built is rarely contemplated by the proprietor. Often it is moved a mile. These operations mostly take place in spring and autumn, when almost any day some street or other will be blocked up by a tall house *in transitu*, generally with all the furniture standing inside of it; and occasions have been known of the family sleeping in their own beds every night during the journey. The stone foundation of the house is abandoned, and a new one prepared. The frame-building is loosened, lifted off, and placed on rollers. It is then worked slowly forward by a windlass, turned by an old white horse, who has assisted in the transport of hundreds of Newport houses. No size seems to arrest the emigrative propensities of these wooden buildings. A church was cut into three slices, and moved piecemeal, within the last three months; and an immense hotel, with one hundred feet of front, standing too closely upon the street for the taste of its proprietor, was lately moved back about twenty yards!

Come down on the beaches with us, reader—the glorious beaches on whose shelving sand roller after roller of surf (often seven at a time) swells in its stately march until it breaks, scattering its silver foam. See how the opal edge of the great wave is fringed with silver light for one brief moment, ere it breaks for one long mile along the shore. We never walk

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along the Newport beach or on its cliffs without an echo in our heart from the picture-page of Shelley:

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion.

How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion! It cannot be true, as we are told, that *this* verse was "written in dejection." The sweet influences of the scene that it describes must have given a temporary happiness at least to him whose heart was open to such impressions. It seems to have been written for Newport—for one of our half-hazy autumn days, when Nature lies at noonday half-asleep, enjoying some bright day-dream.

The nearest beach is three-quarters of a mile from the town, and they are three in number. The first is a mile in length, the second a mile and a half. They are divided by a tongue of land, the geological features of which are said to be very curious. Here the devil, years ago, pursued a wicked soul, and left the print of his red-hot iron hoof upon the rock, on which he stamped with all his force, and a yawning chasm let him and his victim into the realm of purgatory. That chasm has never closed, and like similar ones in the Swiss glaciers, no line has ever sounded its depths, and no stone is ever heard to touch the bottom.

There are no houses built around the beach, as there would be in England, no marquee with its circulating books, and chairs for those who like to pass their morning on the sands, and watch the ebb or rising of the ocean. The reasons for this are various. Firstly, this out-door life is neither suited to an hotel belle, nor to the Marthas of American private life, "much cumbered" with domestic occupation. In the next place, the great power of the sun would make sitting on a beach under his glare entirely impossible; and, lastly, the bathing arrangements are such that no one would desire a family view of the beach during the bathing-hours.

No bathing-machines are used, but along the beach stand rows of little shanties, each a trifle larger than a sentry-box, just capable of accommodating yourself and a colony of spiders, every variety of which may here be found. If you will go with us to the beach at 10 A.M. on a fine day in August (the height of the Newport season), you may see issuing forth from these frail tenements all the beauty and fashion of Newport, the same that floated past you last night in the ball. "Old men and children, young men and maidens," in every variety of fancy tunic. "Women in every description of bathing dress. Old women, young women, thin women, thick women, big feet, little feet, red feet, brown feet, rushing about. Carriages of all kinds. 'Fast' men, fast horses, universal confusion." Such is a description of Newport beach at bathing-time, and every visitor to Newport will bear witness to its accuracy. Young, pretty girls, dressed completely *à la* Bloomer, in scarlet, yellow, blue, or orange serge, immensely full, with double, treble, and quadruple skirts, trimmed with an endless number of yards of worsted galloon, and

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as coquettishly put on as any cloud of tarletan *or crêpe* in which the owner danced the night before, are running with bare feet into the surf under the heads of hackmen's horses, with screams and shouts of merry laughter. Their partners of the night before escort them into the waves as they did through the mazes of the *cotillon*.

Well! *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* We may adapt to this order of the Bath the motto of the Garter. We must leave to every nation its own customs. Camels and gnats are not all of the same size in every country. Let us be thankful only that the women that belong to us are not partakers in this "promiscuous" marine entertainment (against which no Knox has ever lifted up his thunderbolts); more especially since we have been ourselves accosted by Pennifeather, who wants to know if we "ain't goin' into the bath, and if we cannot find a house,—'cos"—and he touches our elbow with a wink, and applies his right eye to a cranny in the woodwork of a bathing-box—"there is a gal in here 'most ready to come out;" and he suggests that we can take possession of her wet floor and treacherous chink so soon as her toilet is completely over. At twelve o'clock a red flag, hoisted at the end of the beach, warns women from the spot. The beach and bathing-houses are given up to bathers of the other sex; and until the dinner-hour (two o'clock) it may be considered unapproachable for ladies.

In the afternoon, when the tide serves, the beaches are covered with carriages. They are the Rotten-row of Transatlantic fashion, with almost every advantage in their favour, except liveries and coronets. Many of the carriages have four horses. Fast tandems are affected by "fast" youths driving "fast" girls in open buggies. These buggies look all wheels, and are very difficult, indeed, to turn. The horses are generally more remarkable for their 2′ 40″ gait than for external advantages. They belong to that breed which can go through the country so fast, "that you'd think, stranger, you was goin' through a graveyard. You wouldn't have no idee that the stones you seen was milestones!"

The hotel season lasts from the middle of July to the 1st of September; after which, for ten months of the year, these vast establishments (each capable of receiving from a thousand to five hundred guests) are deserted and closed. During the season there is always an excess of from six to seven thousand persons over the indigenous population of the quaint, quiet town. On the 1st of September the boats and carriages are not enough to carry away the fashionable crowd. Greatly have their powers of endurance been taxed by ill-cooked food and scanty comforts during the continuance of the six weeks' "season." Engagements crowd upon each other. The ten-pin alleys,* bathing, *matinées dansantes*, morning visits, and charity fairs, occupy the morning hours until half-past two o'clock, which is the time for dinner; after this comes a public and very promiscuous promenade up and down the halls of the hotel, to the unheeded music of the best band in America. To this succeeds the evening drive, followed by a concert, ball, and *petit souper carré* at an eating-house kept by a Chevalier of the Emperor Faustin's Legion of Honour. Each lady must make at least four toilettes every day,

* A law in Rhode Island (adopted, we believe, by most of the New England States) forbids the introduction of *nine pins*; by the device of *ten* pins it is evaded.

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elaborately (for she has to live under inspection), and this in a little whitewashed cell hardly big enough to accommodate the scanty wardrobe of a nun.

Leisure is a word of no meaning in the society of the Northern States, and had better be expunged at once from the dictionaries of Webster and Worcester. There is the same bustle, rush, and eagerness to go ahead in pleasure as in business. In both, engagements press upon you breathless, each treading on the heels of another. Americans have an expression which is in constant use among them. They talk of being "driven," to express that state in which they press on breathless through their days, and wearily drop down at night, without rest from the continual rush of occupation. "Driven" is a wise word (and Yankeeisms seldom fail to hit the bull's-eye of a thought); it conveys an idea of a state of life, whether of recreation or of business, when engagements hunt their victims, as the Camanches hunt buffalo upon a western prairie; the rushing, panting, struggling herd pressing one upon another in the race, until at last they blindly make one bound and disappear over the precipice. Less happy than the buffalo, perhaps, who break their necks, the American man (or woman) so pursued during the season at a watering-place, is at once upon his feet again, ready for another race, with business obligations to harry him.

The cottage residents of Newport, who remain long after the fashionable Hegira, bestow considerable compassion, and a good deal of disgust, on the inmates of these large hotels. The Ocean House, with its colony, the Ocean Hall, is the most vast, and fast, and fashionable of these establishments. The following effusion, by a sufferer of an order very commonly to be found amongst its boarders, is said to have been found in the pocket of an over-coat, left unclaimed last summer when the season was over:

OCEAN HALL.

Comrades, leave me here a little, ere the morning comes along;
Leave me here—and when you want me, sound upon the Ocean gong.
'Tis the street—and all around me, as of old, the fog does fall,
Looming round our human birdcage, Ocean House and Ocean Hall.
Ocean House that in the distance overlooks the Bathing Beach,
And Goff's avenue of shanties, that you wade through dust to reach.
Many a night in you peaked chamber, high up in the roof, I've lain,
Baking, roasting, tossing, toasting, hoping day would come again.
Many a night at hours unruly, groping up with stumbling tread,
Have I cursed the men who'd taken all the candles up to bed.
Up and down the entry wandered, trying where my key would fit,
Peering in through chinks and crannies, where I saw a candle lit.
Often where a fellow-boarder has been sunk in brief repose,
Giving evidence of slumber by loud breathing through his nose,
Have I slipped into his attic—twitched his towel from the wall,
Filched his water, grabbed his table—lawful spoil at Ocean Hall.
In the "season" men are starving. Charity bestows—a grin,
And decrees that every stranger who arrives be "taken in."
In the season hunger, darkness, heat, and noise, are bought and sold;
In the season mud is water, air is dust, and both are gold.
Then *her* cheek was paler, thinner, than should be for one so young;
But she'd been at Saratoga, dancing since the heat begun.
In the Ocean Hall I saw her (Boosey introduced us two),
And I stammered, "May I have—the—honour of a dance with you?"

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Standing where twelve brilliant burners had concentred all their rays,
In a robe of *truffled* satin, *garnie à la Mayonaise*,
Choux-fleurs that Martelle had furnished crowned her brow and decked her hair,
And her *corsage* (made by Steadman) had been dressed *à la Madère*.
Boosey told me that her father (Mint, of Lamb, Mint, Sauce, and Co.)
Had eight hundred thousand dollars—might have more, he didn't know.
Love took up the glass of hope, and turned it in his eager hands,
Every vision lightly shaken ran itself in golden sands;
Love took up that book of music, where bank-notes alone are penned,
And *crescendo* marks each movement, till a crash winds up the end.
"Speculation" it was lettered, but the careless world don't see,
How the "S" has been so blotted, that the word begins with "P."
Every morning at the alley, where the ten-pins rattle down,
Did I meet her all that fortnight in an omelette-coloured gown,—
Every noon upon the beaches led her in a tunic red,
'Neath the heads of hackmen's horses, dripping from a "watery bed;"
Every afternoon I met her, round by Bateman's dusty reach,
Or in Pennifeather's coaches, creeping o'er the Second Beach;
Every evening in the ball-room whirled we spinning through the throng,
Till the New York steamer's whistle ended off the *cotillon*.
Oh! thou heartless Ann Eliza! Ann Eliza dear no more!
Oh! you dreary, dreary beaches!—oh! you cold deserted shore!
Blacker than my pen can etch thee—falser than the notes you sung,
Wherefore cut me dead last Monday, smiling as you passed along?
Was it right of you to cut me? Having known me—was it fair
Thus to pass your old acquaintance with that cursed conceited air?
Weakness to be wroth with weakness! Woman's pleasure is man's pain.
Nature cut them out for cutting—wherefore should a fool complain?
Belle! A ball-room flirt is justly named a *bell* with empty head,
And a tongue that jangles duly when folks marry or are dead.
Oh! to burst from belles and flirting! Will she mind it should she find
I am married to another? Will she wish she'd changed her mind?
I will seek some girl more handsome: there are plenty about town.
I will take some poorer woman, with a hundred thousand down.
I will take her out to Paris, give her gowns and jewels rare,
Till the envious Ann Eliza tears her *bandeaux* in despair.
Shall I seek Professor Lawton? Shall he teach me "hearts to win"
Through the columns of the *Herald* putting advertisements in?
What rash thing I'll do I know not, but farewell, thou Ocean Hall!
Not for me your band may jingle—not for me your fancy ball.
There's another fog that's creeping from the marsh behind the bay,
And the fog-bell in the harbour warns the steamer on her way.
Let it fall on Ocean Hall—on Ocean Hall or fast or slow—
Hark! I hear the steam-boat's whistle—loud they call me, and I go.

We promised at the beginning of this gossip to give some account of the domestic life of a small family; but, to employ a phrase common among the newspaper editors of America, all that we had to say upon that subject has been "crowded out by fashionable matter." If we are permitted to have another chat with the English reader, we will endeavour to keep the current of our talk more nearly in its channel. We will tell him certain stories about "help," American and Irish, a subject that forms a most important feature in the female conversation of the community. Home-life in America is seen to perfection in our Newport, after the season, where society is more varied in its elements than in the larger cities, and where no great overshadowing local influence prevents the growth of individual opinion, as is always the case in more exclusive towns.

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A WINTER IN KERTCH.

I MUST, in the first place, apologise to my readers for having delayed so long in the fulfilment of my promise contained in the last paragraph of a paper called "A Week in Constantinople;" the only excuse I can offer is, that the blame does not rest with me, but absolutely with the clerk of the weather, whoever that much abused and long-suffering individual may be. Nine times have I already taken up my pen to jot down my experiences of a winter in the Crimea, nine times has a numbing stiffness in my fingers compelled me to drop it again, and seek a welcome refuge by the side of my stove. No doubt many persons will imitate the example of Professor Koch, and write learned treatises on the climate of the Crimea, but as far as myself and winter are concerned, I can aptly describe it in one short sentence: "When it don't rain it freezes, when it don't freeze it rains." However, as we have now had two consecutive days of sunshine, and this 13th of April appears the turning-point of the year, I will venture to take up my narrative again, and proceed to describe in a rambling and desultory fashion our Winter in Kertch.

On the 10th of December I was landed at Fort Paul in charge of our department, being responsible for their safe-conduct as far as Kertch. The change was anything but agreeable; it was nearly six, on a dark winter's night, ere we were all landed, and standing up to our knees in the loose washy mud, which represents the beach at Fort Paul. Add to this, that several portmanteaux were dropped through the holes in the rickety wharf, occasioning a considerable amount of bad language from their owners, and it may be easily conceived that our situation was not the most pleasant in the world. But this was only the beginning of misfortunes: officers, men, and servants were huddled into one huge hut, and left there for the night, without food, water, or light. The last we were enabled to rectify by means of Clarke's candle-lamp—an invaluable companion on a campaign; but the other two appeared insurmountable difficulties. At last, one of our officers took heart, and set out in search of water. He returned in about an hour, one mass of mud from head to foot, but bearing triumphantly a gutta-percha bottle, holding about a gallon of the precious fluid. Eagerly did we produce our panikins, but alas! woeful was our disappointment. The water was half-warm and inexpressibly mawkish, and we found, on strict cross-examination, that it had been obtained from a condensing machine erected on the beach by her Majesty's steam-ship *Niger*. Supperless and quarrelsome we proceeded to rig up our camp-beds, and after many mistakes succeeded in rendering them sufficiently strong to lie down upon, and we gradually dropped off to sleep, with the pleasing consciousness that we should wake up in the morning with an astounding rheumatism; and such was the case. Thus was spent our first night in the Crimea: the details may appear puerile, but still I fancy them valuable, as proving that a campaigning life is not all rosy-coloured; for my own part, I can only say that I entertained some very mutinous ideas, and would have gladly resigned all prospective glory to be once more seated with our hospitable editor, doing justice to the excellent fare of the National Club. However, it was too late to

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repine, and I was compelled, *nolens volens*, to accept the situation. My bed, I found, was not so downy as to induce me to oversleep myself, and by six the next morning I had all the luggage packed, and off we started for Kertch, which we reached by ten, after wading five miles through the stiffest and most uncompromising clay I ever saw in my life.

The first view of Kertch is certainly very fine: there is a species of stern dignity in the rugged, treeless hills, at the foot of which the town stretches out in an amphitheatrical form, and a pleasant contrast is occasioned by the white houses, with their cheery green and red roofs. On a nearer approach, this feeling gave way to one of profound pity—the reader must pardon me, but it was my first introduction to the amenities of war. In the palmy days of Kertch, the Fort Paul road was bounded on one side for nearly a mile by magnificent storehouses and factories. All these were now utterly and hopelessly ruined. Huge fissures in the walls showed the ruthless passage of a shell, while the absence of doors, windows, and every particle of wood revealed that even a more cruel foe had been at work, in the shape of the barbarous Turk. In truth, no words would be sufficiently strong to portray the desolation which reigned in Kertch on my first arrival. Everywhere might be traced the handiwork of an infidel and sanguinary band, who thought they were doing Allah good service by despoiling the Giaour; and blind to their own comfort, or that of their allies (Heaven save the mark!), their track was marked by wanton destruction, relentless ruffianism, and studied debauchery. Let it not be supposed that I am exaggerating. I could an' I would tell tales which would freeze my reader's very marrow, of the truth of which I cannot entertain a doubt, but they are not suited for a magazine, the object of which is to amuse, and not disgust. The worst of it was that the French thought themselves in honour bound to follow in the footsteps of the Turks; and though not committing the same excesses, they entertained very indistinct notions of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*. Hence it was not surprising that the more respectable portion of the population should seek shelter in the interior, and leave their lares and penates to the tender mercies of Tartars and self-emancipated serfs, who sedulously completed the work of destruction by stealing and secreting everything which had by chance escaped the polite attention of the Turks.

On arriving at Kertch, I soon found the quarters allotted to the officers and men, and after a hard day's work retired to my own, which were excessively comfortable, and, strange to say, had nearly half the windows entire. By the sacrifice of a few copies of the *Times*, I succeeded in keeping at bay the wind, which was whistling more than sharply through the streets. After making myself as comfortable as I could, I proceeded to look for dinner, and found a good Samaritan in the shape of a restaurateur, who served you up what he called a dinner, *moyennant*, for the sum of fifteen francs. With this the first day of my campaigning ended, and I need not further allude to myself, except in so far as my narrative compels me to speak in the first person singular.

Kertch, when belonging to the Russians, must have been a singularly clean and pleasant town. It possesses excellent fountains, and had abundance of sewerage, until the French took it into their wise heads to break it up, in pursuit of hidden treasure. The town itself is built in a quar-

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dangular form, and the houses are generally large and stately. The streets are wide and airy—rather too much so in winter, but then it must be remembered that it is essentially a watering-place, and only fashionable in the summer months. This fact is proved by the large suites of rooms, innocent of stoves, to be found on the shady side of the Woronzoff-street, which formerly served for the dwellings of the Russian nobility, and afterwards, by sad mutation, for regiments of Turks. At one extremity of the High-street is the market-place, a circle surrounded by shops, and on one side a magnificent flight of steps led to the museum. The entrance-gate was guarded by a couple of griffins, and the same device may still be seen in a mutilated form on the barrier gate of the Arabat-road at the other extremity of the town. These steps are now, of course, nearly destroyed, but the Turks are not entirely to blame for this. The soft stone of which they are built is remarkably friable, and requires constant looking after, for the rain and frost cause it to give way almost at a touch. Still I would not have it supposed that the Turks had no share in the destruction, for I saw them myself one afternoon diligently engaged in upsetting one of the griffins, and bursting into uncontrollable shouts of delight when it fell down and smashed to pieces on the pavement. I need not say that, on our arrival, the museum contained not the slightest article possessing any intrinsic value: French artistic amateurs and Turkish iconoclasts had removed everything scarce, and only the *disjecta membra* of some pre-Roman or Genoese torsos showed that antiquities had once possessed at this spot a local habitation and a name.

On the extreme summit of the hill towering over Kertch, and on the spot called Mithridates's Chair, from a popular rumour that the great "palmer" of the ancients here reviewed his fleets, is to be found a small temple, sacred to the memory of some Russian swell who deserved well of his country, and inscribed his name on the hearts of his loving compatriots in the usual Russian fashion, namely, by bullying the weaker vessels, and letting off the larger ones untouched. However this may be, his monument has been gutted, and the Turks have expressed their detestation of the Moscow Giaour in their usual practical fashion. These, I believe, are the only curiosities the town used to possess; there are, of course, the usual Greek churches, filled with greasy pictures and still greasier papas, but these are elements to be found in any Russian town. And if I allude to the peculiar frowsy smell pervading the houses of the townspeople, it is only as a proof that the Russians remain true to themselves even in this *ultima thule* of their gigantic empire.

But now to allude to matters more nearly affecting the fortunes of the Turkish Contingent. We had hardly become comfortably settled in our quarters, when the alarm spread that our scanty cavalry had received a severe blow and heavy discouragement at the hands of the Cossacks. Unfortunately we could not prove that the jade Rumour lied on this occasion, for the news was confirmed that Captain Sherwood and forty-six men had been killed by an overwhelming body of the enemy. They had advanced too far up the country—for what reason deponent sayeth not, although some Benjamin Backbiter stated they were foraging for Christmas turkeys; but whatever the cause, they suddenly found themselves surrounded, and had no other alternative than to cut their

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way back. Poor Sherwood was killed at the first charge, but Captain M'Donald, the second in command, succeeded in forcing his way through, with the loss above detailed. How many Cossacks were sent to their last account it is impossible to say; but this much is certain, that had it not been for the strange fatuity which had hitherto attended every movement of the Contingent, and which very naturally accounts for the cavalry going into action without having their swords sharpened, the enemy's loss would have been severe. This affair cast a gloom over our Christmas festivities; and, worse than all, the presence of the Cossacks in our immediate neighbourhood put us all on the *qui vive*, and threw upon us a great additional amount of most unpleasant duty in fortifying the town.

We had just retired to bed at a rather early hour of New Year's-day, after seeing the old year out, not forgetting to drink the health of sweethearts and wives in merry England, when a breathless messenger arrived, stating that the walls—then only half completed—would be manned at half-past three o'clock, and preparations made to take up the siege guns without delay. This was not the most pleasant information in the world, but necessity knows no law, and we all had too great a regard for our carcases to neglect a warning so pregnant of meaning. At the time appointed we therefore set to work, and by twelve o'clock the next forenoon we had the satisfaction of knowing that the enemy, if he came, would meet with a warm reception. But, although he did not come, we neglected no precaution, I am proud to say; trenches were dug all around the town; walls were built, by the simple process of pulling down houses; every accessible point was defended by a gun, and we began to breathe freely again, and refresh our exhausted frames with ration rum. But the danger was not yet averted, the Ides of January were not yet passed, and on the 6th of that genial month was fought the tremendous engagement which will be known to our children's children under the name of the battle of the Moscov Yok.

Imagine the sensation which would be produced in a quiet country village, were a breathless messenger to enter the church on a Sunday morning just as service was commencing, and announce with face as pallid as that which drew Priam's curtains at the dead of night, that a rampant tiger had escaped from Wombwell's menagerie, and was quietly regaling on the parish bull just in front of the parson's bay-window. Such a feeling, I can assure you, I entertained when I saw a booted and spurred hussar enter *our* church at Kertch (generally supposed to have been the dancing-room of a boarding-school in the palmy days of the town), and whisper mysteriously to his commanding officer. How much was the feeling aggravated when the said commanding officer quitted the room, and the clergyman announced there would be no service that morning! On reaching the street rumours fell thick and fast, like leaves on Vallombrosa, but the favourite one was that Fort Paul and Yenikaleh were already taken, and that the Russ was within half a mile of Kertch. Endless were the gallopings of aide-de-camps about the streets; fearful was the discord of the fifes and drums among the Turks; direful was the commotion among the European officers; great was the glee of the Russian inhabitants at the thought that the Czar would have his own again. Unluckily, fears, hopes, agitation, and forebodings were destined

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to be equally infructuous; no Russians made their appearance, and after four hours of anxious anticipation the troops marched down the hill again, to enjoy their pillaff, and boast of the mighty deeds they would have done if the Russians had only dared to attack the conquerors of the world. For my part, I can only say I am deucedly glad they did not.

Thus things went on through the month of January. Our leaders very wisely kept the troops on the *qui vive* and ready to turn out at a moment's notice; and if it did nothing else, it gave them a healthy occupation, and opportunity to become acquainted with their European officers. The only apprehension I entertained was that the cry of "wolf" might be raised too often, but I am happy to say I was agreeably disappointed; at any hour of the day or night the Turks were prepared for a scrimmage, and I dare say if the Russians had come they would have fought bravely behind the stone walls which they had so admirably constructed. From all I have seen I should say that the Turks ought to make the finest masons in the world; their talent in building walls of surprising height and thickness is truly wonderful; and even if the said walls were only suited for an army of Brobdignaggians to fire over, still the Lilliputian Turks had the advantage of being out of harm's way, and that feeling has a wonderful effect in arousing the pluck of even the most timid, whether Christian, Mohammedan, or Bhuddist.

All this time, however, the Turks were getting into a very efficient state of discipline; at first, they had been difficult to manage, owing to their prejudices running counter to their interests, but at last the latter gained the day, and the victory was won—a harder matter, by the way, than the capture of the Malakhoff. Their native officers, annoyed at the subordinate position into which they were thrust, thwarted the European officers in every possible way. Add to this the prevalent ignorance of the language, and the foolish bullying of some European officers, who treated the Turks like a conquered nation, and there is very little doubt that we only owe our present existence to the marvellous foresight and cool calculation of our much-beloved commander, General Vivian. But to elucidate this matter I ought to give a short account of the formation of the Contingent.

When it first entered the wise head of Lord Stratford—a man who, whatever his faults of temper may be, has the most perfect appreciation of the Turkish character—that the Turkish army contained the elements of success, although thwarted by the incompetency of the pashas and native officers, he proposed that the Ottoman troops should be taken into English pay at the same rate as the Turkish, but with the advantage that they should be well clothed, well fed, regularly paid, and be officered by Europeans. The Sultan acquiesced, and with his peculiar Oriental slave notions, handed over various regiments, principally *mauvais sujets*, who were encamped at Biyuk Dereh, as the nucleus of the Contingent. Most of these men were Redifs, or militia-men, who had already served their time, and it is not surprising that the idea of being robbed of their liberty and being commanded by infidels induced them to desert. And this was the great mistake in the formation of the Contingent. Had they been removed immediately to some spot where they could not have deserted, much difficulty would have been avoided. However, they were at length taken to Kertch, and then the process of reducing them to a degree of

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discipline was heartily commenced. And at this critical stage the conduct and consummate tact of General Vivian cannot be sufficiently praised. His life and those of the few Europeans attached to the force were at the mercy of a number of as unmitigated ruffians as were ever yet congregated together. It was impossible to say at what moment they might rebel and run amuck, thinking it no doubt a most meritorious action to extirpate as many of the infidels as they could. But General Vivian bided his time, and was well supported by his officers. Conciliation was his policy, and he succeeded, I believe, beyond his most daring anticipations. Within three months he converted a riotous body of Albanians, Arnaouts, and Pallikars into a highly disciplined force, and this was effected without the slightest disturbance. The Turk, however bigoted, began to find out that, although three-and-fourpence per month was very small pay, still it was paid him regularly, without any portion adhering to the fingers of the pasha, and the clothes he received were far superior to anything he had ever seen in his beloved Stamboul. Add to that, the European officers treated him as a fellow-creature: he had not to crawl before them and kotoo as if to a superior being; he had a right of appeal against injustice, and he gradually awoke to a perception that he was a MAN, enjoying the blessings and privileges of nature, and no longer the slave to accident and caprice. Here, then, was one great point gained, and at the same time the power of the native officers was sapped. They could no longer tyrannise over and plunder the troops with impunity, and although their hatred of the English was redoubled, still this was more than compensated by the interest and affection the lower ranks began to feel in us.

The difficulties the European officers had to contend with were not slight; their ignorance of the language, and being compelled to trust to dragomans, generally in league with the Turkish officers, were a great stumbling-block, but they managed to climb over it, owing to the peculiar position they held. This I had better attempt to explain as concisely as possible.

By the constitution originally given to the Turkish Contingent, each regiment consisted of eight companies, commanded by the usual Turkish officers, but their actions being controlled by three European officers—the first in command, the second in command, and the adjutant. By this process the Bin-bashi, or Turkish commandant, was degraded to the fourth place instead of the first, and, indeed, became to all intents and purposes a nonentity, except as regarded the internal administration of the regiment, for he was converted into a species of intermediator between the European officers and the troops. This naturally enough galled the haughty Osmanli; but this was not the worst: in process of time supernumerary captains were attached to the regiments, all of them claiming and obtaining rank above the Turkish officers. In point of fact, the Bin-bashi was converted into what in the Indian army is designated a Subhadar Major. The Turkish officers, as a natural consequence, detested us, and would gladly have induced a mutiny, I am inclined to believe; but they set to work too late. By the time they began to see the anomalous position they were called on to assume, the European officers, with few exceptions, had conciliated the Turks, who were willing to fol-

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low whenever they led. Had the Contingent, however, been a permanent institution, it was currently believed that the Turkish officers would have been gradually weeded, and others raised from the ranks to occupy their places. Had this been done, I have no hesitation in declaring that few nations would have had a finer body of men at their command than the Turkish Contingent.

But the moral effect produced by the presence of European officers was even more surprising than the physical. On first joining the Contingent, I heard of numerous murders and robberies recently committed; graves were desecrated, and women assassinated, after being exposed to the most shocking indignities. But, after a short space, all this ceased as if by magic. General Vivian, by an excellent system of firmness blended with kindness, showed the troops that he was determined to punish the guilty, and reward the good. In fact, it cannot be denied that the Turk, regarded as a soldier, is the very best raw material that can be procured. It would be difficult to find in any army soldiers so modest in their requirements as the Turkish, or any satisfied with so little, or, indeed, with nothing at all. With a lump of bread, some sugar, and cheese, in his pocket, this soldier will endure the greatest fatigue; he will follow without a murmur wherever his leader may take him, and when utterly exhausted he recruits his strength by singing one of the patriotic songs, which generally throw the Turks into a state of ecstatic delight.

It is curious to watch, as I have done, the utter contempt of death with which the Turkish soldier marches to meet the foe; he knows that his destiny has been fixed since the day of his birth; he knows that he *must* die whenever his time comes, and that a whole park of artillery would miss him, if his destiny so decrees it; finally, he knows that, if he fall in battle, he will go straightway to Paradise,—and won't he be better off there than in this world of cares? The same feeling, indeed, predominates with the Turks whenever the approach of death is felt. I have seen them dying here in the hospitals, and the calmness of their demeanour would shame many a Christian: let them once be persuaded that they are booked for another world, and the surgeon may lock up his medicaments again—no persuasion will induce the Turk to attempt to frustrate the designs of Providence.

Although the pay of the privates only amounts to twenty piastres a month, still the soldiers are so saving, and their wants so small, that it is amply sufficient for them. Many of them with whom I have spoken appear to prefer the old Turkish system of irregular payments to ours. In the first place, the Sultan's treasury served them as a species of savings bank, and relieved him of the necessity of carrying about his little capital in his waist-scarf. There is another light, too, in which the soldier regards the matter: if he happens to fall in battle, and does not happen to carry his money about with him, he is sure that it will not fall into the hands of the enemy after his death; and as the common Turk is generally very craving, or at least highly economical, he naturally prefers making a will in favour of his padishah than of the dogs of Moscov. I have met Redifs belonging to the Contingent who have shown me savings to the amount of five or six hundred piastres, and regarded with inexpressible delight the beshliks, or bank-notes, which they

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carried in front of them. If we calculate that a soldier spends about a piastre a month on himself—and few do more,—after five years' service he can have saved at least five hundred piastres, or, according to Turkish notions, is a well-to-do man, with taking into calculation the little backshish which he manages to draw out of the English officers. One of their principal amusements during the winter, when the exchange was up at 147, was to stop us in the street with a "Sovran, Johnny," displaying at the same time twenty shillings in silver, which they were prepared to exchange. We frequently humoured them, and no doubt they made a very profitable thing by it. In addition to his pay, the soldier receives an excellent ration of meat, bread, rice, and vegetables, and, in truth, has not the slightest cause for complaint.

When the Turks were first handed over to us by the padishah, nothing could have furnished a more striking proof of the state of his exchequer than their deplorable appearance. Even his crack regiments, that had fought so bravely at Silistria, were in rags, and armed with old flint muskets. But English money soon made an alteration in this: any quantity of new clothes have been issued; and had the war lasted, the whole of the Contingent would have been armed by this time with Minié rifles, obtained from Balaklava, when the new Enfield Pritchett rifle was issued to the English army. And I must say that the Turkish soldiers deserve good weapons: as a body they are the finest marksmen I ever saw, as their targets will abundantly testify, and their care of their muskets is beyond all praise. The sentries, when on duty, spend the greater portion of their time in polishing up their barrels with a piece of oiled rag, and rust is quite unknown among them. Their great fault, however, is their unmilitary appearance, produced in the following way: no Turk was ever yet known to throw away a rag as long as it held together, and, consequently, when new clothes were issued, the Turks put them on over the old ones, which did not produce the most soldier-like effect in the world. Great were the exertions on the part of the English officers to rectify this, but I am afraid Turkish prejudices for dirt are irradicable. In truth, there never was a greater fallacy propagated than the one touching the cleanliness of the Turks. They may use plenty of water in summer, but I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing them at that season; during the winter I can only say they were fearfully suffering from hydrophobia. In fact, when we take into consideration that a Turk wears his shirt till it falls off his back, there can be little doubt as to the state in which he must be during the hot weather; and so, I dare say, from a motive of self-defence, he indulges in copious ablutions.

The Contingent affords any person of a speculative turn of mind ample opportunities to realise the alterations made by Sultan Mahmud in the organisation of his army. The reform dates from the fall of the Janissaries: uniform, arms, and manœuvres (partly) were borrowed from the Europeans, and the government is still striving to perfect the process of transition; but the war allowed no leisure time to follow it up; and the hatred of the Giaour, summoned up and fostered by the Moscov, placed the Turkish soldier in a state of unpleasant opposition to his external appearance. The general spirit among the Nizam is, in one word,

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bravery and blind obedience,—when not on duty a somewhat exaggerated cordiality between the privates and non-commissioned officers: the reason is, because the latter are very little above the others in education. Officers and privates sit in the same coffee-house, and if a mulazim happens to come in late, and cannot find a seat on the carpets, he may place himself very contentedly on the bare ground, for he is quite certain none of the men will move for him. And now for a word or two about the officers.

The education of the real Turkish officer may be regarded as an unknown quantity; the few to be met with displaying any intelligence, have been instructed in London, Paris, or Vienna, and these are certainly very polished and amiable men. Their scale of pay, especially among the non-commissioned officers, is very low: in the infantry a corporal has 30 piastres, a sergeant 50 piastres per month. A lieutenant gets his 180 piastres, clothes and rations; a captain 270 piastres and two rations. From this point a strange discrepancy commences, for a colonel receives 1800 piastres and 16 rations for man and horse, while the field-marshal receives 75,000 piastres per month, and rations worth at least 50,000 more. The principle of giving pecuniary compensation for surplus rations has been maintained in the Turkish Contingent, and hence arises the anomaly that the Bin-bashi is actually better paid than the English adjutant of the regiment.

One of the principal causes which has gained us the good-will of the Turkish soldiers, is the wonderful attention paid them by the English medical men. Any one at all acquainted with the utter ignorance of the Turkish Hakim-bashis, can easily imagine the delightful change the Turks must experience in being attended by highly-educated men. And, indeed, the medical officers have effected wonders: they have overcome prejudices which appeared, at first starting, insurmountable; and though they had been severely tried by a very dangerous outbreak of scurvy, they were enabled (greatly assisted by the judicious arrangements of the purveyor to the forces) to check it, without any great loss of life.

Dr. M'Pherson, the inspector-general of hospitals, has been indefatigable in bringing everything into good working order, and I am sure he feels amply satisfied with the result. Nor have the Europeans of the force been neglected: they had a fine hospital detached for their own use, and Staff-Surgeon Irvine and Dr. Bogle have contrived to keep it remarkably free of patients. In fact, the healthy condition of the Turkish Contingent has been a matter of general remark at English head-quarters, and the correspondent of the *Times* spoke in high terms of commendation of the labours of our medical staff.

The amount of the Contingent at present quartered in Kertch, Yenikaleh, and Fort Paul, is about 16,000 men, composing 16 regiments of infantry, 6 batteries of artillery, and 1 battery of horse artillery. The latter is confessedly the crack arm of the Turkish army, and the men we possess do not belie their reputation. They perform their manœuvres most creditably, and I believe would fight bravely if an occasion presented itself. Indeed, there is no fault to find with the Turks as far as readiness to fight is concerned; and taking into consideration that they have been in front of the enemy the whole of the winter, in daily ex-

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pectation of an attack, the general officer restricting the issue of Crimean medals to those persons who were present before the 9th of September appears to act with peculiar harshness towards them. I trust, though, that some gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind will yet bring this matter before the "House."

But, after all, Kertch was an abominably dull place during the winter months: one got tired after a while of inventing shaves, and when that occupation was gone there was nothing to be done. Salt pork, too, palled upon the senses, and fresh meat was not to be had, owing to the terror felt by the Tartars of the Russians. Hence the consumption of preserved meats was prodigious: still more prodigious that of brandy-and-water and Cavendish tobacco. From sheer want of something to do a man would invite his friends to a smoke, and the result would be a severe headache in the morning. One enterprising individual imported some soda water, for which he only charged 4s. 6d. a bottle; but that was soon disposed of, by the bottles bursting from the cold, leaving him a considerable loser by the transaction. But, by Heavens! the cold was intense; a piercing easterly wind would blow for weeks in succession, and the bay would be completely frozen over, so that it would have been an easy matter to walk across right to Taman. That, however, afforded some relief to our *ennui*, for at any rate we could go on board some ship for a change, instead of brooding round the stove. Books were at a premium, and newspapers priceless, for at times no mail would arrive for a month, owing to the ice, and we could procure no information, except the lies the Tartars chose to tell us. About the middle of March some enterprising individuals got up races, which would have been all the pleasanter had the weather been warmer; however, they lasted three days, and afforded a topic of conversation for nine, so they were of some service in their way. The only other amusement I can specify during war-time was a ride to Yeni-kaleh, or Fort Paul, at the latter of which places a very good idea of camp-life could be obtained, as the troops were all hutted, and exercised many ingenious dodges in keeping out the cold. One of the best I saw was a wall of empty bottles, about nine feet in height, all of which the owner of the hut prided himself on having been emptied in his abode. The French quarters are interesting, from the fact of their having exercised their ingenuity in laying out gardens and terraces. I don't believe, for my part, that anything would grow on so barren a rock; but still the idea was good.

Yeni-kaleh is a very peculiar little town of very dirty houses, built under an old Genoese fort. The streets are remarkable for being quite impassable during the winter months; being very steep, they are either too slippery for locomotion from the frost, or you stick up to your knees in mud, owing to a thaw: there appears to be no other alternative. I should say, of the three posts of the Contingent, it aspired to the superlative degree of dulness. One peculiar fact I may mention is, that there was not a single female in the town. Such an abyss of desolation, to use the words of the poet, may be imagined, but cannot be described; but we pass it over in mournful silence. It was in Yeni-kaleh more especially that the scurvy housed, and the disease at one time attained such proportions that it was deemed advisable to remove the worst of the patients

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on board a transport, converted for the nonce into an hospital ship. Owing to the use of large quantities of rice, to which the Turks are especially addicted, the disease broke out without any preliminary warning almost, and it was not till the soldiers had their allowance of rice stopped that any head could be made against it. Now that the fine weather has arrived, we are quite clear of any diseases of an epidemic nature, and I trust will remain so, although the Russians in the town bid us beware of the Ides of May. I should think that Kertch would be a very unhealthy place in the height of summer; there are no trees to afford any shelter, and the dazzling white houses, combined with the dust, ought, by all the laws of physic, to have a tendency to promote ophthalmia; but I trust we shall be away from here before the summer sets in with its usual intensity.

The news of the armistice, it may be supposed, produced a very agreeable change among us, and many parties were speedily formed to make fierce attacks on the hares which were said to swarm just beyond our outlying pickets. When the Contingent first came to Kertch a great number of ownerless greyhounds were picked up by the Turks, and now came into great requisition, quite at fancy prices. They are a very peculiar breed of dog, much larger and more powerful than the English greyhound, with long bristly hair. I fancy they are in some way related to the Persian dog of that breed. For once, there was truth in a report arising in Kertch: there were oceans of hares, easily captured, and the consequence was that the Contingent was soon suffering from a surfeit of hare, roasted, jugged, or baked. At the same time large flocks of bustards were found, but they were very wary, and it was very rare to bring one down. The other *feræ naturæ* of this part of the Crimea consist of wild duck, pigeons, hoopoes, and larks of fabulous proportions. The finest shot made during the armistice was by a medical man, who brought down two large eagles with one charge of No. 6. They were splendid birds, and possessed of extraordinary vitality, for though one of them had a penknife passed through his brain, he had sufficient strength an hour after to clutch me by his talons, and give me a very severe dig. Another amusement we discovered was to go out among the Tartar villages, and try to fraternise with the inhabitants, by devouring their eggs and milk. The poor fellows are in a horrible fright at the thoughts of peace, for they fully anticipate having their throats cut by the Russians. There is probably some truth in this story, for we have shipped to Stamboul the whole of the Tatar militia we embodied; and it is very possible that the Cossacks may feel an inclination to revenge themselves on their next of kin. These Tartars, though, are a wretched set; they are the biggest cowards on the face of the earth, and the fear they entertain of the Russians would be ludicrous, were it not, unfortunately, too well founded. They live in the extreme of poverty, and rarely know what the taste of meat is; the most striking proof of this is found in those who have been in our service during the winter, and are now so plump that they could not be recognised by their nearest friends. The only extravagance they appear to indulge in is dress; they wear large dressing-gowns, as it were, made of red and yellow striped silk, and evenly quilted, blue serge trousers, and kalpaks of As-

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trakan lambskin. They are very fond of riding at a break-neck pace, and how they stick on is a mystery; their saddle consisting of a hard leathern pillow, strapped on to a diabolical wooden framework, and looking like a patent method to dislocate your limbs. Their horses are not very bright specimens, being generally thin and badly groomed; in short, I was greatly disappointed with the Tartars, after all I had read of them; for I had expected to find a race of men only sullenly yielding allegiance to the Russians, while the bare truth was that they are so frightened that they dare not say their houses are their own. In person you find here and there some fine specimens, were it not for their Mongolian eyes and flat noses, while the absence of beards among the younger men gives them an appearance of effeminacy when compared with the Turkish soldiers.

The news of peace being proclaimed was a sad blow to the officers of the Contingent; for, apart from the loss of any opportunity of trying the mettle of our troops against the enemy, it is much to be apprehended that France and Russia may insist on our being disbanded. If so, many of the officers will be heavy losers; they have been to considerable expense in providing their outfit, and it is even a moot point whether we shall obtain any compensation. I have hopes, however, yet: the Turkish Contingent has cost so large a sum in formation that I do not think it would be advantageous to disband it, especially at a time when the peace of Europe is far from being ensured. The great stumbling-block in Turkey has been the inefficiency of the native officers, and now, when there is an opportunity to improve the Turkish army to a wonderful extent, I hardly think it will be let slip. At any rate, whatever be the result of the next five months' deliberation, I am sure many persons in England sincerely regret that we were not sent direct to Kars, to the relief of General Williams and his gallant troops, but I am convinced no one can regret it more earnestly than we do. Besides, it should be taken into consideration that the Turkish Contingent is actually one of the cheapest armies that ever was embodied; the pay of the soldiers is very trifling, and although the English officers are supposed to be overpaid, it must always be borne in mind that we possess no prospective advantages like those enjoyed by the officers of the line. But a truce to politics.

April 17th.—We have just been honoured by a visit from a Russian general, who came in to look after his property—poor, misguided individual! he literally did not find two stones standing on each other on the ancient site of his domicile, but was shown them converted into the town wall of defence. The look of consternation with which he regarded the destruction is said to have been very great. What the Russians will do with the town when it is evacuated by the Allies is difficult to say, but I should advise, if they have any regard to their own interests, that they should desert it altogether, or else the stenches produced by the Turks will raise them up a foe in the shape of fever, more deadly than were the bayonets of the Allies at Inkerman. I think I may say, without exaggeration, that there are not six houses in the town habitable by ladies: windows and doors were removed at an early date by the French Chasseurs, who evinced a wonderful aptitude in appropriating everything that was not too hot or too heavy, and even the few sticks of furniture that had been

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saved were in most instances converted into firewood. Of course, when all the mischief possible had been done, stringent orders were issued to put a stop to the "looting;" and when our fellows left off, as in duty bound, the ruffianly Greeks and Maltese set to work on their own account. How well they succeeded may be seen from the fact, that during the whole of the winter pictures have been for sale, evidently taken from the Russian houses. Intrinsically they are of no great value,—the best I have seen was sold for forty-two guineas, being richly encased in silver-gilt, but they are interesting in consequence of their religious (?) character. A saint averages in the market about five shillings; a Bogoroditza about seven-and-six; while any allegorical picture, with a quantity of figures, will fetch from fifteen to twenty shillings. They are all of a very medieval character, and would gladden the hearts of the pre-Raphaelite brethren, such impossible postures being only known to Byzantine artists. But these Greeks have found other occupations besides picture-dealing; they have recently taken to midnight assassination, and in one week murdered three unhappy wretches. All attempts to discover them have been in vain, and our only remedy is an increased amount of patrolling.

Since the proclamation of peace it is marvellous to notice the number of persons who have made their appearance in the streets. It is currently supposed they have been concealed in cellars during the winter, wisely objecting to expose themselves, after past experiences, to the tender mercies of the Turks. Shops, too, are being gradually opened, and, what is more, are well stocked, though where the articles come from is unknown. But the character of the Russians appears to be concealment. By the word "shop," must not be supposed anything like what we see in civilised countries; they are generally gloomy holes, particularly dirty, and guarded by a female Cerberus, with her head bound in a white napkin, and herself muffled up in a long black cloak, which appears an heirloom, handed down through many generations. In fact, the only way to describe a Russian logically is as a cloak-wearing being, for they never leave off those garments winter or summer, and are popularly supposed to sleep in them. But the horrible smell in their houses is past bearing; they are filthy in their habits, and do not possess even the commonest articles of civilisation; and this rule is equally true both of great and small. In fact, there is not a pin to choose between Turk and Russian in the matter of dirt, except that when it is a wonderfully fine day the Turk may be seen washing his one shirt; but this I have never witnessed among the Russians.

The Turks, as may be imagined, are in high glee at peace, and the prospect of returning to their beloved Stamboul. Their notions of the future of their country are, to say the least of them, curious. Yesterday I was talking with a Bin-bashi, and he kindly volunteered to tell me the arrangements the padishah had made. He stated that the Turks and English were going to combine to kick the French (whom he remarked parenthetically were "chok fenai") out of Stamboul: that, after that, the Turkish army was going to Inghilterra, and the English troops remain in Turkey, and that peace and fraternisation would last between the two nations for ever. How it is the French have rendered themselves so odious to the Turks, I cannot say: but we have derived one advantage from the last war—if advantage it can be called—in making the Turks, as

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a body, love us, or our money. The same Bin-bashi told me another curious tale as current among his countrymen; namely, that in London there was a cave of fabulous proportions, brimming full of "liras," and guarded by an old woman of vinegar aspect; and that whenever our sultan wanted a few millions, he applied to the old lady, who accommodated him to any amount. I fancy I have read that this story was also heard in China; if so, it is curious to trace the tradition. It is utterly impossible, by the way, to convey to the Turks any idea of our being governed by a sovereign lady; if you try to explain it, they evidently mix her up with the aforesaid old woman.

I am afraid my readers will find this article very rambling and desultory, but it has one merit, that of being a faithful transcript of my experiences during a winter at Kertch. I have omitted much which is not of general interest, but I can say that, on the whole, I have been very comfortable in the enemy's country. Of course, there was a good deal of grumbling at first, but it is surprising how soon one gets accustomed to minor privations. Thus I am perfectly contented to eat hare, although gooseberry-jam has to be substituted for currant-jelly; nor do I turn up my nose because I am forced to satisfy myself with a caper-sauce as a succedaneum for lobster with my turbot.

But I should be most ungrateful were I to close my paper without referring to Commissary-General Adams and his staff, and thanking them for the exertions they made on our behalf. Not one single day have we been on short rations, and this was an astonishing feat, when it is borne in mind that for more than three months, off and on, there was no communication seawards, owing to the bay being frozen over. We have confessedly been better fed than the army at Balaklava even at the best period, and we have experienced none of those privations which are generally expected on the organisation of a new force. So far, indeed, were precautions taken, that salt pork was never once served out to the Turks, and when we take into consideration that 16,000 or 17,000 men had to be rationed daily, it showed a wonderful amount of provision on the part of General Adams that all his arrangements were so well carried out.

Nor have we been overtroubled with red-tape, that usual curse of armies: it is true that a few instances have happened, but the dispensers of tape were so heartily laughed at, that they were only too glad to fall into the customs of the rest. An excellent *esprit de corps* has been maintained, and I may safely say that the Turkish Contingent, both under General Vivian and his successor, General Mitchell, has been rendered a most efficient force. Whether it will yet have an opportunity to display that efficiency, rests with folk at home; I can only wish that a commission might be sent out to inspect us, and I should not have the slightest apprehension about our permanent establishment.

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THE PHYSICIAN'S HOME.

I.

The cold winter, long and sharp that year, had given place to spring; but the mornings and evenings were dreary, and the east wind, which prevailed, penetrated to the very warmest house in Wexborough—a fashionable town for invalids, noted all over England for its salubrity. That east wind had struck inflammation to the chest of a lovely child, and was quickly carrying it away. It lay on its mother's knee before the fire. She, the mother, was young and very pretty, but delicate and careworn. Her whole heart was wound up in this child, and she would not believe but what it was recovering.

"Don't you think it looks a little better than it did this morning?" she anxiously asked, raising her eyes to her husband, who had come in, and was standing near.

He made an evasive reply, for he was a physician, and he knew that the child was dying. At that moment there was a knock at the front door, and they heard the maid show the visitor into the consulting-room. Their only servant, for they were very poor, the physician trying to struggle into practice.

"It's Mr. Fairfax, sir," she said, entering the room.

Now Mr. Fairfax was Dr. Elliot's landlord, and the physician, for certain reasons, would rather have had a visit from any man, living or dead, than from him. He broke out into an impatient word, and demanded sharply of the girl why she admitted *him*. She was beginning an explanation, but he would not stop to hear it.

"Well, doctor," began Mr. Fairfax, who owned no end of property in Wexborough, "I am not come upon my usual visit, and that I told your girl, for I saw she was preparing the old answer. You know that house of mine in the Crescent, which was to be let furnished?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is let, and the people have arrived to-day. A lady and gentleman and several servants—plenty of money there seems to be, there. The gentleman is in bad health, and they asked me to recommend them a physician. So I mentioned you."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Dr. Elliot, with animation.

"Yes, but, doctor, we don't do nothing for nothing, in this world. I shall expect part of the fees you'll get to be handed to me—for back rent. Without my recommendation you would never have got in there, for I need not remind you that there are physicians in Wexborough older established and more popular than you. Is it a bargain?"

"It is," answered Dr. Elliot. "Honour bright."

"Then put on your hat, and go up at once. They want to see you to-night. Number nine."

Dr. Elliot soon reached the Crescent. His patient was seated in a room alone. One leg, cased in flannel, was raised on a foot-rest. Glasses and dessert were on the table, though more from custom than for use, just now. Dr. Elliot's card had preceded him, and the servant placed a chair.

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"They have brought me here for change of air," he said to Dr. Elliot, after speaking of his illness, "but I have little faith, myself, in any change being beneficial. Such a complication of disorders! And now this attack of gout, worse than any I have ever had. I am a young man for gout, doctor; but it is hereditary in our family."

When Dr. Elliot was writing the prescription, it occurred to him that Mr. Fairfax had not mentioned the name, so he asked it now. Turnberry, he thought was the reply, but his patient was taken with a fit of coughing at the moment. He wrote it "—— Turnberry, Esquire." As he was leaving the house a servant came up, and said his mistress wished to see him.

The lady stood in the drawing-room when Dr. Elliot entered, the rays of the chandelier falling on her. He was struck with amazement at her beauty. A tall, stately woman of eight-and-twenty, her eyes haughty, her complexion brilliant, her features of rare contour.

She began to speak; he began to speak; but neither finished. Both stood, awed to silence, for they had recognised each other, and to neither was the recognition palatable, at that first moment. It was Mrs. Turnbull, not Turnberry, and Dr. Elliot saw in her the elder sister of his wife, whom he had stolen away from her home and married clandestinely, when the friends on both sides, his and hers, opposed their union. *She* saw in him the handsome, harem-scarem young medical student, whom she had admired, if not loved, before she knew his heart was given to her sister. That was eight years ago, and no communication had been held between the families since. Dr. Elliot's friends had helped him, while he finished his studies and obtained his diploma. Since then he had set up at Wexborough, and had been living on, he hardly knew how, waiting for practice: his wife would have said *struggling* on.

Dr. Elliot held out his hand to Mrs. Turnbull. "May I hope that the lapse of time has softened your feelings towards me?" he said, in a low, persuasive tone—and none knew how to speak more persuasively than he. "Now that we have been brought together in this strange way, let me implore a reconciliation—for Louisa's sake."

Mrs. Turnbull, after a moment's hesitation, put her hand into his. "For Louisa's sake," she repeated. "Are you living in Wexborough? Have you a flourishing practice?"

"Not flourishing. Practice comes slowly to beginners."

"How is Louisa? Is she much altered?"

"Very much, I think. The loss of her children has had a great effect upon her."

"Ah! you have children then!" An old jealous feeling of bygone days came over Mrs. Turnbull. She had had none.

"Yes, we have been unfortunate in them all, save the eldest. I have left one at home now, in Louisa's arms, dying."

Mrs. Turnbull was shocked, and a better feeling returned to her. "I should like to see Louisa," she exclaimed. "Suppose I go now?"

"Now!" cried Dr. Elliot, in a dismayed tone, as he thought of the inward signs of poverty in his house, and its disordered appearance just then. "But we are all at sixes and sevens to-night, with this dying child."

"Oh, I can allow for that: I know what illness is. I have seen

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enough of it since I married Squire Turnbull. Wait one moment, and I will go with you."

She had possessed a will of her own as Clara Freer, and she had not parted with it as Mrs. Turnbull. She called for her bonnet and cloak, and then went into the dining-room to her husband. He looked surprised, as well he might, to see her going out, at the dusk of evening, in a strange town.

"Did you recognise him?" she said, leaning over her husband's chair.

"Recognise him!" repeated Squire Turnbull, not understanding. "He is a clever man, I think; seems to know what he is about. His name is"—running his eyes over the card on the table—"Elliot. Dr. Elliot."

"He is metamorphosed into Doctor now. He was Tom Elliot when he ran away with Louisa."

"By—jingo! it's never that Tom Elliot!" uttered the astonished squire. "Is *he* Louisa's husband? Well, it did strike me that I had seen his face before."

"He is Louisa's husband, and she is in trouble, he says. A child of theirs is dying—now—to-night—as I understand. I fancy, too, they are in poverty," she added: "which of course was only to be expected, acting as they did. But he asked me to let bygones be bygones, for Louisa's sake, and I am going to see her."

"Bygones! of course, let them be bygones," cried the warm-hearted squire, "why not? I have always blamed your father for holding out about it. It was done, and couldn't be helped; and the only remedy left was to make the best of it. A dying child! poverty! I say, Clara, don't forget that we have abundance of everything, money included. Let your hand be open, wife, if it's wanted. Poor Loo!"

She went out, leaving the squire to his reflections. They carried him back, naturally, to that old time, eight years ago. He had admired Louisa Freer then, and wished to marry her, but Mr. Tom Elliot forestalled him. He had then, after some delay, transferred his proposals to the elder sister, and they were accepted. To be mistress of Turnbull Park, and two thousand a year, was a position any lawyer's daughter might covet. Clara did, and gained it.

It was a strange meeting, the two sisters coming together, in that unexpected manner, after so many years of estrangement. Oh! the contrast between them! Mrs. Elliot pale, haggard, unhappy, her gown a faded merino, and her hair little cared for: Clara, who had thrown off her mantle, in an evening dress of black velvet, its low body and sleeves trimmed with rich white lace, and gold ornaments decorating her neck, her arms, and her luxuriant hair: more beautiful, more beautiful she was, altogether, than of yore.

There arose now, from a stool at his mother's feet, a lovely boy of seven years old, tall, healthy, and straight as a dart, fixing his large brown eyes on the stranger's face. But he was not dressed very well, and Dr. Elliot, muttering something about "William's bedtime," took him out of the room.

"What a noble boy!" involuntarily exclaimed Mrs. Turnbull, gazing

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after him; "what an intelligent countenance! He is your eldest, I presume: and this was your youngest."

Was! She unconsciously spoke of the infant in the past tense, for she had noted its ghastly face and laboured breathing. Very, very fast was its life ebbing now.

"How many children have you?" inquired Mrs. Elliot.

"None." And there was something in the tone of the short answer which told the subject was a sore one.

"You are well off," vehemently spoke Mrs. Elliot. "Better never have them, than have them only to lose. William was born soon after our marriage, in ten months, and then, for nearly three years, I had no more children. I did so wish for a girl—as did my husband. How I longed for it, I cannot tell you. The passionate appeal of Rachel I understood then—'Give me children, or else I die.' Well, a girl was born; but born to die: then another was born; but born to die: now this one, who has stayed longer with me than they, for she is fourteen months; now this one is about to die! You are well off."

"Is Dr. Elliot a good husband to you?" questioned Mrs. Turnbull.

"He is a kind husband—yes—generally speaking," was the reply of Mrs. Elliot, while a vivid blush dyed her pale cheek. "But he is fond of pleasure—not altogether what may be called a domestic husband. And now, Clara, dare I ask you of my father? Two years ago I heard that he was living, and I see you are not in mourning."

"He is well and hearty. As full of business as ever."

"Does he ever speak," hesitated Mrs. Elliot, "of forgiving me?"

"He has never mentioned you, never once. He was dreadfully incensed at the step you took. And when offended, it is so hard for him to forgive. You must remember that, Louisa."

"I wrote to him after Willy was born. And again when I lost my first little girl."

"Indeed!" cried Mrs. Turnbull. "He never told me. What was the result?"

"Both times the same. He returned the letters in a blank cover. It is not that I want assistance from him, but I should like forgiveness."

"But some assistance would not be unwelcome, I presume."

"Oh, we can manage to get along. I suppose it is only right that straitened circumstances should follow such a marriage as ours. If I craved help for anything, it would be for the boy. He is a most intelligent child—as you saw by his eyes and countenance—can read as well as I can. But it is time his education was begun in earnest."

"Will you give him to me?" eagerly asked Mrs. Turnbull. "I will adopt him, and do by him as if he were my own. Unless I am mistaken, you are shortly in expectation of another infant."

"It is so," answered Mrs. Elliot. "Night and day, since there has been a fear of losing this one, have I prayed it may be a girl."

"Then you can spare me the boy. Talk it over with Dr. Elliot. It is only to lend him, you know, Louisa; and remember, the advantages to him will be great."

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II.

Twelve months passed away, and once more Squire Turnbull and his wife came to Wexborough for change of air for the former, bringing with them William Elliot, who was now resident at Turnbull Park.

Not long had they been at Wexborough this second time, before a disagreeable feeling, which during their former visit had stolen, like a shadow, over Mrs. Elliot's heart, rose again. Like a shadow indeed; for she would not *allow* herself to notice it then, and with their departure had dismissed it from her remembrance, never, she sincerely hoped, to recal it. Yet now it was forcing itself upon her with redoubled vigour—the suspicion that her husband admired, not in too sisterly a way, Mrs. Turnbull; that there was too good an understanding between them. Not that Mrs. Elliot feared anything like guilt. Oh, no. Whatever opinion she may have had cause to form of her husband's laxity of morals during their married life, she was perfectly secure in her sister's principles; but that an undue attachment for each other's society had grown up, was very plain. On Mrs. Turnbull's part, it was probably nothing but gratified vanity; but Louisa had never forgotten how Clara had once, when they were girls at home together, confessed to something, very like love, for Tom Elliot. She, Louisa, had then thought that his love and admiration were given to none but herself: she now knew that, at least, his admiration was given to every handsome woman who came in his way. Few had he fallen in with so beautiful as Mrs. Turnbull; he was at no pains to conceal his sense of it, and she repulsed not the marked attentions of the very handsome physician. But all this was disagreeable to Mrs. Elliot, and as the weeks of the Turnbulls' sojourn at Wexborough lengthened into months, and her husband passed more and more of his time with Mrs. Turnbull, it jarred not only on her feelings, but on her temper. Existence seemed to possess for her but two phases: passionate love for her little baby-girl, and jealousy of her husband and sister. Never yet had she breathed a word of this unpleasantness to Dr. Elliot, but she was naturally of hasty spirit, and the explosion was sure to come.

One afternoon, as she stood at her window holding her babe, she saw her sister and William advancing down the street. Then she saw her husband approach them, draw Mrs. Turnbull's arm within his, and lead her in. William came running up to the drawing-room.

"Where is your aunt, Willy?" she said, as she stooped to kiss him.

"She's gone with papa into his consulting-room. Mamma, who do you think is come to Uncle Turnbull's?"

Mrs. Elliot did not heed him: she was listening for any sound from down stairs, jealously tormenting herself with conjectures what they might be doing, what talking about. Mrs. Turnbull came up shortly.

"I have had the greatest surprise to-day, Louisa," she exclaimed. "Who do you think came by the mid-day coach?"

Mrs. Elliot answered coldly—that she was not likely to guess.

"Papa."

"Papa!" repeated Mrs. Elliot, aroused from her brooding thoughts.

"Papa. I never was more surprised. We were at luncheon. The

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servant said a gentleman wanted to see me, and in walked my father. It seems he was at Widborough, on business for one of his clients, and being so near, ran over here this morning. But he leaves to-morrow by the early coach, and is gone now to the Royal Arms to secure a bed."

"Did Willy see him?" sighed Mrs. Elliot.

"Yes. But papa took little notice of him: he never does when he sees him at the Park. I am going to leave Willy with you for the afternoon, for his presence always seems to cast a restraint upon my father. I wish," added Mrs. Turnbull, "you would give me a glass of wine, Louisa; I am thirsty."

Mrs. Elliot laid down her infant, and brought forth a decanter of port wine. It was the same as that in Mrs. Turnbull's own cellar, Squire Turnbull having sent in a present of some to Mrs. Elliot.

"I am thirsty too," said William. "Let me have a glass, mamma."

"Wine for you!" exclaimed Mrs. Elliot; "no, indeed, Willy. When little boys are thirsty, they drink water."

"What nonsense!" interposed Mrs. Turnbull. "Give the child some wine, Louisa."

A half dispute ensued, carried on good-humouredly by Mrs. Turnbull, with bitterness by her sister. The latter handed William a tumbler of water: Mrs. Turnbull ordered him not to drink it till his mamma put some wine in it, and William Elliot, a sensitive child, stood in discomfort, his cheeks crimson, and whispering that he was not thirsty then. Dr. Elliot came in.

"Did you ever know anything like Louisa's absurdity to-day?" Mrs. Turnbull said to him. "Willy is dying with thirst: I say put a little drop of wine into that water, instead of letting him drink it cold, and she won't give him wine."

"He shall not have wine," repeated Mrs. Elliot. "It is improper for him."

"Nonsense!" muttered Dr. Elliot, and poured some wine into the water. His wife's face and lips turned of a deadly whiteness, with her the sign of extreme anger; she caught up the babe, and left the room.

"I must be going, Louisa," called out Mrs. Turnbull. "My father will have returned from the hotel. Good by." She went down the stairs, followed by Dr. Elliot, and Mrs. Elliot saw them walking slowly up the street together. She was boiling over with rage and indignation. Dr. Elliot did not return to tea, not, in fact, till it was time to take William home, and then came the explosion. The physician took it with provoking coolness, began to whistle, and asked whether the boy was ready.

"He never goes back again," said Mrs. Elliot. "His bed is made up at home."

"There is no reason for the lad's interests to suffer because your temper has turned crusty this evening," observed Dr. Elliot. "He shall certainly go back to Squire Turnbull's."

"When a woman can incite a child to disobey his mother, she is no longer fit to hold control over him. Mrs. Turnbull shall have no more control over mine."

"Was it worth while to make a fuss over such a trifle? As if a drop of wine could hurt the boy! Remember the obligations he is under to Mrs. Turnbull."

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"Remember your obligations to me, your wife. I have borne much, Thomas, since we married, but I will not be domineered over by you both conjointly, or tamely see your love given to her."

"Tamely!—love!" uttered Doctor Elliot; "what nonsense, now, Louisa?"

"Do you think I am blind?" she retorted; "do you think I am a stone, destitute of feeling? Is it not too apparent that all your thoughts, your time, your wishes are given to Mrs. Turnbull?"

"Oh, if you are going to begin on the old score of jealousy, I have nothing more to say," observed Dr. Elliot, carelessly, "but I think you might exempt your own sister from such suspicions. Harriet!" he called out, throwing open the room-door, "put on Master William's things, and send him down."

"I say the child shall not go back," passionately uttered Mrs. Elliot.

"And I say he shall. When you have calmed down to soberness, Louisa, you will see the folly of sacrificing his advantages of education to your fancies, which are as capricious as they are unjust."

"I will apply to the law—I will apply to the nearest magistrate, rather than have my child forcibly disposed of against my will," she vehemently continued.

"My dear, the law is not on your side, but on mine. A father's authority does not yield to magistrates," laughed Dr. Elliot. To preserve that nonchalant good-humour, was, in her present mood, as fuel heaped on fire. She would rather he had struck her.

And the matter ended by his taking William back to Mrs. Turnbull's. "Loo's furiously savage," he thought to himself, as he went. "But she should not take such crotchets in her head."

Mrs. Elliot certainly was "savage," as she sat alone that dusk evening. Things wore to her jaundiced mind a worse appearance than they really deserved. Her husband was magnified into a sort of demon Don Juan; her sister into a beautiful siren, who lived but to attract him, and rule over her. "Oh! the blind child I was, to fly in the face of my friends, and run away with Tom Elliot!" she bitterly exclaimed. "I suppose the act is working out its own punishment, for what a life is mine! Struggling with poverty—losing my idolised children—spurned by my father—neglected by my husband—patronised by my sister, and compelled to yield my boy to her charge! His education—there it is. It ought to go on, yet we have not the means to pursue it, and never shall, it seems to me.

"Why not ask my father?" The question came from her own heart, but with a sudden intensity that startled her to believe one must be at her elbow who had whispered it. "Why not go to him now, this very moment, at the hotel, and press it on him?"

Mrs. Elliot was in the excited state that sways to action. Calling the maid to sit up-stairs, lest the child should cry, she put on her things and went out.

The Royal Arms was not far off; a handsome hotel with a flight of steps and a blazing gas-lamp at its entrance. She turned her face away from its light. The landlord himself happened to be crossing the passage.

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"Is a gentleman of the name of Freer stopping here?" inquired Mrs. Elliot.

"Freer? No, ma'am."

"A friend of Mr. Turnbull's in the Crescent," she explained. "He came in this afternoon and engaged a bed."

"Oh, that gentleman—I did not know his name. Wears a bag-wig, ma'am."

"The same."

"He is not come in yet."

But, as they stood there, some one else came up the steps, and passed them without notice; an old gentleman in a bag-wig. The landlord was pressing forward to mention Mrs. Elliot, but she clasped his arm to restrain him.

"Not here, in this public passage," she whispered, shrinking into a corner. "I will follow him to his bedroom. I am his daughter. There has been a difference between us, and we have not met for years. If you have children you can feel for me."

The landlord looked at her compassionately, at her pale face and visible emotion. He stood before her till Mr. Freer had received his candle from the hands of the waiter and had gone up-stairs.

He was winding up his watch when Mrs. Elliot entered. She closed the door and stood before him. He turned round in surprise, but he did not recognise her in the dim light. Her agitation was great, she became hysterical, and fell forward at his feet.

"Oh, father! forgive, forgive me!" she sobbed out. Mr. Freer started back from her, almost in affright.

"Louisa!—Elliot! you! what brings you here?" The Christian name had arisen involuntarily to his lips. He seemed to add the other by way of counteracting his familiarity.

"Sorrow brings me here—misery brings me. Father, I cannot live without your forgiveness. I think you must have cursed me, and that the curse is clinging to us, for nothing has prospered with me since I left your home."

"I have not cursed you," he said, still standing aloof from her.

"Will you accord me your forgiveness?" she continued to ask.

"Yes; if you can be satisfied with the letter and not the spirit."

She looked at him inquiringly, her lips parted, her thin white hands clasped in supplication.

"If to say that I forgive you will avail, that forgiveness you may take," he said, answering her look. "But when you cast me off, to become the wife of Thomas Elliot, you put a bar to all future intercourse between us."

"Your full and free forgiveness," she continued to implore.

"My free forgiveness," he repeated, "but not my friendship. You have your husband's."

"He has not been to me the husband I expected—hoped for," she cried, saying more than she would have said but for the jealous, angry feeling that was rife within her, so especially on that night.

The lawyer smiled, a grim smile. "Few wives, when they marry as you did, do find their husbands what they expected."

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"Oh, father, father, that I had never left your home!" she wailed. "At times I say to myself, Let me cheat my memory, and persuade it that all these years have been a dream—that I shall awake and find myself little Louisa Freer!"

"Ah," returned the lawyer, "many a one would give their lives to awake from the same dream."

"It is not visited on him as it is on me," she added, her cheeks flushing. "Hour after hour, while I am sitting alone, brooding over the past, striving to stave off present annoyances, he spends away from me, seeking only how he may amuse himself."

"Nothing else could be expected, from a man of the disposition of Thomas Elliot, but that he would seek his own amusement, married or single. I could have told you that, years ago."

"I know you never liked him, papa, but will you not be reconciled to him?"

"Never," vehemently replied Lawyer Freer. "We will not speak upon the subject."

"I came here to urge another plea," she sadly added, after an interval of silence. "To ask you to help me: we are very poor."

"It is waste of time," was the stern reiteration of Lawyer Freer. "Thomas Elliot has no help from me, before my death or after it."

"It is not for him," she eagerly rejoined, her eyes glistening with excitement. "Father, I declare to you that I ask for it but to thwart my husband, not to assist him. You have seen a child of mine at Mrs. Turnbull's."

"I have seen a child there," he coldly answered. "I believe my daughter once mentioned that it was yours."

My daughter! Well, she deserved it.

"It is my only boy: the rest were girls, and they have all died, save one. Father, I named him William, after you."

"I had been better pleased that you had named him any other name, to associate with that of Elliot," was the disheartening answer.

"It is for him that I need assistance," she resumed. "I want to place him at school. Oh, sir! if you knew all, perhaps you would aid me to do it."

"What mistaken notion are you labouring under?" returned Mr. Freer. "Help a child of Thomas Elliot's! Has he been sending you on this strange errand?"

"He does not know I am come. He was absent when I stole out of my home to ask this. It would be against his will if the boy is placed at school, for he wishes him to remain with Mrs. Turnbull. Do you remember, father, how Clara used to tyrannise over me at home—how she used to put upon me?"

"It may possibly have been the case. She was older than you."

"Sir, you knew she did, though you may not care to recal it. But she does still, and surely she is not justified. I have not a will of my own, especially as regards the boy; every wish I express, she opposes, and Dr. Elliot upholds her. I could bear this," passionately went on Mrs. Elliot, disclosing what she would have shrunk from doing in a calmer moment—"I could bear her encouraging the child in disobedience,

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but what I cannot bear is, that she should draw my husband's affections away from me."

"I do not understand," replied Mr. Freer.

"Because you do not know Clara," said Mrs. Elliot. "She was as fond of Tom Elliot as I was, in those old days, but she had more worldly prudence. Who first encouraged him to our house? She did. Who flirted with him and attracted him? She did. And when the truth came out, that he loved me, she betrayed the tale to you, in her jealous anger. Then came forward Squire Turnbull. I was a young, frightened child, and I did not *dare* to object to him; so to escape I rushed upon a worse fate."

Lawyer Freer was knitting his brows. Parts of her speech had grated on his ear.

"She never forgave me, from the morning she knew Tom Elliot cared for me and not for her; she has never forgiven me yet. And now they have learnt to care for each other: the time, the attentions, the love my husband owes me, are given to her. Believe me or not, as you please, sir, it is the disgraceful truth."

"Disgraceful, degenerate girls, both of you," he exclaimed, angrily, "to suffer your minds to be led away by a man like him!"

"So I come to you for aid," she continued; "and I have explained this, not to betray her folly, but to justify my application. If I could place the boy at school, we should no longer be under obligations to Mrs. Turnbull, neither would the child be an excuse for my husband's visits there. You cannot countenance such conduct in my sister."

"I have nothing to do with Mrs. Turnbull's conduct. She is old enough and wise enough to take care of herself, and I do not fear her doing so. And for you—should you ever become a widow, then you may apply to me."

The tears were struggling down Mrs. Elliot's cheeks. She ventured to touch, and take, her father's hand. "For my peace, and William's welfare, I implore aid," she said. "Not for Dr. Elliot."

Mr. Freer did not withdraw his hand, and he did not return her clasp; he suffered it to remain passively in hers. "You are asking what is not in my power to accord, Louisa," he at length said. "When you left my protection for Thomas Elliot's, I took an oath that he, and his, should remain strangers to me; that so long as he should live, they should never receive or enjoy aught of mine. As well ask me to break this hand—and he held it out—as to break my oath."

"So there goes another of my life's delusions," she uttered, in a tone of anguish, "nearly the last. In my sadder moments, a beaming ray of light has flashed across me—a vision of my being reconciled to my father; of his blessing me and my children, a blessing that might have been worked out in life. How could I have expected it? Father, farewell. God bless you, and pity me!"

"Fare you well, Louisa."

He took the candle and followed her to the door, intending to light her down the stairs, but the rays of a lamp, hanging outside, rendered it unnecessary. He stood there, and when she glanced back from the end of the corridor, she saw him looking after her. Yearningly she strained

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her eyes to his, and her lips moved, and her steps halted. Perhaps she would have flown back to him; she had it in her heart to do so; to fall upon his neck, and with kisses and sobs, implore a more loving forgiveness; but he turned in and closed the door, even as she looked, and she passed swiftly down the stairs, with a bursting spirit. It was the last time they met on earth.

III.

NEARLY the last of her life's delusions, Mrs. Elliot had said. What else remained to her? Her children. William departed, as before, with Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull for Nearfordshire. With the latter's absence, Louisa again forgot her jealous troubles, and peace—rather cold perhaps, but undisturbed by storms—was resumed between herself and her husband. Upon her young child, the girl, every wish and hope seemed now concentred. The love she lavished upon the infant was a matter of remark to all who had an opportunity of witnessing it: *they* loved their children, but not with an all-absorbing passion like this. Did Mrs. Elliot ever hear that a check, sooner or later, always comes to love so inordinate? She would have known it, had she looked much into the world. "Oh! when my darling can speak, when it can answer me with its dear little voice, I shall be too happy," she was wont to say. "My father has abandoned me, my husband has forgotten his love for me, my noble boy gladdens other eyes than mine, but in this precious child shall be my recompense. Make haste, my darling, make haste to speak!"

But the child seemed backward in speaking, and in walking also. Fifteen months old, and it attempted neither. Master Willy, at that age, had gone with his sturdy legs all over the room, and made himself heard when he wanted bread and butter. "Girls are not so forward as boys," reasoned Mrs. Elliot.

It was a pretty child, and would have been more so, but for an unusual look about the forehead, and a vacant stare in its full blue eyes. Once or twice, that vacant gaze had stricken a chill to the mother's heart, bringing with it a wild fear, a dread, which she drove back as some far-off horror, that would kill her if ever it came near.

One afternoon the servant, Harriet, had the baby lying on her knee. She had just come in from a walk, had taken off its things, and was now looking curiously at its face, and touching its head here and there. Dr. Elliot was stretched on the sofa, reading, as Harriet thought, but his eyes were raised over the book, watching her motions.

"Harriet, what are you looking at?"

The question was sudden, and startled the servant. She replied, in a confused, vague manner, that she was looking at "nothing particular."

Dr. Elliot came forward, drew a chair in front of them, and sat down, gazing first at her, then at the child. "What *were* you thinking of, Harriet," he persisted, "when you touched the child's forehead?"

Harriet burst into tears: she was very fond of the infant. "I hope you will not ask me, sir," she rejoined; "I should be afraid to tell."

"Afraid of a fiddlestick," returned Dr. Elliot. "If you fancy there is anything the matter with her, speak, and it may be"—he seemed to

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hesitate for a word—"remedied. Many an infant has been ruined for life through its ailments not being known."

"It was not me, sir," began Harriet, looking round at the door, which was ajar, to make sure her mistress was not there, though indeed she could then hear her overhead, in her own room. "It's true I have wondered at the child's being so dull, though I never thought much about it; but this afternoon, as I was sitting on a bench in the promenade walk, old Mrs. Chivers came up—she as goes out nursing."

"I know," said Dr. Elliot. "Well?"

"She had got her daughter's child with her, a lively little thing of eleven months. It was stepping about, holding on by our knees, and laughing.

"'That's what your poor little charge won't do on a sudden,' she begins to me.

"'Why not?' says I. 'Little Miss Clara's backward, but she'll be all right when she gets her teeth.'

"'Why, she's got her teeth,' returns Nurse Chivers. 'Hasn't she?'

"'Only six,' I said. 'Many a child's more backward in walking than she.'

"'I don't say she won't walk in time,' went on Dame Chivers, 'but you can't have handled that babby for fifteen months, and not have found out what's the matter with it. Folks are talking of it in the town, and saying——'" Harriet stopped.

"Go on," cried Dr. Elliot, with compressed lips.

"'And saying,' Nurse Chivers continued, 'that the doctor must know it, if its poor mamma does not. Though the look of the babby might have told even her that it is'—I don't like," broke off Harriet, with renewed tears, "to repeat the cruel word she said—though Nurse Chivers was grieved herself, and did not mean it in cruelty. But if she's right, the dear infant will never have wit nor sense through life, to comfort us."

Tighter, far tighter, was the straining of his lips, and a dark shade of pain marked his handsome face. He bent his head over his child. It lay wide awake, but perfectly passive in Harriet's lap, its lips apart, and its glistening eyes staring upwards.

"Oh, sir," sobbed Harriet, "is it true?" And then she saw the expression on the doctor's countenance, and knew that the news was no news to him. "Who ever will break it to my mistress?" she wailed.

"It must be suffered to come upon her by gradual degrees," was his answer. But had Dr. Elliot raised his eyes, he would have seen that it *had* come upon her, and not by gradual degrees. She had come softly down stairs and inside the room, lest the baby slept, just in time to hear the dreadful sentence; and there she stood, transfixed and rigid, her eyes staring as wildly as the child's. That far-off horror, seen but at a distance, had come near—into her very home. Some instinct caused Harriet to turn round; she saw her mistress, and shrieked out. Dr. Elliot raised his head, bounded forward, and caught her in his arms.

"Louisa! Good Heavens! I did not know you were there. My dearest wife! do not distress yourself; all will be well; it is not so bad as these women think. Louisa! Louisa!"

No, no, the dreadful shock had come to her, and nothing could soothe

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or soften it. When she recovered power of motion, she took the ill-fated child from the servant, laid its cheek against hers, and moaned as she swayed with it backwards and forwards. Suddenly she looked up at her husband—"If we could die—I and she—both of us!" she murmured, in a despairing, helpless sort of way, almost as if her own intellects were going.

It was indeed a fearful visitation, and it made itself heard in throbs of agony. Her brain was beating, her heart was working: care upon care, trouble upon trouble, had followed her wilful marriage, and now the last and greatest comfort, the only joy that seemed left to her, had turned into a thing to be dreaded worse than death. She had so passionately wished for this child, and now that it was given, what was it? Her husband sat regarding her in gloomy silence, pitying her—she could see that—pitying the ill-fated child. Oh, if she could but undo her work and her disobedience—if she could but go back years, and be once more careless, happy, dutiful Louisa Freer! Not even Tom Elliot should tempt her away then.

How many, as her father said, have echoed the same useless prayer. Ill-doing first, repentance afterwards; but repentance can rarely, if ever, repair the ill-doing. All must bear the sorrows they bring upon themselves, even though they may end but with life; but it seemed to Louisa Elliot, in that first hour of her full affliction, that her punishment was worse than had ever yet fallen upon woman.

LAKE NGAMI.*

It is related—at least it is recorded in the archives of Cape Town—that in the early days of that now prosperous settlement, when all the larger quadrupeds indigenous to Southern Africa existed in the neighbourhood of Table Mountain, some labourers employed in a field discovered a huge rhinoceros immovably fixed in the quicksands of the Salt River, which is within a mile of the town. The alarm being given, a number of country people, armed with such weapons as were at hand, rushed to the spot with an intention of despatching the monster. Its appearance, however, was so formidable, that they deemed it advisable to open their battery at a most respectful distance. But seeing that all the animal's efforts to extricate itself were fruitless, the men gradually grew more courageous, and approached much nearer. Still, whether from the inefficiency of their weapons, or want of skill, they were unable to make any impression on the tough and almost impenetrable hide of the beast. At length they began to despair, and it was a question if they should not beat a retreat, when an individual more sagacious than the rest stepped forward, and suggested that a hole should be cut in the animal's

* Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries, during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of South Western Africa. By Charles John Andersson. With a Map, and numerous Illustrations. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

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hide, by which means easy access might be had to its vitals, and they could then destroy it at their leisure! The happy device was loudly applauded, only the legend does not relate with what success.

What a change has come over the same country since Harris, Gordon Cumming, Galton, Andersson, and his brother Northman, Hans Larsen, have carried dismay and destruction into the interior wilds of Southern Africa? Andersson has, during his wanderings in Africa, killed upwards of a hundred rhinoceroses. Hans Larsen has, with his own hand, shot no less than nine of these gigantic animals in one day!

It is further related that when waggons were first introduced into Great Namaqua-land, they caused many conjectures, and much astonishment among the natives, who conceived them to be some gigantic animal possessed of vitality. A conveyance of this kind, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Schmelen, once broke down, and was left sticking in the sand. One day a Bushman came to the owner, and said he had seen his "pack ox" standing in the desert for a long time, with a broken leg; and as he did not observe it had any grass, he was afraid that it would soon die of hunger unless taken away!

What a change also here? We have now German missionaries, settled not only in Great Namaqua, but in still more remote Damarra-land, toiling however, it is much to be regretted, in vain, among stubborn and savage races of men. And while Galton showed the way for waggons to the corn-lands of Ovambo, with their comparatively civilised inhabitants, Andersson remained behind, and ultimately succeeded in also discovering a waggon route to the celebrated Ngami—the mysterious lake of Southern Africa.

"An European," our Swedish traveller justly remarks, "can form no conception of the impracticable nature of the country in these lands, and the immense difficulties that must be surmounted." To give a faint idea of the obstructions of this kind of travelling, we will suppose a person suddenly placed at the entrance of a primeval forest of unknown extent, never trodden by the foot of man, the haunt of savage beasts, and with soil as yielding as that of an English sand-down; to this must be added a couple of ponderous vehicles, as large as the caravans met with in the streets of London, only a great deal stouter—to each of which are yoked sixteen or twenty refractory oxen. Let him then be told, "Through yonder wood lies your road; nothing is known of it. Make your way as well as you can; but remember, your cattle will perish if they do not get water in the course of two or three days."

These are, however, only some of the numerous and ever-alternating charms and trials of African travel. There is the bush-tick, for example, with which Messrs. Galton and Andersson made acquaintance on first landing at Sand Fountain, in Walfisch Bay. Its bite was so severe and irritating, Mr. A. relates, as almost to drive them mad. "To escape, if possible, the horrible persecutions of these blood-thirsty creatures, I took refuge one night in the cart, and was congratulating myself on having, at last, secured a place free from their attacks. But I was mistaken. I had not been long asleep before I was awakened by a disagreeable irritation over my whole body, which shortly became intolerable; and notwithstanding the night air was very sharp, and the dew heavy, I cast off my clothes, and rolled in the icy cold sand

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till the blood flowed freely from every pore. Strange as it may appear, I found this expedient serviceable."

By the side of such grievous discomforts there was something to afford pleasure to the sight. Around, every little sand hillock was covered with a creeper, which produced a kind of prickly gourd (called naras), of the most delicious flavour. Not only man, but all kinds of animals, from the field-mouse to the ox, and even the feline and canine race, devour it with great avidity. Birds are also very partial to it, more especially ostriches, who, during the naras season, are found in great abundance in the places where they grow. "It is," Mr. Andersson justly remarks, "in such instances, more especially, that the mind becomes powerfully impressed with the wise provisions of nature, and the great goodness of the Almighty, who, even from the desert, raises good and wholesome sustenance for man and all his creatures."

Apropos of ostriches, we cannot help giving a recipe for an ostrich egg-omelet: a hole is made at one end of the egg, through which is introduced some salt and pepper. The egg is then well shaken, so as thoroughly to mix the white, the yolk, and the several ingredients mentioned. It is then placed in hot ashes, where it is baked to perfection. An egg thus prepared, although supposed to contain as much as twenty-four of the common fowl-egg, is not considered too much for a single hungry individual.

The dangers arising from sun-stroke, from want of water, or from poisoned waters—for the natives often poison the wells and pools to obtain the carcases of wild animals—are almost trifles compared with the constant annoyance of lions. No sooner had Galton and Andersson started on their perilous wanderings, than these tyrants of Africa killed a horse and a mule, and shortly afterwards openly attacked the party. The stories of our author's prowess against lions would fill a small volume—if not so graphically related as the exploits of Jules Gerard, they are far more numerous, and characterised, if possible, by even greater boldness and daring on the part of the Swede.

The natives, it appears, often deprive the lion of his prey, and actually earn their main subsistence in this way, becoming a kind of biped jackals. The poorer of the Damaras will also, when hard pressed for food, eat the flesh of beasts of prey themselves, as of the leopard, the hyæna, and many others. Their prowess in hunting is not very remarkable; witness the following incident:

> Some of the servants had gone into the bed of the river to chase away a jackal, when they suddenly encountered a leopard in the act of springing at our goats, which were grazing, unconscious of danger, on the river's bank. On finding himself discovered, he immediately took refuge in a tree, where he was at once attacked by the men. It was, however, not until he had received upwards of sixteen wounds—some of which were inflicted by poisoned arrows—that life became extinct. I arrived at the scene of conflict only to see him die.
>
> During the whole affair, the men had stationed themselves at the foot of the tree—to the branches of which the leopard was pertinaciously clinging—and, having expended all their ammunition, one of them proposed—and the suggestion was taken into serious consideration—that they should pull him down by the tail!

Andersson's ideas of ant-hills were for the first time realised at Schmelen's

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Hope, one of the German missionary stations. Some of the shades of this interesting, though destructive insect, measured as much as one hundred feet in circumference at the base, and rose to about twenty in height! Wild bees make their nests in these gigantic dwellings of the termites, and during the rainy season mushrooms grow in great abundance on their sides, much superior in size and flavour to any found in Europe. Caution is necessary, however, as some are poisonous, probably not so much from difference of species as from different stages of growth.

At the foot of the Omatako mountain our author fell in with a small description of lion, called by the natives Onquirira, which resembles the puma; is nocturnal in its habits, timid, and harmless, preying for the most part on small species of antelopes.

Tall and graceful fan-palms heralded the entrance into Ovampo, where they also fell in with a singular fountain, called Otjikoto, a basin full of water in limestone rock, supplied by a subterranean channel. Our travellers swam into this cavern, and found in it owls and bats, some of the latter dead, and, indeed, mummified, but still clinging to the rocks. They also caught several scores of small fish, which were very palatable. Galton says in his account of this "wonderful freak of nature," that they had "great fun" at it; shooting ducks and doves, and astonishing the natives both by their swimming and shooting. ("The Narrative of an Explorer," &c., pp. 201, 202.)

As they approached the celebrated corn country of South Africa—Mr. Galton's memorable discovery—grouse began to abound, and of many distinct kinds. At length came the happy moment when, in Galton's words, emerging out of the bushes, the charming corn-country of the Ovampo lay yellow and broad as a sea before them. Fine dense timber-trees, and innumerable palms of all sizes, were scattered over it; part was bare for pasturage, part was thickly covered with high corn-stubble; palisadings, each of which enclosed a homestead, were scattered everywhere over the country. "It was a land of Goshen to us; and even my phlegmatic waggon-driver burst out into exclamations of delight," says Mr. Galton; and we can now let his excellent and worthy companion, Andersson, also relate his sensations on first witnessing this unexpected vision of an agricultural people in Central South Africa:

The 2nd of June will ever be remembered by us. On the afternoon of that day, we first set eye on the beautiful and fertile plains of Ondonga—the country of the Ovambo. Vain would be any attempt to describe the sensations of delight and pleasure experienced by us on that memorable occasion, or to give an idea of the enchanting panoramic scene that all at once opened on our view. Suffice it to say, that instead of the eternal jungles, where every moment we were in danger of being dragged out of our saddles by the merciless thorns, the landscape now presented an apparently boundless field of yellow corn, dotted with numerous peaceful homesteads, and bathed in the soft light of a declining tropical sun. Here and there, moreover, arose gigantic, wide-spreading, and dark-foliaged timber and fruit-trees, whilst innumerable fan-like palms, either singly or in groups, completed the picture. To us it was a perfect elysium, and well rewarded us for every former toil and disappointment. My friend, who had travelled far and wide, confessed he had never seen anything that could be compared to it. Often since have I conjured up to my imagination this scene, and have thought it might not inaptly be compared to stepping out of a hot, white, and shadowless road, into a park, fresh with verdure, and cool with the umbrage cast down by groups of reverend trees.

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Nangoro, the fat king of Ovampo, was disgusted with his visitors because they would not kill elephants for him, and hence they were obliged to renounce an intended excursion to the river Cunenè, which flowed to the north, and retrace their steps. Andersson justly sums up of this interesting community, existing hitherto unknown in the interior of South Africa—"It is in vain that poets and philanthropists endeavour to persuade us that savage nations, who have had no previous intercourse with Europeans, are living in a state of the most enviable happiness and purity—where ignorance is virtuous simplicity—poverty, frugality and temperance—and indolence, laudable contempt for wealth. One single day among such people will be sufficient to repudiate these idle notions."

On their way back they were visited by a flock of the Buphaga Africana, which, alighting on the backs of the oxen for the purpose of feeding on the ticks with which their hides are covered, threw them into disorder.

The journey eastward, made by Messrs. Galton and Andersson as far as Tunobis on their way to Lake Ngami, is well known from Mr. Galton's previously published account. Mr. Andersson, who persevered, and after refitting himself at the Cape returned to the same spot, says that Mr. Galton's decision was a wise and prudent one. "From after-experience," he says, "I am quite confident that had we tried to push on that year, nothing could have saved us and our beasts of burden from perishing from thirst." It is curious that at the time of Messrs. Galton and Andersson's visit to Tunobis, game was so abundant that the party shot upwards of thirty rhinoceroses, Mr. Andersson slaying no less than eight in one night by himself; and the fountain, although a copious one, was almost nightly drank dry; yet on the latter traveller's return with his own small party to the same spot, not a wild beast was to be seen, and all suffered in consequence from the pangs of hunger. At Ghanzé our traveller was more successful, several rhinoceroses were shot, affording an abundance of provision. Mr. Andersson relates a curious circumstance here:

Almost the first animal I saw at this place was a gigantic "tiger-wolf," or spotted hyæna, which, to my surprise, instead of seeking safety in flight, remained stationary, grinning in the most ghastly manner. Having approached within twenty paces, I perceived, to my horror, that his fore paws, and the skin and flesh of his front legs had been gnawed away, and that he could scarcely move from the spot. To shorten the sufferings of the poor beast, I seized my opportunity, and knocked him on the head with a stone; and, catching him by the tail, drove my hunting knife deep into his side. But I had to repeat the operation more than once before I could put an end to his existence. I am at a loss how to account for his mangled condition. It certainly could not have been from age, for his teeth were good. Could it be possible that from want of food he had become too weak for further exertions, and that, as a last resource, he had attacked his own body? Or was he an example of that extraordinary species of cruelty said to be practised by the lion on the hyæna, when the latter has the insolence to interfere with the monarch's prey?

What the traveller is exposed to in exploring these wild regions is also well exemplified by what occurred on leaving the same place:

In the early part of the day after our departure, I caused my horse to be saddled, and rode off to look for water. About noon, I reached a hollow, of a similar nature as Ghanzé, but on a smaller scale. I thought I perceived indications of the existence of water; and, having "hobbled" the steed, went in

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search of it. The elephants, however, had so trampled the place, that, though I could not doubt of water being there, I soon found that it was only to be had by a vast deal of labour.

Whilst reflecting on what was best to do, whether to remain and clear out the pit, or to push on in hopes of finding another watering-place, I observed several small birds flying in and out at a small crevice in the limestone-rock. Running to the spot, I discovered a narrow, circular aperture, about two feet broad, and perhaps twice as much in depth, with something at the bottom reflecting light. Taking for granted that it was water which thus shone, and being tormented with thirst, I leapt into the hole, and greedily swallowed a large quantity. I was too eager to be able to distinguish its taste; but, having somewhat slaked my burning thirst, my palate resumed its function, and I thought I had never experienced so abominable a flavour. Imagine my horror, when, taking a small portion in the hollow of my hand and holding it up to the light, I found I had been drinking *blood*, mixed with the refuse of some wild animal! I shall never forget the loathing I felt on making this discovery; and, though my stomach was presently relieved of its nauseous contents, I long retained a qualmish sensation. The mystery was, however, cleared up. On a more close examination of the aperture in question, it was found that a herd of zebras had, like myself, been looking for water, and, in so doing, one of them had fallen in, and been found and killed by the Bushmen. Hence the blood and offal of the unfortunate animal.

At page 414 we have, among other admirable illustrations, one of a scene which all readers of African travel must often have pictured to themselves, that of the congregation of wild beasts at night-time to drink at a vley, or pool. The moment taken is that of the approach of elephants, when most other animals, giraffes, zebras, and gnoos, retire to a distance; hyænas growl, lions sulk, and even ponderous rhinoceroses pull up short and listen. The whole scene is well rendered.

Andersson's difficulties were much increased on his perilous journey by a very severe attack of inflammation in his leg, which for a time put it out of his power to kill game for himself and party, and yet this was their only chance of subsistence. We must give some account of our traveller's shooting exploits, for we do not hesitate to say that for variety and interest they equal those recorded of any other African traveller or sportsman:

From the constant persecution to which the larger game had of late been subjected at Kobis, it had become not only scarce, but wary; and hearing that elephants and rhinoceroses still continued to resort to Abeghan, I forthwith proceeded there on the night in question. Somewhat incautiously I took up my position—alone, as usual—on a narrow neck of land dividing two small pools; the space on either side of my "skärm" being only sufficient for a large animal to stand between me and the water. I was provided with a blanket, and two or three spare guns.

It was one of those magnificent tropical moonlight nights, when an indescribably soft and enchanting light is shed over the slumbering landscape; the moon was so bright and clear that I could discern even a small animal at a considerable distance.

I had just completed my arrangements, when a noise that I can liken only to the passage of a train of artillery, broke the stillness of the air; it evidently came from the direction of one of the numerous stony paths, or rather tracks, leading to the water, and I imagined it was caused by some waggons that might have crossed the Kalahari. Raising myself partially from my recumbent posture, I fixed my eyes steadily on the part of the bush whence the strange sounds proceeded; but for some time I was unable to make out the cause. All at once,

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however, the mystery was explained by the appearance of an immense elephant, immediately followed by others, amounting to eighteen. Their towering forms told me at a glance that they were all males. It was a splendid sight to behold so many huge creatures approaching with a free, sweeping, unsuspecting, and stately step. The somewhat elevated ground whence they emerged, and which gradually sloped towards the water, together with the misty night-air, gave an increased appearance of bulk and mightiness to their naturally giant structures.

Crouching down as low as possible in the "skärm," I waited with beating heart and ready rifle the approach of the leading male, who, unconscious of peril, was making straight for my hiding-place. The position of his body, however, was unfavourable for a shot; and, knowing from experience that I had little chance of obtaining more than a single good one, I waited for an opportunity to fire at his shoulder, which, as before said, is preferable to any other part when shooting at night. But this chance, unfortunately, was not afforded till his enormous bulk towered above my head. The consequence was, that, while in the act of raising the muzzle of my rifle over the "skärm," my body caught his eye, and, before I could place the piece to my shoulder, he swung himself round, and, with trunk elevated and ears spread, desperately charged me. It was now too late to think of flight, much less of slaying the savage beast. My own life was in imminent jeopardy; and seeing that, if I remained partially erect, he would inevitably seize me with his proboscis, I threw myself on my back with some violence; in which position, and without shouldering the rifle, I fired upwards, at random, towards his chest, uttering, at the same time, the most piercing shouts and cries. The change of position in all human probability saved my life; for, at the same instant, the trunk of the enraged animal descended precisely on the spot where I had been previously couched, sweeping away the stones (many of a large size) that formed the fore part of my "skärm," like so many pebbles. In another moment his broad fore-feet passed directly over my face.

I now expected nothing short of being crushed to death. But imagine my relief, when, instead of renewing the charge he swerved to the left, and moved off with considerable rapidity—most happily without my having received other injuries than a few bruises, occasioned by the falling of the stones. Under Providence, I attribute my extraordinary escape to the confusion of the animal caused by the wound I had inflicted on him, and to the cries elicited from me when in my utmost need.

Immediately after the elephant had left me I was on my legs, and, snatching up a spare rifle lying at hand, I pointed at him, as he was retreating, and pulled the trigger; but, to my intense mortification, the piece missed fire. It was matter of thankfulness to me, however, that a similar mishap had not occurred when the animal charged; for had my gun not then exploded, nothing, as I conceive, could have saved me from destruction.

During this incident, the rest of the elephants retreated into the bush; but by the time I had repaired my "skärm" they reappeared with stealthy and cautious steps on the opposite side of the pool, though so distant that I could not fire with any prospect of success. As they did not approach nearer, I attempted to stalk them, but they would not allow me to come to close quarters; and after a while moved off altogether.

Whilst pondering over my late wonderful escape, I observed, at a little distance, a huge white rhinoceros protrude his ponderous and mis-shapen head through the bushes, and presently afterwards he approached to within a dozen paces of my ambuscade. His broadside was then fully exposed to view, and, notwithstanding I still felt a little nervous from my conflict with the elephant, I lost no time in firing. The beast did not at once fall to the ground, but from appearances I had every reason to believe he would not live long.

Scarcely had I reloaded when a black rhinoceros of the species Keitloa (a female, as it proved) stood drinking at the water; but her position, as with the elephant in the first instance, was unfavourable for a good shot. As, however,

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she was very near me, I thought I was pretty sure of breaking her leg and thereby disabling her; and in this I succeeded. My fire seemed to maddem her: she rushed wildly forward on three legs, when I gave her a second shot, though apparently with little or no effect. I felt sorry at not being able to end her sufferings at once; but as I was too well acquainted with the habits of the rhinoceros to venture on pursuing her under the circumstances, I determined to wait patiently for daylight, and then destroy her with the aid of my dogs. But it was not to be.

As no more elephants, or other large game appeared, I thought after a time it might be as well to go in search of the white rhinoceros, previously wounded; and I was not long in finding his carcase; for my ball, as I supposed, had caused his almost immediate death.

In heading back to my "skärm," I accidentally took a turn in the direction pursued by the black rhinoceros, and by ill luck, as the event proved, at once encountered her. She was still on her legs, but her position, as before, was unfavourable. Hoping, however, to make her change it for a better, and thus enable me to destroy her at once, I took up a stone and hurled it at her with all my force; when, snorting horribly, erecting her tail, keeping her head close to the ground, and raising clouds of dust by her feet, she rushed at me with fearful fury. I had only just time to level my rifle and fire before she was upon me; and the next instant, whilst instinctively turning round for the purpose of retreating, she laid me prostrate. The shock was so violent as to send my rifle, powder-flask, and ball-pouch, as also my cap, spinning into the air; the gun, indeed, as afterwards ascertained, to a distance of fully ten feet. On the beast charging me, it crossed my mind that unless gored at once by her horn, her impetus would be such (after knocking me down, which I took for granted would be the case) as to carry her beyond me, and I might thus be afforded a chance of escape. So, indeed, it happened; for having tumbled me over (in doing which her head, and the forepart of her body, owing to the violence of the charge, was half buried in the sand), and trampled on me with great violence, her forequarter passed over my body. Struggling for life, I seized my opportunity, and as she was recovering herself for a renewal of the charge, I scrambled out from between her hind legs.

But the enraged beast had not yet done with me! Scarcely had I regained my feet before she struck me down a second time, and with her horn ripped up my right thigh (though not very deeply) from near the knee to the hip: with her fore feet, moreover, she hit me a terrific blow on the left shoulder near the back of the neck. My ribs bent under the enormous weight and pressure, and for a moment, I must, as I believe, have lost consciousness—I have at least very indistinct notions of what afterwards took place. All I remember is, that when I raised my head, I heard a furious snorting and plunging amongst the neighbouring bushes. I now arose, though with great difficulty, and made my way, in the best manner I was able, towards a large tree near at hand, for shelter; but this precaution was needless; the beast, for the time at least, showed no inclination further to molest me. Either in the *mêlée*, or owing to the confusion, caused by her wounds, she had lost sight of me, or she felt satisfied with the revenge she had taken. Be that as it may, I escaped with life, though sadly wounded and severely bruised, in which disabled state I had great difficulty in getting back to my "skärm."

During the greater part of the conflict I preserved my presence of mind; but after the danger was over, and when I had leisure to collect my scattered and confused senses, I was seized with a nervous affection, causing a violent trembling. I have since killed many rhinoceroses, as well for sport as food; but several weeks elapsed before I could again attack those animals with any coolness.

About sunrise, Kamapya, my half-caste boy, whom I had left on the preceding evening about half a mile away, came to the "skärm" to convey my guns and other things to our encampment. In few words, I related to him the mishap

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that had befallen me. He listened with seeming incredulity; but the sight of my gashed thigh soon convinced him I was not in joke.

I afterwards directed him to take one of the guns and proceed in search of the wounded rhinoceros, cautioning him to be careful in approaching the beast, which I had reason to believe was not yet dead. He had only been absent a few minutes, when I heard a cry of distress. Striking my hand against my forehead, I exclaimed, "Good God! the brute has attacked the lad also!"

Seizing hold of my rifle, I scrambled through the bushes as fast as my crippled condition would permit; and, when I had proceeded two or three hundred yards, a scene suddenly presented itself that I shall vividly remember to the last days of my existence. Amongst some bushes, and within a couple of yards of each other, stood the rhinoceros and the young savage; the former supporting herself on three legs, covered with blood and froth, and snorting in the most furious manner; the latter petrified with fear—spell-bound, as it were—and riveted to the spot. Creeping, therefore, to the side of the rhinoceros, opposite to that on which the boy was standing, so as to draw her attention from him, I levelled and fired, on which the beast charged wildly to and fro without any distinct object. Whilst she was thus occupied I poured in shot after shot, but thought she would never fall. At length, however, she sank slowly to the ground; and, imagining that she was in her death-agonies, and that all danger was over, I walked unhesitatingly close up to her, and was on the point of placing the muzzle of my gun to her ear to give her the *coup de grace*, when, to my horror, she once more rose on her legs. Taking a hurried aim, I pulled the trigger, and instantly retreated, with the beast in full pursuit. The race, however, was a short one; for, just as I threw myself into a bush for safety, she fell dead at my feet, so near me, indeed, that I could have touched her with the muzzle of my rifle! Another moment and I should probably have been impaled on her murderous horn, which, though short, was sharp as a razor.

When reflecting on the wonderful and providential escapes I recently experienced, I could not help thinking that I had been spared for some good purpose, and my heart was lifted in humble gratitude to the Almighty who had thus extended over me His protecting hand.

The second day after the scenes described, my bruises began to show themselves; and on the third day they were fully developed, giving my body a black and yellow hue. So far as I was aware, none of my bones were broken; but burning and agonising pains in the region of the chest were clearly symptomatic of severe internal injury. Indeed, at first, serious apprehensions were entertained for my life. After great suffering, however, I recovered; and, as my shooting mania had by this time somewhat cooled down, my whole thoughts were bent on seeing the Ngami. Though my frame was quite unequal to bear fatigue, my spirit would not brook longer delay.

With the assistance of my men, I therefore mounted my steed, on the 23rd of July, and was off for the Lake, leaving my hunting spoils, and other effects, under the care of the Bushman-chief at Kobis.

The crowning point of all this amount of perilous adventure was at length reached:

The return of daylight found us again on the move. The morning being cool and pleasant, and our goal near, the whole party was in high spirits, and we proceeded cheerily on our road. I myself kept well ahead in hope of obtaining the first glimpse of Ngami. The country hereabout was finely undulated; and in every distant vale with a defined border I thought I saw a lake. At last, a blue line of great extent appeared in the distance, and I made sure it was the long-sought object; but I was still doomed to disappointment. It turned out to be merely a large hollow in the rainy season filled with water, but now dry and covered by saline incrustations. Several valleys, separated from each other by ridges of sand, bearing a rank vegetation, were afterwards crossed. On

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reaching the top of one of these ridges, the natives, who were in advance of our party, suddenly came to a halt, and, pointing straight before them, exclaimed, "Ngami! Ngami!" In an instant I was with the men. There, indeed, at no very great distance, lay spread before me an immense sheet of water, only bounded by the horizon—the object of my ambition for years, and for which I had abandoned home and friends, and risked my life.

The first sensation occasioned by this sight was very curious. Long as I had been prepared for the event, it now almost overwhelmed me. It was a mixture of pleasure and pain. My temples throbbed, and my heart beat so violently, that I was obliged to dismount, and lean against a tree for support, until the excitement had subsided. The reader will no doubt think that thus giving way to my feelings was very childish; but "those who know that the first glimpse of some great object which we have read or dreamt of from earliest recollection is ever a moment of intensest enjoyment, will forgive the transport." I felt unfeignedly thankful for the unbounded goodness and gracious assistance, which I had experienced from Providence throughout the whole of this prolonged and perilous journey. My trials had been many; but, my dearest aspirations being attained, the difficulties were all forgotten.

A great variety of animals were met with around the lake, as may be naturally imagined, including elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, giraffes, koodoos, pallahs, &c.; but the greatest curiosities were two new species of water antelopes, called nakong and leché; they were like the waterbuck (*aigocerus ellipsiprymnus*), and both large, beautiful, and very interesting animals.

Mr. Andersson adds materially to the interest of his details concerning the lake, by a trip made for some distance up its chief feeder—the Teoge—on whose banks there was a perfect exuberance of animal life, and where were also herds of buffaloes, animals that had not been met with before, but where also occurred that African curse of domestic animals, the tsetse fly. The bite of this most noxious insect is fatal to the life of domestic animals, yet, strange to say, does not appear to be so to wild beasts, for they feed undisturbed in parts known to be infested by this most pestiferous of insects.*

Mr. Andersson had reached Lake Ngami by means of pack and ride oxen, but his collection of specimens of natural history, ivory, and other objects so increased there, that he was obliged to return to Namaqua-land for a waggon to remove them. Of this journey, of his return to the lake, and of his ultimate journey home he gives few details, the present volume having, as he says, already swelled to such a bulk. He had, no doubt, much more to tell us than the fact of being woke out of sleep by a lion purring in his face, but we must be satisfied with this first instalment. Never has a more interesting or a more beautifully got up work of African travel been presented to the public; it leaves one as if oppressed with a nightmare of elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, behemoths, and all the most uncouth and gigantic forms of animal life.

* While the "terrible Tsaltsalya, or Zimb," of Bruce, the existance of which was so long treated as a fable, is noticed in the last and cheap edition of Kirby and Spence's Entomology (a great boon to the public), there is no mention made of the far more terrible Tsetse, the most fatal of all known insects.

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BY-WAYS OF HISTORY.

THE MOURNFUL MARRIAGE OF SIR S. MORLAND.

[SECOND PART.]

We left this luckless hero at that point of distress at which Congreve makes his "Old Bachelor" express his willingness to "loose leg or arm," to suffer *anything*, in fact, in order to be—"divorced from his wife!" whereupon his tormentors show him the way of release, and so ends the stage jest. Sir S. Morland suffered the same torment, but obtained not the same release; having fallen foul of a "Scylla" wife, to escape her he rushed in the "Charybdis" of the Consistory Court, in which, without one tenable ground for a suit of "Jactitation of Marriage," he floundered helplessly for a long period, making the public and sorry exhibition of a "biter bitten," in the attempt to swallow the rich portion of a "virtuous, pious, and sweet-dispositioned ladie."

Morland's attempt to obtain the King's interference with his "proctor, advocate, and judge," gives us a curious glimpse of that system of tampering with the administration of justice, from which the "great Revolution" delivered us; no one in our day and generation can even realise the idea of invoking "one word" from the Crown to be whispered into the ear of a Judge, in reference to a cause pending before him, and yet Morland asks Pepys to obtain such an interference on his behalf, as if it were an ordinary act of favour from king to courtier. He probably failed to obtain it, for the next communication shows matters growing worse with him, his arrears of pension still withheld, and his suit going adversely:

"SIR S. MORLAND TO MR. PEPYS.

"Monday Morning, 7 Nov., 1687.

"SIR,—Soon after I waited on you last, I showed myself to the King, who told me he would speak to the Lords of the Treasury, and the Tuesday following I put a memorial into his hands, but since, word has been sent me that nothing was ordered me.

"In the mean time *I stand excommunicated since* 40 *days before term*, and a week since, Judge Exton gave leave to *that woman's* proctor to take out a writ against me, which was done, and rude fellows employed, who threatened to take me dead or alive, so as I am shut up as a prisoner in my own hutt, near Hyde Park Gate.

"In the mean time, had I but 400*l*., or it may be 300*l*., in ready money, I could get the marriage annulled, and will his Majesty let me sink and perish for such a sum?

"If the King be resolved to give me no money, yet if he would grant me a 'tally of anticipation for one year's revenue, I could make a shift. . . . . .

"If nothing be done in three or four daies time all will be lost, and past being retrieved.

"S. MORLAND."

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It is probable that luckless Morland "made shift" to get the money, and to waste it in fruitless attempts to get himself free, for the following, in six months after, shows the sport he made for the Philistines in carrying out his notable device for getting his "marriage annulled."

"MORLAND TO PEPYS.

"17 May, 1682.

"SIR,—Being of late unable to goe abroad by reason of my lame hip, which gives me great pain, *besides that it would not be safe for me at present by reason of that strumpet's debts*, I take the boldness to entreat you, that according to your wonted favours of the same kind, you would be pleased at the next opportunity to give the King the following account.

"A little before Christmas last, being informed that she was willing for a sum of money to confess a pre-contract with Mr. *Cheek*, and at the same time assured both by hers and my own lawyers that such a confession would be sufficient for a sentence of nullity, I did deposit the money, and accordingly a day of trial was appointed, but after the cause had been pleaded, I was privately assured that the judge was not at all satisfied *with such a confession as hers*, as to be a sufficient ground for him to null the marriage. So that *the design came to nothing*.

"Then I was advised to treat with her, and give her a present sum, and a future maintenance, she giving me sufficient security never to trouble me more; *but her demands were so high!* I could not consent to them.

"After this, she sent me a very submissive letter by her own advocate. I was advised, both by several private friends *and some eminent divines! to take her home*, and a day of treaty was appointed for an accommodation.

"In the interim, a certain gentleman came on purpose to my house, to assure me that "*I was taking a snake into my bosom*," forasmuch as she had for six months past, to his certain knowledge, been kept by, and cohabited with, Sir Gilbert Gerrard, as his wife.

"Upon which, making further inquiry, that gentleman furnished me with some witnesses, and I having found out others, I am this term endeavouring to prove adultery against her, and to obtain a divorce, which is the present condition of your most faithful and humble servant,

"S. MORLAND."

Here it would appear as if the hapless Benedick "saw land" amidst the ocean of trouble around him. His adultery plea seemed to speed better than his other devices; in less than three months he had gotten sentence of divorce pronounced, after "many hott disputes between the doctors of the civil law," and "*subject to appeal within 15 days!*" Morland seemed quit of his Dalilah for life, with only the slight drawback of having to settle her "*little bills!*" contracted from the day of marriage to the day of sentence, "in which he saw a sufficiency of trouble." We have said that Morland *seemed* to be rid of his tormentor, but it was in seeming only; the "Ides of March were come," but not

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past. Within the ominous "fifteen days" we have our luckless hero making fresh signals of distress to his old pupil Pepys, through whom he seems to have thought it his duty to make all his miseries and troubles periodically known to the King. But the king's own troubles were by this time thickening round him; he was at war with the Universities, the seven Bishops! the whole mind and energies of Protestant England, and we may easily conceive that neither Pepys nor Pepys's master had much attention or commiseration to spare for the following detail of the fresh sorrows of this "*doited* old man." James was, in fact, at this very moment at the turning-point of his destiny. Smarting under his defeat in the bishops' trial, just finished in Westminster Hall, he and his browbeating, blaspheming Chancellor Jeffreys were goading the "High Commission Court" to bring in the clergy of England, *en masse*, as culprits, for not reading the memorable dispensing "declaration." Little likelihood was there that, in such a crisis, Sir Samuel Morland could engage the thoughts of either of the three for a single instant. However, he does not fail to urge his suit as usual, in the following dolorous epistle:

"SIR S. MORLAND TO MR. PEPYS.

"28 July, 1688.

"SIR,—Presuming that your *great affairs* will oblige you to be with the king at Windsor, and that my Lord Chancellor (Jeffreys) will be there likewise, I beg leave acquaint you, that since the sentence of divorce was solemnly pronounced by the judge, upon as fair proof as ever was brought into Doctors' Commons, Sir Gilbert Gerrard, who has kept her ever since Christmas last, and still keeps her, and has hitherto fee'd lawyers to support her unjust cause against me, has proceeded to get a certain proctor to enter an appeal against the sentence, and this morning word is sent me, that they either have or will petition my Lord Chancellor to grant a commission of appeal, in pretending that the king's advocate and proctor have proceeded illegally in this tryal, &c. Now the very day the sentence was pronounced, by way of caution I put in a Caveat at my Lord Chancellor's office, to pray that my Lord would not grant a commission of appeal before he had sent for the counsel at both sides, and been informed howtmine had proceeded. And the favour I now beg of you is, that you will be so kind to move the king to speak one word* to my Lord Chancellor to that effect, so that I may have some

* Morland's incessant begging for "one word" from the king in his favour reminds me to append a well-known and characteristic "*mot*" of our "Iron Duke," in reply to an importunate but not approved relative.

"The Hon. and Rev. ——, to the Duke of Wellington.

"Dear Duke,

"'One word' from you and I am a Bishop.

"Yours, &c.,

"——."

THE REPLY.

"Dear ——,

"Not 'one word' from

"Yours, &c.,

"WELLINGTON."

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end of all my troubles and vexations, which have almost utterly ruined me already, assuring you that this is only a project of the adverse party to weary out by a continual expense, as "*gutta cavat lapidem*," and at last to insult me.

"Your very humble and faithful servant,

"S. MORLAND."

Here our luckless fortune-hunting promovent, who "went out for wool, and came home shorn to the quick," disappears from the record. The lawyers' "long vacation" hung up his divorce suit, appeal and all, and when November term came, a greater divorce case—even the divorce of a Dynasty from a Throne!—engrossed the attention of all men. Jeffreys, instead of issuing commissions of appeal, was himself in the guise of a coal-bargeman, with his fierce brows shaved off, appealing piteously to his guards "for God's sake to lodge him in the Tower," and to "keep off the raging mob howling for his blood!" Of Morland's divorce bill we hear no more, but it is probable that with the Stuart *régime* fell their pensions and charges on the revenue, and that Morland's wife and her paramour, finding him no longer worth plundering, ceased to annoy him. We can trace him as living on, feeble and blind, to the year 1696; one more glimpse we catch of him, as an author, so late as the year before his death. There is a very small and curious volume, entitled the "URIM OF CONSCIENCE," by "*Sir Samuel Morland, Knight and Baronet:* London, 1695,"—in which the author, adverting to his having been blind for the previous three years, puts forth many original and curious speculations on the state and prospects of human beings. He also takes occasion to criticise "Milton's Paradise Lost," and "Hobbes's Leviathan," with equal severity; and three quaint but well-composed prayers at the end would seem to indicate as if the aged man had found it "good for him to have been afflicted."

I looked in vain through this little volume for any reference to any of the former phases of his varied and eventful life, but could find nothing more definite than the following apologetic confession, p. 38:

"Though I had frequent calls to labour in God's vineyard, yet nevertheless I chose rather to gratify my own roving fancy, and satisfy my vain curiosity, in ranging abroad and making inquiry into the manners and customs of foraigne countries, *and then to enter into the secret intreagues and mysterious transactions of my own*, where I had opportunity to hear, see, and observe many things which *must be buried in oblivion!*"

The next year saw poor old Sir Samuel Morland consigned to the *oblivion of the grave*, little thinking, doubtless, how in another generation he was to be disentombed from oblivion, first in the diary of his friend and patron; and again, by a "Paul Pry" in this *excursus* down one of the "By-ways of History."

R.

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ARCHBISHOP WHATELY: "THOUGHTS AND APOPHTHEGMS."*

His Eminence is not a title admissible in the hierarchy of our Church; else were it due, in no mere titular sense, to Archbishop Whately, who stands out in high relief, pre-Eminently, the man of letters, a power in literature, from among his right reverend brethren. We may severally sympathise more with the "views" of other of the literary bishops; with the high-and-dry tone of much-baited Bangor, or the stringent sacerdotalism of undaunted Exeter, or the doughty Protestantism of bellicose Cashel, or the seemingly high-and-low eclecticism of Samuel Oxon; but whatever our private leanings, in this direction or in that, we can hardly dispute the claim of the Archbishop of Dublin, as an author of influence, to be esteemed *facile princeps* on the episcopal bench.

In certain leading features of composition and habit of thought, there is a pretty near affinity between this illustrious prelate and Archdeacon Paley. Both writers are distinguished by remarkable clearness of mental vision, by a peculiarly English sagacity of judgment, by an exceptional degree of liberality—some will say sheer latitudinarianism—and by a felicitous mode of expression, enviably direct and lucid, and rich in illustrations of a sometimes racy and an always aidful sort.

But if Dr. Whately challenges notice on the score of what is welcomed in him as "practical shrewdness" and "sound common sense," he is yet none of your merely practical and common-sense models. If he is liberal to a rich and rare degree, he is *not* the latitudinarian that latitude-men would have him to be. Consult him, for instance, on the subject of "common sense," and he will warn you, that, while the pedantry of learning and science has often been dwelt upon, and deservedly ridiculed, there is another danger on the opposite side, which is seldom, if ever, mentioned, though it is a folly quite as great as the other, of a yet more intolerable character, and still more hopeless—"the pedantry of common sense and experience." He will tell you that for one person who is overbearing you on account of his knowledge of technical terms, there are five or six still more provokingly impertinent with their common sense and experience. "Their common sense will be found nothing more than common prejudice; and their experience will be found to consist in the fact that they have done a thing wrong very often, and fancy they have done it right. In former times, men knew by experience that the earth stands still, and the sun rises and sets. Common sense taught them that there could be no Antipodes; since men could not stand with their heads downwards, like flies. Experience taught the King of Bantum that water could not become solid. And the experience and common sense of one of the most observant and intelligent of historians, Tacitus, convinced him that for a mixed government to be so framed as to combine the elements of royalty, aristocracy, and democracy, must be next to im-

* Selections from the Writings of Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, with his Grace's Permission. Bentley. 1856.

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possible, and that if such a one could be framed, it must inevitably be very speedily dissolved."—Or, again, consult the Archbishop on the rights and duties of free thought. No one more noted for strenuous opposition to every tendency to cramp, confine, or hoodwink the mind of man; yet, is he latitudinarian in any lax sense, at the cost of Christian principle, to the disparagement of its doctrinal standards? Hardly so, since he is urgent to enforce such monitions as the following: "Any Christian minister who should confine himself to what are sometimes (erroneously) called 'practical sermons'—*i.e.* mere moral essays, without any mention of the peculiar doctrines of Christianity—is in the same condition with the heathen philosophers, with this difference, that what was their *misfortune* is his *fault*." Or this *caveat* against a "parlous want" in Miss Edgeworth's fictions: "Those works of fiction are worse than unprofitable that inculcate morality, with an exclusion of all reference to religious principle. This is obviously and notoriously the character of Miss Edgeworth's moral tales. And so entire and resolute is this exclusion, that it is maintained at the expense of what may be called poetical truth: it destroys, in many instances, the probability of the tale, and the naturalness of the characters." That Christianity *does* exist, he goes on to say, every one must believe as an incontrovertible truth; nor can any one deny that, whether true or false, it does exercise, at least is supposed to exercise, an influence on the feelings and conduct of some of the believers in it. Hence he maintains, that to represent persons of various ages, sex, country, and station in life, as practising, on the most trying occasions, every kind of duty, and encountering every kind of danger, difficulty, and hardship, while none of them ever makes the least reference to a religious motive, is as decidedly at variance with reality—what is called in works of fiction *unnatural*—as it would be to represent Mahomet's enthusiastic followers as rushing into battle without any thought of his promised paradise. So much on the mere charge of a blemish in art, perceivable by every reader, whatever may be his religious or non-religious persuasion. But a higher question than that of taste is involved—the studious suppression of reference to the motive power of religion. "This vital defect in such works should be constantly pointed out to the young reader; and he should be warned that, to realise the picture of noble, disinterested, thorough-going virtue, presented in such and such an instance, it is absolutely necessary to resort to those principles which in these fictions are unnoticed. He should, in short, be reminded that all those 'things that are lovely and of good report,' which have been placed before him, are the genuine fruits of the Holy Land; though the spies who have brought them bring also an evil report of that land, and would persuade us to remain wandering in the wilderness." The greater stress is to be laid on passages to this effect, in the writings of Archbishop Whately, because it is not unusual to hear him spoken of as a type of indifferentism in such matters—as though it were not possible to qualify an ardent zeal for the free course of thought, and a decided stand against the extravagances of dogma, by an enlightened jealousy of excesses in the opposite direction, and a vigilant repression of reactionary licence.

The biblical illustration at the close of the passage just quoted, exemplifies the happy manner of the Archbishop in introducing a simile. Similes grave and gay, imaginative and homely, might be cited in utmost

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abundance from the volume before us. Of sophistry, he says, for instance, that, like poison, it is at once detected and nauseated, when presented to us in a concentrated form—whereas a fallacy which, stated barely in a few sentences, would not deceive a child, may deceive half the world, if diluted in a quarto volume. "It is true, in a course of argument, as in mechanics, that 'nothing is stronger than its weakest part,' and consequently a chain which has one faulty link will break; but though the number of the sound links adds nothing to the *strength* of the chain, it adds much to the chance of the faulty one's *escaping observation*." He compares the attempt to improve, by increased knowledge, a man who does not know how to make use of what he already has, to an attempt to enlarge the prospect of a short-sighted man by taking him to the top of a hill; and the teaching one who has no curiosity to learn, to the sowing a field without ploughing it; and again, such tales as make a *direct* attempt at moral teaching, to those clocks and watches which are condemned

A double or a treble debt to pay;

which, besides their legitimate object, to show the hour, tell you the day of the month or the week, give you a landscape for a dial-plate, with the second-hand forming the sails of a windmill, or have a barrel to play a tune, or an alarum to remind you of an engagement; all very good things in their way; but so it is, that these watches never tell the time so well as those in which that is the exclusive object of the maker. Every additional movement is an obstacle to the original design.—Dr. Whately is extremely ingenious in illustrative aids and appliances of this description.

Occasionally, too, there is a *curiosa felicitas* of phrase, worthy of observation. "Children," he says, "are the to-morrow of society." "Cultivate," he says, "not only the corn-fields of your mind, but the pleasure-grounds also." He excels in a certain pithy sententiousness, of which the following are samples:—"He will please most who is aiming, not to *please*, but to *give pleasure*." "If we would but duly take care of children, grown people would generally take care of themselves." Nor should we overlook his way of stating pleasant (or unpleasant) truths, of the kind ensuing: "An *exemplary* character, according to the notions of some, is one whose example no one is expected to follow." "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer; but a wise man cannot ask more questions than he will find a fool ready to answer." "Many a meandering discourse one hears, in which the preacher aims at nothing, and—hits it."

To say that we cordially wish the very largest circulation to this little volume of Thoughts and Apophthegms, is only to imply our interest in the dissemination of sound learning and religious principles, for it is a book to be desired to make one wise, a genuine Aid to Reflection, a very garner of practical wisdom, shrewd observation, weighty counsel, and suggestive seed-thoughts. Even those who possess the original writings from whose multifarious pages these "Selections" are culled, will be glad of a hand-book that brings together so many pregnant excerpts, well worthy to be had in present remembrance.

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THE STORY OF THE SEA ANEMONE.

THERE was once an Anemone that grew in a small nook between two high sand-cliffs that faced the Ocean. A little rill came tumbling down from above, or rather trickling over the side of one high sand-cliff, always watering this spot before it moved onwards and found its way down the steep declivity on to the beach below. That was the reason why everything here looked fair and beautiful. The wild dog-rose spread itself far and wide in a fresh carpet of prickly green, and the honeysuckle shot up amongst it, putting forth its fragrant blossoms, and, as the autumn came on, showing its rich coronals of crimson berries. As for the Anemones, they crept close under the shelter of the gorse and reed-grass that hung above, and bloomed and blossomed in tranquil security. The Anemone, however, of whom I make particular mention, was a lady of ambition, and had sprung up somewhat apart from the others, where, under the protection of a clod of grass, she confronted all the sea-breezes and turned her face, ever bright and beautiful, towards the glorious Ocean. How she longed to enter it, to bathe in those beautiful waters, which with their still-beginning, never-ending, voice of song, seemed to woo her to their embraces, telling her grand, wonderful stories of the pearls hid in their coral caves and beneath their floating sea-weeds. She could not sleep at night for thinking of them. When the other flowers folded their leaves and shrank back modestly into the shadows of the cliffs, she was listening to the light-minded zephyrs, and envying the thistles whom she knew were only waiting till their wings had grown to pull the shafts from their bosom and float away on them to explore the Ocean. Why could not she have wings also to sail away upon? Her form was bent already with always leaning towards the Sea, and one of her leaves was beginning to wither a little from premature old age and heat without shade to it. She knew that she should be better if only she could get a dip in the Ocean. Why the very Porpoises knew that, when they came rolling in near the beach showing their backs of crimson and green, and splashing the waters right merrily up into the air. If only the breeze would assist her—she knew that he could carry her off if he would, but then he was so fickle-minded he never blew twice exactly in the same direction—she should never bathe in the great Ocean. And the Anemone trembled on her pedestal, and shook off with anger a drop of the sea-spray that had lit upon her. Meanwhile the bright days grew changeful and uncertain—the sea made a dull monotonous sound and increased in fury, its "hollow ridges roaring into cataracts" till it lashed its sides with rage and sent its foam, white and turbid, in trembling velocity out upon the grey-stoned beach. The heavens looked dark and threatening, the winds rose wild and fierce, and the rain came down splashing, piercing cold and determined. All the flowers folded up their leaves and shrank back into the ridges of the cliff, waiting for better days; but the Anemone stood aloof. The sea tossed dark and heavily beneath her feet, but what recked she of that? She had looked down into the heart of its waters when they were clear and placid as the surface of the lake, and she had seen the beautiful jelly-fish idly drifting about with the motion of the tide; and one, the fairest and largest of them all, had spread itself out in the sun-

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shine, and expressed affection to her by keeping always within her sight, and getting as close to her as it could with its brilliant reflexions and prismatic colours. She was sure it was there even now, though the dark heavy sea-weeds and the tossing foam kept it from her sight, and the rain blinded her so much she could hardly open her petals to look out upon the Ocean. But what is this? The ground seems loosening from beneath her feet, the little rill that trickled down so quietly in the spring-tide has grown, and spread, and swollen itself out with the rains, and now it has quite undermined the clod of earth on which she has been resting, and lo! the winds come hurrying up to see what is the matter, and, sweeping in between her and the rill, they carry her off her feet with one impetuous motion, and there she is on the beach before she can well tell what has befallen her!—On the beach, but with no resting-place for her feet, no spot of earth to cover and protect her, no time either for reflection, for the winds carry her along as their plaything, dashing her beautiful blossoms against the flint stones, and lifting her up rudely to bear her forward again as she clings to some rough brown stone or mass of sea-weeds. Is there no help for her? The black waves of Ocean almost touch her form, terrifying her as they do so, and the flowers from the cliffs above nod and shake their heads as though reproaching her for leaving them. She thinks of her wish to bathe in the sea, and shudders at the dark waves and howling blast. Is there no mercy left for her? Piteously does she beseech the winds to bear her back again, but for all answer they only lift her high in their arms and whirl her forward in a wild, fierce eddy. Where, oh where, are they taking her to? Over the face of the crested billows and the yawning deeps. There is a huge chasm just now opening before her, her shriek of misery is all unheard, she is dashed downwards into its abyss; but lo! her lover, the jelly-fish, is reposing at the bottom of it, and fainting, sinking, dying, the Anemone is received into his bosom.

Some time ago a curious phenomenon was brought to light. Clinging fast to the large rocks amid which the sea tides dash in so boldly, the fishermen were surprised to discover a certain substance in shape like the Anemone, in nature the same as the jelly-fish. At first it was supposed to be purely a flower of a sea-weed nature growing in the salt water; but being transplanted from its element, it was found that its colours faded, its petals contracted, and like a very sensitive plant, it drooped and died. Others of the same species being transplanted into larger tanks, kept constantly supplied with fresh salt water, were observed silently and unobtrusively to put forth live feelers and spread themselves out like the petals of a flower, but after the nature of a fish. So curious was the combination, that it was at last agreed to give to this plant-animal the name of the Sea Anemone, and so now for some time have men designated it; but as it is not every one who may know its real history, I have been induced to publish this little account of how one frail Anemone grew discontented upon the shore, and so carried by the weird wind into the arms of her sea-lover, impressed his offspring with her likeness, and has transmitted for ever to these denizens of the Ocean her own tender grace and flower-like beauty.

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HEROINE-WORSHIP.

We write the word with a faltering pen. An unpleasant impression comes over us that we stand committed on classical grounds to an investigation of the characters of those "wonderful women" of antiquity, whose interesting claims have been so systematically neglected in the eloquent discourses of Wordsworth and Bulwer. We should as soon dream of inquiring into the characters of any three close columns of those unprotected females who daily run through the list of their qualifications with such unadorned yet touching simplicity in the advertising-sheet of the *Times*. Could we hope to do justice to the strong-minded Spartan matron, whose laconic address to her son, on handing him his shield, has always appeared to us to be a mistake of the early commentators? Could we venture to suggest, without deprecating the deep disgust of the shades of all departed editors and annotators—peace to their remains!—that the present reading is a corruption of a fond mother's order to an attendant helot to fasten the direction securely on her young hero's carpet-bag? What words of ours could paint in sufficiently bright colours the filial devotion of that young lady, who supplied her reduced parent with the nourishment which in the natural order of things is usually furnished by the parent (maternal, of course) to the child, and thus turned the gushing spring of affection to some account? No! we wish to be distinctly understood as repudiating all connexion with the ancients—or, at least, their heroines—during the present article. The Greek slave is admirable, doubtless, as a statue, but we should feel a difficulty in presenting her, as a Greek slave, in a drawing-room of the nineteenth century. So are we diffident of bringing prominently forward those gems from the antique, who, though always strictly classical, are not invariably correct.

Nor let it for a moment be imagined that we propose to lay bare the middle ages (not of the ladies—Venus forbid that we should hint at such a thing!), and evoke those heroines of history who, or at least whose representatives, demonstrate practically that time is money, when they condescend to be retained at an hourly salary by the historically-disposed members of the Royal Academy. To this day we can recal the passionate glances and moist hands with which, in early youth, we followed the fortunes of the persecuted Maid of Orleans through her chequered career of three long acts on the Astleyan stage—how we became so terribly impressed with the reality of the property flames which raged (at the cruel command of the first villain) round her, that for some considerable time we were sceptical of her being identical with the phenomenon who shortly afterwards went through a performance in which two bare-backed-steeds and sixteen silver-paper-covered hoops (to us objects of peculiar interest) were especially prominent—and how our juvenile adoration for this maiden, whose lungs, if one might judge from the vigour with which she exercised them against her enemies, retained their power even amidst the roaring flames, became suddenly extinguished during the pantomime when the brilliant and fascinating Columbine bounded on the stage, and, with one electric glance at the pit, transfixed our susceptible heart in the boxes. True, the poetry of these associations has been long

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since dispelled. We have seen the captivating bloom of the boards resolve itself in the green-room—not exactly into dust and ashes, but something uncommonly like them, and this perhaps not the greatest metamorphosis. But we are becoming retrospective, and consequently (submitting the point withal) a bore. Without denying any temporary attachment that we may have cherished towards Joan of Arc, we beg to state that we have not the smallest intention of reproducing her or any other medieval heroine in this place. And we may at once dispose of the supposition that we intend to treat of those delicate and all but breathing creations in the world of fiction—in whom most of us probably have at times felt a jealous interest that has attested the genius of the hand which created them. These and their kindred, among whom we may reckon that wonderful and much-endaring creature, the heroine of domestic drama—we speak of her as an abstract idea apart from her professional representative—a plant indigenous to the great hot-houses on the Surrey side of the Thames, but not altogether unknown to the more aristocratic temples of Thespis on its northern bank—we are reluctantly compelled to pass by in silence. Our present purpose is with none of these.

We have now probably reached a point at which we shall be somewhat impatiently assailed with that pertinent yet apparently tautological question, "What next—and next?" It is easy to imagine that, as civilisation advances, and the sphere of woman's mission becomes more extended, a heroine, in the popular sense of one who distinguishes herself among her kind in some extraordinarily masculine manner, must become every day a bird of greater rarity. Indeed, at the present moment, the only legitimate field of action for heroines of this class—with all deference be it said—seems to lie among the sick and wounded of their country's champions, and even then the handmaid of Æsculapius must be gifted with nerves of no ordinary strength to encounter this episode in the battle of life with success. In the full consciousness, therefore, that the meridian of the nineteenth century is passed, it is not altogether without some misgiving that we lend our mind's ear deferentially to the sweetest and most musical of voices (photographically emblematic of its owner), exclaiming, in accents to which a shade of impatience—the slightest in the world—only lends an additional charm, "Who's your heroine?" Now, without wishing for one moment to be wanting in that courtesy which forbids us to permit any lady to "pause for a reply," we must be permitted to say a few words in explanation; and, lest we should be understood as using this expression in its parliamentary sense, of being totally irrelevant to the matter in question, we hereby distinctly assure our readers that the explanation shall be strictly preliminary.

The remarkable and characteristic custom which has prevailed in England for some considerable period, of recognising the merits of distinguished men by inviting them to a public dinner, where the chairman invariably feels the highest gratification in rising to propose the toast of the evening, appears, in its full significance, to have been unknown to the ancients. No accounts of Anniversary Festivals at the Olympic Tavern in aid of decayed gods and goddesses, with (on this occasion only) Jupiter in the chair and Bacchus under the table; or of banquets in support of Theatrical Funds, with Æschylus presiding and lamenting—the

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libations, meanwhile, having been heavy—in sonorous iambics the decline of the Attic drama; nothing of the sort, at least that we are aware of, has been handed down to us by any contemporary reporter. Nor is this to be wondered at. In those primitive times the now-honoured names of Bathe and Breach of the London Tavern, and Staples of Aldersgate-street, were unknown terms—the *cuisine* of Soyer lay concealed in the womb of the future; and beings, in the guise of men, were found sufficiently barbarous and degraded to feed contentedly on the black bread and stimulating broth of the Spartan *table d'hôte*. Our refined method of honouring our heroes being thus unknown to them, they devised a plan which has since been, under different auspices, somewhat extensively practised. The ancients canonised their heroes. Not from the feeling immortalised in the pathetic ballad, "They're too good for this world, it's a pity they're here;" but sincerely believing them to be superior to the common herd, they gave them a helping hand half-way up Olympus, and thus—so to speak—the political career of their remarkable men terminated with a sort of life-peerage in the upper house.

Now, what "hero-worship" was to the ancient Greeks, "heroine-worship" is to certain modern young ladies. Descrying, with the instinct of their sex, in one among them a perfection of character—which they very properly term "angelic"—their idol is straightway hoisted on to a moral pedestal, and worshipped as a heroine accordingly. It may be that this devotional feeling struck its roots during their joint residence with the instructress of their youth, and that the devotee can still recal the proud moment when she concluded at parting that solemn compact to interchange passionately-affectionate, but (must we say it) unintelligibly-crossed letters, with the object of her adoration. What touching specimens of composition these are! the caressing epithets—the fond repetition of the word "dear"—the exhaustless supply of notes of admiration—and the expressive underlining of the choice sentences, giving the note a general appearance of an unsteadily scored loin of pork. And then the dreary blank, when the angel has left for the home of her fathers (we need scarcely say that we use the plural poetically—the legal presumption being that the young lady, however highly gifted, would be entitled only to a single male parent), the associations conjured up by a stray bit of ribbon or a disabled lace, and the tender recollections of summer evening walks in that arm-round-the-neck-or-waist communion which raises a strong inclination in the male outsider to try how it feels. Revolving years will chasten the impetuous ardour of youth in most cases, but here the devotion of the maiden knows no abatement with increasing age. Watch their meeting after a long separation—stand aside for a moment, and you will see the bound of the worshipper upon her idol, or, perchance, from some retired nook, a sound like the opening of distant ginger-beer bottles—and a subdued murmur of ecstasy will steal upon your senses, and become so provokingly suggestive as to induce a sudden retreat. Then there is so much to say—so much to show—so much to whisper (?), that time fails, and the last lingering moments scarcely admit of the repetition of the ginger-beer bottle performance even in the hall. It may be remarked that in most instances the "heroine" preserves her general superiority of character by the calm serenity with which these outbursts of pious affection are received. It is, in fact, of

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the very essence of her position that she should not appear to show too much emotion at these demonstrations. If the idol is not generally a favourite with the rougher sex, the reason may probably be traced to this cause, and to the state of mind which the atmosphere produced by the incense usually engenders. But for your life do not dare to hint such a suspicion to the *dévote*, for the meekest of her sex would become dangerously ignited at the slightest whisper against her standard of perfection. Say, however, but a word in her idol's praise—touch but however lightly on this chord, and the rapturous enthusiasm of her eloquence becomes perfectly delicious to listen to. We grieve to add, that you probably retire with the secret conviction that no reality can ever approach the beautiful ideal.

But difficult as it is to sound this feeling to its lowest depths, no one can hope to form anything like a just appreciation of its intensity who has not seen it developed in its various phases on the wedding-day of the adored object. Then, indeed, the prostration at the shrine is complete. Wonderful is the complication of feelings with which the bridesmaid expectant looks forward to the eventful morning. An innocent and utter disbelief that any man—be his qualifications what they may—can ever be or hope to be worthy of her idol; a sort of jealous dread (this is rather indistinct) that the temple is being profaned by the introduction of any other form of worship; but above all, the delight of anticipating how beautiful (with a very strong emphasis) her darling will look in the bridal properties—these, and a hundred other thoughts, which she scarcely cares to define, distract the little fluttering heart sadly. Who shall count the restless nights when the appointed day is drawing near (many more, we will venture, than the superior tone of the bride-presumptive permits her to indulge), or the mysterious consultations touching a certain something which is destined before long to sparkle on the fair neck of the elect? At church we have our own suspicions that the slim man with the watery eyes, sanguinary tie, and jaundiced gloves, is not the object of interest to her which he fondly imagines himself to be; and the little colour she has left comes and goes, in her agitation, when the officiating minister reaches the critical part of the service, with such remarkable effect as to elicit the expression of sympathy from a friendly housemaid who has run in for a moment to an admiring cook, who has also looked in for an equally brief period—"the poor dear must have been disappointed herself." Then the breakfast! Up to this point she has at least conducted herself with decorum, but now her behaviour generally becomes eccentric. She bows, and says, "With pleasure," when the imperturbable waiter—who has officiated at many breakfasts, and knows the speeches—for the third time extends a Berlin glove and its contents, in the feeble hope of attracting her attention to a *pâte d'écrevisses en papillote*, whilst to the slim man with the watery eyes, who has for the last ten minutes been audibly hoping to have the pleasure of a little champagne with her, she coldly replies, "Not any, thank you;" which observation being somewhat in the nature of a damper, reduces the slim man to a state of mind bordering on desperation. But the severest blow of all she reserves for the comic man. He had anxiously occupied himself during the ceremony in church in elaborating a concerted joke, in which "Blue Bonnets" (our bridesmaid is very fair, and wears blue) "over the Border" and "Gretna

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Green" were to take the principal parts. The comic man is on his legs, and has reached his joke. The whole point naturally turns on our bridesmaid looking conscious, and blushing in the most natural way in the world at the proper place. None but those who have experienced the terrible agony of that moment can picture his dismay, when he perceives her earnest gaze fixed upon the bride, and her evidently utter unconsciousness of the cue. The orator is discomfited; he becomes vague, and indulges in generalities; his discourse grows disconnected and loses point, and at length the observation, in an under tone, which is distinctly heard from the other end of the table, that "Josh is flat this morning," impels him to sit down, with a feeble smile, amidst ironical applause. But the pathos of the parental speech is fairly too much for her. The brightest of tears has been glistening on her eyelashes, like the early dew, since the morning, and when the hand of a father smites his highly-ornamented waistcoat, and he refers in touching terms to the desolation of his hearth generally, even the graceful composure of the bride is slightly disturbed, and the emotion of our bridesmaid becomes, we are ashamed to say, distinctly audible. But the moment of trial arrives, when, after the temporary eclipse of the idol, she shines forth again with somewhat diminished splendour, to say the parting words. What a struggle then there is to keep down the rising flood, and what a choking and swelling sensation in that white little throat during the contest! Well, Nature will have her way, and, with a passionate burst of tears, she clings round her worshipped "heroine," to the astonishment of the outsiders, who are unprepared for the display, and wholly unable to understand what it all means. Even the comic man is a second time disconcerted, and forgets a humorous tag, which he had rapidly put together in reference to the old shoe. He is subsequently heard to remark to an intimate friend, in an injured tone, that "it was really lines on a fellow, you know—now, wasn't it?" And now the carriage, with its—to her—precious freight, has rattled off, and whilst the minstrels in the square are still committing the gross anachronism of performing "Haste to the Wedding" with undiminished vigour but unsteady execution—the latter result being not improbably attributable to the presence on the ground of a brigade of pewters, with a potboy in command (a beautiful and scientific illustration of cause and effect), the slim man, partially recovered, advances,—his watery eyes meanwhile overflowing with sympathy,—and with the best intentions tenders some very diluted consolation to the weeping bridesmaid. Say what you will about the friendship of man surpassing the love of woman, our faith is equally great in the devotion we have attempted to shadow forth. There is a popular and constitutional maxim, touching the infallibility of the Sovereign of this realm, which is brief, but expressive. Borrowing its language, we may shortly sum up their creed thus: "Our 'heroine' can do no wrong."

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RE-OPENING OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

If a French traveller, whose last experience of London was the season of 1852, had been suddenly set down in Pall Mall about a quarter to eight o'clock on the evening of the 10th of last month, he would probably have addressed the first person whom he met somewhat after this fashion: "Pardon, Monsieur! Dites-moi, s'il vous plaît, pourquoi y a-t-il tant de monde dans les rues? Cette belle Exposition de Hyde Park, ce joli Palais de Cristal existe-t-il encore?" The answer would, of course, be in the negative, with this explanation: "To-night, sir, a great event takes place. Her Majesty's Theatre, the legitimate home of the Opera and the only abode of the Ballet, re-opens after an interval of four years. That is the cause of this stir in the world of fashion." "Le beau monde a bien raison, Monsieur!" would the Frenchman reply; and so the two would part, the Englishman most likely proceeding to the Haymarket, where we will take our seat, invisibly, beside him.

We enter by the Charles-street Arcade, pleased to see the old official faces still smiling politely as of yore, and pleased no less, though more surprised, to find, inside the vast arena, that we had only been taking a rather long nap, without the consequences that befel the slumber of Rip van Winkle. He, on awaking, found everything changed; we, on the contrary, could discover no alteration in the well-remembered scene. There was the same beauty of decoration, the same thronging audience, the same glad hum of expectation: nothing, in short, presented itself to produce the effect that Time had had its hands so full since last we were there. The first thing, however, to remind us that something had come "o'er the spirit of our dream," was the absence of Mr. Balfe from the orchestra, and the substitution of Signor Bonetti as the conductor; and let us say, *en passant*, that the skill and energy which the Italian gentleman has shown since the musical *bâton* has been thus placed in his hands, leave us no reason to regret the change.

But the curtain rises for the "Cenerentola," and who greets us on the stage? Alboni, with that rare, unapproachable voice, sweeter than ever; with a style more finished, an execution more perfect, a manner more enchanting than we had supposed it possible to find in one whose merits had been already so fully and widely recognised. There was not a note or phrase throughout the evening's performance that was not eagerly drunk in by every listening ear, and when she sang her final *aria* of "Non più mesta," her triumph was complete. And worthily throughout the performance was she supported by Calzolari, in whose singing this change alone has been wrought since last he was heard here, that what might then have been deemed uncertain,—the possession by him of one of the finest tenor voices on the stage,—is now an ascertained fact. Neither was novelty wanting to add to the pleasure of the representation, Beneventano and Zucconi making their first appearance before an English audience, and each laying the foundation of a reputation that is likely to endure. It seemed hardly possible to make the house seem fuller than it was during the performances of the opera, but certain indications in the large omnibus-boxes told us, as the prelude to "Les Quatre Saisons" began, that the *ballet*, as it exists nowhere else,

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was now expected. The *programme* had mentioned four new *danseuses*, Mesdemoiselles Boschetti, Katrine, Lisereau, and Bellon; but though it had led us to expect that each differed from the other in style, it hinted nothing of the surprise that was in store. If beauty of feature, symmetry of form, rapidity of action, precision of movement, and *tours de force* accomplished without the slightest apparent effort, constitute the perfection of choregraphic art, then Mademoiselle Boschetti is at once entitled to take her place in the foremost rank of its professors. There are some points in her dancing—for instance, that flutter of limbs in the air when her figure is upheld by the lightest touch of her clever supporter, Monsieur Vandris—which we have never seen equalled. What time she may have bestowed to acquire her art we know not—it cannot, however, be much, she is still so young; but this we know, that her fame was established at Her Majesty's Theatre in a moment. Mademoiselle Katrine, too, impressed the audience most favourably by a style that was essentially her own, in which extreme grace and flexibility mark every slowly measured movement; she, too, has great beauty of face. The vigour and perfect *aplomb* of Mademoiselle Bellon, and the finish of Mademoiselle Lisereau, reaped for them the most enthusiastic applause.

So much for the opening night, which was not suffered by the audience to pass away without a demand for the appearance of the indefatigable *impresario*, to whom for so many years the town has been indebted for more enjoyment than it usually falls to the lot of one man to be able to procure for it. If Mr. Lumley has not forgotten his skill, neither have the public lost their recollection of the many claims which he has upon their sympathy and gratitude.

After the repetition of the "Cenerentola" on the succeeding Tuesday came, on the next night, the ever-charming "Barbiere," with the *Rosina* of Alboni and the *Figaro* of Belletti, whose re-appearance was welcomed in the warmest possible manner. In a musical point of view, there was nothing wanting to render the "Barbiere" all that could be wished. Alboni again ascended in the scale of public estimation; Calzolari maintained his position; and Belletti was, what he always has been, without an artistic defect. What has happened since? Alboni has appeared as *Amina* in the "Sonnambula," creating the part anew, by the marvellous capacity with which she achieves all the triumphs of the most celebrated *soprani* without sacrificing one iota of her original excellence. It is beyond a question that she is now the queen of the lyrical drama. If these three operas were all that the director of Her Majesty's Theatre could give to the public this season, they would suffice for perfect enjoyment; but even while we are writing the house is filling to witness the *début* of Mademoiselle Piccolomini in "La Traviata;" and there are yet in store Madame Albertini's *Leonora* in "Il Trovatore," with Alboni's first appearance as *Azucena*, and the *Romeo* of Mademoiselle Wagner, known only to a London audience at present by a feud, rivalling in intensity that of the Montagues and Capulets, but happily ended without a tragedy. In the *ballet*, too, besides "La Manola," in which Mademoiselle Bellon is wonderful, we are to have the superbly mounted "Corsaire," with Rosalie as the heroine, *Medora*; and the attraction of Marie Taglioni will be added to complete the brilliant *ensemble*. We may, indeed, be glad on every account that Her Majesty's Theatre is once more the cynosure of the London season.

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Mingle-mangle by Monkshood.

GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE.

[CONCLUDED.]

AFTER Alexander, the two men who claim most interest, as prominent statesmen, in the closing volume of this History, are those widely-sundered fellow-citizens, opposed in temperament, profession, policy—but to some extent mournfully alike in fate—Phocion and Demosthenes. How well disposed Mr. Grote is towards Demosthenes, the eleventh volume of this History gave clear evidence so far as it went. In the twelfth, he has occasion more than once to advocate the cause of the orator against charges and insinuations of various kinds, and he ever stands forward to do so with hearty good-will.

As an instance of the charges thus preferred and thus confronted, take the Athenian mission to Alexander, on the motion of Demades, B.C. 336. During the consternation at Athens, occasioned by Alexander's victorious march into Greece at the head of a formidable army, and within a few weeks even of the death of Philip, it was moved by Demades, in the agitated assembly, that an address should be conveyed to Alexander, on the part of Athens, apologetic and entirely submissive in its character—and not only recognising him as chief of Greece, but conferring upon him divine honours, in terms even more emphatic than those bestowed upon Philip. The motion succeeded, and the mover, accompanied by a select deputation, carried the resolution to Alexander at Thebes, by whom it was accepted for what it was, an act of submission. One young spokesman at the assembly, Pytheas by name, is said to have opposed the motion. It is not known what side Demosthenes took in the debate, if any; whether he supported Pytheas, or whether he altogether held his peace, in dudgeon, or from expediency, or some other motive, simple or compound. "That he did not go with Demades on the mission to Alexander, seems," Mr. Grote remarks, "a matter of course, though he is said to have been appointed by public vote to do so, and to have declined the duty. He accompanied the legation as far as Mount Kithæron, on the frontier, and then returned to Athens." Now this step was denounced by Æschines and his other enemies, as a cowardly desertion—a reproach which Mr. Grote regards with astonishment, since there could be no envoy so odious to Alexander, or so likely to provoke refusal for the proposition which he carried, as Demosthenes, the arch-agitator of Athens, the anti-Macedonian Pan-hellenic orator

> ——whose resistless eloquence
> Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
> Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
> To Macedon.

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To employ *him* in such a mission, the historian argues, would have been absurd; unless indeed for the purpose probably intended by his enemies—that he might be either detained by the conqueror as an expiatory victim (just as Demades himself was, some years later, put to death by Antipater, to whom he had been sent as an envoy from Athens), or sent back as a pardoned and humiliated prisoner.*

Again. In the spring of the following year, Darius appears to have sent money from Persia to sustain the anti-Macedonian party at Athens and elsewhere. It is affirmed by two orators, at enmity with Demosthenes,—by his leading rival Æschines, and by Demarchus—that the sum sent by Darius, consisting of three hundred talents, was refused by the Athenian people, but taken by Demosthenes, who reserved about a fourth part of the amount for his own private purpose. They add, that public inquiry was afterwards instituted on the subject. Nothing, however, is shown to have been made out; nor does it appear even that the assumed culprit was brought to any formal trial, much less convicted and condemned. Mr. Grote observes on this topic, that supposing Demosthenes, and probably other leading orators, to have received such remittances from Persia, no such personal corruption is therein implied as their enemies impute to them. "It is no way proved that Demosthenes applied the money to his own private purposes. To receive and expend it in trying to organise combinations for the enfranchisement of Greece, was a proceeding which he would avow as not only legitimate but patriotic. It was aid obtained from one foreign prince to enable Hellas to throw off the worse dominion of another."† So convinced is the historian, that, at this moment, the political interests of Persia were really at one with that of all Greeks who aspired to freedom; for while it would be the purpose of a Greek patriot to preserve the integrity and self-government of the Hellenic world against all foreign interference, the Persian monarch's own sense of security warned him to protect Greece from being made an appendage of Macedon, his own chance meantime of becoming master of Greece being null, though his means of supporting her were ample. Mr. Grote is ready with the readiest to stigmatise as unwarrantable the invoking of aid from Persia against Hellenic foes,—as Sparta had done both in the Peloponnesian war and at the peace of Antalcidas, and as Thebes and Athens had followed her example in doing afterwards; but equally he maintains, on the other hand, that to invoke the same aid (from Persia) against the dominion of another foreigner (Macedonia), at once nearer and more formidable, was open to no blame on the score of either patriotism or policy. "Demosthenes had vainly urged his countrymen to act with energy against Philip, at a time when they might by their own efforts have upheld the existing autonomy both for Athens and for Greece generally.

* Grote, XII. 15 sq. † Ibid. 27 sq.

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He now seconded or invited Darius, at a time when Greece single-handed had become incompetent to the struggle against Alexander, the common enemy both of Grecian liberty and of the Persian empire. Unfortunately for Athens as well as for himself, Darius, with full means of resistance in his hands, played his game against Alexander even with more stupidity and improvidence than Athens had played hers against Philip."*

Æschines, again, accuses Demosthenes of having by his perverse

* Mr. Grote exposes the incompetency of Darius Codomannus at various stages in his conduct of the war, with a severity of plain-speaking that may jar on the nerves of those, fancy-fed and Dryden-led, who cherish an ideal of

"—— Darius, great and good;"

and who, inspired with "soft pity" by the same "mournful Muse" that erst inspired Timotheus, at the royal feast for Persia won by Philip's warlike son, lament the Great King as fallen

"By *too* severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood."

The death of that far-sighted and ready-witted general, Memnon, is shown to have been a fatal blow to the interests of Darius—though the full value of that loss was better appreciated by the intelligent enemy whom Memnon opposed, than by the feeble master whom he served. Memnon's plans were abandoned by Darius at the precise moment when they might have been most safely and completely executed, and this abandonment was the turning-point of the besotted monarch's future fortune. As for the battle of Issus, which Darius has been blamed for fighting *at* Issus, within a narrow space, instead of waiting for Alexander on the spacious plains beyond Mount Amanus,—*this*, Mr. Grote contends, was comparatively immaterial, whatever stress Arrian and the other historians may lay upon it; and in confirmation of his view he points to the fact, that Arbela proved the Persian army under Darius to be hardly less unfit for a pitched battle in the open plain. The real imprudence, according to Mr. Grote, consisted simply in fighting the battle at all, to the neglect of Memnon's military forewarnings. "Mountains and defiles were the real strength of the Persians, to be held as posts against the invader." (XII. 149.) If Darius stands in humiliating contrast to Alexander in the matter of generalship, so does he in the quality of personal courage. As soon as the Asiatic *hoplites* on his left gave way at the battle of Issus, the king, who was in his chariot in the centre, seized with panic, caused his chariot to be turned round, and fled with all speed among the foremost fugitives (p. 163). In his terror,

"Mantle, and shield, and bow he flung aside,
Intent on flight, alarmed for life, dear life"——

Nor does it appear that he gave "a single order or made the smallest effort to repair a first misfortune." This craven flight lost him the confidence of several of his most valuable servants (p. 206). At Arbela again, that "death-blow of the Persian empire," which converted Alexander into the Great King, and Darius into nothing better than a fugitive pretender,—at Arbela, as at Issus, among all the causes of the defeat, "the most prominent and indisputable was the cowardice of Darius himself" (p. 226). Again the chariot was turned round, and again the king's philosophy taught by example the propriety of *sauve qui peut*, or Ahrimanes take the hindmost! Nevertheless, there are few subjects in history, as Mr. Grote himself allows, better calculated to move with tragic

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backwardness brought about the ruin of Thebes. He alleges that Demosthenes, having in his possession three hundred talents from the Persian king, to instigate anti-Macedonian movements in Greece, was supplicated by the Theban envoys to furnish money, for the purpose of enabling the Arcadian generals to bring up their troops to the aid of Thebes, and of inducing the foreign mercenaries who garrisoned the Cadmeia to deliver up that fortress,—but that Demosthenes refused the request, kept the money for himself, and thus prevented both the surrender of the Cadmeia and the onward march of the Arcadians. The charge here advanced against Demosthenes, is regarded by Mr. Grote as utterly incredible. He dismisses it with the remark, that the entire history of the anti-Macedonian orator belies the supposition that anti-Macedonian movements counted for so little in his eyes.

A more serious matter is that which occasioned the trial, condemnation, and exile of Demosthenes, on the ground of corrupt appropriation of the money of Harpalus, the fugitive satrap, B.C. 324. The orator himself—"unquestionably," says Mr. Grote, "the greatest orator, and one of the greatest citizens, in Athenian antiquity"—denied the charge; but as neither the specification of the evidence against him, nor his personal defence, is extant, adequate means for forming a decided judgment on the case are wanting. At the same time, Mr. Grote submits, judging from the circumstances as far as we *are* acquainted with them, there are several which go to show the defendant's innocence, and none which tend to prove him guilty. True, there is a story told by Plutarch, that Demosthenes began by opposing the refugee Harpalus (who came with a present of some seven hundred talents to Athens, to ask shelter and protection in that city, from the vengeance of Alexander on his ostentatious prodigalities in the East), but that presently the orator was fascinated by the beauty of a golden cup among the Harpalian treasures,—insomuch that Harpalus took care to send him the golden cup on the night following, together with twenty talents, which Demosthenes did him the honour of accepting. A few days afterwards, the story goes on to say, when the cause of Harpalus was again debated in the public assembly, Demosthenes was to be seen with a portentous series of "chokers" about his neck—indicative of influenza, perhaps, or possibly of a golden cup and twenty talents, at any rate significant of his having lost his voice, which noble organ had been lifted up,

pathos than the narrative of the last days of Darius—the shame and sufferings of him who lately

"High on a throne of royal state,"—

(so firmly planted, it might have seemed, so imposingly reared,)

"—where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
. . . Exalted sat."

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on the last occasion, against Harpalus, but could hardly, if the parable of the talents was true, adopt the same tone in the present instance. That Demosthenes should be at the meeting and not speak, was about as pure and simple a solecism then, as it now-a-days would be for Lord Palmerston to hold his tongue at a Mansion House dinner, or Mr. Layard to hang fire at an Administrative Reform meeting, or Elihu Burrit at a Peace congress, or J. B. Gough at a Temperance tea-party. So, in spite of the woollen wrappers around his throat, and the deprecatory aspect *ce malade imaginaire* may be supposed to have put on, there was a call for Demosthenes. The call was general, and lusty: 'Demosthenes! The sovereign people not only will be heard, but will hear, when the fit is on them. Demosthenes comes forward, gesticulates, mutters something hoarse and inarticulate, and no doubt appeals with due dumb show to the investiture of his throat. And then, no doubt, the cry is, Speak up! *That* is, of course, out of the question. Eventually, it is explained that the orator is really and wholly disabled from speech-making to-day, accustomed as he is to public speaking,—being hoarse enough to be literally speechless. Nevertheless, there are some discontented fellows in the throng who tell you, maliciously enough, that it was no common hoarseness Demosthenes caught last night, but a hoarseness brought on by swallowing gold and silver. The *mot* spread, and told; ἐπεα πτεροεντα of that kind generally do. At the next public appearance, therefore, of the suspected statesman, the converse order of things occurred: this time Demosthenes was eager to speak, in his defence, while the people were resolved *not* to hear him. Clamour drowned to-day the voice that yesterday was choked by woollen wrappers. One man, indeed, stood up to claim a hearing for the speaker, but with the mischievous intent of the "good-natured friend" class, for his ironical appeal was, "Will you not listen to the man with the cup?"—a tart witticism that would mightily tickle the popular palate, as alluding to the right of the guest into whose hands the loving cup had passed, in its post-prandial transit, to claim the attention of his fellows while he delivered himself of a sentiment or a song. For once, the man with the cup, it was carried by acclamation, had no right to be heard; hear Demosthenes the Athenians would not, and there was an end of it—or rather the beginning of the end.

But not every good story in Plutarch will stand critical scrutiny. And this one, unfortunately for the lovers of scandal, turns out to be demonstrably untrue. Demosthenes may, indeed, says Mr. Grote, have been disabled by sore-throat from speaking at some particular assembly; so far the story may be accurate; but that he desisted from opposing Harpalus (the real point of the allegation against him) is certainly not true; for we know, from his accusers Deinarchus and Hyperides, that it was he who made the final

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motion for imprisoning Harpalus and sequestrating the Harpalian treasure in trust for Alexander; in fact, Hyperides himself denounced Demosthenes, as having, from subservience to Alexander, closed the door against Harpalus and his prospects.*

This, however, does not meet the entire charge against Demosthenes. It tends to refute the charge of receiving money directly from the wealthy refugee; but how about the corrupt appropriation of it, after the satrap had made it over to Athens? "Had Demosthenes the means of embezzling the money, after it had passed out of the control of Harpalus?"—this is the question. And to this also Mr. Grote's answer is in the negative, with the caution, "so far as Athenian practice enables us to judge"—into the details of which practice he enters at some length, deducing from them a plausible case in favour of his client. He appeals, too, with force and confidence, to the accusatory speech of Deinarchus, "which is mere virulent invective, barren of facts and evidentiary matter, and running over all the life of Demosthenes for the preceding twenty years;" to the similar character of the speech of Hyperides, judged by the fragments† still remaining; to the like absence of facts in the report made by the Areopagus,—and again, to the way in which Hyperides met the demand of Demosthenes (a demand which every defendant would naturally make), that the charge against him should be proved by some positive evidence, by setting aside the demand as nothing better than cavil and special pleading.

"One further consideration remains to be noticed. Only nine months after the verdict of the Dikastery against Demosthenes, Alexander died. Presently the Athenians and other Greeks rose against Antipater in the struggle called the Lamian war. Demosthenes was then recalled; received from his countrymen an enthusiastic welcome, such as had never been accorded to any returning exile since the days of Alcibiades; took a leading part in the management of the war, and perished, on its disastrous termination, along with his accuser Hyperides."

To so speedy a revolution of opinion about Demosthenes, Mr. Grote appeals, in confirmation of the conclusion he draws from the other circumstances of the case—that the verdict against the orator was, in reality, not judicial, but political; growing out of the embarrassing necessities of the times.‡ In this view, it was a political rather than a judicial sentence which the Areopagites pronounced, when, at the end of six months, they presented their report on the Harpalian affair—and they singled out Demosthenes, accordingly, as a victim highly acceptable to Alexander, and as a man who

* Grote, XII. 408.

† Lately edited by Mr. Churchill Babington, and used to some purpose by Mr. Grote in his closing volume.

‡ Grote, XII. 407 sqq.

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happened to be unpopular at that crisis with both the reigning parties; with the philo-Macedonians, from long date, and not without sufficient reason; with the anti-Macedonians, because he had stood prominent in opposing Harpalus. His accusers, Mr. Grote continues, "count upon the hatred of the former against him, as a matter of course; they recommend him to the hatred of the latter, as a base creature of Alexander. The Dikasts doubtless included men of both parties; and as a collective body, they might probably feel, that, to ratify the list presented by the Areopagus was the only way of finally closing a subject replete with danger and discord."*

Such appears to Mr. Grote the probable history of the Harpalian transactions—and it leaves Demosthenes innocent of corrupt profit, not less than Phocion, while it is the reverse of creditable to the Athenian politicians generally; exhibiting, as it does, the judicial conscience of Athens as under pressure of dangers from without, worked upon by party intrigues within. It may be added that Mr. Grote passes over lightly the exculpatory testimony of the admiral, Philoxenus, cited in Pausanias, in favour of Demosthenes, which Bishop Thirlwall has laid considerable stress upon, in *his* narrative of these troublous times.

There is an unwonted warmth in the eulogy Mr. Grote passes on the great orator, when called upon, in the course of events, to record the death, and sum up the characteristics, of that illustrious patriot. We are reminded that thirty years before his death, which occurred at the age of sixty-two, Demosthenes, in his first Philippic, took a sagacious and provident measure of the danger which threatened Grecian liberty from the energy and encroachments of Philip; that he impressed upon his countrymen this coming danger, at a time when the older and more influential politicians either could not or would not see it—calling aloud upon his fellow-citizens for personal service and pecuniary contributions, and enforcing the call by all the artifices of consummate oratory, when such distasteful propositions only entailed unpopularity upon himself.

"Throughout the whole career of Demosthenes as a public adviser, down to the battle of Chæroneia, we trace the same combination of earnest patriotism with wise and long-sighted policy. During the three years' war which ended with the battle of Chæroneia, the Athenians in the main followed his counsel; and disastrous as were the ultimate military results of that war, for which Demosthenes could not be responsible—its earlier periods were creditable and successful, its general scheme was the best that the case admitted, and its diplomatic management universally triumphant."†

So much for the later stage of the orator's statesmanship. As

* Ibid. 415-6. † Ibid. 443.

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for the earlier, the period of his first Philippic (B.C. 352-1), which, be it remembered, was long before the fall of Olynthus, Mr. Grote is fully convinced that the power of Philip (then philippicised for the first time), though formidable, might have been kept perfectly well within the limits of Macedonia and Thrace; and that it probably would have been so kept, had Demosthenes possessed *then* as much public influence as he had acquired ten years later: ten years later, and perhaps eight or nine too late.

The peculiar grandeur which, in the historian's judgment, ennobles the purposes and policy of Demosthenes, is, that they were not simply Athenian, but in an eminent degree Pan-hellenic also. His cry was something more than Athens for the Athenians! if not more than Hellas for the Hellenes, Greece for the Greeks! "It was not Athens only that he sought to defend against Philip, but the whole Hellenic world. In this he towers above the greatest of his predecessors for half a century before his birth—Perikles, Archidamus, Agesilaus, Epaminondas; whose policy was Athenian, Spartan, Theban, rather than Hellenic. He carries us back to the time of the invasion of Xerxes and the generation immediately succeeding it, when the struggles and sufferings of the Athenians against Persia were consecrated by complete identity of interest with collective Greece."

Then again, as to the part Demosthenes played in the Lamian war: though not of his suggestion, since he was in exile at its commencement, he threw himself into it with unreserved ardour, and was greatly instrumental in procuring the large number of adhesions which it obtained from so many Grecian states. There was no excessive rashness, the historian maintains, in calculating on distractions in the empire left by Alexander, on mutual hostility among the principal officers, and on the probability of having only to make head against Antipater and Macedonia, with little or no reinforcement from Asia. "Disastrous as the enterprise ultimately proved, yet the risk was one fairly worth incurring, with so noble an object at stake; and could the war have been protracted another year, its termination would probably have been very different." But this is speculation; and there will be those to whom Mr. Grote's apology for the Lamian war, as feasible and promising, will, considering the issue of that strife, invalidate his opinion as to the feasibility of opposition to Philip, when Demosthenes first came out as opposition leader.

Melancholy as are the circumstances attendant on the death of the great orator,—though, after a catastrophe which extinguished free speech in Greece, and dispersed the citizens of Athens through distant lands, he "could hardly have desired, at the age of sixty-two, to prolong his existence as a fugitive beyond sea,"—there is something more melancholy still, the historian reckons, in the prolonged life of Phocion. Phocion, a man of war, had played the man of

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peace; and, as every believer in Demosthenes must hold, not wisely, but too well—for the invader. None, however, distrust the integrity of Phocion's purpose, or suspect the incorrupt singleness of his motives,

—— with whom Athenian honours sunk,

according to the poet of the "Seasons,"

And left a mass of sordid lees behind;
PHOCION THE GOOD; in public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.

But to zealous anti-Macedonians the *rôle* assumed by Phocion, as agent of Macedonian supremacy in a city reft of half its citizens, does seem in character only with that of

—— a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward,—

the actual age at which he had now arrived, though they cannot add that,

—— to deal plainly,
They fear he was not in his perfect mind,

but in a state of "second childishness and mere oblivion," the consequence of attaining to such years of *in*discretion,—since the policy Phocion adopted as an octogenarian was but a continuation of what he had all along sanctioned by precept and example. Of course he is, politically, no favourite with Mr. Grote, who always does justice, however, as well to his public probity as to his private worth. The story of his condemnation and death is told with impressive simplicity. His last sayings and sufferings, so characteristic of the man, and of those who judged him, are once again recorded, which they never can be without effect: how he exclaimed, when a hearing was refused him, "For myself, Athenians, I plead guilty; I pronounce against myself the sentence of death for my political conduct; but," pointing to his friends, who, like him, were cried down with tumultuous clamour,—"but why are you to sentence these men near me, who are not guilty?" And the bitter answer was, "Because they are your friends, Phocion!" —how, when one brutal mobsman planted himself in front of the hooting ranks, through which Phocion and his friends had to pass on the way to prison and to death, and there aspired to a "bad eminence" among the throng by spitting upon the aged statesman, the latter turned to the public officers, and exclaimed, "Will no one check this indecent fellow?"—and how, being asked whether he had anything to tell his son Phocus, Phocion replied, "I tell him emphatically, not to hold evil memory of the Athenians."

This bequest of pardon and good-will to Athens was a very

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morituri salutatio—just before the hemlock was administered to him in the condemned cell. He was the last of the five to drink it. As it was for treason they suffered, the bodies of the prisoners were excluded from burial within Attica; "nor were Phokion's friends allowed to light a funeral pile for the burning of his body; which was carried out of Attica into the Megaris, by a hired agent named Konopion, and there burnt by fire obtained at Megara. The wife of Phokion, with her maids, poured libations, and marked the spot by a small mound of earth; she also collected the bones and brought them back to Athens in her bosom, during the secrecy of night. She buried them near her own domestic hearth, with this address—'Beloved Hestia, I confide to thee the relics of a good man. Restore them to his own family vault, as soon as the Athenians shall come to their senses.'" Plutarch tells us the Athenians did soon come to their senses: they discovered that Phocion had been a faithful and excellent public servant, they repented of their severity towards him, they celebrated his funeral obsequies at the public expense, they erected a statue in his honour, and they made an example of his adversaries.

All this Mr. Grote admits, except the involved inference that the Athenians had come to their senses. Plutarch's facts he accepts, but Plutarch's philosophy on the subject he rejects. The real explanation of the change, according to Mr. Grote, lies in this—that within two or three months after the death of Phocion, Cassander became master of Athens, and the oligarchical or Phocionic party again got the upper hand,—Demetrius the Phalerean being recalled from exile, and charged with the government of the city under Cassander, just as Phocion had governed it under Antipater. The anti-Phocionites were again under a cloud; it was not by act or deed of theirs that Phocion was now honoured—by no reaction in their feelings was his memory now canonised, in the city that had condemned him not many weeks since. Plutarch's account implies a spontaneous change of popular opinion respecting him, and this is what Mr. Grote will not allow. "I see no reason," he declares, "why such change of opinion should have occurred, nor do I believe that it did occur." For the historian is of opinion that the *demos* of Athens, banished and deported in mass, had the best ground for hating Phocion, and were not likely to become ashamed of the feeling. He recognises the virtues of Phocion, his personally mild and incorruptible character,—but can see no benefit that the people of Athens ever derived from these good qualities in the minister: to them it was of little moment that he should steadily refuse all presents from Antipater, when he did Antipater's work gratuitously. He might deliver his own soul by this superiority to corruption; but they, meanwhile, were in the same position as though he were the sold, salaried, servile tool of the Macedonian.

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Hence, in remarking on the condemnation of Phocion by the Athenians, while Mr. Grote owns that, considered as a judicial trial, that last scene before the people in the theatre is nothing better than a cruel imposture, he is yet careful to add, that considered as a manifestation of public opinion already settled, it is one for which the facts of the past supplied ample warrant. He freely and feelingly confesses how impossible it is to read, without painful sympathy, the narrative of an old man above eighty—personally brave, mild, and superior to all pecuniary seduction—perishing under an intense and crushing storm of popular execration. But he contends, on the other hand, than when we look at the whole case, and survey, not merely the details of Phocion's administration, but the grand public objects which those details subserved, and towards which he conducted his fellow-citizens, we shall see that this judgment was fully merited. "In Phokion's patriotism —for so, doubtless, he himself sincerely conceived it—no account was taken of Athenian independence; of the autonomy or self-management of the Hellenic world; of the conditions, in reference to foreign kings, under which alone such autonomy could exist. He had neither the Pan-hellenic sentiment of Aristeides, Kallikratides, and Demosthenes—nor the narrower Athenian sentiment, like the devotion of Agesilaus to Sparta, and of Epaminondas to Thebes. To Phokion it was indifferent whether Greece was an aggregate of autonomous cities, with Athens as first or second among them—or one of the satrapies under the Macedonian kings." Now this, in the historian's frequently and earnestly enunciated view of the case,—a view of capital interest, of essential moment to a History of Greece, in any large and lofty and liberal sense,—this unpatriotic patriotism, this indifference to the free polity whether of Hellas in general, or of his own Athens in particular, was among the most fatal defects of a Grecian public man. By this view, had Themistocles, Aristides, and Leonidas resembled Phocion, Greece would have passed quietly under the dominion of Persia, and the brilliant, though chequered, century and more of independent politics which succeeded the repulse of Xerxes would never have occurred. And reviewing the fifty years of Phocion's political and military influence—a half century during which the Greeks were degraded from a state of freedom, and Athens from ascendancy as well as freedom, into absolute servitude—the historian avers, that in so far as this great public misfortune can be imputed to any one man, to no one was it more ascribable than to Phocion. "He was stratêgus during most of the long series of years when Philip's power was growing; it was his duty to look ahead for the safety of his countrymen, and to combat the yet immature giant. He heard the warnings of Demosthenes, and he possessed exactly those qualities which were wanting to Demosthenes—military energy and aptitude. Had he

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lent his influence to inform the shortsightedness, to stimulate the inertia, to direct the armed efforts of his countrymen, the kings of Macedon might have been kept within their own limits, and the future history of Greece might have been altogether different. Unfortunately he took the opposite side. He acted with Æschines and the Philippizers; without receiving money from Philip, he did gratuitously all that Philip desired." It is granted, as respects the latter half of his life, that Phocion

> Not less, though dogs of faction bay,
> Would serve his kind in deed and word;

that he contributed to lighten the severity of Macedonian dominion in Greece; that he always refrained from abusing the marked favour shown towards himself by the Macedonian princes, for purposes either of personal gain or of oppression over his fellow-citizens.

While the Lamian war was running its disastrous course, Phocion remained at Athens, and gave free expression to his disapproval of that struggle. At its close, he "undertook the thankless and dishonourable function of satrap under Antipater at Athens, with the Macedonian garrison at Munychia to back him,"—thus becoming the *locum tenens* of a conqueror, who "not only slaughtered the chief Athenian orators, but disfranchised and deported the Demos in mass." In this phase of his career, a strong case is made out against the aged viceroy, who having thus accepted partnership and responsibility in these strong measures, was no longer safe, except under the protection of a foreign prince; and who, accordingly, on the return of the banished *demos*, had to seek safety for himself by making interest (in one instance by what Mr. Grote calls "that treasonable connivance" with Nicanor) with successive and opposed arbiters of the city's fate. "A voluntary expatriation (along with his friend the Phalerean Demetrius) would have been less dangerous, and less discreditable, than these manœuvres, which still further darkened the close of his life, without averting from him, after all, the necessity of facing the restored Demos." This said *demos* was almost *demon*-iac in vehemence of wrath against him. The spectacle is pronounced by Mr. Grote "instructive," though "distressing." It was directed, he says, "not against the man or the administrator—for in both characters Phokion had been blameless, except as to the last collusion with Nikanor in the seizure of the Peiræus—but against his public policy. It was the last protest of extinct Grecian freedom, speaking as it were from the tomb in a voice of thunder, against that fatal system of mistrust, inertia, self-seeking, and corruption, which had betrayed the once autonomous Athens to a foreign conqueror." †

* Referring to Nicanor's seizure of the Peiræus.

† Grote, XII. 477—86.

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The affairs of Sicily have throughout been treated by Mr. Grote with great fulness, and made at once more important and interesting than is common with his predecessors. The concluding volume contains a very animated narrative of the career of Agathocles, that soldier of fortune, who raised himself from the meanest beginnings to the summit of political power, and approved himself a thorough adept in that art at which all aspiring men of his age aimed—the handling of mercenary soldiers for the extinction of political liberty and security at home, and for predatory aggrandisement abroad. Scipio Africanus pronounced the elder Dionysius and Agathocles the most daring, sagacious, and capable men of action within his knowledge. Apart from this enterprising genius, employed, Mr. Grote adds, in the service of unmeasured personal ambition, we know nothing of Agathocles except his sanguinary, faithless, and nefarious dispositions; in which attributes also he stands pre-eminent; though, in spite of his often-proved perfidy, he seems to have had a joviality and apparent simplicity of manner (the same is recounted of Cæsar Borgia) which amused men and put them off their guard, throwing them perpetually into his trap. At the death of Agathocles, the historian of free-acting Hellas loses sight of the Greeks of Sicily.*

In taking leave of Mr. Grote, we cannot but cast a longing, lingering look behind, at the way by which he has led us, these ten years past,—a guide of such rare intelligence, persevering endeavour, honesty, and general ability. The History of Greece, from first to last, has occupied us with strangely-shifting scenes and brilliant dioramic effects. There is the mythical and legendary period, on which he has so ingeniously elaborated his views, to the non-content of that class of conservative readers, who can digest a hundred myths better than one such theory of the myth, and who regard with more than suspicion the generic race of Wolf, and all such wolfish slaughterers of the innocents,—or Heyne, and all such heinous digressors from the old paths. Mr. Grote, for his part, prefers the literal belief of the Claviers, and Larchers, and Raoul Rochettes—which has at least the merit of consistency,—to what he calls the interpretative and half-incredulous processes applied by abler men, such as Niebuhr, or O. Mueller, or Bishop Thirlwall. His resolve to decline problems so insoluble as the genesis of the Pelasgi, for example, he justifies by appropriating the remark of Herodotus, respecting one of the theories then in vogue for explaining the inundation of the Nile by a supposed connexion with the ocean—that "the man who carries up his story into the invisible world, passes out of the range of criticism." But his philosophy on the subject hinders not his exposition, very fully and very perspicuously, of the legends themselves; and we read in

* Ibid. pp. 609 sq.

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his pages as precisely as though he accepted them every whit, the oldest of old-world stories about Zeus and the Titans, Ares and Aphrodite, Athene and Poseidon,—the wondrous tale of Prometheus,

> —— with links
> Indissoluble of adamantine chains
> Fastened against the beetling precipice—

and that of Deucalion, and of Theseus, and those Argonauts whom an Edinburgh Reviewer is "content to abandon," as a sort of ideal impersonation of the first rude attempts at navigation beyond the more sunny surface of the Ægean, into the dark and perilous remoter seas; and the legend of the primitive Hellens,—Æolian, Dorian, and Ionic; and of Cecrops, who, coming to Attica from Egypt, before the time of Moses himself, occupied that rock which afterwards became the citadel (Acropolis) of Athens, and consecrated it to his native deity, that African Neith whose name should one day be changed into Athene; and of Cadmus, a leader of the immigrants who first brought Greece the letters and the religious rites she was to turn hereafter to such account; and the tale of Danaus, and the tale of Orpheus, and, above all,

> The tale of Troy divine,

from which time downward, as Hermann remarks, the Hellenes always looked upon themselves as one people. Yet that Trojan war is, in the eyes of Mr. Grote and "modern inquiry," essentially a legend and nothing more—though so literally believed, reverentially cherished, and numbered among the gigantic phenomena of the past, by the Grecian public. If he is asked whether it be not a legend embodying portions of historical matter, and raised upon a basis of truth,—whether there may not really have occurred at the foot of the hill of Ilium, a war purely human and political, without gods, without heroes, without Helen, without Amazons, without Ethiopians under the beautiful son of Eos, without the wooden horse, without the characteristic and expressive features of the old epical war,—like the mutilated trunk of Deiphobus in the under-world,—if he is asked whether there was not really some such historical Trojan war as this, his answer is, that as the possibility of it cannot be denied, so neither can the reality of it be affirmed. "We possess nothing but the ancient epic itself, without any independent evidence: had it been an age of records, indeed, the Homeric epic, in its exquisite and unsuspecting simplicity, would probably never have come into existence. Whoever, therefore, ventures to dissect Homer, Arktinus, and Leschês, and to pick out certain portions as matter-of-fact, while he sets aside the rest as fiction, must do so in full reliance on his own powers of historical divination, without any means either of

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proving or verifying his conclusions."* In other words, a dilemma is proposed between absolute scepticism on the one hand, and a *sic volo sic jubeo* self-sufficiency, an *ipse dixit* Sir Oracleship, on the other. Choose your horn.

Moving onwards, we arrive at the conquest of the Peloponnesus, and the territorial divisions of the conquest; we witness the institution of the Amphictyonics and the four great national Games of Greece—games of which Bulwer has said, that they effected for the many what chivalry did for the few, "they made a knighthood of a people;" and we are told the grand old legend of Codrus; and we spell our way through blood in the laws of Draco; and we study the legislation of Solon,

> —— who built his common-weal
> On equity's wide base; by tender laws
> A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
> Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
> Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
> And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone;—

and we watch the fortunes of the Peisistratidæ, of whom it has been said, that so long as one of their race still swayed the destinies of Athens, so long was it still possible that Greece would have been without a head, without a heart, without a voice;—and anon we come to the "stormy sunshine" of the wars with the Great King—and see fought o'er again, once more, that battle of Marathon which grave judges have pronounced to be, even as an event in English history, more important than the battle of Hastings†—and see the Great King sit on the rocky brow that o'erlooks sea-girt Salamis—and gaze on the procession of mortal-immortals who pass in majestic pomp before us—Leonidas,

> As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell;

and the "honest front" of Aristides, "to whom th' unflattering voice of freedom gave the noblest name of Just;" Pericles, the Magnificent; and Cimon, "sweet-soul'd, whose genius, rising strong, shook off the load of young debauch," and on Persian insolence "flamed amazement;" and the great sea-captain Themistocles; and the brilliant, capricious, impulsive Alcibiades; and from Sparta come Lysander and Agesilaus; and from Corinth, Timoleon, "who wept the brother while the tyrant bled;" and from Thebes, the "singular good" dual, Epaminondas and Pelopidas—not *Arcades ambo*, but Bœotians both—though "sure such a pair" (with a Pindar to boot) might stultify the sneer, Can any good thing come out of Bœotia?

* History of Greece. Part. I. chap. xv.

† For, says an Edinburgh Reviewer, "if the issue of that day [Marathon] had been different, the Britons and Saxons might still have been wandering in the woods." Forcible, it may be thought, and—far-fetched.

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And thus we travel on, through fair weather and foul,—now under Athenian ascendancy, now Spartan, now Theban—passing in review the reverses and convulsions of the Peloponnesian War, Corcyra in sedition, Scione in revolt, Amphipolis lost and won, and that awful night-battle of Syracuse, called by Mr. Grote "the most picturesque battle in history," fought as it was within the still waters of the land-locked bay, the glory of ancient harbours—the long, low barriers of Epipolæ and of the Hyblæan hills enclosing the doomed armament as within arms of stone—the white peak of Ætna brooding over the scene from afar, like the guardian spirit of the island—while the infinite variety of human emotion in the groups along the shore, closing with the close of the battle in one universal shriek of despair, has been described by the historian's eloquent critic in the *Quarterly Review*, as only equalled by that which went up from the spectators on the hills round about Jerusalem, when the last crash of the burning temple announced that their national existence was at an end. But this reverse only served to elicit the indomitable energy of the suffering people—cast down but not destroyed; and the History rather swells than declines in interest at this turning-point, and maintains its hold of us "to see the end," through subsequent years of comparative dulness, and decadence the most evident, foreshowing and forerunning the death-in-life period of Hellas *in extremis*, of free-acting Greece *in articulo mortis*.

Mr. Grote had promised a critical *résumé* of the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle, to form part of the closing volume. But as his History at large, so this volume in particular, outgrew his good intentions, and we are now to look forward (and marry we *will*) to the publication of this philosophical conspectus in a supplementary or complementary volume, the appearance of which, it may be presumed, will not be very long deferred. We tender our best congratulations to him, at parting, on the manner in which he has been enabled to carry through his grand enterprise. At Athens itself, within these few months, he has been lauded by a native Professor (Constantine Paparrogopoulos) as *τον μεγαν Αγγλον ἱστοριογραφον* ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΝ ΓΡΟΤΕ. His own countrymen have reason, as well as himself, to be proud of a work which, to the erudition and patient investigation supposed to be monopolised by our German cousins, adds the practical shrewdness and sober sagacity of the English publicist. Mr. Grote is, like the best of the Germans, a man of books; unlike a good many of them, he is something more: a man of thought, a man of sense, a man of action,—in fine, and *ὡς ἑνος εἰπειν*, a man of men.

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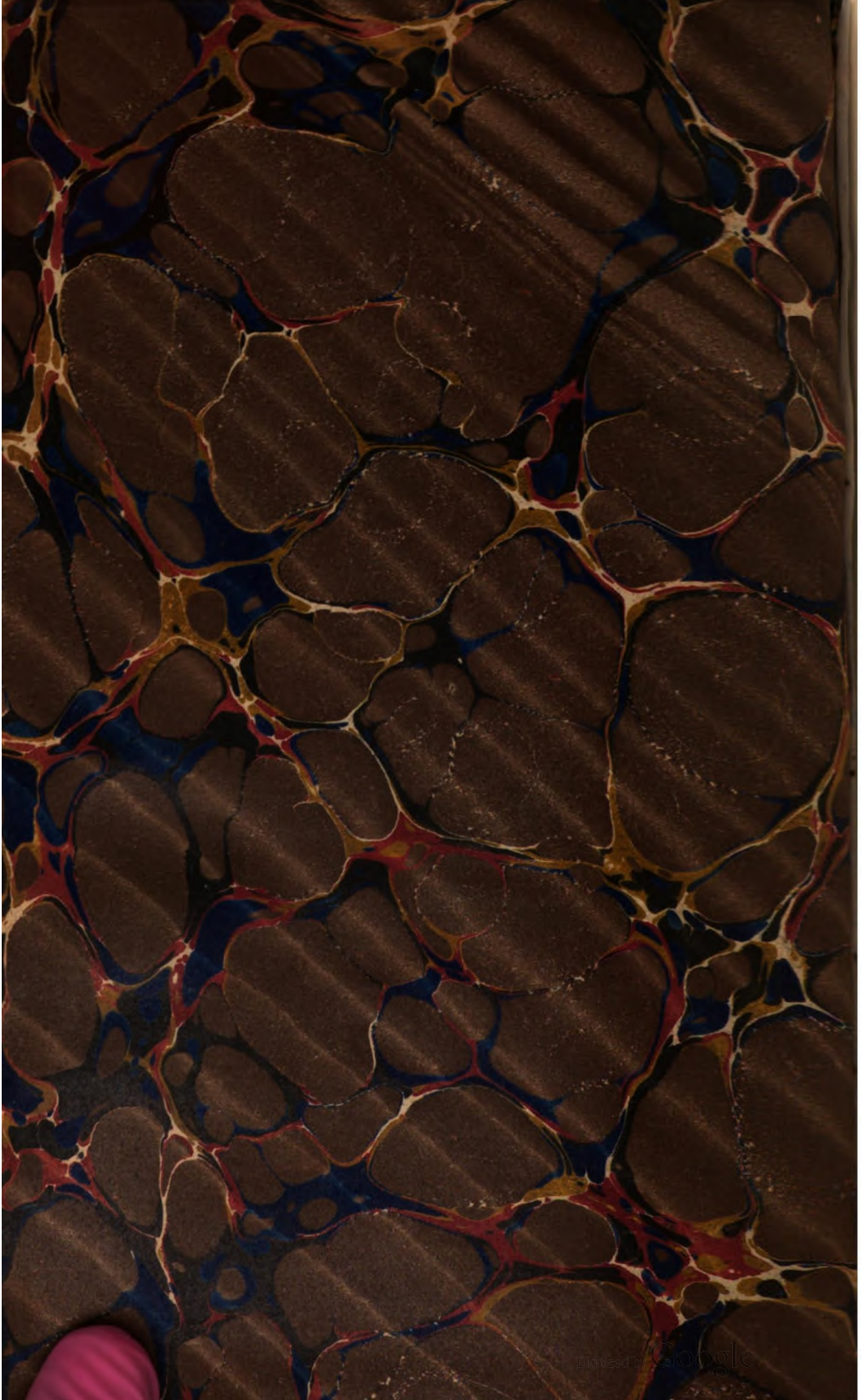
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